
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2013

http://archive.org/details/harpersmagazine250alde

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

324403

Every person who maliciously cuts, defaces, breaks or injures any book, map, chart, picture, engraving, statue, coin, model, apparatus, or other work of literature, art, mechanics or object of curiosity, deposited in any public library, gallery, museum or collection is guilty of a misdemeanor.

Penal Code of California, 1915, Section 623.

Who Shot Robert Kennedy?

January 1975 $1.00

Harper's Magazine

OW BANKS DESTROY THE ECONOM

Martin Mayer



HM TCK3BURLIN029 5 0675 F
MRS NIDN TUCKER
HILLSBOROUGH
BURLINGAME CNTRY CLUB
BURLINGAME CALIF 94010

If you think every American kid is protected against polio, you're dead wrong.

Remember the braces?
The iron lungs?
The wheel chairs?

They may not be part of your day-to-day life as they once were. But the *threat* of polio is.

That's because about a third of the kids in this nation haven't been immunized.

A third!

And that's suburban kids as well as city kids.

Here's more potentially dangerous news. There are also thousands of kids unprotected against measles, German measles, diphtheria, tetanus and whooping cough.

Why?

Some parents start out with the right protective measures, but they don't follow through.

Then there's the fact that a lot of parents are too young to remember those dreadful things we mentioned earlier.

Then there's one of mankind's oldest curses: complacency.

But what's more important than the reasons for the situation is the way to right it.

And that's for every parent of every child to check with the family doctor, or with the local health department.

To make sure every child is immunized.

As soon as possible.



If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.
The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

1150 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

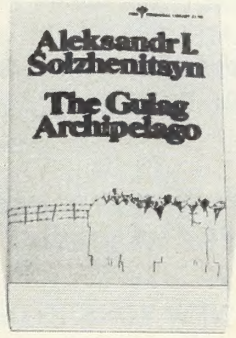
The most readable...most portable...most affordable books around. And th[illegible]e all paperbacks.



Choose any 3 for only $1 each when you join

Quality Paperback Book Service

You simply agree to buy six more within the next year.



SEVEN THOUSAND distinguished new paperbacks come out each year. How can you keep track of them all? You can't. But we can. We're the Quality Paperback Book Service.

We offer our members the pick of the paperbacks. Enduring fiction and nonfiction. Valuable reference books. How-to books. Art books. Modern classics. Like the paperbacks here.

And we offer a 20% saving on all Main Selections.

You won't find these paperbacks on drugstore shelves. Or at newsstands. Or even, unless you're lucky, at your neighborhood bookstore. So you've probably been missing out on a lot of rewarding reading.

But now you can have all the good paperbacks you want. Because now there's the Quality Paperback Book Service. . . . Use the coupon today.

qpb

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057

Prices shown are publishers' list prices

102. THE CATALOGUE OF CATALOGUES The Complete Guide to World-Wide Shopping by Mail *by* MARIA ELENA DE LA IGLESIA. Photos **$4.95**

156. HOUSE PLANTS FOR THE PURPLE THUMB *by* MAGGIE BAYLIS. Illus. **$3.95**

133. THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE *by* EDWARD GIBBON. *Abridgment by* D.M. LOW. (3 Vols., Boxed) **$4.95**

119. THE TEACHINGS OF DON JUAN, A SEPARATE REALITY *and* JOURNEY TO IXTLAN *by* CARLOS CASTANEDA. (3 Vols., Boxed) **$8.85**

160. THE SONGS OF PAUL SIMON Photos. **$6.95**

132. CAT'S CRADLE, SLAUGHTER-HOUSE-FIVE *and* BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS *by* KURT VONNEGUT, JR. (3 Vols.) Pub prices total **$6.55**

116. WISCONSIN DEATH TRIP *by* MICHAEL LESY Photos. **$5.95**

151. THE LORD OF THE RINGS *by* J. R. R. TOLKIEN (3 Vols., Boxed) **$8.95**

142. THE WELL BODY BOOK *by* MIKE SAMUELS, M.D., *and* HAL BENNETT. Illus. **$5.95**

126. THE FALL, THE PLAGUE *and* THE STRANGER *by* ALBERT CAMUS. (3 Vols.) Pub prices total **$5.55**

171. AMERIKA, THE TRIAL *and* THE CASTLE *by* FRANZ KAFKA (3 Vols.) Pub prices total **$6.35**

150. FINDING AND BUYING YOUR PLACE IN THE COUNTRY *by* LES SCHER Maps & illus. **$6.95**

173. LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER *by* D. H. LAWRENCE. **$4.95**

115. FINNEGANS WAKE *and* ULYSSES *by* JAMES JOYCE (2 Vols.) Pub price total **$5.90**

131. U.S.A. *by* JOHN DOS PASSOS *Drawings by* REGINALD MARSH **$6.50**

170. THE RESTAURANTS OF NEW YORK *by* SEYMOUR BRITCHKY. **$4.95**

136. THE GULAG ARCHIPELAGO *by* ALEKSANDR I. SOLZHENITSYN **$1.95**

HOW MEMBERSHIP WORKS

1. You will receive the QPB *Review* fifteen times a year — about every 3½ weeks. This informative catalog describes the Main Selection plus at least fifty Alternates.
2. If you wish to purchase the Main Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you do not want the Main Selection — or no book at all — just indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *Review* and mail it by the date specified.
3. **Free books.** For every book or set you buy (exclusive of your three introductory choices for $1 each) you earn at least one Bonus Point, and the Bonus Points you accumulate entitle you to free books or sets. (You pay only shipping charges.)
4. **Return privilege.** If your *Review* is delayed in the mail and you receive the Main Selection without having had ten full days to decide whether or not you want it, just return it at our expense.

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057 **5-QB67-1**

Please enroll me as a member of the Quality Paperback Book Service and send me the three books or sets whose numbers I've indicated below. Bill me only $3 for all three, plus shipping. Also send me the *Review* describing my first Main Selection plus at least fifty Alternates. If I want the Main Selection, I do nothing. You will ship it automatically and bill me for it — 20% less than the regular publisher's price. A moderate shipping charge is added to all shipments. If I do not want the Main Selection — or I want one or more Alternates or no book at all — I will instruct you on the convenient form enclosed with the *Review*. I will receive all future *Reviews* at approximately 3½-week intervals. My only obligation is to purchase six more books within the next year, and my membership is cancelable any time thereafter.

INDICATE BY NUMBER YOUR THREE BOOKS OR SETS ☐ ☐ ☐

Mr. / Ms. _____ (Please print plainly)

Address _____ 5

City & State _____ Zip _____

Harper's

JANUARY 1975 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 250, NO. 1496

WRAPAROUND 5 **Villains:** Who's to Blame?

91 Making Connections

94 Turnabout

96 Tools for Living

98 Game

Betsy Langman and Alexander Cockburn 16 SIRHAN'S GUN
The books are not yet closed on the second Kennedy assassination

Josiah Lee Auspitz 28 DR. BALSAM'S REMEDIES
International politics made simple

Eric Treisman 37 THE LAST TREATY
Dispossessing the Alaskan Natives—a fine old federal art

Richard Selzer 40 TWELVE SPHERES OF INFLUENCE, EIGHT BODILY FORCES, AND GOOD OLD YIN AND YANG
Through 5,000 years of Chinese wisdom to the mythic origins of modern medicine

Henry Fairlie 45 LIGHT IN THE TUNNEL
Toward a new American Enlightenment

Martin Mayer 49 HOW BANKS DESTROY THE ECONOMY
The unnoticed revolution in the nation's financial system

George Crile 60 THE BEST CONGRESSMAN
Meet Daniel Flood, champion milker of the U.S. government

Arthur Louis 67 THE WORST AMERICAN CITY
An essay in the statistics of urban decay

Thomas Powers 72 GOING FOR THE PAPER
A short story

BOOKS

Peter Steinfels 80 A CLERISY OF INTELLECTUALS

Anthony West 82 THE MYSTERY OF MY BIRTH

Rhoda Koenig 86 A LIFE ON FILM

C. Richard Hatch 86 DESTROYING NEW YORK IN ORDER TO SAVE IT

VERSE

Sam Harrison 32 Ballast Point Pier

A. R. Ammons 78 Attending

COMMENTARY

77 COSTS OF AMORALITY: A "POLITICAL SCIENCE LECTURE," by Robert J. Lieber and Donald Rothchild

78 WHY SMALLER REFRIGERATORS CAN PRESERVE THE HUMAN RACE, by Appletree Rodden

DEPARTMENTS

99 LETTERS
On the Shah and his Iran, vanished Boise, and types of boredom

100 CLASSIFIED

Cover photograph by Jerry Sarapochiello. Collage by Colos.

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Robert Shnayerson; **MANAGING EDITOR:** Lewis H. Lapham; **ART DIRECTOR:** Sheila Berger; **SENIOR EDITOR:** Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.; **COPY EDITOR:** Rhoda Koenig; **ASSOCIATE EDITORS:** Judith Appelbaum, GwynethCravens, John Fischer; **WASHINGTON EDITOR:** Taylor Branch; **STAFF EDITORS:** Valerie Brooks, Mel Wathen (Tools for Living); **EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR:** Angela Santoro; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** Timothy Dickinson, Annie Dillard, Barry Farrell (West Coast), Russell Lynes, George Plimpton, Marion K. Sanders, Earl Shorris, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; **BOOKLETTER EDITOR:** Suzanne Mantell

PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard; **ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER:** Griff Ellison; **CONTROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCTION MANAGER:** Louis Seeger; **REPRINTS/PERMISSIONS:** Lucy Mattimore

HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert Shnayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.50 one year; $21.00 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: $1.50 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.

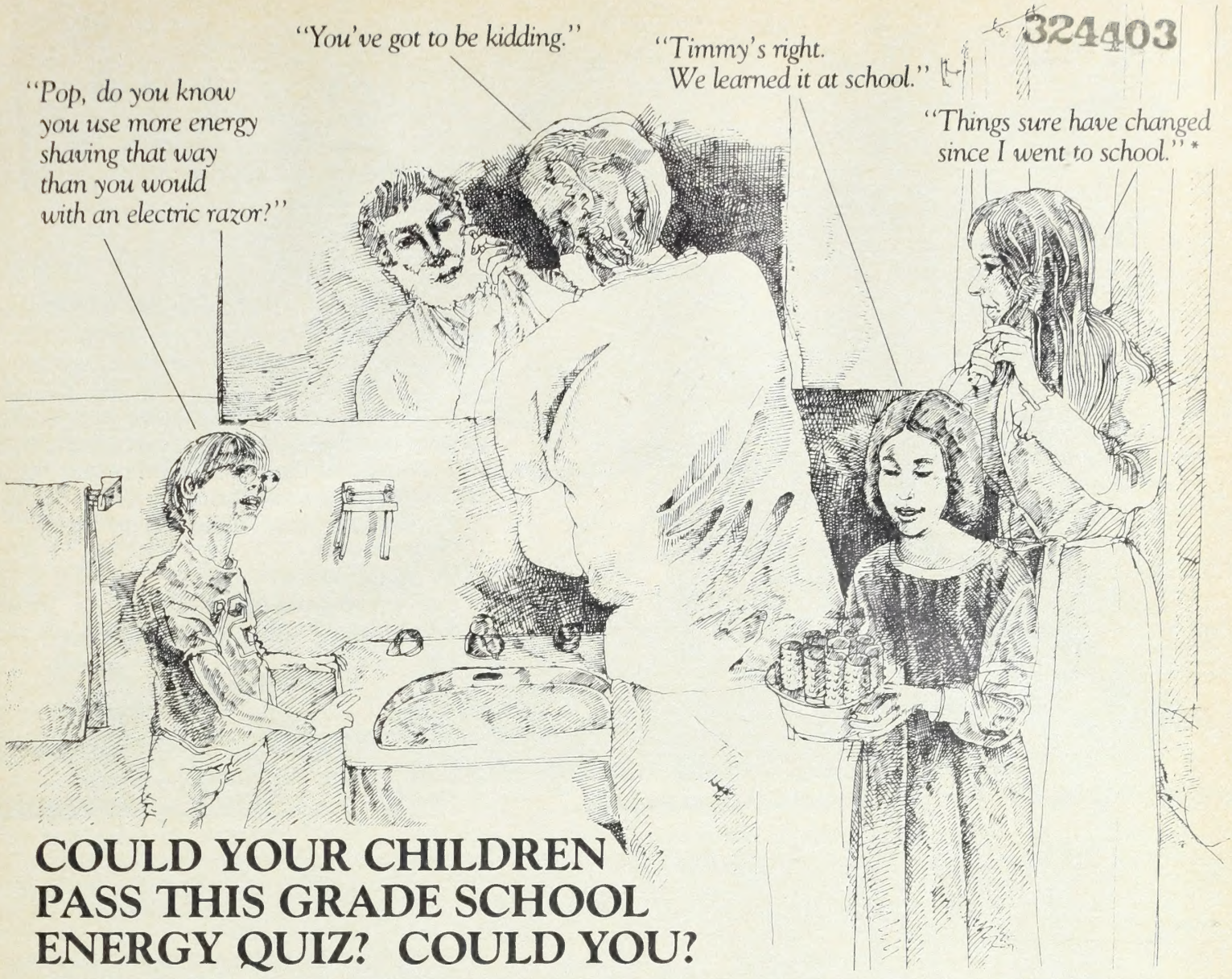
For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco.

Copyright © 1974 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated.

Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

324403



COULD YOUR CHILDREN PASS THIS GRADE SCHOOL ENERGY QUIZ? COULD YOU?

1. The average American uses ☐2 ☐4 ☐8 times as much energy as the average person in the rest of the world.

2. Which gives you more light from the same amount of energy: ☐one 75-watt bulb ☐three 25-watt bulbs?

3. The most abundant energy resource in this country is ☐natural gas ☐coal ☐oil.

4. Most gasoline in the U.S. is consumed on car trips of ☐under 5 miles ☐5 to 10 miles ☐over 10 miles.

Chances are, when you were in school, nobody asked questions like these. Because nobody thought the answers were important.

But children today are facing an increasingly energy-conscious, environment-conscious way of life. They must have the answers. And the sooner the better.

One promising approach to energy education is a pilot program for elementary and secondary school students developed by the Bolton Institute of Washington, D.C. The idea is to get youngsters involved in energy-saving activities at home and through community workshops. It is being tested now in the New England states.

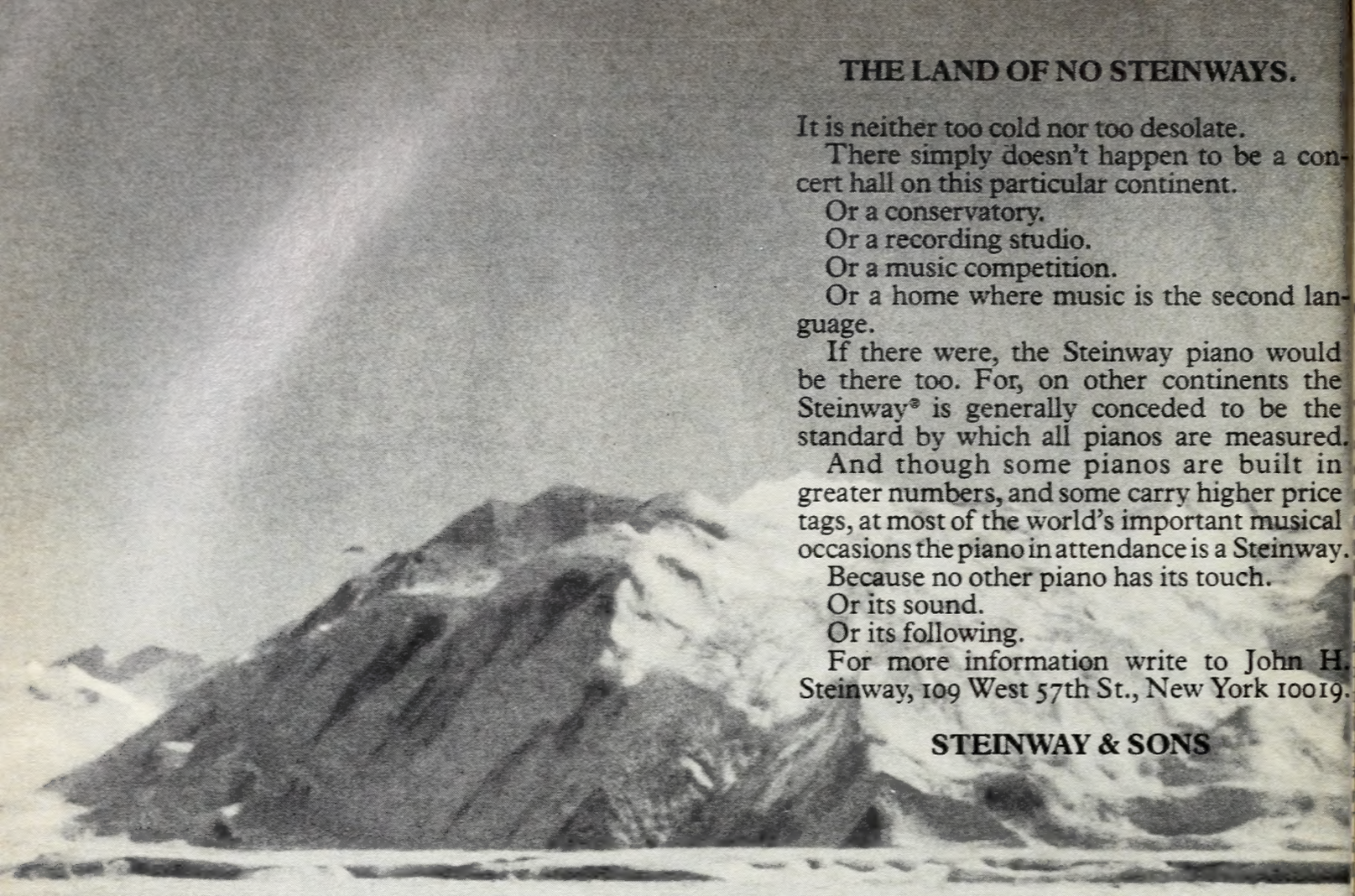
But there's much more to be done. Energy education needs the support of all of us to really take hold. That means community leaders, business people, teachers–and parents.

We're offering two booklets we think you and your children will find stimulating and fun: "Energy Conservation Experiments You Can Do", published by the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation; and "The Energy Challenge: What Can We Do?", published by Energy Conservation Research. For copies, write Conoco, Dept. C47, GPO Box 29, New York, New York 10001. And if you'd like to know more about the Bolton program and how it might be applied to your community, write directly to the Bolton Institute, 1835 K Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

Answers to quiz:
1. 8 times. **2.** One 75-watt bulb. **3.** Coal. **4.** Under 5 miles.

*We're not trying to tell you how to shave—we'd hope nobody would. We just thought you'd like the facts to choose for yourself.

Continental Oil Company conoco



THE LAND OF NO STEINWAYS.

It is neither too cold nor too desolate.

There simply doesn't happen to be a concert hall on this particular continent.

Or a conservatory.

Or a recording studio.

Or a music competition.

Or a home where music is the second language.

If there were, the Steinway piano would be there too. For, on other continents the Steinway® is generally conceded to be the standard by which all pianos are measured.

And though some pianos are built in greater numbers, and some carry higher price tags, at most of the world's important musical occasions the piano in attendance is a Steinway.

Because no other piano has its touch.

Or its sound.

Or its following.

For more information write to John H. Steinway, 109 West 57th St., New York 10019.

STEINWAY & SONS



VILLAINS: Who's to Blame?

324103

The prickly Joseph Alsop recently retired from writing a column that often seemed composed in a transport of high dudgeon. Asked why, Mr. Alsop replied that, alas, all the villains had fled the stage, and only "virtuous asses" were left behind.

If true, this observation describes a sadly impoverished state of affairs. We need to see that there are villains in our lives, just as we need to see that there are saints: they remind us of the extremes of human possibility, they remind us of our freedom. Yet Mr. Alsop's new perspective is more widely held than might be supposed, and as a consequence we are in a terrible muddle about evil, a muddle that is helping to make a mess of our thoughts, our feelings, and our politics.

Suppose that a heavenly pollster were to ask us to conjure up, from either memory or imagination, a list of unforgivably villainous acts. I suspect that the angel could easily arrange our answers into three Dante-esque categories—acts of violence, acts of betrayal, acts of fraud. I also suspect he'd have little difficulty in discovering a common theme within each of these categories. Most of us have become sufficiently urban, for example, so that if we (whatever our race) had to fantasize an Agent of Violence, he would probably turn out to be a young black mugger. Further, most of us are sufficiently psychoanalytic so that if we had to search our hearts for an Image of Betrayal, it would probably bear a close resemblance to Mom or Dad. And most of us, too, are sufficiently enmeshed in a condition of trust or dependency so that the typical Agent of Fraud would turn out to be almost anyone of authority by whom we have recently been deceived or manipulated, whether President, boss, teacher, or commander.

Black criminals, many parents, most leaders—they are the conventional villains of our time (when, that is, we don't concede our own villainy to the angel). We become confused, though, when in the end we must not only name the villains but understand them.

And understand we must; it is the great imperative, as well as the prime luxury, of an affluent and bourgeois age. The pressures are enormous: *tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner. After such knowledge, what forgiveness. Do not mock, do not weep, do not judge or blame; only seek to understand.* Then, too, we have been wonderfully ingenious in making fine instruments to help our understanding. Sociology explains the mugger. Psychoanalysis comprehends, even as it reveals, the treachery of mothers and fathers. The media expose the fraudulence of public men, but in such a necessary chaos of bitsy information that the gravity of their offenses is lost. It vanishes in a moral weightlessness that properly belongs to entertainment, and appeals not to judgment but to irony.

With such understanding, society is a snake gnawing its own tail, the family an infinite regression of knots, and politics a vaudeville act of impotence masquerading as power. We are the victims of victims.

Make no mistake: understanding in this sense is the noblest goal of the mind. It joins the individual to the universal, it refreshes our sense of fate, and, when it doesn't expose history as farce, it dignifies it as tragedy. Understanding is the source of amusement and chagrin, of intellectual delight and scholarly challenge. Morally, however, it is of little use to us, either as actors or as judges of others' actions. For on the one hand it can be used as effectively to frame an indictment as to provide an excuse; while on the other hand it ignores freedom, which is what creates the moral sense in the first place.

The landscape of understanding is one in which everything is background, context, causality, influence, determination. It removes life to a distance where evil seems less threatening, virtue less tempting, and the distance itself flatteringly vertical. To the moral eye, however, the view is bleak and inanimate because there is no freedom in it. It inspires, finally, nothing but contempt for others and pity for the self. Worst of all, in the absence of freedom, villains are deprived of their terror, and saints of their hope.

The resurrection of the saints, we are told on ancient authority, will come in the fullness of time. Right now the resurrection of villains seems more urgent. For if we need no reminders of the evil they do to us, we do need to recall that most of them actually choose to do evil. If we must understand their wickedness, we must also remember that *tout comprendre* is an arrogant delusion, and that knowledge does not bring forgiveness. Understanding, like knowledge, is an act of the intellect. Forgiveness, like wickedness, is an act of the will, for both are incomprehensible without freedom. But whether we will forgive or condemn, whether we will be saints or villains, we should approach each other with the wary respect that we naturally accord people who, in the last analysis, can do just about anything they damn well please.

In our pointillistic attack this month in **WRAPAROUND,** the villain takes his licks in a variety of ways. For some curious reason, humor—itself a form of socially acceptable wickedness—seems to be a popular weapon.

—Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.









WRAPAROUNDOWRAPA

THE ROOTS ARE ALL EVIL

It is the ultimate irony that the charitable foundation, that most prestigious of American institutions, was conceived in nothing more inspired than deathbed greed. Under the banner of philanthropy, great fortunes, amassed in ruthless exploitation of human rights and natural resources, were literally plucked from the clutches of the tax collector. With the palsied scratch of a pen, old robber barons grudgingly passed on their financial empires intact to heirs and in the bargain achieved corporate immortality.

—Ovid Demaris
Dirty Business, 1974



Inner Compulsions, Irrational Hopes

Motivated by personal grievances and convictions, most American assassins have acted as the solitary agents of their crimes and *not* as the puppets of conspirators. In many cases, they have been driven to kill by inner compulsions, irrational hopes, and an unconscious desire for fame or glory. Psychiatrists who have studied the case histories of American assassins have learned that most of them experienced traumatic childhoods, and that nearly all of them were mentally ill long before they committed their crimes. By the time they finally acted, many of the assassins were unbalanced enough to think that they were carrying out a noble mission or a plan inspired by God. Moreover, a surprising number of them believed that by killing their intended victims, they would in some way save the nation from destruction.

—Jo Anne Ray
American Assassins, 1974

JUDGING

There [is no] discernible type of corrupt judge. A study of thirty-two of the Federal judges against whom there was a considerable body of adverse evidence and who were subjects of Congressional investigation, impeachment proceedings, or criminal action indicates that they were recruited from the most diverse of environments, varying from theological seminaries to Tammany politics. Many were honor graduates and became trustees of universities; one was an authority on Oriental languages; another was the brother of one of America's most distinguished historians; one entered politics as a reform candidate; and another was the daily associate of gangsters and "ward" politicians.

—Joseph Borkin
The Corrupt Judge, 1962

Poison in the Plant

In 1962, three young workers in one building at a large chemical plant died of lung cancer. The three had been exposed to bis (chloromethyl) ether (BCME)—one of the most potent carcinogens known. A total of fifteen workers are now known to have died of lung cancer after exposure to this chemical at the Bridesburg (Philadelphia) plant of the giant Rohm and Haas Company. The Health Research Group, a public interest organization funded by Ralph Nader's Public Citizen, today released the results of a detailed investigation of the events surrounding those 15 deaths. By means of information gleaned from documents, including correspondence between Rohm and Haas and the Federal government, interviews with workers, widows, and medical scientists, and from a questionnaire sent to the company, the Health Research Group has determined that the corporate management suppressed for years its knowledge of human lung cancer at the plant.

The report reveals that Rohm and Haas:

□ recognized by 1962 that young workers in one building were dying of lung cancer;

□ suspected as early as 1965 that a chemical used in that building —chloromethyl methyl ether (CMME)—might be the cause of the lung cancer cases;

□ had definite proof by 1967 that bis (chloromethyl) ether (BCME), which is always present as a contaminant in the chemical CMME, caused lung cancer in animals *and* that there was a statistically significant excess of lung cancer cases among workers exposed to it;

□ revealed nothing about the cancer hazards of BCME to workers until 1971, and then told them only about the results with experimental *animals;*

□ denied in April 1974 that BCME-exposed employees were suffering an increased incidence of lung cancer, in response to a scientific article that had shown that the lung cancer rate among those Rohm and Haas workers was *eight times* what would be expected;

□ did not *formally* transmit until July 1974 to the responsible government officials any written statement admitting the increased incidence of lung cancer among Rohm and Haas employees exposed to BCME; and

□ is currently involved in fighting workmen's compensation claims filed by the widows of several workers who died of lung cancer after BCME exposure.

—Health Research Group report, 1974

Editor's Note: Soon after the Nader group issued this report, the company denied all cover-up charges, noting that in 1971 it set up elaborate safety precautions for workers exposed to the chemical BCME, and agreed for the first time to pay workmen's compensation claims for some fifteen employees who died of lung cancer after exposure to BCME. Further official investigations are expected.

Boogeyman's Background

Anybody brought up in the Freudian era finds it easy enough to speculate on children's fascination with evil, and to come up with the usual symbols and drives. Children's literature and lore contain more monsters than are found in the normal population (midtown Manhattan excluded). And sure enough, an informal interview with Subject T (nephew Tony), age twelve, bright, indicates an alarmingly thorough knowledge of the Transylvanian highlands. So T is deeply interested in monsters. But is his interest a manifestation of the "innate drives" such as sex and aggression posited by Freud? Was T born that way or did he get that way? Where did his fascination come from? The old view of human nature hypothesized innate needs, but newer evidence from social psychology and elsewhere indicates that one's "needs" are shaped to an enormous extent by social situations. In fact, they may even be produced by the culture.

Of course, most cultures present conflicting messages. When the dominant ones are sorted out, however, options prove to be fairly limited. Because we don't yet have a society permitting us anything like a full range of choices, we can't infer much

about what children "need" by observing what options they pick. Children are fed horror stories; adults are fed violence; women are fed insecurity. It makes more sense to look at the manufacturers of needs—aggressive national states sending people to war, advertisers sending women to supermarkets—than to assume that these "needs" are struggling to emerge from our ferocious unconscious.

Viewed in this light, the question becomes, Why did the adults who create most children's literature, and read it to the kids, throw in so many monsters? We don't know. The logic of our argument makes it unlikely that adults are satisfying *their* own innermost needs. Instead, they are probably participating in a structure of power and control. Adults, says the society, had better control children, because children have to be socialized; they have to learn what their place is, what anybody's place is. Kids don't know this in the beginning; they drool, defecate, wail, and make inappropriate remarks.

If you have to control behavior, you do so partly by coercion—beating people up—and partly by getting into minds—warning about the evil character that beats people up. The bogeyman may be mommy and daddy's cultural cop. There is, we suspect, real continuity between the angry God in the white preacher's harangue to the slaves, and the monsters in children's stories. **—Naomi Weisstein and Jesse Lemisch**

Naomi Weisstein is a professor of psychology, and Jesse Lemisch is an associate professor of American studies at SUNY, Buffalo.

"Frustration is the wet nurse of violence." —David Abrahamsen
The Murdering Mind, 1973

The Devious Way

It certainly seems clear enough that things today are not what they were meant to be. In Africa it is said that the Creator never wanted man to die. When man died, according to another African tale, the Creator wanted him to rise again. While searching for the perfect messenger to take his words to mankind, he considered the chameleon and the weaverbird as possible candidates. The weaverbird, however, talked too much and often lied. The chameleon, although slow-moving, was honest and reserved with words. The Creator asked the chameleon to go quickly to man and say, "Each man that dies will rise again." The chameleon set off with the message, and when he arrived after his slow journey he said to man, "I was, ah, I am to tell you, ah—ah, that, ah, when man, ah, dies, um, he, ah, will . . ." Meanwhile, the weaverbird took leave and flew swiftly to the spot where the chameleon was delivering the message and said in a clear, firm voice, "We were told that when man dies, he perishes like the roots of the aloe." The chameleon gathered himself and said, "No, we were told that when man dies he will rise again." A passing magpie jumped in and said, "The first message is the wise one." So man believed the weaverbird, and now that is how things are.

There are countless stories about the Universal Villain, who received the boon only to throw it away, who did not keep the promise, who did not deliver the message, who did not take the responsibility seriously enough—in short, those who failed to follow through. Those villains have perhaps created the confusion that often makes it necessary for man to search for the side door.

But the real villain is the Inner Villain, who sets the pattern for how we relate to the world, who stops us from keeping the promises we make to ourselves, who prefers the devious way, the blocked communication, the late-night blackmail, and the consequent ransom paid.

—Katherine Komaroff

Katherine Komaroff is the author of Sky Gods: The Sun and Moon in Myth and Art *and associate director of Tyler Workshop, Ltd.*

"There is nothing that makes us feel so good as the idea that someone else is an evildoer."
—Robert Staughton Lynd
(1892-1970)

Brazil Said to Continue Torture

Thirteen instruments or methods of torture, said to be most commonly used during interrogation, are described. . . . The most notorious technique is the "parrot's perch," in which a naked prisoner is suspended from an iron bar by his legs and arms, with his head hanging down toward the floor. In this position he is generally beaten or given electric shock.

Sophisticated instruments used to administer electric shock are said to include the "pianola," a keyboard operating a system of electric current similar to a technique used in South Vietnam, and the "electric microphone," by which the prisoner receives electric shocks varying in intensity and duration according to sounds around him, including his own screams.

Other common forms of torture listed are submersion, beating with wooden paddles, wet ropes, plastic hose and rubber or leather whips, steel tourniquets, burning by cigars and cigarettes, intense light from 500-watt bulbs for long periods of time and the "refrigerator." That device, said to have been developed by United States aides, is a small cold cubicle where powerful loudspeakers play continuously deafening sounds such as screams and screeching brakes. —the *New York Times*
November 4, 1974

O RICHARD!!!

And therefore,—since I cannot prove a lover,
To entertain these fair well-spoken days,—
I am determined to prove a villain,
And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams.

—William Shakespeare
Richard III, 1594

In the decade ending in 1972, a total of 786 U.S. police officers were murdered while on duty. Of these, 414 were killed while attempting an arrest; 103 while responding to disturbance calls; 60 at traffic stops; 56 while investigating suspicious persons and circumstances; 37 while transporting prisoners; 10 while attempting to halt a civil disorder. Seventy were ambushed, and 36 were slain by unprovoked, mentally deranged people.

TURNING RANCID

I had seen something odd in his face just as he had flicked the lead against her skull. It had been a moment of change and revelation, showing a pleasure of erotic dimensions, of sensual pleasure. It is not an unusual way for the mind of a man to turn rancid. Cops fall in love with the hickory nightstick. Prizefighters forget to pace themselves, going for the sweet knockout. It is a pull that takes some twisted ones into anesthesiology, or into preparing the dead for burial, or into scut-work in asylums. They are the dark brothers of the slackened flesh, turned on in some soiled way by a total vulnerability. **—John D. MacDonald**
Pale Gray for Guilt, 1968

APAROUNDOWRAPARO

"Self-justification is worse than the original offense."
—Middle Eastern proverb

"We torture bodies."
—Advertisement, Ford Motor Company



"The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers."
—William Shakespeare
Henry VI, Part II
1590

Complete Catholic burial was not accorded to actors until 1849.

"He who has killed a thousand persons is half a doctor."
—P. Percival
Tamil Proverbs, 1874

School for Scoundrels

The stage villain of Shakespeare's day is largely a creature of the popular understanding of the writings of Niccolò Machiavelli, specifically of Machiavelli's directives in *The Prince* to rulers and would-be rulers on attaining and retaining power. Some 400 references to the "diabolic" Italian occur in Elizabethan drama. "Machiavel" is a catchall for all manner of unnatural acts and unspeakable practices, but especially for vicious dissimulation.

Yet, to the modern eye, the admonitions in *The Prince* may seem little more than hardheaded, practical advice. Machiavelli finds man to be corrupt and argues that the conduct of the prince should proceed from this assumption. For the prince, or statesman, there are two ways to assert his will, by law and by force. Because man is largely corrupt, law is often ineffectual. Force is more reliable, therefore preferable. The prince, says Machiavelli, must learn to imitate both the lion and the fox, especially the latter. The fox's is the way of veiled force, and is clearly preferred because, on all counts, it is less expensive.

Interestingly, the Elizabethans could abide the lion, for reasons comparable to those cited by black politicians who in recent years voted for George Wallace. They knew what he was about. The fox, however—though fascinating, and great stuff for drama—was outrageous, indeed sacrilegious, for those who insisted upon the revealed word of the Elizabethan bible of statesmanship, Cicero's *De Officiis*. And there is little doubt that Machiavelli sought to stand the received doctrine on its head, for Cicero says in one of his best-known passages: "Fraud seems to belong to the cunning of the fox, force to the lion; both are wholly unworthy of man, but fraud is the more contemptible."

The Cicero-Machiavelli debate doesn't move us now, as once it did the Elizabethans. To be sure, there are still such as Ashley Montagu and Robert Ardrey who argue the issue of man's innate depravity; but their debate is largely unattended. The majority of Americans, I think, follow the prescription for the "democratic prince" set forth in our most famous book on conduct, Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*. Near the beginning of the third section, the author details his "project of arriving at moral perfection." "I wished to live without committing any fault at any time; I would conquer all that either natural inclination, custom, or company might lead me into." There follows a list of the thirteen virtues Franklin attempted to acquire and a discussion of his success withal.

Now, this seems a decidedly "Ciceronian" project—that is, if we do not ignore the Franklin charm long enough to scrutinize his motives. Listen to him on Humility, his thirteenth virtue.

"I added *Humility* to my list, giving an extensive meaning to the word. I cannot boast of much success in acquiring the *reality* of this virtue, but I had a good deal with regard to the *appearance* of it. I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others and all positive assertion of my own. . . . I soon found the advantage of this change in my manners."

Always attuned to the main chance, Franklin's prince is interested in the "utility" of virtue; thus the *appearance* will do nearly as well as the *reality*. Admittedly, he is not exactly Machiavellian, but in this day and place, Franklin might well set the murderous Machiavel to school. Oh, foxy Ben. **—William Plummer**

William Plummer studies and teaches at Rutgers University.

"Please remain. You furnish the pictures and I'll furnish the war."
—William Randolph Hearst to Frederic Remington in Cuba, 1898

Rehabilitation

I finally managed to track down Big B. Wolf (his friends refer to him affectionately as "The") at Queens College, where he is a graduate student in sociology. At first he was extremely reluctant to discuss his par in the Three Little Pigs incident "Why rake over the past?" h said. "I'm a totally differen person now. I have a much bet ter understanding of my needs. I pressed him, however, to pro vide some insight into his for mer antisocial behavior.

"To begin with," he said, re lenting, "a wolf's role in today' society is so incredibly ambiva lent it's a wonder any of us eve makes a satisfactory adjustmen I mean, on the one hand we'r supposed to be solitary and pro miscuous—the old 'lone wol stereotype—and on the othe hand we're expected to run wit a pack and conform."

How had this role ambiva lence affected him personally?

"Well," he said, wiping awa some of the saliva that kept ac cumulating around his chops "my father felt these conflictin role demands very strongly, an they made it very difficult fo him to relate to me in any mean ingful way. I think he may eve have resented me a little."

"Did that have anything to d with your run-in with the pigs?

"Oh, definitely. I had jus moved away from home for th first time, see, and I wen through a sort of identity crisis I was really feeling very lonel and insecure. So one day I wen over to the little straw hous next door, just hoping to brea out of my isolation. I was so des perate I practically begged th guy. 'Let me in. Let me in,' said. And from inside I hea 'Not by the hair of my chinny chin-chin.' Well! I hadn't fe bad enough already; it was lik having a door slammed in you face before it's even been opened I mean, I just felt so embar rassed standing out there in th street that I had to get inside somehow just to escape the hu miliation."

"So you blew the door in?"

"Well, actually, I blew th *house* in. I didn't mean to, bu it was one of those flimsy pre fabs."

"And then what happened?

"Well, the little guy cam streaking out of the wreckag and ran right over to his broth er's house, leaving me there i

NOWRAPAROUNDOWR

the middle of the street with a demolished prefab in front of me and everybody in the neighborhood staring. So I sort of smiled, you know, tried to pretend it was all a joke, and went over to the brother's house and almost got down on my knees pleading with the two of them to just let me come in for a minute so I wouldn't look like such a pariah. But they gave me some more of that chinny-chin-chin crap, and I really lost control and blew that house in, too."

"So they ran to the third house?"

"Right, and by that time I was simply beside myself. I just ran over there and started huffing and puffing as hard as I could."

"And?"

"And they called the police and I was institutionalized."

"But now you're better?"

"Yeah, well, I've been in analysis for a couple of years and I've started sorting things out, learning how to relate. I recently got engaged, in fact."

I offered my congratulations.

"Thanks. She's really a beautiful person; very empathetic. Would you like to meet her?"

I said I would, and together we walked to the library where a pretty young girl with a basket and a red cloak was waiting.

—Robert Pilpel

Robert Pilpel is coauthor of Young Men With Unlimited Capital.

"The only thing necessary for the triumph of evil is for good men to do nothing."

—Edmund Burke,1795

On Being an Accomplice

Dorothy and Jim didn't feel safe coming to see me in Brooklyn. I'd been mugged some months back in the hall of my building, and, just recently, a neighbor had been garroted by burglars who ransacked his apartment.

So I was going to visit them. No sacrifice. They were great cooks who baked their own bread, grew their own bean sprouts, ground their own spices.

Because I was early, I stopped off on my way to their West End Avenue apartment to pick up ballet tickets at Lincoln Center. At exactly 7:00 P.M. I rang their bell. Dorothy's voice came scratchily through the intercom. "Yes?" "It's Jay," I said into the speaker. The buzzer sounded, and I stepped into the large, empty, neglected-looking foyer.

As I rang the bell for the elevator, two men came up from the basement, busily debating the merits of the latest Jet game. One, in a heavy blue turtleneck, crossed the foyer to a staircase. "See you," said the second man, joining me at the elevator. He wore a Black Watch plaid jacket, charcoal slacks, blue shirt, and a tie, and he carried a modishly slim briefcase. Both men were black and had Afro hairstyles.

When the elevator arrived, I hesitated a moment before getting in. "After you," the man with the briefcase motioned. I stepped in and punched five. He followed me, put his briefcase down, and punched two. The door slammed. We lurched up.

At the second floor, the door sprang open but my briefcase companion stayed on. Turtleneck jumped in, pressing three.

And suddenly I found myself shoved into the corner with two knives at my throat.

"What you got?" Turtleneck rasped. My body sagged. Not again. Experienced, I handed him my wallet. He tore it open and found $11, some change, and the four ballet tickets. "That's all?" he asked. "That's all," I replied.

"Okay," he said. "Your shoes."

"My shoes?" Did he think I had money stuffed into my shoes? Did he think I wouldn't run after them barefoot? How could I get my shoes off with two knives pressing into my throat? Angry at the demand, I hunched my shoulders. One knife bit my throat, drawing blood. With a flashing motion, the second knife cut my shoelaces. I stepped out of my shoes. The second man picked up the shoes and the briefcase. They jumped out of the elevator just as we reached three, punching the "Close" button as they fled.

The door slammed shut. My mind whirled. Comets spun crazily before my eyes.

Walking like a robot, I got out at five and marched down the hall. When Jim answered the door I announced, "I've been mugged."

"Mugged? Good God!"

Later that week, my Zen master asked me how I was responsible for what had happened.

How *I* was responsible? Wasn't I an innocent victim?

I recalled my initial impression of the two men who came up the stairs. They live here, I thought. They're dressed too casually to have come in from the cold. They've probably been downstairs doing the laundry.

I remembered feeling good about the building being integrated; I'd marched in Washington and Birmingham for integration. I remembered deferring to the black man as the elevator door opened, wanting to make conversation as we rode up together so he would know I had no prejudice against him. I remembered ignoring his staying on the elevator after it had stopped at his floor.

I remembered how blanked out I was when they demanded my money.

And then I remembered an actress I know who had been accosted on the street one evening as she came home from a performance. Just as the man jumped out at her, she asked him the time. "I'm meeting my husband," she explained to the would-be mugger, who obligingly turned his wrist to catch the street light and reported that it was 11:45. "Thanks, and there he is," shouted the actress as she ran, free, down the street.

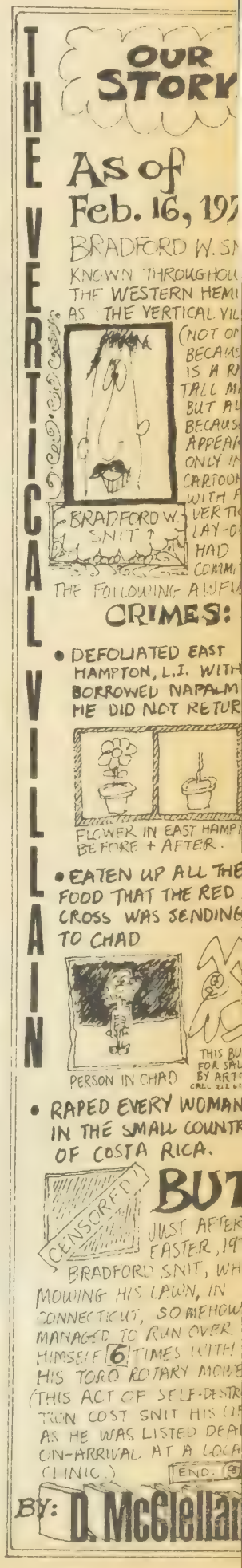
Riding home to Brooklyn, I had devised a satisfying ending for my own mugging. In my scenario, I had a hidden gun. When the muggers jumped out of the elevator, I jumped out. "You bastards!" I shouted, and I shot them. Fantasy.

I am responsible for my fantasies and my rationalizations, for my inattention and lack of initiative.

I am more alert now.

—H. Jay Shaffer

H. Jay Shaffer is research director of the Sperry & Hutchinson Company.



AROUNDOWRAPAROUN

"The 9-year-old son of a Watergate cover-up defendant, Kenneth W. Parkinson, was seriously burned yesterday when he and some friends were trying to set a turtle on fire, the police reported."
—the *New York Times*
October 19, 1974

READERS

While working in a stationery factory one sloppy summer, I had the dubious honor of breaking in new guys. The highlight of the summer was Scrubs. He belonged to a motorcycle club known as the Devil's Disciples. These rascals were not violent, nor were they particularly inclined toward physically maiming fellow bikers or stomping innocent bystanders. Rather, their interest was in obscenities.

Scrubs was the best they had. His favorite game was spitting—no, hawking—into his draft beer and chugging it down for any appreciative audience he could muster. The more groaning, gagging, and throwing up he could affect, the more he enjoyed it.

I watched him boot his breakfast in a bar once. Then, in between gurgling gulps of green-blotched beer, he ate it again—off the table.

When I finally found my guts I asked him what drove him to such heights and space-outs.

"Shit," he aptly replied, "I just like to freak people out."

—Anthony William Blagdon
Nantucket, Mass.



Albrecht Durer

New Standings

The devil rallied for an eleven-point gain last year while his stiffest competition, God, dropped eight points.

Satan, the world's number-one villain, exists in the minds, if not the hearts, of an increasing proportion of Americans.

In a poll taken in 1973, the Center for Policy Research, an independent agency that studies social trends, found that belief in the existence of the devil has gone up in the last decade. In 1964, 37 percent of the people polled believed in the existence of Satan; last year, 48 percent gave him their vote of confidence, with another 20 percent considering his existence probable.

At the same time, the center survey said, persons believing in the existence of God dropped from 77 percent to 69 percent. Six percent definitely do not believe in God—double the number in the 1964 survey.

One of the center's research associates attributed the increased belief in the devil to a "mood of uncertainty and stress, when things seem to be falling apart and resources for coping seem limited." **—John Thomas Wood**
John Wood, author of How Do You Feel?, *is now writing a book about fear.*

Crime Passionnel

Dear Mr. Fuchs:

Although we have never met, I have been given your name by my friend Myra Hatch and am writing to ask if you would be willing to serve as a subject in a study which I am conducting to investigate villains: men with long histories of cruel and inhuman behavior toward women. Lest you wonder why I have chosen you, Ms. Hatch reports that when she denied you her favors you flew into such a rage that you burned her new drapes, smashed her Sony color television, and blackened both her eyes. It is therefore my opinion that you are just the man I am looking for.

To help you understand my investigation, I must tell you that it comes at the culmination of a long career as a victim. Finally, at the age of seventy-four I have been funded by the National Health, Education, and Welfare Commission to discover why I have spent my life being shabbily treated. As if this were not reward enough, I expect that if I learn the answer a monument will be erected to me by thousands of women who also long to discover why they are always getting the dirty end of the stick, so to speak.

If you are willing to participate, I would appreciate your letting me know as soon as possible. My days are numbered, Mr. Fuchs, and time is of the essence. All that is required is that you spend an evening in my home under observation, behaving, I hope, as miserably as possible.

Sincerely yours,
(Ms.) Phyllis Raphael

Dear Ms. Raphael:

Much as I would like to participate in your project, I am afraid I am not a suitable candidate for your study. Although I have always longed to be evil and have observed that all my rotten friends have much more fun than I do, still the fact remains that at the age of eighty I have finally accepted myself for what I am: a good, kind, quiet, shy, mild-mannered man, totally incapable of a villainous act toward women, or, for that matter, men, children, or small dogs.

Indeed, Ms. Raphael, the information you have received from Ms. Hatch is totally false and amounts to what I believe is commonly referred to as a comedy of errors. The damage to Ms. Hatch's drapes, television, and person occurred not because she refused me her favors, but, on the contrary, because she insisted on granting them to me. When Ms. Hatch approached me with a gleam in her eye which over the years I have come to recognize, I backed toward the wall and, when cornered, accidentally dropped my lighted cigarette on her drapes. Temporarily blinded by smoke I tripped over her television en route to the door, and, as for Ms. Hatch's blackened eyes,

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

am sure you have noticed that Ms. Hatch, being only four feet, two inches, has a line of vision directly parallel with her front doorknob.

I am sorry I cannot help you out, particularly since I become depressed when I am unable to grant someone a small favor. However, that is the way it goes, Ms. Raphael. I am simply not the man you are looking for.

Good luck with your project. In the event that you need help with your monument, my Uncle Saul is in the masonry business, and I might be able to get you 10 percent off.

Sincerely yours,
Roger Fuchs

Dear Mr. Fuchs:

Quelle Chance! I have just dropped my study of villains in favor of one on meek, mild-tempered men who would like to be evil.

Stop pussyfooting around, Mr. Fuchs. Come over to my apartment and be studied, for tomorrow we may die. Life, after all, s the only thing that matters.

Sincerely yours,
(Ms.) Phyllis Raphael

P.S. Bring your Uncle Saul. The more the merrier!

Dear Ms. Raphael:

Leave me alone. I am retiring o Florida and leaving no forwarding address.

Sincerely,
Roger Fuchs

P.S. My Uncle Saul is dead.

Dear Mr. Fuchs:

So are you.

Sincerely,
(Ms.) Phyllis Raphael

Dear Ms. Raphael:

Better a dead villain than a ive mild-mannered man.

Sincerely,
Roger Fuchs

Dear Mr. Fuchs:

Work on my monument beins next week. Thank you for articipating in my study.

Sincerely,
(Ms.) Phyllis Raphael

Phyllis Raphael is the author of They Got What They Wanted.

The Sweet Side of Hitler

While I was in Germany in 1972, conducting interviews for a comprehensive study of vegetarianism, I came across two provocative anecdotes about Hitler, who was an increasingly faithful vegetarian from 1911 on.

In Düsseldorf Frau Gerda Christian, Hitler's secretary from 1933 to 1945, talked with me in her basement apartment, surrounded by furniture of the 1930s. I asked for her opinion of her former employer.

"He was a kind and polite man," she explained. "That is why I can't believe Hitler wanted the war. He was the best boss I ever had. If the secretaries were tired, he would say to just do one letter and go home. I'm still looking for a boss like that."

In Bayreuth I visited Richard Wagner's daughter-in-law Winifred, one of Hitler's close friends. Frau Wagner, a woman in her seventies, is proud that she provided Hitler with the paper and pencils to write *Mein Kampf*. She told me that Hitler invited Herman Goering to hear *Parsifal* one season. Then, by discussing the emotional scene in Act One that begins, "Who shot the swan?" Hitler attempted to dissuade Goering from the hunting he enjoyed. Frau Wagner, who was present, was greatly impressed by that incident and recalled it vividly.

"Imagine someone caring that much to try to convince someone else to stop killing [animals]," she said.

"My experiences with Hitler were never negative," she continued. "That is why it's impossible to give any negative impressions and that's what's impossible for people to believe. Here in Bayreuth, he always spoke about theater, music, and Wagner. He was an Austrian cavalier, with manners, who was never impolite or anything. Bormann was the monster who originated most of the horrible things that happened during the regime! . . ." **—Janet Barkas**

Janet Barkas is the author of The Vegetable Passion: A History of the Vegetarian State of Mind *(Scribners, February).*

In the first six months after 100 percent screening of airline passengers began on January 5, 1973, more than 1,300 potential passengers were arrested at the gate on various charges, including illegal possession of weapons. Over 890 guns were confiscated. Another 1,500 people were turned away at the gate, some for refusing to be searched.

PERDITION

Well, one thing was dead sure, and that was that Tom Sawyer was in earnest, and was actually going to help steal that nigger out of slavery. That was the thing that was too many for me. Here was a boy that was respectable and well brung up; and had a character to lose; and folks at home that had characters; and he was bright and not leather-headed; and knowing and not ignorant; and not mean, but kind; and yet here he was, without any more pride, or rightness, or feeling, than to stoop to this business, and make himself a shame, and his family a shame, before everybody. I *couldn't* understand it no way at all. It was outrageous, and I knowed I ought to just up and tell him so; and so be his true friend, and let him quit the thing right where he was and save himself.

—Mark Twain
The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, 1884

Tomorrow the World

To be sure, totalitarian dictators do not consciously embark upon the road to insanity. The point is rather that our bewilderment about the anti-utilitarian character of the totalitarian state structure springs from the mistaken notion that we are dealing with a normal state after all—a bureaucracy, a tyranny, a dictatorship—from our overlooking the emphatic assertions by totalitarian rulers that they consider the country where they happened to seize power only the temporary headquarters of the international movement on the road to world conquest, that they reckon victories and defeats in terms of centuries or millennia, and that the global interests always overrule the local interests of their own territory.

—Hannah Arendt
The Origins of Totalitarianism, 1958



WRAPAROUND

FEMALE OFFENDERS

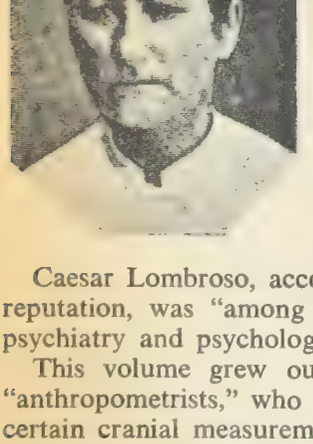


GABRIELLE BOMPARD

"She exhibits all the characteristics, generally rare in women, of the born criminal. Her stature was 1 metre 46, her hips and breasts rudimentary, and she consequently looked so masculine that she was able, when dressed as a man, to accompany Eyraud everywhere without being recognized. She had thick hair, abnormal and precocious wrinkles, thick, crooked lips, a flat, crooked nose which curved outwards, a receding chin, and a virile physiognomy."



"No. 1, aged 40. She killed her husband with reiterated blows of a hatchet while he was skimming the milk, then threw his body into a recess under the stairs, and during the night fled with the family money and her own trinkets. She was arrested a week later and confessed her crime. This woman was remarkable for the asymmetry of her face; her nose was hollowed out, her ears projecting, her brows more fully developed than is usual in a woman, her jaw enormous with a lemurian appendix."



"No. 12. Set fire to the village palisades to revenge herself on some malignant gossips. A large nose, thin lips, lowering expression, with incisors replaced by molars." **—Caesar Lombroso**

The Female Offender, 1894

Caesar Lombroso, according to the book cover and by reputation, was "among the giants of nineteenth-century psychiatry and psychology."

This volume grew out of his disagreement with the "anthropometrists," who believed that you could correlate certain cranial measurements, capacity and so forth, with criminality. Lombroso believed that far greater correlations could be found between physiological anomalies and "the born criminal."

"Are we all going nuts, or what?" you ask. "Born criminals? Hollowed-out noses?"

I don't know. I'm not agreeing or disagreeing.

But I have looked at this book a lot. I love to show it to people.

They think it's the nineteenth century they're looking at. But it takes one to know one, I always say. **—Jeff Lewis**

Jeff Lewis is a roving reporter for The Real World.

Big White

A strange calm settled over me as I stood before the large white vending machine and dropped a quarter into the appropriate slot. I listened as the coin clunked into register. Then I pressed the button marked "Hot Chocolate." From deep inside a paper cup slid down a chute, crackling into place on a small metal rack. Through an unseen tube poured coffee, black as night and smoking hot.

I even smiled as I moved to my customary place at the last table, sat down, and gazed across to the white machine, large and clean and defiant. Not since it had been moved in between the candy machine and the sandwich machine had I known peace. Every morning for two weeks I had selected a beverage, and each time the machine dispensed something different. When I pushed the button for hot chocolate, black coffee came out. When I pushed the button for tea with sugar, coffee with half and half came out. So the cup of coffee before me was no surprise. It was but one final test; my plan had already been laid.

Later in the day, after everyone else had left the building, I returned to the snack bar, a yellow legal pad in my hand and a fistful of change in my pocket. I approached the machine and, taking each button in order, began feeding in quarters. After the first quarter I pressed the button labeled "Black Coffee." Tea with sugar came out, and I recorded that on the first line of my pad. I dropped in a second quarter and pressed the button for coffee with sugar. Plain tea came out, and I wrote that down.

I pressed all nine of the buttons, noting what came out. Then I placed each cup on the table behind me. When I had gone through them all, I repeated the process, and was delighted to find the machine dispensing the same drinks as before.

None was what I had ordered, but each error was consistent with my list.

I was thrilled. To celebrate, I decided to purchase a fresh cup of chocolate.

Dropping in two dimes and a nickel and consulting my pad, I pressed the "Coffee with Sugar and Half and Half" button. The machine clicked in response, and a little cup slid down the chute, bouncing as it hit bottom. But that was all. Nothing else happened. No hot chocolate poured into my cup. No black coffee came down. Nothing.

I was livid. I forced five nickels into the slot and punched the button for black coffee. A cup dropped into place, but nothing more. I put five more nickels in and pushed another button, and another cup dropped down—empty. I dug into my pocket for more change, but found only three dimes. I forced them in and got back a stream of hot water and a nickel change. I went berserk.

"White devil!" I screamed as I slammed my fists against the machine's clean enamel finish. "You white devil!"

I beat on the buttons and rammed the coin-return root down. I wanted the machine to know what pain was. I slapped at its metal sides and kicked its base with such force that I could almost hear the bone in my foot crack, then wheeled in agony on my good foot, and with one frantic swing, sent the entire table of coffee-, tea-, and chocolate-filled cups sailing.

That was last night. They have cleaned up the snack bar since then, and I have had my foot X-rayed and wrapped in that brown elastic they use for sprains. I am now sitting with my back to the row of vending machines. I know by the steadiness of my hand as I pour home-made hot chocolate from my thermos that no one can sense what I have been through—except, of course, the great white machine over against the wall.

Even now, behind me, in the space just below the coin slot, a tiny sign blinks off and on:

"Make Another Selection," it taunts. "Make Another Selection." **—Skip Rozin**

Skip Rozin, a free-lance writer, is based in New York City.

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE 9

HAVE YOU EVER experienced the great good fortune of finding the very book you're shopping for "on sale"? That's the kind of pleasure you'll enjoy again and again when you shop in America's Bookstore – the Book-of-the-Month Club. You start by choosing four books you're eager to read – all for only $1. Then, as a member, you'll regularly be offered a choice of the best books published, almost always at substantial savings. If you continue your membership past the trial period, you'll be eligible for our unique Book-Dividend® plan – a delightful way to save even more, at least 70% on bookstore prices.

Outstanding books. Significant savings.



398 MARILYN A Biography *by* NORMAN MAILER More than 100 photographs. (Pub price **$19.95**)

554 Pub price **$12.50**

252 Pub price **$10**

178 Pub price **$8.95**

310 Pub price **$12.50**

109 Pub price **$12.50**

110 Pub price **$12.50**

307 Pub price **$8.95**

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

invites you to

take any 4 for only $1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose

275 ALIVE: The Story of the Andes Survivors *by* PIERS PAUL READ Photographs (Pub price **$10**)



197 Pub price **$9.95**

383 THE BANKERS *by* MARTIN MAYER (Pub price **$15**)

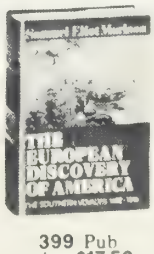
272 ONE SPECIAL SUMMER. *Written and illustrated by* JACQUELINE *and* LEE BOUVIER (Pub price **$7.95**)

166 THE WAR BETWEEN THE TATES *by* ALISON LURIE (Pub price **$7.95**)

244 THE NEW YORK TIMES COOK BOOK *by* CRAIG CLAIBORNE Illustrated (Pub price **$12.50**)

293 CARRYING THE FIRE An Astronaut's Journeys *by* MICHAEL COLLINS. Photos (Pub price **$10**)

370 MYRON *by* GORE VIDAL (Pub price **$6.95**)



399 Pub price **$17.50**

253 THE LIVES OF A CELL: Notes of a Biology Watcher *by* LEWIS THOMAS (Pub price **$6.95**)

315 KHRUSHCHEV REMEMBERS. The Last Testament *by* NIKITA S. KHRUSHCHEV *Translated and edited by* STROBE TALBOTT. Photos (Pub price **$12.95**)

207 THE HAMMOND WORLD ATLAS Superior Edition (Pub price **$12**)

320 WASHINGTON The Indispensable Man *by* JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER Illustrations and maps (Pub price **$12.50**)



323 Pub price **$7.95**

151 HOW TO LIVE WITH ANOTHER PERSON *by* DAVID VISCOTT, M.D. (Pub price **$5.95**)

528 PLAIN SPEAKING An Oral Biography of Harry S. Truman *by* MERLE MILLER (Pub price **$8.95**)

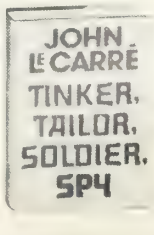


396 Pub price **$8.95**

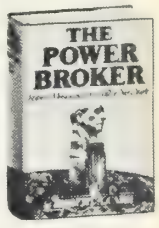
117 THE WHITE HOUSE TRANSCRIPTS (Pub price **$15**)

385 ERIC *by* DORIS LUND (Pub price **$7.95**)

127 THE POETRY OF ROBERT FROST *Edited by* EDWARD CONNERY LATHEM. (Pub price **$12.95**)



338 Pub price **$7.95**



264 Pub price **$17.95**

325 LIKE IT IS *by* HOWARD COSELL (Pub price **$8.95**)

268 WATERSHIP DOWN *by* RICHARD ADAMS (Pub price **$6.95**)

269 WORKING People Talk About What They Do All Day and How They Feel About What They Do *by* STUDS TERKEL (Pub price **$10**)

425 MARATHON MAN *by* WILLIAM GOLDMAN (Pub price **$7.95**)

429 THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN BUSINESS: The Story Told By Those Who Made It. *Edited by* JOHN BROOKS (Pub price **$10**)

348 THE SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE MACHINE *by* IRIS MURDOCH (Pub price **$8.95**)

459 KISSINGER *by* MARVIN *and* BERNARD KALB Photographs (Pub price **$12.50**)

217 JAWS *by* PETER BENCHLEY (Pub price **$6.95**)

255 SEXUALITY AND HOMOSEXUALITY A New View *by* ARNO KARLEN (Pub price **$15**)



261 Pub price **$8.95**

216 BABE: The Legend Comes to Life *by* ROBERT W. CREAMER. Photos (Pub price **$9.95**)

Prices shown are publishers' U.S. prices. Outside the U.S., prices are generally somewhat higher.

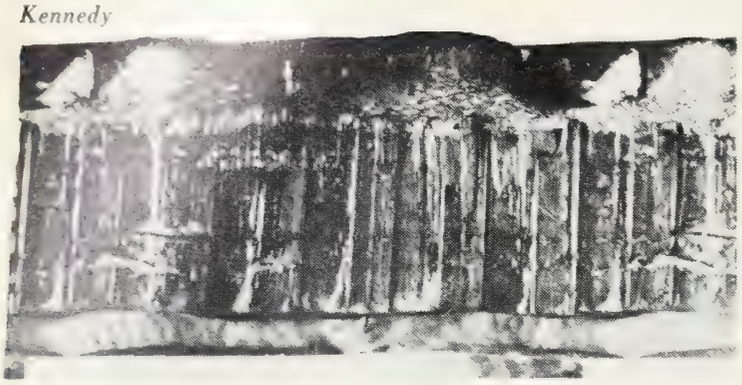
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

Betsy Langman and Alexander Cockburn

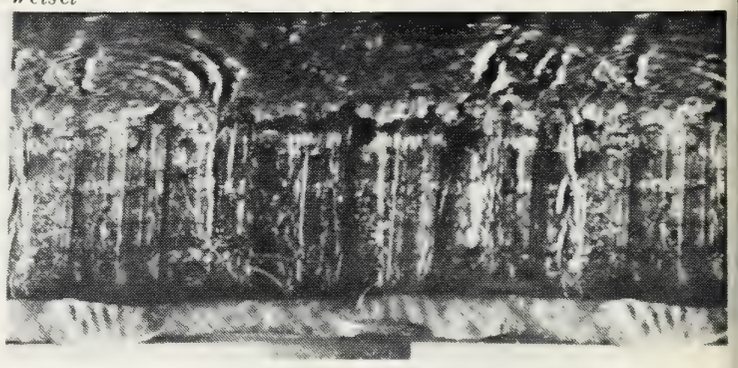
SIRHAN'S GUN

Further inquiries into the assassination of Robert Kennedy

Kennedy



Weisel



These photographs, introduced at hearings in May 1974, purport to show significant differences between the bullets fired at Robert Kennedy and Edward Weisel in the pantry of the Ambassador Hotel. The sharpness of the markings on the Kennedy bullet suggests that it was fired from a barrel whose rifling was in better condition than the one from which the Weisel bullet was fired.

ANYONE WHO HAS EVER delved into assassination theory—unfortunately, an extensive field of study in this country—will, sooner rather than later, come to recognize familiar landmarks. As he searches through court testimony, eyewitness reports, ballistic evidence, forensic testimony, implications of conspiracy, even a dispassionate observer must finally conclude that nothing is certain; nothing can be believed. People hear things differently, see things differently, draw different conclusions from the same evidence.

The assassination of John F. Kennedy in Dallas in 1963 is the primary case in point. The anomalies that still exist leave anyone adept in the theory and practice of that particular shooting with the unhappy conclusion that the Warren Commission did not say the last word.

Until recently the only assassination that seemed beyond question was that of Robert F. Kennedy, killed by Sirhan Sirhan in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles on June 5, 1968. Nearly 100 people were in the pantry when the fatal shots were fired. Many eyewitnesses saw Sirhan spring forward, raise his gun, and fire. Many saw Kennedy fall, mortally wounded. There was no hurried autopsy, or whisking away of the body, as occurred in Dallas. There was an enormous investigation, conducted by the FBI and the Los Angeles Police Department.

The police were aware that their investigation would be subjected to the closest of scrutinies. Robert Houghton, chief of detectives of the LAPD and author of *Special Unit Senator*, the unofficial record of the investigation, understood that he was faced with a crime "that would be examined everywhere in the world, possibly for decades to come. . . . There were the clever people, as usual, standing by to profit from the cry of conspiracy, hooking their theories to journalistic wagons before the Arlington soil was tamped." No one wanted another Dallas and another tidal wave of speculation—so injurious to the self-esteem and reputation of investigative agencies. So the police took enormous pains, and just over a year after the assassination the Special Investigating Unit headed by Houghton reduced its vast researches into ten illustrated volumes entitled *An Investigation and Summary of the Senator Robert F. Kennedy Assassination*. This report has not been made public, but Houghton summarized its main conclusions as follows: that Sirhan fired the shots which killed Kennedy and wounded five others; that his act was premeditated; that he was not under the influence of any drug or intoxicant; that he was legally sane; and that there was no evidence of conspiracy.

Despite the conviction of Sirhan on a charge of first-degree murder and the proclaimed intensity of police investigation, doubts were raised almost within the year. The most popular area of speculation—as always in such cases—centered around the problem of whether Sirhan had been involved in a conspiracy. Although many theories have been advanced, starting with the famous girl in the polka-dot dress and stretching forward through Sirhan's possible connection with Al Fatah or other Arab groups, no hard evidence has yet been found to support any one of them. And if one considers the Manchurian Candidate theory (that Sirhan was the hypnotized agent of conspirators), then it becomes impossible to arrive at any conclusions without the discovery of other conspirators. But if Sirhan was hypnotized to do the murder, he could have been hypnotized into amnesia about his instructions to perform it. Investigators following this line must mount a treadmill of speculation.

ABOUT TWO YEARS AFTER the assassination, what one might call the conspiracy-minded sections of the community began to speculate along very different lines. Much of this questioning was stimulated by *The Second Gun*, a film made by Theodore Charach in 1970. This film—shown around New York in late 1972 and 1973—tilted the whole RFK assassination industry in an entirely new direction.

Betsy Langman spent three years investigating the circumstances of Robert Kennedy's assassination; she is now writing a book on the subject. Alexander Cockburn is a columnist for The Village Voice. *Some of the information in this article was acquired with the assistance of Theodore Charach and Gerard Alcan, producers of the film* The Second Gun.

Charach's film raised questions surrounding the physical circumstances of Kennedy's death: the gun fired by Sirhan and the bullets that struck Kennedy and five others. Charach's film suggested that a second gun had been fired, that ballistic evidence seemed to show that all the bullets could not have come only from Sirhan's gun, and that the autopsy evidence of where the bullets hit Kennedy could not be reconciled with eyewitness testimony.

In all this there was something both disturbing and bizarre. After all, Kennedy had been shot in front of many eyewitnesses, who, unlike some of the participants in the Dallas drama, are still alive. It seemed a little like saying that there were "questions" as to whether Jack Ruby really killed Oswald, despite his committing the deed on national television.

Because the speculation seemed so absurd, many journalists felt there was little point in pursuing the implications of Charach's film. Editors thought that the RFK case was one that need never burden their columns, and so any reporter who wanted to follow it up had the utmost difficulty in getting a story into print. Nonetheless, after the Charach film, there were a number of people both on the West and East Coasts who felt that serious questions required answers, and that the investigation should be reopened.

These questions have been repeated so often during the past few years, multiplying and extending themselves among journalists and politicians in Washington, Los Angeles, and New York, that Sirhan's current lawyer, Godfrey Isaac, has declared his intention of filing a writ of error *coram nobis*. This is a writ asking the Supreme Court of California for a judicial review on the grounds that subsequent to Sirhan's conviction new evidence has come to light that might have affected the course of the trial. In October Isaac said that he expected to file the writ before the end of the year, explaining that the questions were of sufficient importance to demand the consideration of a court rather than the speculation of "journalists, filmmakers, and book-writers."

Although the origin of these questions can be attributed to Charach's film, the present uneasiness arises from two lines of inquiry.



The electronic Minolta XK.
It's one thing to talk about the future of photography.
It's quite another to hold it in your hands.

Five years from now, all fine 35mm cameras will offer the innovations that have caused every major photographic magazine to acclaim the Minolta XK. If you're at all serious about photography, you'll find the Minolta XK is a camera worth examining personally. For the name of your nearest retailer and literature, write Minolta Corporation, Advanced Systems Division, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

In the hope of clarifying these inquiries, we have gone over the testimony of the grand jury hearing and the trial, and examined the autopsy and ballistic evidence developed by the original prosecution and by forensic experts brought into the investigation at later dates. We have talked to the original prosecutors and defense attorneys, to scientists who were consulted and those who were not. As we shall see, it is valid to propose that a number of questions remain unresolved.

LEAVING ASIDE ALL conspiracy theories and concentrating on material evidence of what took place in the Ambassador Hotel pantry, the doubts and the evidence that encourage them arise from these contradictions: the autopsy shows that Kennedy died from a wound in the head, the trajectory being back to front, right to left, and upward. But Sirhan was ahead of Kennedy in his path to the kitchen, and therefore his wounds are not compatible with Sirhan's position. The autopsy also shows that Kennedy was shot at virtually point-blank range. Yet eyewitnesses say that the muzzle of Sirhan's gun was never closer than two feet. Finally, all eight bullets fired by Sirhan should match in characteristics with each other and with the gun that fired them. Yet some ballistic experts claim that the bullets cannot be matched to each other nor to the test bullets introduced at the trial nor to Sirhan's gun. Although evidence can be found to support the official accounting for the position of Kennedy's wounds, the problems arising out of the gun and the bullets are not so easily settled.

The autopsy on Robert Kennedy's body was carried out over a period of six hours in the early morning of June 6, 1968. It was performed by Dr. Thomas Noguchi, the county coroner, along with two assistants and in the presence of at least a dozen people, among them U.S. government pathologists from Washington who had flown to Los Angeles expressly to witness the autopsy. Noguchi found that Kennedy had been hit by three bullets. One had struck his head just behind his right ear and fragmented in the right-hand side of his brain. This was the bullet that killed him. Another had entered the back of the right armpit and exited in the front of the right shoulder. This bullet had left no fragments and was listed in the police accounting as having been "lost somewhere in the ceiling interspace." The third bullet, entering within half an inch of the second one, traveled along the muscle structure of the back and lodged at the base of his neck.

Noguchi retrieved this third bullet, the only one of those striking Kennedy that remained in good enough condition for constructive forensic examination, scratched his initials on its base and handed it over to the police. Noguchi also found that a fourth bullet had passed through Kennedy's right shoulder pad, without actually touching his body.

In the course of his autopsy Noguchi came to certain conclusions regarding the distance of the muzzle of the weapon from Kennedy's body when the shots were fired. He discovered a phenomenon he later described as "very distinct paper-like stapling, as we call it, powder tattooing on the surface of the right ear," confirming the back-to-front trajectory, as "there was no powder in the front of the ear, no powder on the side." At the grand jury hearing he said that the position of the tattooing indicated that the muzzle distance was "very, very close." "Do you have an opinion," he was asked, "as to the maximum distance the gun could have been from the Senator?" "Allowing a variation," Noguchi replied, "I don't think it will be more than two or three inches from the right ear." On June 11, Noguchi organized a test firing with LAPD officers of an Iver Johnson .22 revolver acquired from the LAPD property office on June 10. This gun, the same type used by Sirhan, was used to observe the tattooing pattern on a hog's ear. The observation substantiated the autopsy's conclusion that the shots were almost contact wounds. This conclusion was buttressed by the opinion of DeWayne Wolfer, the LAPD officer who conducted a series of chemical tests on Kennedy's jacket, conducted the test firing with Noguchi, and gave evidence in the trial of Sirhan that the maximum distance would be six inches. That is, Wolfer was allowing for all conceivable errors. During the same examination, he said that he believed that the gun had been fired against Kennedy's head at a range of one inch.

Such conclusions, by both Noguchi and Wolfer, raised some serious contradictions with the eyewitness recollections of people who saw the shooting take place.*

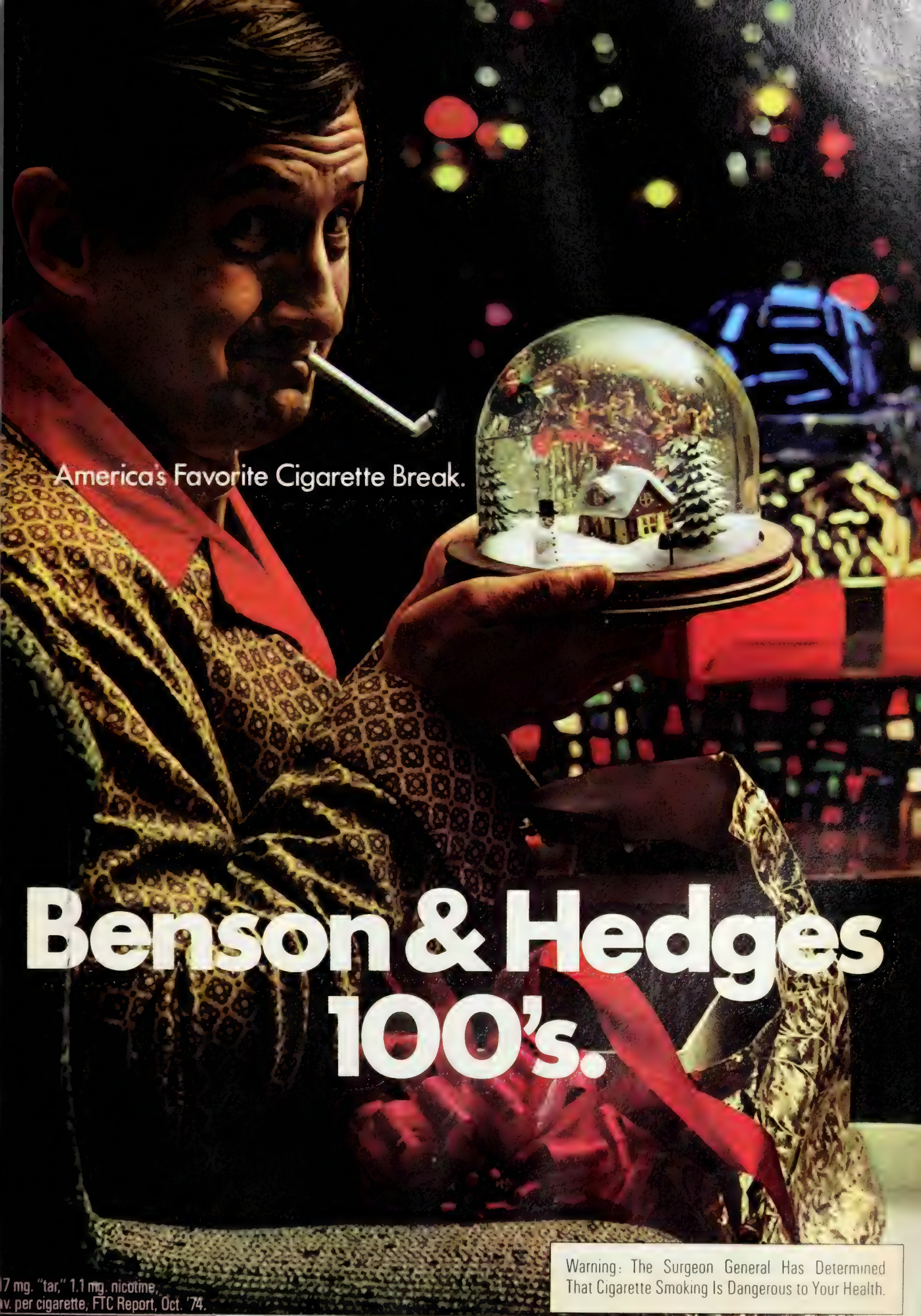
THE EYEWITNESSES, many of them standing next to each other, saw —or remembered they saw—very different things. Against the recollections of the assistant maître d'hôtel, who says that he was holding Kennedy's hand and leading him along —toward Sirhan—one can place the recollections of at least four other people who testified that Kennedy was turning to his left at the time Sirhan fired in order to shake hands with one of the waiters. Frank J. Burns, a friend of Kennedy's, was standing off Kennedy's right shoulder when the shots were fired, and he testified at Sirhan's trial that Kennedy had turned "almost ninety degrees" at the time and therefore was not facing Sirhan's gun muzzle but indeed presenting his right and hinder side to it. It is difficult to find witnesses—apart from the assistant maître d'hôtel—who directly contradict his recollections and those of many others, such as Edward Minasian, Martin Petrusky, Jesus Perez, and Vincent Di Pierro, all employed in the Ambassador's kitchen.

It is, however, impossible to find witnesses who directly corroborate the autopsy evidence that the gun was practically touching Kennedy's head. Their estimates vary wildly. Pete Hamill, the columnist, put Sirhan seven feet from Kennedy. Juan Romero, a busboy who had just shaken hands with Kennedy, es-

* At the trial the prosecution bypassed the dilemma, arguing that the eyewitnesses who testified for the government must have been mistaken.

David Fitts, prosecuting attorney: "With reference to the circumstances of the shooting, Your Honor, Your Honor has heard Karl Ucker and any number of witnesses who attempted to describe what happened; one witness has put the muzzle of the revolver some three or four feet from the Senator's head; others have it at varying ranges. The only way we can clear up whatever ambiguity there may be there and to show the truth is by the testimony of this witness [Wolfer], who, on the basis of the powder tattooing, and the experiments he performed with respect thereto, will testify that the muzzle range with respect to the Senator's head was about one inch."

Grant Cooper, the defense counsel, agreed with this position.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Oct. '74.

CROSS®
SINCE 1846
soft tip pen



A new writing instrument that invites you to put it in writing...easily and comfortably. Transfer your thoughts to paper with a freedom that's personally yours. Make your mark with traditional Cross quality. The Cross Soft Tip Pen in twelve karat gold filled at better stores worldwide. Suggested retail price $18.50.

Mechanically Guaranteed For A Lifetime Of Writing Pleasure.

timated "approximately one yard." Valerie Schulte, a college student, said at the trial that "Sirhan's arm and gun" were "approximately five yards from me, approximately three yards, something like that, from the Senator." Edward Minasian, who was walking about a yard in front of Kennedy, thought that the barrel of Sirhan's gun was "approximately three feet" from Kennedy. The closest to Kennedy that one can place the gun muzzle, going on these recollections, is about two feet—a distance calculated from one recollection that Sirhan was "three or four" feet away from Kennedy. Taken together with the evidence of autopsy, this presents a problem. Defenders of the official story merely say that witnesses cannot be relied on, which, as anyone familiar with investigations knows, is entirely true. At the time of Sirhan's trial, no one worried about such inconsistencies because no one—including the defense attorneys—thought there was the slightest doubt that Sirhan had fired all the shots. Sirhan's defense rested on insanity-plea questions of "diminished capacity" rather than on the possibility of persuading the jury that there were reasonable doubts about the physical evidence. Sirhan's chief defense attorney, Grant Cooper, subsequently said that he wished he had raised these questions at the trial. At the time it simply never entered his mind to do so.

The prosecution seems to have been more sensible of the problem. On May 13, 1974, one member of the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors, Baxter Ward, held a public hearing on the problems arising out of the ballistic evidence in Kennedy's assassination. Ward has long been one of the doubters of the official version, and his office has been engaged for some time in amassing as much evidence as possible to confirm his suspicions. At the hearing, Dr. Noguchi was asked if the district attorney's office had been aware of the discrepancy between the testimony of their witnesses and the implications of his findings.

"I do not know," Noguchi answered, "whether they knew or not. One of the deputy district attorneys approached me after I testified in grand jury. . . . He said, 'Tom, are you sure three inches?' He offered that if I misunderstood—if I misstated—this is time now to correct it.

. . He was surprised that there was ich a distance we were talking bout."

None of the foregoing doubts ould have arisen if all the bullets red in the pantry could be identi- ed as having come from the same un. But it is the problem of identi- ying the bullets that creates the ost troubling difficulties, difficul- es which, to this day, have not been ettled and which more than any- ing else have fostered uneasiness mong those who have examined the ircumstances of the assassination.

SIRHAN'S GUN was taken from him by Rafer Johnson, who turned it ver to an officer in the LAPD. In the rand jury hearings on June 7, De- Vayne Wolfer testified briefly that he ad examined the "near-perfect" bul- et taken from Kennedy's neck and hat it had been fired from Sirhan's un. He had established this, he said, y test-firing Sirhan's gun into a wa- er tank, thus being able to retrieve he slugs unharmed. He had brought some of the test shots"—four— long to the grand jury and was able o testify that microscopic compari- on showed the four bullets to agree n characteristics with the bullet aken from Kennedy's neck, thus howing that the latter bullet came rom Sirhan's gun.

As we shall see, it sometimes ecomes difficult to keep up with he vagaries of Wolfer's ballis- ic evidence; even his statement be- fore the grand jury about the four bullets was later contradicted in re- marks he made under oath on Sep- tember 20, 1971, to an attorney who had challenged his professional cre- dentials in this and other cases. In these later statements, Wolfer sug- gested that the four bullets he had brought to the grand jury didn't prove his point as well as three other bullets that he had left in his labo- ratory. On June 11, Wolfer performed further tests with another Iver John- son .22. These tests, conducted in the company of Noguchi and other witnesses, were the ones having to do with the hog's ear.

It is unclear why Wolfer could not have used Sirhan's Iver Johnson .22. At the trial Wolfer said that it was not "available," even though the grand jury hearings had been con- cluded at the time of his testing and he could have got the gun by court

Have a very merry cherry.



From the unique Danish cherry comes Cherry Kijafa, the delicious wine that's a holiday tradition with the fun-loving Danes and spirited folk everywhere.

Give it to good friends. Or to yourself. Enjoy it in your prettiest wine glass. Or over ice with soda. Or in a festive punch bowl with fruit and anything else you care to add.

Cherry Kijafa. Any way you use this most versatile wine, it's the merriest.

Kijafa. The cherry wine from Denmark.
We think the world is ripe for it.

order. Whatever the reasons, Wolfer used for his testing an Iver Johnson he withdrew from the LAPD property division on June 10, 1968. It bore the serial number H18602. The serial number of Sirhan's gun was H53725. The LAPD said it destroyed the test gun in July 1969.

This test gun has caused many confusions and uncertainties. Among the exhibits at the trial was an envelope, labeled "Exhibit 55," which, according to Wolfer, contained "three of the test shots that I took from people's number six, the weapon [Sirhan's], and this was from the water recovery tank, and that would be three test shots I used for comparison purposes."

No one at the trial bothered to examine this envelope. We must remember the mental disposition of the defending attorneys. As Grant Cooper later explained, "there was no question" in his mind "but that Sirhan was the one that fired the fatal shots that killed Kennedy. Not only did we have the testimony of the witnesses but the conversations I had with Sirhan myself." Some scrutiny of the evidence at the trial would have raised one immediate problem. The envelope alleged to contain the three bullets from Sirhan's gun (test-fired into the water tank the day after the assassination) was quite clearly marked as containing bullets fired from the gun which Wolfer used on the hog on June 11.

This leaves a variety of possibilities. Either Wolfer put the test bullets from the Sirhan gun in the exhibit envelope and then made a mistake and wrote the wrong serial number on the outside; or he simply sent the wrong bullets along to the trial. It is hard to ascribe very sinister motives to the mislabeling, since any vigilant counsel would have noticed it. But the fact remains that at the trial—as at the grand jury—nobody introduced any evidence which scientifically, or even demonstrably, linked Sirhan's gun to the bullets and fragments that made up the other relevant exhibits.

The observation that the envelope had been mislabeled, or contained the wrong bullets, was made by William Harper, an expert in the study of technical and forensic investigation of firearms. A man of considerable reputation in the field, he had for seven years been a consultant to the Pasadena Police Department, and during a period of thirty-five years had handled more than 300 cases for both defense and prosecution in state and federal courts. In his professional capacity, Harper had often disagreed with Wolfer over the years and had warned Grant Cooper not to take Wolfer's statements on trust. Cooper introduced Harper to Theodore Charach in the summer of 1970. Charach had pointed out various anomalies in the case to Cooper, who suggested that he communicate his doubts to Harper. In November 1970 Harper went to the county clerk's office to examine the evidence. The normal apparatus for assessing and comparing bullets is a "comparison microscope." This is a heavy piece of equipment, difficult to drag around, and so Harper used a Balliscan camera which he had developed with the help of Marshall Houts, a writer on medical and legal topics. The camera takes a series of photographs of a cylindrical object rotated in front of it. The resultant images are then blown up and used for comparison purposes. Harper made several visits to the clerk's office, and in December 1970 he swore out an affidavit outlining his conclusions. He mentioned the mistake in the numbering of the exhibits, but he also raised far more serious doubts.

His affidavit reads in part: "From the general circumstances of the shooting, the only reasonable assumption is that the bullet removed from victim Weisel [one of those wounded in the pantry] was in fact fired from the Sirhan gun. This bullet is in near-perfect condition. I have, therefore, chosen it as a 'test' bullet from the Sirhan gun and compared it with the bullet removed from the Senator's neck. . . . My examination disclosed no individual characteristics establishing that Exhibit 47 [the bullet from Kennedy's neck] and Exhibit 54 [the bullet from Weisel] had been fired by the same gun. In fact, my examinations disclosed that bullet Exhibit 47 has a rifling angle of approximately 23 minutes [14 percent] greater than the rifling angle of bullet Exhibit 54. It is, therefore, my opinion that bullets 47 and 54 could not have been fired from the same gun."

More simply, Harper had said this: Bullet A was fired from a different gun than Bullet B. Furthermore, there is no evidence connecting either bullet with Sirhan's gun, apart from Wolfer's sworn testimony to the grand jury and the stipulations of counsel at the trial. Harper's affidavit was made public in the spring of 1971. As could be expected, it provoked a series of attacks and counterattacks. An attorney acting on Harper's behalf attempted to block Wolfer's appointment as chief forensic chemist in charge of the LAPD crime laboratory, charging incompetence in the Sirhan case and others. This move failed. The district attorney of Los Angeles County, Joseph P. Busch, countered by saying that "serious questions" had been raised about the handling of the exhibits in the county clerk's office. These questions were serious enough, he said, to warrant a grand jury investigation into the clerk's handling of the exhibits. Meanwhile, all investigative activity should be suspended. The grand jury duly reported that it had reservations "about the present integrity of the ballistics exhibits." Finally, in the fall of 1971, a board of inquiry dismissed all the questions raised by Charach, Harper, and others. Among other things, it found that Harper's contention was "based on the rifling angle of one bullet being 23 minutes greater than that of a second bullet. When the meaning of 23 minutes of difference is analyzed its importance is questionable."

MATTERS HAD REACHED this impasse at about the time that Charach's film was being released. Vague intimations of ballistic anomalies were reaching a generally somnolent public and receiving—apart from spotty coverage of Charach's film—little public debate.

On April 26, 1974, William Lystrup, medical photographer at the Los Angeles County coroner's office went to the county clerk's office armed with another Balliscan camera and rephotographed the Kennedy and Weisel bullets. He had been dispatched on this mission by Baxter Ward, the inquisitive Los Angeles County supervisor. A former anchorman for KHJ-TV in Los Angeles, Ward was campaigning for the governorship of California, and he decided, in the midst of last spring's primary campaign, to hold a public hearing on the Kennedy assassination.

Convened on May 13, the hearing was attended by, among others,

Audition free for 10 days Karl Böhm's superb Deutsche Grammophon recording of

Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies

SPECIAL BONUS: Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26

All 4 International Award-Winning Records For Less Than The Price Of 1!

Your Introduction To The Unique Program That Offers Free Auditions Of Prize-Winning Recordings By The Leading Concert Artists Of Our Time!

Mozart—music's greatest natural genius! Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart — divinely gifted beyond any other musician who ever lived! And into his six greatest symphonies he poured a multitude of his most astonishingly beautiful, incredibly moving inspirations!

Symphony No. 41, "Jupiter"
Symphony No. 40 in G-minor
Symphony No. 39 in E-flat
Symphony No. 38, "Prague"
Symphony No. 36, "Linz"
Symphony No. 35, "Haffner"
Extra! Symphony No. 32



Now you are invited to hear these miraculous works in their finest recording . . . interpreted with extraordinary empathy by Karl Böhm . . . played to perfection by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra . . . captured in unsurpassed stereo realism by Deutsche Grammophon. So outstanding is this recording that it has won *three* of the music world's most eagerly sought honors: the Grand Prix International du Disque, Edison Award and Deutsche Schallplatten Prize! In addition, you will also receive Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26, "Coronation," superbly performed by soloist Geza Anda with the Salzburg Camerata Academica—winner of the coveted Grand Prix des Discophiles.

Now enjoy and keep these 4 superb albums for less than the price you'd pay for 1!

Because these magnificent recordings have met with almost unprecedented acclaim, they have been chosen to introduce you to The Great Awards Collection, a totally new concept in home listening. You may enjoy all eight masterpieces, on four superb-quality, imported records, for 10 days absolutely free. Then keep all four if you wish, for only $6.98 *(that's less than the price you'd pay for just one record)!* Simply mail the attached card or coupon today.

Collect the world's greatest music—only in award-winning albums!

As a member of The Great Awards Collection you will receive only the finest recordings of prize-winning concert performances by top orchestras, conductors and soloists. Distinguished jurors each year select, from the hundreds of classical releases, the "golden few" that will be offered to members of The Great Awards Collection. Every month you'll enjoy free 10-day audition privileges on each award-winning single LP. Of course, you have the option of keeping or returning each one so you'll never waste a penny on disappointing purchases!

Special half-price bonus offer saves you money!

In addition to great music, you'll enjoy great savings with our half-price bonus plan. For every record you buy you may choose another one from a list of award-winners and other critically acclaimed LP's and pay just half the regular members' price! An economical way to build your library of superb classical recordings.

How many records are you committing yourself to buy when you return the attached coupon? *None at all!* Even your introductory set of *Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies* and *Piano Concertos 12 and 26* comes to you *on approval.* Audition it free for ten days, then either return it—or keep it for only $6.98 for all four records (plus a small postage/handling charge).

Here at last is the ideal way to acquire, in easy stages, a connoisseur's record library without wasting a penny on disappointing purchases. You listen at home to every award-winning selection before deciding whether to buy it! Please act today! Begin your money-saving, no-obligation membership in The Great Awards Collection by mailing the attached card or coupon for your free trial, with four-for-less-than-the-price-of-one purchase option of this essential collection of Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies and exquisite Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26.

Eight ways
The Great Awards Collection
helps you enjoy
fine music more than ever!

1. The greatest music by the world's immortal composers.
2. A major, award-winning recording each month.
3. Superior imported LP's—silent surfaces.
4. Free ten-day trials of all selections.
5. Big savings through Half-Price Bonus Plan.
6. No obligation to buy—no minimum purchase.
7. Money-saving introductory offer.
8. All selections always far less than retail price.

Send no money now—Mail coupon TODAY!

Q90

Listen for 10 days free. Keep all 4 for less than the price of 1!

The Great Awards Collection • 175 Community Drive • Great Neck, N.Y. 11025

Please send me, for my free audition, the triple-award-winning recording of Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies by Karl Böhm, together with Geza Anda's award-winning performance of Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26. I may return the set after 10 days and owe nothing, or keep it and pay only $6.98* for all four Deutsche Grammophon records, plus a small postage/handling charge. This is all four records for less than the regular price of one!

I will also receive a free ten-day audition each month of another award-winning recording of great music. For every one of these records I buy at your members' price (always below suggested retail), I may also choose one record at half that price from your special list. I am not obligated to buy any minimum number of records. I may cancel my membership at any time.

*Sales tax added for New York residents.

NAME (please print)

ADDRESS APT. NO.

CITY STATE ZIP

Offer limited to the connecting 48 states. Offer expires 9/1/75. Limit one membership per household. Only new members eligible. NOTE: All applications are subject to review, and we reserve the right to reject any application.

29801/Q90

Thomas Noguchi, who confirmed his autopsy report and said that a few weeks earlier he had reexamined the bullet from Kennedy's neck and found the initials he had scratched on it during the autopsy on the night after the shooting. Also at the hearing were two additional experts in forensic ballistics—Herbert MacDonell and Lowell Bradford. MacDonell has a high reputation in the world of forensic investigation; he has appeared in many criminal cases and has developed some widely used techniques in the field of forensic science.

In an affidavit MacDonell agreed with Harper on the rifling angle variations and added another point—the difference in cannelures. A cannelure is any groove that runs around a bullet or cartridge case: cannelures are sometimes described as "knurled grooves." MacDonell's affidavit stated that the bullet from Kennedy's neck had one cannelure and the bullet from Weisel two cannelures. To expound a piece of news that might seem unexciting to a layman, MacDonell explained that all eight cartridge cases taken from the Sirhan gun were said to be manufactured by OMARK-C.C. 1. So far as MacDonell had been able to determine, all bullets manufactured by this firm have two cannelures. MacDonell found that the location of the cannelures on the Weisel bullet was close enough to the position of regular OMARK-C.C. 1 cannelures that the Weisel bullet was probably of OMARK-C.C. 1 manufacture. He concluded that, since the Kennedy bullet had only one cannelure, "it could not have been part of one of the cartridges taken from the Sirhan revolver." MacDonell also noticed "a lack of agreement between any of the identifiable characteristics that appear on the two bullets." He concluded that the Kennedy and Weisel bullets could not have been fired from the same weapon and, furthermore, that the bullet taken from Kennedy's neck could not have been fired from Sirhan's gun.

Harper was ill and could not attend the hearing, but an affidavit confirming his previous conclusions was read into the record. Evidence was heard from Lowell Bradford, the director of a crime laboratory and a former employee of the state Department of Justice laboratory in Sacramento. Both Bradford and MacDonell agreed that the new set of Balliscan photographs matched those taken by Harper. Bradford could not find a rifling angle difference between the Kennedy and Weisel bullets, but he agreed with MacDonell on the difference in cannelures. Both Bradford and MacDonell called for a refiring of the Sirhan revolver in a test presided over by a panel of forensic experts. Both agreed that a comparison of the new test bullets with the Kennedy and Weisel bullets would be the only way to resolve the problems. Ward's motion that the county supervisors propose an official reexamination of the evidence was defeated 3-2.

ALL SPECULATION ABOUT the presence of a second gunman in the pantry of the Ambassador Hotel arises from two questions: the discrepancies of eyewitness testimony and autopsy reports, and the problems of reconciling the Kennedy and Weisel bullets with each other and with Sirhan's gun.

To surmise that another person could have placed a gun within three inches of Kennedy's head and pulled the trigger without being observed by anyone requires a leap of the imagination so enormous that such a possibility could only be forced on us by absolute contradictions in the material evidence. Despite the anomalies that now seem self-evident, the absolute contradictions have not yet been conclusively proved.

The most direct way of discovering whether such contradictions do exist is to conduct a test firing of the gun, together with a review of all the ballistic evidence by a panel of experts. This is now being called for by various concerned people, including Grant Cooper, Sirhan's former attorney; Paul Schrade, who was himself wounded in the pantry; and many others. The district attorney's office has adamantly opposed such an undertaking. In the spring of 1973, Busch insisted that "a refiring of what we absolutely know to be the murder weapon . . . would only give some sort of backhanded credence to sensationalists who are trying to raise some question about the validity of Sirhan working alone."

In fact it appears that the DA's office has been following the debate about the evidence with keen attention. We have seen documents circulated throughout the DA's offic which attest to extensive researc into Charach's investigation and int other assassination theories.

Since this is so, why won't th DA's office go ahead with the busi ness of firing the gun, examining th bullets, and getting the whole matte resolved? There are, of course, th reasons that Busch publicly adduce but there are other reasons that ar not so obvious. Not everyone feels t tal confidence in the validity of co clusions established by forensic sc ence. In the words of one detectiv "forensic science is a lot softer tha forensic scientists would care to l on." Different schools of forensic e perts have different methods of eva uating evidence. Wolfer, for exar ple, turned down Noguchi's propos immediately after the shooting, have a neutron activation analys (NAA) done on the various bull fragments. This technique involv bombarding metal fragments wi neutrons, then measuring and co paring the effects of radioactivity establish whether the fragments can from the same manufacturer.

At Ward's hearing, Dr. Vince Guinn, a leading authority on NA said this test could still be done. is entirely possible to find—as did—forensic experts less confide that neutron tests are absolut "conclusive." Wolfer appears to ha thought that Guinn's NAA test wou be so sensitive that results wou vary within a single bullet and co parisons would be impossible tween different bullets—an opin hotly disputed by Guinn. Follow this line of the absolute uncertai principle, there are those in the D office who believe that a test fir of the gun would not solve anythi they hold that the act of refir would sufficiently alter the cha teristics of the barrel, and hence bullet, to make satisfactory com ison impossible. MacDonell's ans to this is "Hogwash." The firing 1,000 rounds from a high-powe rifle, he says, could make alterati but certainly not a few test fir from Sirhan's revolver. Furtherm he says that the gun need not essarily be refired. There is a pro called swaging in which soft lea pushed through the gun barrel, displaying characteristics suffic for forensic purposes.

The district attorney's office one final position: that the time

lace for a refiring of the weapon nd comparison of the bullets will ome whenever Sirhan's present at- orney files a motion for a retrial. hen, says Busch, the reexamination f the evidence—in the framework f a proper court procedure—could ake place. Either way, Busch and he DA's office have the situation irmly under control. On the one and they say that only "assassina- ion freaks" are raising any questions bout the shooting. On the other and, the DA's office indicates that he art of forensic evidence leaves omething to be desired and from this osition announces that when a mo- ion for retrial is filed, the examina- ion can take place.

And so we come back to where ve began. Six years after the assas- ination of Robert Kennedy, the one hooting that almost everyone be- ieved to have been satisfactorily re- olved, the circumstances still attract erious questioning from lawyers, ournalists, and politicians across the country who now feel some doubt bout the case, even if they are not quite sure why. These doubts will grow and feed on themselves. Hints about a cover-up will become asser- ions that one exists. This painfully familiar process can be averted by a decision that the DA or the at- orney general of California should be sensible enough to make: to es- ablish a panel of forensic experts, organize an independent examina- tion of the relevant bullets and other physical evidence, and examine Sir- han's gun. As Grant Cooper says: "My approach to the DA would be this: 'Look, the biggest feather in your cap would be to show how hon- est you are. Take the credit for it.' No one likes to be horsewhipped into doing things!"

The world of assassination theory is dense with non sequiturs, misun- derstood evidence, wild claims. In this case, excluding the *theoretical* possibilities of Sirhan having been a member of a conspiracy, it is not too difficult to settle speculation about what actually happened in the pantry of the Ambassador Hotel. It takes a candid acceptance by the DA's office of the existence of doubt and a candid effort to dispel that doubt. Given the massive uncertain- ties of evidence and what that evi- dence means, one test firing might exorcise at least one of the ghosts of the Sixties. □

Here's How You Can Sponsor A Child



Here's What You Do

- Fill out your name and address on the coupon.
- Indicate your preference of boy or girl, and country.

Or . . .

- Check the box marked "Choose any child who needs my help," allowing us to assign you a child from our emergency list.
- Enclose your first monthly check. The cost is only $15 each month to help a child who needs you.

Here's What You Will Receive

- In about two weeks you'll receive a Personal Sponsor Folder with photograph and information on the child you sponsor and a description of the project where the child receives help.
- Later on . . . a "welcome letter" from the overseas field office.
- Progress reports on the child when you request them.
- A Christmas greeting from the child.
- The opportunity to write directly to the child. You will be given the mailing address and detailed instructions on mail to your child's country.
- Letters from the child answering your correspondence. You receive the child's original letter and an English translation from an overseas office. (Staff workers help children unable to write.)
- And the satisfaction that comes from helping a deserving child.

Here's What Your Sponsored Child Receives

- In children's homes: supplementary food, clothing, medical care. and dedicated housemothers.
- In Family Helper Projects: school supplies and clothing, medical assistance, emergency food and shelter, and family guidance from a trained child care worker.
- Special aid depending on the country and the type of project.
- Psychological support because the child knows *you* care.

Sponsors are urgently needed for children in: Brazil, India, Guatemala and Indonesia.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc. Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay $15 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____. Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____.

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

HP1910

Josiah Lee Auspitz

DR. BALSAM'S REMEDIES

How I came to terms with the World Crisis

EVERY SEVEN YEARS OR SO I get depressed by the international situation and seek help at Dr. Balsam's townhouse on the Rue Talleyrand, just a few hundred yards from the tomb of Napoleon at Les Invalides. Balsam maintains a leisurely practice, refusing to see any of his patients more than once or twice a decade. If you must see him, you merely arrive at teatime. Castlereagh Muhammed, Balsam's Moorish amanuensis, ushers you into the eighteenth-century calm of the good doctor's library.

There are, of course, no newspapers or periodicals in the room, and the latticed cabinets contain only a handful of books published in this century. Portraits of the men Balsam calls his "ancestors" adorn the walls. On the right-hand wall, those who have dealt with conflict as it is: Machiavelli, Hobbes, Talleyrand, Metternich, and Clausewitz; on the left, those who have had a vision of how things might be changed: Grotius, Montesquieu, Kant, Florence Nightingale, and Woodrow Wilson.

The only concession to modernity is the large, egg-shaped plastic chair for Balsam's patients. It was one of the last and best designs of the Bauhaus, especially created for Balsam's library. Sitting in it, enveloped on all sides by antiseptic white, one feels as if one were in a time capsule returning to the age of ballet wars and balance of power.

Balsam greeted me warmly and offered me tea and Armagnac, which I accepted, and snuff, which I did not. "Well, well, well," he said. "What is about to convulse the world this time, that you have come to me, my dear friend? On your last visit, almost exactly seven years ago, you were expecting a world financial crisis and an expansion of the Vietnam war into China, as I recall."

"And I was very nearly right," I reminded him.

"So you were. So you were. And perhaps it would have been better to have had a really proper crisis then. After all, *crisis* is merely the Greek word for decision. As I was telling poor, distraught David Rockefeller when he came here a few months ago, sometimes postponing decisions takes a greater toll than making them. Don't you think that is good advice?"

I nodded. It was one of Balsam's delightful traits that he had no scruples about discussing one patient's problems with another. It made one feel part of an elect community of sufferers.

"I suppose you, too, think that Western capitalism is about to collapse," he said.

I leaned forward in the egg in agitation. "Yes! And also that the economic weakness in the West will embolden the Russians into a great power confrontation, involving the triangular relation Nixon set up."

"Ah, so you have added Russia to China this time."

"Yes," I said. "The logic of the situation seems to require that any crisis . . ."

Balsam interrupted. "Say 'decision' or 'judgment' instead of 'crisis.' It is much more relaxing."

". . . that any decision involving two of the great powers will involve three."

"Well said," Balsam responded. "You have wisely left out Europe. Europe, as you are doubtless aware, doesn't count. Europe lost the Middle Eastern war."

"I had not thought of it in that light," I confessed.

"Well, Henry saw it immediately, and so did Nixon. I remember Henry's visit late last fall—it has been an unusually busy year for me. He was in quite a dither, poor man. No one seemed willing to trust him, and small wonder, really. He had disappointed Brezhnev by letting the Israelis surround the Egyptian Third Army. He had scared everybody by his perfectly sensible precaution of a nuclear alert to check the Russians from any thought of ejecting the Israelis. And he had accused the Europeans of inconstancy and panic, which was accurate and therefore deeply resented by them. And then his old nemesis Brzezinski started attacking him in the newspapers, saying the United States had lost the October war.

"I said to him at the time: 'Henry, all your flexibility is necessary in these fluid times, but you need to reassure people. Travel with your children. Marry that lovely, energetic Maginnes woman before you both get too old and cynical to enjoy it. Do a few homey, human things. Your image as a swinger served you well when you were a gnome in the White House—it stopped all the Dr. Strangelove talk. But now you are a public man. You must radiate stability. Remember, you need only get people to rely on your word, and you shall succeed, until it becomes necessary to have another Near East crisis. After all, the logic of the situation is on your side.'"

"The logic of the situation is on no one's side!" I blurted out. "The

Josiah Lee Auspitz is completing a doctoral dissertation at Harvard on concepts of practical reasoning in politics.

HELP WANTED

EDITORS FOR NEW NATIONAL PAPER

We think you qualify. No prev exp nec. Must be alert, aware, unsatisfied w/present position of U.S. attitudes, outraged by erosion of national integrity. Must champion the individual; challenge the Estab; expose corp corruption; celebrate pers integrity. Advancement guarant'd for right person with good speaking voice against contemp moral-political downtrend. Equal opportunity employer. Fee paid

INQUIRE HERE

HARPER'S WEEKLY is an idea whose time has come. Again.

HARPER'S WEEKLY was published concurrently with Harper's (monthly) Magazine from 1857 to 1916. It was billed as "a journal of civilization": guardian of ethics and morality, platform for personal debate, and reckoner of individual responsibility in an increasingly faceless society.

The last issue of the original WEEKLY appeared nearly 60 years ago. But one fact remains perfectly clear. If ever America needed a guardian...platform ...and reckoner, it's now. Today. As the effluvia of resignation-under-fire, cash gifts from family fortunes, milk deals, oil "shortages," bugging, price-fixing, bid-rigging, and (see today's paper for the rest of the list), swirl around our ankles.

So we've decided to bring it back as sort of a HARPER'S WEEKLY *II*. But this time, something new will be added.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will be, for the most part, written, edited and directed by its readers.

This is a bold approach, unconventional in the extreme. But nothing else would be compatible with HARPER'S WEEKLY's unique aims. Which are, simply, to take issue with the monolithic establishment, the impersonal institution, the anonymous committee. To focus on *personal* accountability for our actions. In business. In politics. In our private, day-to-day lives.

HARPER'S WEEKLY won't, for example, blandly report the latest public-be-damned corporate decision. But it might relate one board member's Hobson's choice of having to vote aye or lose his job. HARPER'S WEEKLY won't rehash the familiar political wheeling-dealing from the front pages. But it might ask a Senator to explain directly to you why he backed military cost overruns in order to gather support for his housing legislation. HARPER'S WEEKLY won't recap the sociological reasons for increasing urban crime. But it could very well print a piece *you* have written, describing the moral dilemma you may have faced in deserting the city to find safety for your family.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will be, then, a return to the source. People. You. And though at times we will solicit interviews and articles from notables–say, a political felon or another such figure in the eye of an ethical storm–we will depend mainly upon you for information. Your views and observations. Your personal confrontations, crises, and dilemmas. Your firsthand experiences that have left you a more effective, more independent, more powerful individual...information that should be passed along to others, enabling them to more easily cope and perform.

HARPER'S WEEKLY's scope will be as broad as humanity, itself. Including crime, science, business, sports, politics, sex, law, marriage, religion, medicine, the military, unions, people of all ages, races and classes.

Here, specifically, is the role we'd like you to play in HARPER'S WEEKLY.

1. Do research for us. As an active reader, you no doubt scan many publications routinely–e.g., specialized newsletters, professional journals, small-circulation political or literary journals. Many items in such periodicals deserve a wider audience. We need any material you spot that coincides with the WEEKLY's purpose.

We're also eager to collect local news stories about local events with a moral dimension–acts of conscience or repression, courage or corruption. Personal victories against the system, or defeats, may help others elsewhere to achieve similar victories or avoid similar defeats. For each item we use, you will receive a credit line and a research fee of $10.

2. Write for us, especially about things in your immediate experience that deserve sharing. In particular, brief essays and case studies about all sorts of contemporary moral dilemmas, heroes, compromises, excuses, victories, defeats, outrages, conflicts of interest, honest and dishonest lifestyles, object lessons about when the end does or doesn't justify the means.

The best length is about 500 words; 1,000 words is the maximum. If your material is accusatory or investigative, we'd appreciate a brief list of your sources and documentation. Send your contributions to WEEKLY Staff, 2 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016. Published pieces will carry your name and hometown and you will receive an honorarium of $25.

3. Subscribe to HARPER'S WEEKLY. Try to get all your friends to do the same. (More on that, in a minute.)

The first issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY will appear shortly. It will be in a concise, fast-reading tabloid format. Special features will be determined at deadline, of course, but you can look forward to regularly appearing departments such as:

INTERVIEW: brief but pointed exchanges with people whose actions are making news. As well as people *behind* the news (e.g., House committee staff members) who no one knows are there.

POLITICKING: reports of people and institutions seeking unfair advantage.

BEATING THE BUREAUCRACY: practical advice and personal experience on how to cope with the computer, cut through red tape, etc.

HOT AIR: singling out the things people have been saying all week that have no substance whatever.

ADVOCACY: where our readers can bring the public's attention to an important issue, event, person, or whatever they feel is being overlooked.

Not to mention DILEMMAS, COLLUSIONS, and OUTRAGES AND CELEBRATIONS.

Call it a town meeting. A public forum. National dialogue. Whatever. The point is: HARPER'S WEEKLY will give *you* a chance to air *your* views...to have the news reflect, at long last, what's important to *you*...instead of the analysts, experts, pollsters, editors, and commentators.

50% SAVING. 100% GUARANTEE.

The coupon below invites your subscription to the first 24 weekly issues for $6.00. (HARPER'S WEEKLY will be available at selected newsstands in the Eastern corridor at 50c a copy–so you save half by subscribing.)

And please note that your satisfaction is fully guaranteed for the entire 24-week period. If, anywhere along the way, HARPER'S WEEKLY turns out not to be your cup of tea, we'll refund your money–in full. Every penny of the $6.00. So there's no risk at all.

Send no money now, unless you'd rather. Just mail off the coupon today. We're counting on your support.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

☐ **I'LL SUBSCRIBE:**

Enter my subscription right away to *Harper's Weekly* for 24 issues for $6. (Regularly $12 at selected newsstands.) I understand I'll get every penny of it back, anytime I say I'm dissatisfied.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!
JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
Harper's Weekly, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302

Name

Address

City

State Zip

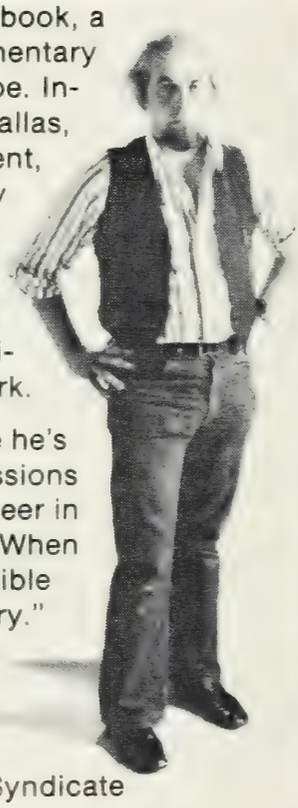
2012

Ralph Steadman is the most powerful graphic satirist of our time.



AMERICA
by Ralph Steadman
introduction by
Hunter S. Thompson
9x12, 176 pages, black & white illustrations
$19.95.
At your bookseller,
or direct from
Straight Arrow Books
625 Third Street
San Francisco, CA 94107

The brilliant English artist, humorist and social critic Ralph Steadman first appeared in this country as the mysterious traveling companion and illustrator *extraordinaire* for Hunter S. Thompson in the pages of *Rolling Stone*. Now Steadman has produced his own book, a horrified pilgrim's progress of illustration and commentary through our social, geographic and political landscape. Included are dark journeys through New York City, Dallas, Disneyland and Las Vegas; Watergate, the environment, Vietnam and the American police; the Kentucky Derby and the Republican National Convention.



"I think he sees all of America as a mockery of what it should be. He probably thinks it was doomed from the start. He has that King-George-III notion of America. A bunch of crude upstarts — couldn't make it work.

"He works best when you put him in a situation where he's bordering on flipping out . . . During one of the intermissions [at the Watergate hearings], Ralph leaped up with a beer in his hand and knocked [Senator] Sam Ervin off his feet. When he comes over here and gets involved in these horrible scenes, Steadman has a way of becoming part of the story."
— From the Introduction by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson

About Steadman's previous work:

"Remarkable and clever."
— John Barkham, Saturday Review Syndicate

"Extraordinary and welcome."
— Herb Kenney in the *Boston Globe*

"Spectacular . . ."
— Peter Prescott in *Newsweek*



gic of the situation is that no one n pay for oil. Italy is sinking fast. ritain will be next. Then France ill come to her knees. Banks will il. The West will suffer crushing alance of payments problems trying pay the Arabs. There will be a orldwide depression! The Russians, mmune from all this, will seize e advantage to reverse the current- unfavorable factional situation in hina. The United States has humil- ted them in the Middle East. Their ilitary planners look ridiculous. In eir own counsels this must be as ad as the Cuban confrontation a ecade ago. They have spent the ast decade building up to parity. od knows what this new insult will ncourage in their military!"

"Is that, briefly, your problem?" sked Balsam with an air of genuine oncern.

"Very briefly," I replied in a wea- tone. Our session had been held efore Nixon's resignation, but I had ot even mentioned Watergate, rought, and inflation.

"It is very mature of you," Balsam id, "not to mention American pol- ics, drought, inflation, and other hemeral disturbances. That, I be- eve, is the reason Castlereagh Mu- ammed holds you in such high re- rd, as do I, notwithstanding that ou write in periodicals and even ewspapers from time to time."

I averted my eyes.

WELL, THEN"—the doctor put on his professional man- er—"let us treat the oil problem hich you seem to see as the first of e dominoes to be set right. It may omfort you to know that you are ot the only one worried about this. ing Faisal came to me in February say that his oil was giving him nervous breakdown. 'Protector of e Holy Places,' I told him, 'for a rvous breakdown one does not me to Paris, unless one wants it eated by acupuncture. Go to Man- ttan. That is where you will find ople to talk with you about ner- us breakdowns.'

"But the King insisted," Balsam ntinued, "that his case was diplo- atically induced, and so I heard his guished tale. He had, he said, al- ays made friendship for America e cornerstone of his foreign policy. ndeed, he had no other foreign pol- y to speak of. He had all he wanted right at home: his Holy Places, his oil, his air conditioning, and a king- dom still uncorrupted by Egyptian schoolteachers. But first the Shah of Iran had begun stockpiling arms and bragging that the Aryans had always ruled the Semites. And then all the young officials in Riyadh be- gan huffing and puffing about high diplomacy and high finance. They wanted an alliance with Egypt, Fai- sal said, so that they would have an excuse to visit Cairo. They wanted him to bluff, posture, bargain, and flatter like the unmanly Egyptians. And then he was supposed to black- mail America on behalf of the Pales- tinians. How could he, a devout Bed- ouin, give a fig for the Palestinians? he confided. All that concerned him were the Holy Places in Jerusalem. He did not begrudge the Israelis the traffic and sewage problems, if they wanted to administer them. And it did give him some satisfaction that the slimy little Hashemite, as he called Hussein, had been ejected from the city. But to have the Jews occupying the tomb of the father of Ishmael was too much to bear. Faisal had vowed to pay a last pilgrimage to Jerusalem before his death. All in all, the world was becoming just too great a strain for him."

"What was your prescription?" I asked.

"Let me have the blackamoor read it to you, since it is he who is able to write these things down for me." Balsam pulled a bell cord and Castle- reagh Muhammed entered, posi- tioned himself in front of the globe, and read the prescription in the clipped drawl of an old Salopian. Balsam took snuff.

"Rx for Faisal, King of Saudi Ara- bia: recite the following six points three times daily facing west.

"1. America is the only country which can ship Saudi oil. Therefore, America is Saudi Arabia's best friend.

"2. America is the only country which can occupy Saudi soil. There- fore, America is Saudi Arabia's best friend.

"3. America is the only country to benefit from keeping oil prices high for a while. Therefore, America is Saudi Arabia's best friend."

I interrupted. "How does America benefit from high oil prices?"

Muhammed took this up matter- of-factly, as a point of information.



The most incredibly authentic car model kit by Pocher d'Italia reproduces in exact 1/8 scale the classic Rolls Royce Phantom II Sedanca Coupe. 26½" long. You build it with nuts, bolts and screws. No painting, no special tools needed. Doors, hood and trunk open. Steering, crankshaft, connecting rods, gears, fan, generator operate. Windows open. Head- lights turn on. 2,199 separate parts of brass, stainless steel, copper, rubber and high impact plastic. For complete details on this and 3 other classic car kits from $100, send for free full-color brochure.

Deluxe Classics, Dept. H1
5900 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 2760
Los Angeles, California 90036

Please send me your free full-color brochure

Name _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State/Zip: _____

"The higher the price of oil, the more incentive to tap the domestic oil and coal supply. The greater the use of domestic supply, the lower the import bill. The lower the import bill, the better the balance of payments. The better the American balance of payments, the greater the competitive edge over Europe and Japan, who have no domestic supply. The greater the European disadvantage, the more attractive the American economy. The short-term result: everybody but the Americans will be giving the Arabs more money for oil. The Arabs will be using the money to buy American goods and securities. And the Americans will lend it back so that the Europeans and Japanese can buy oil."

"But what good does this do when America's own balance sheet turns red and the whole international economy collapses?" I asked.

There was a long pause while Balsam sneezed out his snuff. Then he said, with a benign smile, "Read him the remaining three points, Muhammed."

"4. If the Americans think the time is ripe, be prepared to break the cartel and lower your oil prices.

"5. If the Americans think the time is ripe, be prepared to become a Protector of the Holy Places in Jerusalem.

"6. If the Americans think the time is ripe, be prepared to join Israel and Egypt in an international consortium for the economic development of the Sinai and the new Palestinian entity."

I REFLECTED IN SILENT admiration on the full import of this prescription. Balsam was preparing Faisal, in the event the Americans stumbled upon the right proposals, to seize those levers that would preserve his entente with the United States, give him his pious heart's desire in Jerusalem, enable his young men to visit Cairo, toss half a fig to the Palestinians, and undercut the Shah of Iran by breaking the oil cartel. Saudi Arabia could prosper at any price level, but Iran, with its higher cost per barrel, needed an extortionate price to maintain the Shah's ambitious plans for development and repression. Moreover, Balsam's points would be acceptable to the United States, since they would stabilize the Middle East without forcing the U.S. Treasury to prop things up with billions in food for the Palestinians, arms for the Israelis and Jordanians, and aid for the Egyptians. But as I turned these points over in my mind, I began to see clearly the full enormity of point 4.

"Dr. Balsam," I cried, "you are providing the blueprint for extortion! The Americans and Saudis allow the price of oil to bankrupt Europe and then lower it to undercut the Shah and rescue the world economy from total collapse. This would prolong an economic hegemony that America has ceased to earn by its productivity, its gold reserves, or the stability of its currency. It would perpetuate the Cold War lines of influence by the rigging of oil prices and the specter of gunboat diplomacy. This is conspiracy."

Balsam feigned shock. "I am truly surprised to hear you, a citizen of the United States, putting the matter in so Machiavellian a way. Your description is uncharitable. It is unfair. It is un-American. It is French. It is the way I would expect a spokesman for the Elysée Palace to put it to me, someone like Giscard d'Estaing. In fact, it is almost exactly the way Valéry did put it to me just a few months ago. Allow me to give you the answer I gave him. First, this is a question not of conspiracy but of timing. The Americans cannot plan far enough ahead to conspire about such matters. But at some point, you know, they must break the oil cartel to save the international economy. One cannot expect them to apply their full influence until they themselves begin to feel disadvantaged. This will take a while, as they can use a bit of hardship to teach their younger, postwar generation that prosperity cannot be taken for granted. Furthermore, they are so moralistic, these Americans, that they always need to work themselves into a rage before taking action. Just as it took Pearl Harbor to get them into the last European war, it may require nothing less than the total collapse of credit in Italy to convince them to do even some minor thing, like having their CIA reshuffle the Cabinet of one of the fragile governments touching the Persian Gulf. Or perhaps, since they are now full of contempt for gentle, covert measures, they will even wait for a renewal of Near Eastern fighting before taking up their role as defender of the interests of NATO and Japan. In any case, by the time the Americans are ready to sneeze, major financial institutions in Europe will be dying of pneumonia.

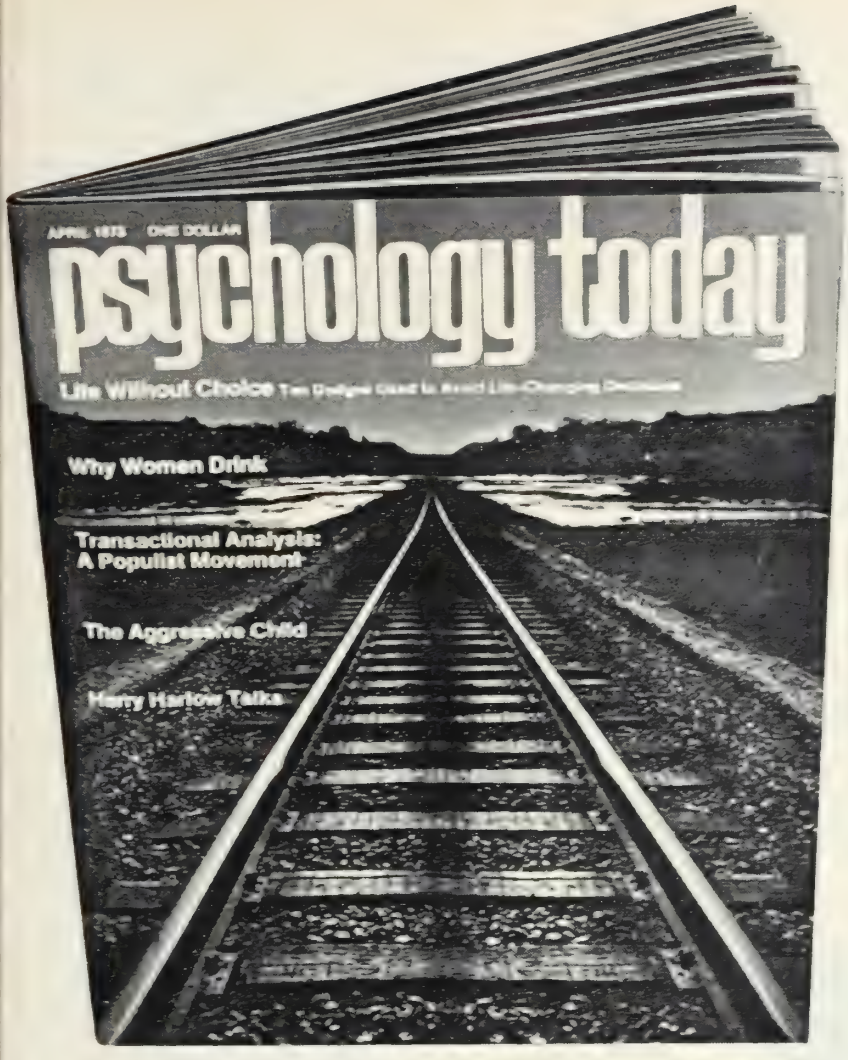
"Second, as for their position being unearned, have not the Americans invested in the most important kinds of capital goods, namely, military hardware? And have not their firms invested in the second most valuable capital, namely, shipping capacity for fuel? The simple fact is that this is one of those decades in which defense is more important than productivity. Hence the Americans and the Russians, who have had the foresight to invest in armaments, are in a position to dole out raw materials to their European friends. As for France, if you cannot ship oil and cannot seize it, I advise you to become less haughty toward those who can. You should, for example, begin to take NATO more seriously, along with any other transnational groupings that the Americans may use."

BALLAST POINT PIER
by Sam Harrison

It is not
back
that I fly,
this feeling
in the street—

the cane poles
balanced
on my shoulders,
my mother
carrying
in a brown paper
towel
the strips of
bacon
we will use
for bait,
the smell
of the wet planks
on the pier,
the rough wood
railing,
warped and splintered
but firm
for fifty yards
into the bay,
the wet air—

but a hole
in the sound
of a footstep
through which
I fall.



The case for bottling up rage. Many therapists trace man's violence to bottled-up anger. But now a psychologist has marshalled evidence to show that venting violent emotions merely strengthens the tendency to behave in violent ways.

Mixed marriages. An in-depth study of 20 black-white marriages explores daily life in mixed marriage, reveals problems with family, friends, and community, and undercuts misconceptions.

Emotional effects of jogging. When middle-aged men embark upon a regular exercise program, it has been found, their personalities change. They become more self-sufficient, resolute, stable, and imaginative. But they also have increased feelings of guilt and become accident-prone.

Backstage behaviorism. A psychologist who studied acting and directing describes Lee Strasberg's school of Method Acting and explains the scientific control of behavior that is as important to the Stanislavski method as it is to key-pecking pigeons.

The many masks we wear. If you seem like different people at different times, does that mean you're a phony or wishy-washy? A noted psychologist argues that on the contrary having multiple identities is healthy and should be encouraged.

Men drive women crazy. Women, brainwashed by society, are more likely to require psychotherapy than men are. A New York psychologist says that psychotherapists—both male and female—hold up as desirable for women those characteristics that they would never associate with healthy adults.

Brainwashing works. In just 40 minutes, using no coercion, a psychologist can alter your basic values and change your behavior. Students at one university showed changed behavior as long as 17 months after the experiment, says a social psychologist as he ponders the ethical implications of his work.

Yours with our compliments -a free sample copy of Psychology Today worth $1

You may think we're crazy, giving away copies of Psychology Today that ordinarily sell for $1. But there's method in our madness. We think many prospective readers have the wrong idea about our magazine. And offering a sample copy is the quickest way to clear up these misconceptions.

Some people think we must be a heavy professional journal. Others undoubtedly think we're a Pop Psychology digest with condescending little Know Thyself quizzes.

But Psychology Today is neither. It's true that many of our readers as well as our contributors are professionals, and demand authentic research and conclusions.

But the prose is de-jargonized so the general reader is able to share in the excitement of new psychological discoveries and developments.

The descriptions above give you an inkling of what to expect. But you must really browse through a copy to appreciate what an exciting adventure in continuing adult education a subscription can be.

That's why we make this offer. Mail the coupon and we'll send you a sample copy. At the same time we'll send you information on how you can subscribe to Psychology Today at a special half price rate for new subscribers only. In any event if you're not delighted with your sample copy, keep it with our compliments, and that will be the end of the matter.

Your $10 Christmas gift can buy $400 worth of food for hungry families.



On the back roads of Mississippi, Alabama and other parts of the deep South, there are still many thousands of families facing slow starvation. Right now. Right here in the U.S.A.

Their diets are so inadequate that hunger and malnutrition have become part of their lives. Many children of tenant farmers and seasonal workers have actually never known what it is like *not* to be hungry.

The NAACP Emergency Relief Fund is now in its fourth year of collecting money to buy Food Stamps for the neediest of these families. Under the federally sponsored Food Stamp Plan, $1 buys as much as $40 or more in Food Stamps. Thus your $10—an amount that buys "just another Christmas gift" for more fortunate kids—can mean $400 worth of urgently needed nourishment to help a family survive.

To contribute to this fund, please send as little or as much as you can to the NAACP Emergency Relief Fund. Contributions are tax-deductible.

Thank you. And may your Christmas dinner be a little more enjoyable this year.

NAACP Emergency Relief Fund
Dept. **A4**, Box 121, Radio City Sta.
New York, N.Y. 10019

"Was this before or after Giscard became President that you spoke to him so?" I inquired.

"The very day after the election," Balsam said. "He was so full of campaign rhetoric that he required harsh language to bring him down to earth. It was not pleasant for me. Valéry is so clever and self-possessed that he is able to talk himself into believing his own speeches. It took some very brutal truths to convince him of the modesty of his position. And despite my best efforts he still gets an embattled glint in his eye when he is asked about America, as if France, which he calls the natural leader of a united Europe, could turn the tables tomorrow. I do believe, however, that I may have succeeded in making him a bit more humble, at least on the surface.

"And I hope also, my dear friend, that my words to him have given you some consolation. At least you have seen that your first domino, the oil problem, can be set right whenever the Americans choose to exert themselves, and that their doing so slowly is not a form of economic blackmail but merely the fair and largely unanticipated return to them for all these years of moralism and military preparedness."

"Thank you. I do indeed feel much better," I said.

"Well, do not become too complacent," Balsam continued. "There is no necessary link among the various developments that worry you. Many of them can occur regardless of the disposition of oil."

I clutched the armrests of the plastic egg. "You mean there may still be a cataclysmic World Crisis?"

Balsam's response was to motion Muhammed over to the secretary, where a quill and parchment were already prepared. "I think in the coming years until we next meet you will benefit from the prescription that my amanuensis is writing for you."

The Moor knew Balsam's mind so well that he never needed to be told what to write. After a very short time at the desk, he handed me a small parchment scroll. On it, in his exquisite calligraphy, was my prescription:

"Rx for Josiah Lee Auspitz, to be recited twice daily, before reading the morning newspaper and before watching the evening news:

"*Crisis* is merely the Greek word for decision." □

ric Treisman

THE LAST TREATY

s long as the grass is green and the oil flows . . .

LIGANOK ON A Sunday afternoon in September, a yellow-leaf, lue-sky, crisp fall day. If it were naktuvuk everybody would be at the resbyterian church, and if it were asigluk they'd all be at the Mora- ian mission. Since it's Oliganok ey're at the Assembly of God.

The postmaster testifies. Before the ason started, he brought his gun the congregation, and the white dy, Sister Carol, she blessed it. The hole congregation saw that. He aned that gun to Henry when they ent out, and Henry shot the first oose of the season with it, praise e Lord, thank you, Jesus, up by the lace they call Round Island. And en, just a little while later, he him- lf, he got that second moose, praise e Lord, oh, *praise* him.

The postmaster does a little jig nd sings a song about walking with sus, and then Sister Carol reads a tter from Sister Evelyn, who is ith the brothers and sisters and lit- e children who have moved out of liganok to start a new village eighty iles down the Colville. It is a tent ty. Yes, they are living in tents and ooths along the banks of the beau- ful Colville. They want cassette pes, especially tapes of the Oliga- ok children's voices. They are wait- g now for the caribou and hoping ere will be plenty this year.

Then Sister Carol reminds the ongregation that she has been in liganok five years. "I must tell you is. I did not come here because I anted to. I did not want to. The ord called me here and made me sacrifice all that I had and all that owned in the mountains of West irginia, where I grew up, when he oke to me as he spoke to Peter: 'Feed my sheep, feed my sheep-uh.'" Sister Carol has tears in her eyes. "But now I have come to love the little Eskimo village of Oliganok and to know it as a paradise on earth-uh." Sister Carol starts to sniffle. The congregation is tense. "Oh, people of Oliganok, I have been so blessed to have lived among you—mmm—and to come to know of your life and know it is a Christian life-uh, and I pray—oh, I pray that you may keep on and hew to it even as you hew to the path of the Lord!"

Oliganok is fairly typical of the 220 villages where the Native fifth of Alaska's population lives. It's less sophisticated than some—Minto, say, and Barrow and Bethel—and more sophisticated than many others, such as the remote villages of the southwest tundra, where religious services are still conducted in Upik.

Alaska's Indians and Eskimo still live the old way: off the land. In the villages, their average per capita income is substantially less than $1,000 a year, but few of them receive welfare. Aboriginal title to land, Indian title, perishes wherever the aborigines abandon actual use and occupancy of the land, and as recently as 1971 Alaskan Natives held aboriginal title to nine-tenths of Alaska's surface.

Aboriginal title prevents inconsistent use or occupancy by anyone but the aborigines. Except for abandonment, it can be extinguished only by the power of the federal government —"by fire and sword," as the old cases quaintly put it. In 1970 a District of Columbia judge held that aboriginal title prevented the laying of an oil pipeline across the Yukon River Valley until permission was obtained from the Yukon River Indians.

On December 14, 1971, Congress took note of the Alaskan Natives' aboriginal title and extinguished it.

IN RETURN FOR aboriginal title to half a million square miles, Congress gave the Natives 220 business corporations, one for each village, to be managed with assistance from twelve larger corporations called regionals, one for each of the major traditionally contending tribes. These corporations will be permitted to take back some of the lands in which aboriginal title was extinguished, up to a total area of about 60,000 square miles; but they will be allowed to select land only from certain areas, which are not necessarily the best areas, and in most cases regionals are not allowed to select contiguous townships because the Alaskan Native Claims Settlement Act of 1971 does not favor the establishment of any "Native enclaves." The corporations make their selections in rounds along with the state government, which will be taking 161,000 square miles, and the Department of the Interior, which will be taking 125,000 square miles.

The corporations also get a sum of cash that has been called "$1 billion," to be paid largely out of North Slope oil revenues. The sum actually falls a few dozen million short of $1 billion, and there is no deadline for full payment.

There are 80,000 Indians, Aleuts, and Eskimo affected by the act. Each gets his 80,000th share in the form of no-par stock in one village

Eric Treisman is a lawyer with the Alaska Legal Services Corporation in Fairbanks.

corporation and one regional. The stock, by law, cannot be sold until 1991. The only tangible benefit each Native gets is a 10 percent annual cash dividend on the stock, which for 1974 amounted to about $181.

Although you now know more about the act than any but 100 or so of the Alaskan Natives, you still know only a greatly simplified outline of it. The act is full of twists and subtleties. Read this, for instance, to your congregation, Sister Carol:

When a village corporation chooses land, it gets only the surface title, and the subsurface mineral and timber rights go to the regional. When the regional develops the minerals or timber, 70 percent of any money proceeds go into a fund to be shared by all the regionals, with the share of each regional depending on the number of its stockholders. Because the regionals vary widely in stockholder population, they are discouraged from coming to any common policy on mineral exploitation. Regional leaderships seeking to maximize their own corporate profits and willing to do so at the expense of the other tribes have been induced to give oil companies some real bargains on non-money deals.

Some two dozen villages were given quasi-reservation status by various federal actions during Alaska's territorial days. The act gave these villages a two-year option to hold elections to keep the land they'd always had in lieu of any other benefits. But before the villages could hold the elections they had to incorporate, and their articles of incorporation had to be approved by the regional with which they would otherwise associate. In some cases there were known mineral deposits in the village lands, and in at least one of those cases it happened that approval by the regional was delayed. In the end only seven villages held elections. Each of them voted overwhelmingly to keep what they had.

In 1906, in an era possibly more generous to Indians than the present one, Congress passed a law permitting the Alaskan Natives to homestead their country on almost the same terms as white men and to take eventual fee simple title to tracts as large as 160 acres. The law was not publicized in Alaska, and in the first fifty years it was on the books fewer than 100 Native homesteads were granted. But in the late 1960s poverty-program agencies dusted off the law and used it; by 1971 some 9,000 Indians and Eskimo had applied for homesteads. Section 18(a) of the 1971 act kills the 1906 law, and Section 11(h)(b) provides in effect that applications filed during the poverty-program drive will be charged against acreage to be selected back by the corporations.

Section 2(c) of the act requires the Interior Department to make a study of all existing federal programs designed to benefit Alaskan Natives to determine which, if any, are really necessary.

And Section 20(b) provides that all the many attorneys and consultants who helped the Natives get this treaty shall be paid directly from the treaty funds by the federal government and need make no application to any Native group.

Well, but all Indian treaties look good on paper.

> *Now then, you may come upon a small Indian village of twelve or fifteen families somewhere up along the Yukon. You are to treat these people with respect. When you see them you may wonder why you are to treat them with respect. Well, we can give you three very good reasons. First, because they are people. Second, because they were here first and they owned the land before we did. Third, because their Native Land Claims corporations have got the money to hire the best legal talent in the United States.*
>
> —Orientation speech to pipeline workers

LAST WINTER, the pipeline consortium realized it could save a great deal of money by running its supply trains to the Slope through Anaktuvuk Pass in the Brooks Range rather than through Dietrich Pass, the originally designated route. Thus residents of the tiny Eskimo village of Anaktuvuk were surprised one morning to find a long line of assorted cats and dozers plowing through their yards. They were not pleasantly surprised, and since the cat train was rumbling across the village corporation land selections they asked the corporation's lawyer to do something about it.

It took them a week to get in touch with the lawyer, since Anaktuvuk has no telephone, and it took the lawyer another month to get a hearing on a motion for preliminary injunction. The cats and dozers rumbled, crunching finally through the snow and the thin layer of tundra vegetation and leaving a brown scar on the land. And when the judge finally heard the motion, he denied it. "Plaintiffs' counsel makes light of the critical national interest here involved," he said. "This court cannot believe that this is the true intent of the good Native people named herein as plaintiffs."

But the judge was almost certainly wrong about the Native people and their intent. The national interest? Anaktuvuk? The village had barely lost aboriginal title, the pass was still metaphorically warm with it, when soldiers from the Army's winter survival school accidentally blew up a hut, killing one of the Eskimo children, maiming two others for life, and burning half a dozen more; that, but for a handful of visits by missionaries and anthropologists, was Anaktuvuk's first contact with the national society, and this was their second.

In the Inupiak language, Anaktuvuk means "caribou shitting place." The Anaktuvuk people, like most of the Natives of the Alaskan interior, depend on caribou for their food supply. Indeed, they live in that windy pass, and within memory of living men fought the Indians for its possession, only because one of the three great herds moves through it in annual migration.

The environmentalists have produced studies to show that caribou will not cross a pipeline; the oil companies of the pipeline consortium have countered with studies showing that they will. It makes no difference whose data are correct. The state government has insisted that the consortium build its supply-haul road to the standards of all-weather tourism and the consortium has complied; even now the road opens the trans-Yukon country to the gun-toting motoring public. Caribou are slow and dumb and good to eat, and the trans-Alaska highway will do for them what the transcontinental railroad did for the buffalo.

Don't think for a moment that the environmentalists were concerned on the Natives' account. They were concerned only for the caribou themselves. At this moment the Sierra Club is protesting the land claims of no fewer than nineteen of the Native

lages. The Sierra Club apparently nks the land should be taken from Natives, who would not know w to use it properly, and declared national park or other tourist fa- ty.

But the pipeline builders are not hout sympathy for the Natives and ir way of life. They express a deep ncern every time the question is sed of Native employment on the oject. "I try to place myself in the es of a young Native in the bush, ppy with his family and his way life, faced with the decision of ving home—joining a work force build a pipeline with an expected ployment period of two to three rs—after which he might be faced h unemployment," said F. Nor- n Woodruff of El Paso Natural s, testifying before the Alaska te Manpower Commission. "I find s would be a very distressing and comfortable position to be in. I uld not want to leave home un- r these circumstances." And Glen ndell, the consortium's director of aska manpower resources, said, he thing I worry about, the thing t bothers me: how many of these ys can we pull out of the village fore the whole social infrastruc- e breaks down?"

Some of the Natives are not so sitive or farsighted. Every issue the *Tundra Times*, the Native ekly, carries a pathetic article or ter: "These following seventeen n of Kasigluk are ready, willing, d eager to go to work . . ."

Forget it, men of Kasigluk. The peline builders are following the ed-and-true policy of all Alaskan bor and management organizations, recruiting, hiring, and dispatch- only in the white urban centers. d that is why the 16,000 new jobs your area mean 16,000 white men ving in.

Donald Peter is a smooth young an Native, regional middle-man- ement material. He just quit a job h the consortium as an Equal Em- yment Compliance Officer at one the work sites in the Brooks Range. hey wanted me to submit reports owing all these Natives at work. ll, I can see there's only me and e other Native guy in the whole mp, right? And they hand me the orts all done up: 'Here. Send this ' Say, they didn't want me to do *ything*. Finally I insist they give something to do. 'Okay, okay. Here. Take this message to that guy.'" Donald shakes his head. "But goddamn, I don't know. Maybe I'll go back up there. At least it's a job."

Oh, and men of Kasigluk! If you don't have the caribou and you can't get a job, forget about going to town and living off welfare. You probably aren't even eligible for food stamps. You own stock, remember?

And the act doesn't say anything about requiring Natives to disband their elected village councils and other traditional tribal forms of organization. But with all the money and land that's left placed in the hands of the corporations, the village councils don't have very much to do. Some of them have already disbanded.

DID I SAY 100 Natives understood the act? I could have said 400 Native leaders, the number in attendance at the banquet and convention of the Alaska Federation of Natives, the management association of the regionals. One need not be a Native, you understand, to be a Native leader. The executive vice-president of the AFN, to give just one example, hasn't a drop of Native blood.

The AFN delegates, Native leaders in floor-length gowns and tiaras, Cardin dinner jackets and Guccis, trickle out of the Chart Room, the Crow's Nest, the Galley Restaurant, and into the great hall of Walter Hickel's international-class Captain Cook Hotel. The mayor of Anchorage welcomes them, saying his police will not ticket their cars during the three days of the convention, and the delegates give him an ovation.

Then Sen. Mike Gravel ascends the podium and stands beneath the Cook's gleaming Polynesian-motif escutcheon and reminds the delegates how hard he worked for the Alaskan Native Claims Act and asks God to bless each and every one of them. The delegates give him a standing ovation.

Then Gov. William Egan delivers the keynote speech. As the delegates all know, nobody worked harder than he did to secure passage of their wonderful—their wonderful—ah—*Native* Act, and in recognition of this step forward for the Natives and this opening of a new era of progress, the entire week is proclaimed Alaskan Native Peoples Week.

The delegates rise for another round of applause, but the silver-haired governor stills them. Even now, even as they celebrate, there are those in government, in the Interior Department, who would take it all back. These are people who have never spent much time in Alaska and do not know our fine Native people, but who think they know what's best for them.

The governor's mellifluous voice quavers with indignation. He shakes his silver mane and pounds the lectern. This very afternoon a man from Interior will be addressing the delegates, peddling a scheme to withdraw 84 million acres from the selection pool and close it to the Native corporations as it will be closed to all Alaskans. Good Native people, question this man closely. If all Alaskans work together, the scheme can still be stopped.

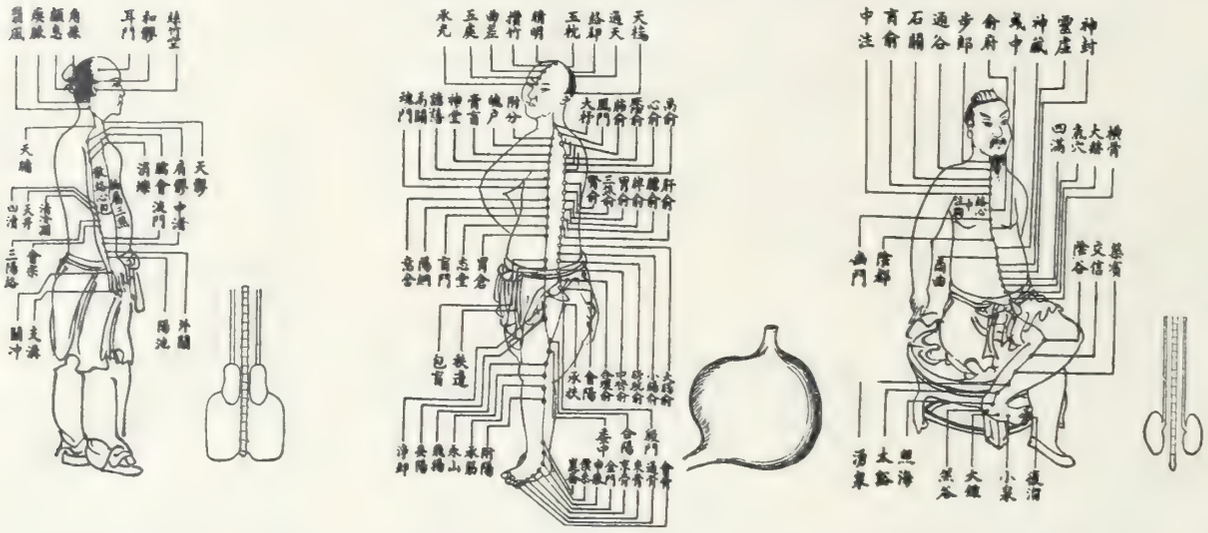
The governor receives a sustained standing ovation. The next speaker is the man from the Interior Department, who nervously begins to outline a proposal for a Yukon Flats wildlife range and an area along the Noatak River where mineral exploration would be banned for five years —but it is hard to be sure what he is saying. Delegates are consulting one another: Yukon Flats, Yukon Flats, now what the heck does that do to our 14(h)(6) selections? A white woman heckler shouts, *"Bullshit! Bullshit!"* A Native man calls out, *"You give it and you take it back! We ain't got nothing!"*

John Borbridge, the part-Tlingit president and board chairman of the largest of the regionals, happens to be sitting by a live mike on the floor of the great hall. He takes it now to hush the delegates and to explain to the speaker that the time for subsistence and wildlife ranges has passed, and that what the Natives, what *we* Natives need now is land for the corporations, for commercial development.

IN OLIGANOK Sister Carol's eyes brim over as she recalls the turnings that have led her to regard these Eskimo as her people. She begins to weep. The lay preacher jumps to his feet and delivers an impromptu, rapid-fire sermon about how small he used to feel next to the white man but how today, with God's word, he knows that Jesus loves the Native, too. □

TWELVE SPHERES OF INFLUENCE, EIGHT BODILY FORCES, AND GOOD OLD YIN AND YANG

Also, 1,000 ways to needle a sick man



ONE HAS IT on good authority that the same ills that flesh is heir to in the twentieth century abounded in the Ice Age. In the cave of Trois Frères, in the foothills of the French Pyrenees, for instance, there is painted upon the wall a representation of the typical family doctor of 17,000 years ago. He is wearing a mask in the form of a bison's head, surmounted with bison's horns. One sees the hump of the animal, its tail and cloven hooves. He is clearly engaged in the practice of medicine, much as I in my surgeon's cap, mask, and rubber gloves. My instruments of stainless steel replace the flint and obsidian with which he worked. Any further comparison between us would be odious indeed, as it might reveal that much of the romance, if not the art, has gone out of medicine.

There is reason to believe that ill health has existed as long as life itself. Bacteria that exist today have been found fossilized in Cambrian rock layers of 500 million years ago. Parasites that infest us crept into our ancestors. Their preserved remains are 350 million years old. In the fragments of earliest man we have evidence of tumors, dental caries, and joint diseases. One suspects that the reason Neanderthal man did not stand wholly erect was that he was severely afflicted with arthritis, doubtless the result of dwelling in damp caves—a disease for which there is no more effective remedy today than was available to him, poor fellow, who had to hobble in and out of holes in the ground, fend off bears, and procreate painfully on stone floors.

See him, then, Old Doctor Bison, galumphing around the unconscious body of his patient, whose dented skull bears testimony to a blow received in combat, or a fall from a tree. When the demons have been properly frightened away, he performs what remains among the most subtle and dangerous of our operations—trepanning of the skull. There he squats, his back braced against a tree trunk, the patient's head firmly held between his knees. He selects a sharp-edged stone or fleam and makes an incision in the scalp, then bores into and through the bone. Such a stone, if expertly used, can penetrate the human skull in five minutes. He exchanges the dull stone for a new sharp one and bores another hole adjacent to the first, and so on until a complete circle of holes is made. These holes are joined, and the disk of bone is lifted out. There follows a gush of blood and clot, relieving the pressure on the underlying brain. Splinters of loose bone are picked out, and the hole is covered with leaves and mud. Holding aloft the circle of bone, the doctor dances once again, howling and threatening the evil spirits. Soon the labored breathing of the patient subsides into slow, even drafts. He opens his eyes and groans. The doctor stares down at his patient; a surge of great happiness sweeps him. I know, I have felt it myself. Across the ages we are united in a handclasp of congratulations and mutual respect.

What a glorious enterprise was his! Alone, beneath the open sky, no team of consultants, assistants, and nurses milling about to give encouragement or assuage guilt ("You did the best you could"). No vans full of equipment, no oxygen or blood transfusions. Only his crafty hands, sharp stones, and compassion for his injured tribesman. One thrills at his performance.

Testimony to the success of his surgery has been found all over Europe and Asia, where skulls of primitive man have been picked up, many with round holes at the top. The astonishing, humbling fact is that a large number of these holes have smooth, round, well-healed edges, proof of the long-term survival of these patients. They lived long enough to heal the opening in their bone. A good long time! Such skulls have been dredged up from the bottom of the Thames not a mile from where the great English brain surgeons practice today.

Richard Selzer is a surgeon who practices in New Haven, Connecticut. He is the author of Rituals of Surgery *(Harper's Magazine Press).*

IN TRACING THE ORIGINS of medicine—a risky exercise, to be sure—ne cannot refrain from bandying bout three ancient Chinese names. hey intrigue by the music of their llables alone. Spoken aloud, they voke Chinese temples, bronze gongs, ne crackle of altar flames, the spirs of ancestors. They are not unke magical words that open the ates to enlightenment. The first of ese is Fu Hsi, who lived about ,000 years ago. It is said that he as born after an immaculate conption and twelve years of gestaon. Presumably, he spent this time athering data uninterrupted by all ne distractions of extrauterine life. hen he finally emerged it was with ne trigrams of the *I Ching*, or *Book f Changes*, ready to set down the rinciples of medical philosophy.

All nature, wrote Fu Hsi, is comosed of two opposing cosmic forces, ne yin and the yang. The yin is feale, soft, receptive, dark, empty. he yang is male, illuminating, creive, firm, constructive. Yin is the rth, yang the heavens. Yin is cold, rkness, disease, and death. Yang is armth, light, strength, health, and fe. Each man is a universe in mintture, composed of and reacting to ne interplay of the yin and yang ithin him. So each organ, each cell. they are in balance, harmony and ealth prevail; if not, discord and isease. The religion of Taoism, later unded by Lao-tzu, was based on ese principles.

One is struck by the uncanny reasonableness of such a philosophy of alanced and opposing forces. The reat bulk of modern medical knowlge of the past thirty years deals ith the existence of action and reacon within the body. For example, ne is stimulated to take one's next reath by the momentary rise in the vel of carbon dioxide following exalation. This prods the breathing enter of the brain to send a message the lungs to get going, draw in xygen. The thyroid gland releases s hormone under a system of checks nd balances that either stimulates or ppresses the outflow depending on ne amount that is already present. he list of such beautiful antagoisms is endless.

The second great name in Chinese edical history is Shen Nung, also a couple of thousand years B.C. onceived by a princess under the fluence of a heavenly dragon, he lived to become the Fire Emperor. He fashioned timbers into ploughs, taught the people the art of husbandry, and discovered the curative powers of plants. Like Mithridates, King of Pontus, Shen Nung achieved his most deserved reputation in the art of taking poisons. He is said to have tasted seventy different kinds of poison in a single day, and survived to establish the art of medicine. His cast-iron stomach should be our holiest of relics. Four-and-a-half millennia later, John Hunter, an English doctor, proved the infectious nature of syphilis by inoculating his own penis with the scrapings of someone else's chancre. He died of this enthusiasm, and so became the blessed martyr of several ancient professions.

Huang Ti is the third and last of the immaculately conceived founders of medicine. He visited the immortals and received from them the "nineteen gold and silver prescriptions" and the "nine-gourd powder." The goddesses, Scarlet and White, taught him to interpret the pulse and inspired him to invent the nine acupuncture needles. He set up a stove to prepare his medicines and thousands of tigers and leopards came to tend the fire for him. When he died at the age of 111, a yellow dragon descended and carried him away. By all standards Huang Ti enjoyed a more fanciful and variegated career than any physician extant with the possible exceptions of Christiaan Barnard and Denton Cooley.

Huang Ti had many followers, not the least of whom was Ma Shih-Huang, the father of veterinary medicine. He was expert in treating horses. Once it happened that a dragon with drooping ears and gaping cold mouth came to him for treatment. He punctured the beast's lips and administered a decoction of licorice, whereupon the dragon's ears rose and bristled, and a satisfying jet of smoke was ejaculated from its mouth. Thereafter many dragons suffering from cold mouth or soft scale came to him, and he cured them all.

BECAUSE OF THE prevalence of ancestor worship in ancient China, autopsy and dissection of the body were forbidden. This taboo remains widespread throughout the world today, even among the most sophis-

Save a child. While you're reading, the world is waiting.

Since 1932, Save the Children Federation has been helping children round the world to have better lives. Because of people like you. Educated, involved, and in touch with your own hearts. If you haven't already, won't you please fill out the coupon and mail it today.



I wish to contribute $15 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:
☐ **Where the need is most urgent** ☐ Africa ☐ Appalachia (U.S.) ☐ Bangladesh
☐ Chicano (U.S.) ☐ Europe ☐ Indian (U.S.) ☐ Inner Cities (U.S.) ☐ Israel ☐ Korea
☐ Latin America ☐ Middle East ☐ Southern Black (U.S.) ☐ Vietnam
Enclosed is my first payment: ☐ $180 annually ☐ $90 semi-annually ☐ $45 quarterly
☐ $15 monthly ☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $
☐ Please send me more information.

NAME _____ TEL. NO. _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
(Contributions are income tax deductible)

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 H-15

ticated of cultures. How often I have been told by the next of kin, when asking permission for an autopsy, "I don't believe in it. It's wrong to cut somebody up like that. He's suffered enough." It was this belief that caused the greatest divergence between the developing paths of Chinese and Western medicine.

Perhaps another reason for the failure of surgery to thrive in China was the traditional disdain of the Chinese doctors for manual labor. This was not strictly a local feeling. For centuries European medicine dwelt in the academy, while surgery was performed in the barbershop. Even today, internists tend to sniff a bit when a surgeon draws nigh. We are held to be generally oafish and bombastic technicians. *They* will do the thinking.

The earliest impulse of our own priest-physicians was to open the body and peer at what lay hidden there, at first with religious awe, later with true objective curiosity. This was to be no rummaging helter-skelter among the viscera but a science sprung out of a need to know and a sense of the beauty of the body. Witness the anatomical drawings of Vesalius and Leonardo da Vinci. The very word *abdomen* is an archaic term whose exact origin cannot be found, but which is thought to come from the ancient Greek word for *hidden* or *occult*. Forbidden this study, Chinese medicine developed into an investigation of the healing powers of herbs, trees, flowers, and other plants, as well as the extracts of lower forms of animal life. It was China, let us never forget, that gave us syrup of deer antler as an aphrodisiac. Any list of the drugs used by the ancient Chinese doctors, for many of which there is ample historical if not laboratory evidence of efficacy, leaves the entire Western world of medicine open to accusations of negligence and haughtiness.

Chinese medicine is not to be judged by the magic and superstition that envelop it, or even by the yin-yang cosmic and animistic beliefs. Rather we must begin to assess Chinese medicine as a system, reflective and philosophical, that considers man's relationship to the vegetable and animal kingdoms as well as to his fellows and the other animals. It was in this context that the early physicians began to treat disease with decoctions brewed from herbs, trees, minerals, and animal parts. Thus, they knew that watermelon was useful in the treatment of dropsy, that it increased the volume of urine and decreased swelling. The same paregoric or tincture of opium which is now used throughout the world as a treatment for diarrhea, as well as being rubbed on the gums of teething babies, had the same purposes in China before the Christian era. The most commonly used nasal decongestant, ephedrine, cleared the upper respiratory passages of the ancients and relieved their asthma. If these and many others, then why not at least an equal number of as yet untested herbs and extracts? It is just possible that the happiest outflow from our détente with China will be in the domain of medicine. At least one hitherto unknown drug derived from a Chinese tree purported to have anticancer properties is already under investigation at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Maryland, and Chinese literature even refers to the complete cure of malignant tumors. Whether or not this single medicament will bear Western fruit, it indicates that at last our investigative science is turning, beelike, to the thousand flowers of China. It no longer boggles the Western mind that we may one day be treated with such *materia medica* as deer-horn velvet for convulsions and anemia, or dried venom of the Chinese toads for the common cold. I must confess that something within me yearns to write such prescriptions, apply such unguents. Perhaps it is the desire to regain that immediate sense of man as part of nature, perhaps the joy of confounding pharmacists.

Though surgery was all but nonexistent in ancient China, surgical legend abounds. Witness the tale of the man who had a tumor between his eyes that itched intolerably. The famous Dr. Hua P'o examined it, and said there was a bird in it. When the tumor was opened, sure enough, a canary flew out, and the patient was cured. The appealing poetics of this story are a statement on the independent life of disease, that it flourishes, waxes, and wanes much as do all other living processes. Here, it is a canary released from the body where it was trapped, to fly freely toward some other destiny. A very Chinese idea. We, of course, would like to have seen the canary dead, its little head cut off, its body stomped—take that and that, you dirty bird—which says something about the difference in subtlety between Chinese medical thought and our own.

For thousands of years the two most commonly performed operations in China were castration and the binding of feet, procedures for which there is not a great call today. We have found less immediately painful and more subtle ways to castrate ourselves, and the foot fetishism has been reduced from a national obsession to a somewhat furtive refinement of individuals. Nonetheless, eunuchs held a certain enviable position of power and leisure in Old China, being raised as privileged servants of princes, and it was not at all considered *lèse majesté* for the teen-age son of good family to opt for the soft life in this fashion.

The binding of feet, while not strictly surgical, used what might be loosely construed as reconstructive plastic-surgery techniques. It was altogether a pernicious deed. The toes and bones of the foot were bent under until they touched the heel, the arch bent, and the foot bound tightly in this position. The consequent atrophy and deformity often achieved a foot length of three inches, and made of walking a birdlike trip and hop that was always painful. Chinese men were fascinated by these tiny feet, called them "golden lilies," and loved to play with and sing about them. The ideal foot, wrote the poet Fang Hsien, is fat and elegant. Thin feet are cold, and muscular feet are hard, and vulgar. The fatness and softness may be judged by sight and touch, but the elegance is appreciated only by "the eye of the mind." (Mutilation in the name of fashion is not peculiarly Chinese. Consider an American example: the multiplicity of cosmetic operations undergone by both men and women unwilling or unable to accept themselves as they are or as they have become. One thinks of *mammoplasty*—either augmentation, in which the breasts are made larger, or reduction, in which they are made smaller—and the even more prevalent face-lift. In short, it is a matter not of principle, but of degree. One wonders whether our own descendants will view these procedures as the fruits of surgical skill, or as primitive rites.)



"We saw the place where man first set foot in North America... more than 9,000 years ago."

One of the many islands in the 1,500-mile-long Aleutian chain.

Alaska

Alaska Division of Tourism
Dept. of Economic Development
Pouch E-MNT-1 Juneau, Alaska 99811

I'd like to start my Alaska Experience, now! Please send me the Alaska Travel Kit – complete with maps, brochures and other helpful aids.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

The newly formed San Francisco Art Dealer's Association—comprising 17 galleries in the city and one in Palo Alto—has generated a number of intelligent guidelines for its constituents. Among others: a concern for developing newer artists, for educating the buyer and for the avoidance of pat inflated art. Although membership is incomplete, the Association represents a majority of important contemporary art in San Francisco.

GALLERIES

JOHN BERGGRUEN GALLERY. 228 Grant Ave. 781-4629. Mon.-Sat. Works by modern American and European masters: CALDER, FRANCIS, FRANKENTHALER, LICHTENSTEIN, MIRO, MOTHERWELL & STELLA.

HUMBOLDT GALLERIES. 575 Sutter. 986-8493. Through Dec. 21. Paintings and drawings by DENNIS HUNKLER—a young Bay Area artist. Also important works by MARK TOBEY, MORRIS GRAVES.

PHOENIX GALLERIES. 257 Grant. 982-2171. Jan. 7-Feb. 7: MICHI ITAMI ZIMMERMAN: paintings and prints.

QUAY GALLERIES. 560 Sutter St. 415-392-5532. Dec. ALVIN LIGHT: Sculpture. Now open QUAY CERAMICS with KAREN BRESCHI, RON NAGLE, RICHARD SHAW, PETER BOULKOS and more.

WILLIAM SAWYER GALLERY. 3045 Clay St. 921-1600. SHANE WEARE etchings and monoprints. Exhibition of Gallery Artists, sculpture, paintings and drawings.

VAN DOREN GALLEY. 1830 Union Street. 563-0120. Recent paintings by BROOK TEMPLE. Also RUTH ASAWA, JUNE WAYNE, ALEXANDER NEPOTE, DEAN TAYLOR, MARTIN STOELZEL, GUSTANO RIVERA.

JAMES WILLIS GALLERY. CONTEMPORARY AND AFRICAN ART. 109 Geary. 989-4485. Tues.-Sat. 11-6. On permanent exhibit, African sculpture of museum quality. Representing BRUCE CONNER, JAMES STROMBOTNE, JACQUES SCHNIER, LENNY SILVERBURG, MORTON DIMONDSTEIN and others.

GUMPS GALLERY. 250 Post. 982-1616. One of San Francisco's oldest and distinguished galleries offering paintings, drawings graphics & sculpture by leading American & European artists, including: JOHNS, RAUSCHENBERG, STELLA, DIEBENKORN, CALDER, MIRO, AND PICASSO. 9:30-5:30, Mon.-Sat.

HOOVER GALLERY. Camaro Publishing Company presents 2 new guide books—HOOVER'S GUIDE TO GALLERIES, Volume I (Los Angeles). Fully illustrated with maps and sketches. Each volume available at your favorite book store for only $2.95.

MACY'S O'FARRELL STREET GALLERY. 180 O'Farrell Street. 397-3333. Original graphics and limited edition books by Major Contemporary masters. Featuring CHAGALL, MIRO, CALDER, APPEL, TOBIASSE, BRAGG, BOULANGER and many others.

MOORE GALLERY. 381 Bush Street. 362-1980. Large and impressive collection of 19th Century graphics and bronze sculptures.



Introducing a guide to the finest galleries and schools in San Francisco! For more information call 212-661-4800.

MOORE GALLERY
SAN FRANCISCO
381 BUSH STREET THIRD FLOOR (415) 362-1980

MUSEUM PRINT SHOP. 633 Battery St. 788-7345. Fine selection of museum prints, original graphics and art exhibition posters. Also, Bay Area's largest selection of aircraft prints.

NONG GALLERY. 275 Post St. on Union Square. Telephone 986-0212.

VORPAL GALLERIES. 1168 Battery. 397-9200. Contemporary and pre-Colombian art. Dealer for JESSE ALLEN, MICHAEL BOWEN, M.C. ESCHER, GARY SMITH and 50 others. Open 7 days, 12-6 p.m. VORPAL GALLERIES is also located in Chicago: 226 East Ontario Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. (312) 266-7075.

WALTON GALLERIES. 575 Sutter Street. 391-8185. Graphic Arts, 19-20th Century European-American. Old Masters, 20th Century Latin-American. Appraisals. Exhibitions change monthly.

WEST OF THE MOON. 3464 Sacramento. 922-4650. HISTORIC AMERICAN INDIAN ART. Specialists in 19th Cent. Navaho blankets and old pawn jewelry. EARLY AMERICAN QUILTS AND COVERLETS. FOR CHRISTMAS: Antique Toys & Folk Art.

WORTSMAN ROWE GALLERIES, INC. 575 Sutter St. 433-1576. 19th-20th Century American paintings and sculpture. Western and California Schools. A major exhibition of works by EMIL CARLSEN, N.A.

SCHOOLS

ACADEMY OF ART COLLEGE. 625 Sutter St., San Francisco 94102. (415) 673-4200. B.F.A. Degree and Certificate program. Painting, sculpture, printmaking, illustration, fashion illustration, advertising design, photography and filmmaking. Veteran approved —Day & Evening classes. Write for free-brochure—The professional art school established 1929.

MARIN COUNTY

GALLERY THREE. 1026 Magnolia Ave., Larkspur. 461-3066. Recognized as the finest and most complete gallery in Marin County. Specializing in original art, graphics, selected crafts and jewelry by leading Bay Area artists. Mon.-Sat. 10:30-5:00.

ROSE/BERNARDI. 2631 Bridgeway, Sausalito. 332-9144. Drawings, watercolors and graphics by the finest Marin County artists. Museum caliber framing available.

ALL THIS BRINGS US to that most intriguing holdover from ancient Chinese medical practices, acupuncture. Chinese medicine is not directed toward discovering the causes of disease, but toward simply studying the phenomena themselves. The best-known example of this is the recognition of a correspondence between the covering of the body and its internal contents. In this view, the skin is a screen upon which the organs are in some way projected, so that stimulating a specific spot on this screen will influence a specific organ. The route of transmission of this impulse remains unknown.

After the goddesses Scarlet and White gave the concept of acupuncture to Huang Ti, he made several needles out of flint and bone. These needles were of various shapes and sizes. Originally, 365 points on the body surface which had a specific relation to the internal organs were used. The early method of acupuncture is given in twelve steps:

1. *Mark the point and press the left thumbnail firmly there to expel the air and blood.*
2. *Hold the needle in the right hand. The mind should be concentrated and the strength sustained.*
3. *Warm the needle by holding it in the mouth.*
4. *Avoid piercing the arteries.*
5. *During the operation, if the air does not flow freely, gently stroke the surrounding tissues with the fingers.*
6. *If there is resistance to the entrance of the needle, press along the course of the "channel" with the thumbnail.*
7. *The needle should be withdrawn very slowly, the patient taking three deep breaths during the process.*
8. *In puncturing, the needle should be twisted or screwed in to the required depth.*
9. *Rotate the needle to the right or to the left according to the result desired.*
10. *The length of time that the needle remains* in situ *depends on the condition of the patient and the nature of the disease.*
11. *Before drawing out the needle, shake it several times so as to relieve the tension.*
12. *Press the left thumb over the spot after the needle has been pulled out, in order to stop bleeding and prevent air from getting in.*

From this simple and rather pedestrian set of instructions, it is obvious that the art could be practiced by anyone with two hands and a flair for the dramatic. In fact, this is what happened, which may be why acupuncture fell into disrepute and has remained there, except in China itself and in several enclaves of interest in France and England.

What kept acupuncture alive throughout the centuries was the undeniable fact that vast numbers of patients were relieved of their pain, or could breathe more easily by submitting to the needles.

Dare we, smugly entrenched in the scientific method, ask how, when we do not have the least idea how aspirin relieves headache and decreases fever? Aspirin, the most widely used drug in the world, works —and that's all we know about it.

There has now arisen a whole new race of acupuncturists with great colored charts on their walls. At $50 to $100 a prick they claim to—and *do*—relieve pain, nausea, and cough unresponsive to all the elaborate ministrations of Western medicine. Moreover, and unhappily, they attempt to tell us how it works. Felix Mann, for example, in his book *Acupuncture: The Ancient Chinese Art of Healing and How It Works Scientifically*, invokes the nervous system as the transmitter of the needle stimuli, and he theorizes the existence of the cutaneovisceral reflex.

To prove the existence of such a reflex he cites various experimental works, offering such evidence as the constriction of the blood vessels of the intestine when a beaker of ice is applied to the back. Peristalsis of the intestine is also altered by hot or cold applications to the skin of the upper abdomen. But the fact remains that none of the experimental work examined could stand close scrutiny in an unbiased laboratory. The experiments are simplistic and the results prejudged. Where the whole system of acupuncture falls down is in the attempts to explain it. I would, if anything, prefer to accept it on faith, to receive it as the distillate of 5,000 years of Chinese wisdom that has stood the test of time. Unlike many of my colleagues, I would not insist upon a rigid investigation into cause and effect at this time. It is obviously not forthcoming. We are then faced with the choice of relegating acupuncture to the realm of



All-America ROSE champions – Finest No. 1 Bushes, Tree Roses, Patio Tree Roses, Climbers.

Special money-saving selections: Rose Garden in Vienna, In Spain, An English Country Garden, many more.

Armstrong-grown fruit trees. New complete showing. New Snow Queen (cream custard) nectarine. All dwarf and standard peaches, apples, nectarines, pears, apricots, persimmons, jujubes, cherries, table grapes, berries, rare citrus. Special gardeners gifts.

BULB SPECIAL: New Giant Hybrid Ranunculus. Up to 50 3" dia. blooms per plant. Six "Fireworks," six "Orange Jubilee." $1.95 ppd. Check or M.O. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CATALOG mailed free on request or included with order.

Armstrong NURSERIES, INC. Dept. 736, P.O. Box 473 Ontario, California 91761

American homes are usually well-stocked with furniture and gadgets, some of which combine engineering and aesthetics in just the right amount. We are planning a special section to celebrate the best of American design, and we'd like to include contributions from our readers. What do you have that works well, is used often, pleasing to look at or hold, and worth its cost? Please include the manufacturer's name, model number, and the most recent price, if possible. Address correspondence to Wraparound, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, N.Y.C. 10016.

Cloud-Soft Travelers

Goose Down Sox For Men and Women



Slip on a pair of these to keep your feet warm in sleeping bag or bed; as inner sox for insulated pacs or waders. Downright comfortable travel slippers. Bauer Goose Down quilted in tough, washable Nylon taffeta. **Colors:** Red, Winter Blue, Taupe, Powder Blue. Specify shoe size and we will send a proper fit. **0123** Goose Down Sox, pair **$8.95** postpaid.

Order Today! Money Back Guarantee!

Enclosed is my check or money order for $_____. (Add sales tax where applicable.)

Please RUSH my 0123 Goose Down Sox.

Men's Size_____Color_____

Women's Size_____Color_____

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____Zip_____

☐ Send me FREE your new color catalog of over 1200 exciting outdoor products.

Eddie Bauer

Dept. RHR, 1737 Airport Way S., Seattle, Wa. 98134



Brother Timothy's
Napa Valley Notebook

FIRST OF A SERIES

Napa Valley Zinfandel

One favorite controversy among viticulturists—professional and otherwise—is the origin of the unique Zinfandel grape.

This is one of the most popular California wine grapes. However, the quality of its fruit varies widely depending on where it is grown. We have found the climate and soils of the Napa Valley produce a superior Zinfandel.

Our Napa Valley Zinfandel is a fruity, deep red wine with a spicy, berry-like flavor. There is unexpected softness in the first sip, followed by a rich and satisfying deep aftertaste.

Part of the pleasure of serving wine is talking about it. I believe you'll enjoy introducing The Christian Brothers Zinfandel on any occasion, from picnics to formal dinners. And though it doesn't settle the controversy, you can say Zinfandel is a grape we love in the Napa Valley.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

CELLARMASTER, THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc.
San Francisco, California.

quackery, or entertaining the heresy that there are some things we do not know, of which we have not the least understanding, and before which we can only bow until such time as we shall be enlightened by a shaft of scientific grace.

Any attempt to study the art of acupuncture is threatening to the mental health, and as a physician I strongly advise against it. For those who are making a marginal adjustment as it is, it might be just the thing to tip the balance into madness and overt lunacy. Acupuncture, to use Yul Brynner's exasperated expression in *The King and I*, is a puzzlement, and only those who are happy wandering in labyrinths ought to look into it. I myself have tried, believe me, to examine the charts, follow the meridians about the body, identify the points with some sense of order, and am only now recovering my composure after a prolonged indisposition.

The problem, stated simply, is one of numbers. There are now described about 1,000 separate acupuncture points. These lie along twelve main meridians or lines, all of which have branches that interconnect and crisscross in what seems a random fashion, but is, I am assured, one based upon reason and experience. In addition, there are Twelve Spheres of Influence in the body, Eight Bodily Forces, and old yin and yang to contend with. In the ancient Chinese text *Jia Yi Jing* the Thunder God says, "I would like to know about the course and diseases of the meridians, and how through them one may cure by acupuncture." The Yellow Emperor answers, "The meridian is that which decides over life and death. Through it the hundred diseases may be treated." I am about at the same point as the Thunder God both before and after the Yellow Emperor's explanation. Suffice it to say that I would sooner dig a hole to China than see one more of those charts. Here is a page from a standard acupuncture text:

> *If the heart is stimulated at point H9 (which is at the tip of the little finger), in the afternoon, the following results can be expected:*
>
> *a. The heart will be tonified, if it was not in excess.*
> *b. The lung will be sedated, if it was not deficient.*
> *c. The gall bladder will be sedated, if it was in excess and the treatment was performed in the afternoon.*
> *d. The vessel of conception is sedated, if in excess.*
> *e. The spleen and the small intestine will be tonified if they were deficient.*

See?

A case history to illustrate th points of tonification is given:

> *A patient was seen who was suffering from heartburn and constipation. She had had typhoid fever forty years previously from which she nearly died. Since that time she has never felt well and lacked energy. . . . Pulse diagnosis revealed . . . a weakness of the pulses of the liver and large intestine. Those were tonified at their points of tonification. . . . These points in conjunction with other points repeated over a considerable period, because of the chronicity of the disease, brought the patient back to a nearly normal state of health.*

Now you see. I think the prose what needs to be tonified. It is d ficient.

What it all adds up to is tha while there is at present no explan tion of how acupuncture works, does seem to be effective in certai conditions. These conditions var according to the acupuncturist doin the needling. The disorders for whic it is useful include migraine, tenn elbow, trembling, peptic ulcer, co stipation, asthma, angina, bed-we ting, impotence, spots before th eyes, hay fever, acne, insomnia, d pression, lassitude, appendicitis, ar deafness. In recent years, acupun ture has been used to anesthet patients in major surgery or chil birth, and to control postoperati pain. Finally, in October 1973, was reported that surgeons in Bost —yes, Boston, the cradle of Ame can medicine—used acupuncture a esthesia for an appendectomy, m the sainted discoverer of ether forgi them. And who among us will forg that greatest of scoops, James R ton's Chinese appendectomy, aft which his postoperative pain was lieved by acupuncture?

Should you use it? Well, if I we a bed-wetter, and had tried ever thing else, including medicine, hy nosis, and the alarm-clock treatme I would most certainly see my loc acupuncturist—so long as I didn have to look at his charts.

Henry Fairlie

LIGHT IN THE TUNNEL

Against the prevailing wisdom of doom

WE ARE INDULGING ourselves today in what Richard Chase once called a "glib familiarity with doom." This indulgence makes our problems more difficult to contemplate and therefore to solve. But what I wish to consider here is one particularly American form of it, to show that the themes of catastrophe expounded to us today have a long ancestry, and that this ancestry suggests that they are misleading.

From day to day, I read about the "energy crisis" (I am still not convinced that there is such a thing); listen to the warnings of overpopulation (I wonder who it is—because it surely cannot be you or I —who is not to be allowed to live); attend to the predictions of an "age of scarcity" (I am not clear that the world has ever enjoyed an "age of abundance"); and attempt to take seriously the sensational arguments of the more extreme conservationists and environmentalists. Increasingly I felt that I had heard it all before, and at last I made the connection. Much of what is being said on these questions—and most of what is said seems instantly to become a cliché, the ready opinion of the half-informed—recalls the doctrine of "propitious circumstances." The tenacity of this doctrine, and the uses to which it can be put, are not only relevant today; they are of striking interest. Furthermore, I believe that it is a doctrine that should be challenged. My argument is simply this: whenever the emphasis is placed on scarcity, real or imagined, the politics that result are not merely conservative, but reactionary.



Edward Gorey

IN THE FIRST HALF of the nineteenth century, as British intellectuals and publicists marveled at the American experiment, they conducted a brilliant debate as to whether the kind of popular government that had been established in America should be established in Britain. The radicals—and, to a lesser extent, the liberals—said that it should, arguing that the success of the American experiment was due to the nature—the universal nature—of democracy itself. The conservatives needed a powerful answer; they found it in the doctrine of "propitious circumstances."

One of the earliest and finest statements of the doctrine was made in 1818 by the Scots historian Sir James Mackintosh. He did not deny the success of the American system of government, but he did argue that it was less dangerous in America because the people were agricultural and isolated, because there were few large towns and therefore no industrial proletariat to be inflamed, and because property was safe from attack, since the majority of people were landowners "or have the immediate expectation of becoming proprietors, which produces nearly the same effect on character as the possession of property." These conditions did not exist in Britain, he argued, adding that America would itself have trouble when it, too, had "the crowded cities and unequal fortunes of Europe." The doctrine was discussed by Tocqueville, repudiated by John Stuart Mill (he said that the United States was, "in many important points," the *least* propitious place for the experiment of democracy to be tried), and reemerged in the response of Frederick Jackson Turner to "the closing of the frontier." Turner was deeply interested in what the closing would mean to the United States, and he and his disciples began to speak of America as a "closed-space" society—a term as mystical then as now.

It is fascinating to set his language beside that of the modern prophets of the "closed-space" society. When the people could no longer flee to the frontier, Turner said in 1895, then the lakes of Wisconsin would again be unpolluted and sparkling, because the people would have to stay and live there; no longer would "the central part of the city be overhung with smoke and the air choked with its odors"; and, in that land of no frontier, cooperation would supersede individualism, and men would learn to live in harmony. How familiar it all sounds eighty years later, when, from every direction—"left" and "right"—we are told that the "propitious circumstances" of America no longer exist, that it is now a "closed space."

Henry Fairlie, a British journalist long resident in the United States, most recently published The Kennedy Promise: The Politics of Speculation *(Dell).*

I SIMPLY DO NOT believe in the doctrine of "propitious circumstances," either in their past existence or in their present disappearance; and I can find no evidence that, with the supposed passing of these circumstances, the United States has become—as, indeed, it is said that the world is becoming—a "closed-space" society.

So persuaded are some of the extremists that this has happened, or is about to happen, that they seem to argue that there is nothing for us to do but close down the world altogether, stop it and get off. Let none be born, they come near to saying, and none will die; it is against this kind of modest proposal, Swiftian in its logic, that we need to set our minds. After all, ancient Greece was so terrified of overpopulation that it sanctioned the exposure of infants; we may be in danger of getting into the same frame of mind.

Let us concentrate for the moment on the United States. Despite the increase in its population, the continental expanse of the United States is not filling, but emptying. This was made clear in the last census, and is made even clearer to anyone who will take to the road in America and drive through its vastness.

During a two-and-a-half-month journey from Washington, D.C., to Atlanta, Georgia, I was always startled each night to find that I had covered only an inch or two on the map; and earlier this year I drove at a different speed, with two Americans and a Swiss, leaving the winter's snow in Colorado at 7:00 A.M. one morning, and arriving thirty-six hours later in the subtropical summer of Houston. There was not one of us on that trip, American or foreigner, who did not exclaim at the space and the emptiness.

Down the Front Range of the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains we drove, the plains to our right stretching into Kansas; down the Rampart Range, the plains now rich ranchland; down the Sangre de Cristo, and still the ranchland to our right; across a corner of New Mexico, where the land seemed parched but herds still grazed; into the Texas Panhandle, where the huge fields lay open to the sky, as far as one could see, irrigated by arms that stretched the whole of their length and breadth, the elevators and gins telling us of the grain and cotton that would be lifted from their soil; across the edge of the hill country, with ranches now, unexpectedly and exquisitely, of goats; down into the green—ever greener—ranchland of southeastern Texas, with the riceland yet to come; until at last we drove into Houston, the first large city that we had seen for more than 1,100 miles.

The land is there, and it can be made yet more fertile; the resources are there, and they can be used with purpose and intelligence; above all, the technology is there, the evidence of it all around us. We drove from some of the driest land in the United States, where there are still disputes about water rights, to some of the wettest, marveling all the way at the husbandry. I could not help thinking, as we left Colorado, with a population of 2.5 million, that it is the same size as Great Britain, which sustains a population of more than 56 million.

BUT WHAT WOULD THE population *do* if it were distributed more sensibly in this vast expanse? It would do what, for the most part, it already does in Boston or New York, Washington or Los Angeles: push pieces of paper around a desk. Even the production of material goods is today far less dependent than in the past on local resources, as some of the great corporations, relocating their plants away from the crowded sections of the country, have already demonstrated. Inoffensive even to Coloradans, a large IBM plant now nestles under the Rocky Mountains, and it does not pollute. But surely what matters most is that the "service economies" of our contemporary and future societies depend primarily on a national (and international) grid of information that operates noiselessly—across great distances.

I do not wish to follow Adrian Berry, who, in *The Next Ten Thousand Years*, gives an enthusiastic and expansive account of man as he first colonizes the parts of his solar system that are suitable, and then sets forth to establish himself as the overlord of even more distant parts of the galaxy. I would like to think, however, that Berry's panorama, with its confidence in man's ingenuity, is a first attempt to recall our imaginations from the doomsayers.

But there remain the years just ahead, when Earth must still be our home, and it is the space of thi Earth, its extent and its availability that we need to reimagine. Space i relative. When the arts of husbandr are primitive, the land may seen empty, but because it will support n one else it is in fact crowded. Whe the arts of husbandry are improved the land may seem crowded, but i fact it empties: it will provide foo for many people, but it will not pro vide work for them. We have passe now to a third stage: there is lan aplenty in the United States, to b reoccupied for purposes other tha agriculture, and we can continue t increase agricultural products wit the help of technology. The countr is not overpopulated; perhaps it i even underpopulated.

The space of America, then, relatively larger today than it ha been for many years. It can be mad propitious, as it was once so mad as the space of the Earth may b made propitious, if that is our d termination.

Throughout the history of ma there have never been circumstanc that were propitious unless he mad them so; and those that were unpr pitious he changed, whenever h joined his will to his capacitie Above all, this has been the faith the United States, and the meanin of its example is important. The U. is, as an Indian journalist said som time ago, the laboratory of the worl

"This is the age of experiments said Benjamin Franklin in the b ginning, and of course he was co rect. If there has been any "prop tious circumstance" to account f the good fortune of the Unite States, it was in the character of th time, "the age of experiments" which it was formed. But that ci cumstance was nowhere but in th minds of men: an idea to be use as we still use it, or, as we are no being instructed, disdain it. If we a closing the space of the world, it because we are closing our minds their own capabilities.

WHAT I FIND least acceptable the doctrine of "propitious c cumstances," which is intimately lated to the concept of the "close space" society, is its determinis Its proponents seem to say that vast continent exists (or existed that there are (or were) abunda resources; and that they act (or ha

acted) on men—but never, it seems, have men acted on them. But this is not how I read the history of America, or the character of the American. It is clear to me that it is not the "propitious circumstances" of the continent that have acted on the American so much as the American who has, by his energy and ingenuity, made a place of "propitious circumstances" out of his continent; and this is the example, above all others, that he has set to the world.

In this work, the trait in the American that I would put first, although it is unfashionable to celebrate it, is his inventiveness. Whether we call it gadgetry, at one level, or technology, at another, it is the one factor that is not "closed" in the world today, that is still propitious in the performance of the American, and auspicious in its promise to the rest of the globe.

The meaning of this inventiveness can be translated to another plane. The invention of the American is his way of saying to any situation that confronts him, and about his society as a whole, "It ain't necessarily so"; and this is what he is always saying. It is his genius. To say that "it ain't necessarily so" is the mark of a permanently revolutionary habit of mind, and that is also his genius.

The evidence is all around us. It s in the latest excursion of as intelligent a liberal as Robert Heilbroner nto political economy—the words nave a double edge today as in the past—which he indeed makes a disnal science. Gazing on the projected world of scarcity, he postulates a future that he admits he does not like, accepting even a considerable diminution of human freedom as the condition of an existence which, as one reads his doomsaying, does not seem o be worth the candle. I do not see why he should wish to save the human race at all for the life of encroaching slavery that he foresees, and can see no way to avoid.

The evidence is equally apparent n the attitudes of as intelligent a conservative as Irving Kristol. The dea of scarcity in a "closed-space" society in which the population needs o be restricted must come as an unexpected but much-needed support o his curious notion that there was an idyllic rural past in America when he relatively small population was elevated by "republican virtue." These kinds of attitudes show us how fashionable ideas, however different, can join together: Mr. Kristol thinks that people should have less freedom, and Mr. Heilbroner thinks that loss of freedom is inevitable.

There is also evidence in more popular attitudes: there are those who would return the land to little more than tracts for a new breed of privileged peasants who will produce "health foods" for the few, rather than adequate and healthy food for the many. There is the retreat from a practical concern with our societies into mysticism and such a hodgepodge of cults that God, if he is still alive, must weary at being adored so indiscriminately by those whose text seems to be, now that they themselves are born, suffer not the children to come unto them. There is the banal conception of our planet as Spaceship Earth, with the implication that it is now time to pull down the hatch and let no one else aboard, when more appropriately it is Launch Pad Earth.

Whether in intellectual concepts or in popular attitudes, the idea of scarcity is being used, as it has always been used, to support the belief that what is, must be; that it *is* necessarily so; that there is not much that men can do to improve their own lot, and especially to improve the lot of their fellowmen, except to have fewer people; that man is unable to control and change and improve his environment.

To speak of the "closed-space" society, whether of America or of the Earth, is to ignore the "open-mindedness" of modern man—in particular of the American—and especially (in the context in which we are talking) of the scientist and the technologist. Whatever mischief they have done, they can undo; and against further mischief they are, under our bidding, still our last, best hope; they need our defense. For an American, particularly, to lose faith in them is to lose faith in this country and in its time, "the age of experiments." When he ceases to say, "It ain't necessarily so," not only must he despair of himself, but the world must despair of him. True anti-Americanism, it could be shown, is always the result of the Americans' loss of confidence in their own idea.

American inventiveness in the face of any situation or problem should not be left to the custody of American industry and commerce alone. These institutions still do believe, and sometimes seem to be alone in believing, that men may still act on their circumstances; that whatever the circumstances they may still be made propitious by our ingenuity and our industry, by abstract calculations (our science), and by our application of their results and our investment in them (our technology). But the notion should not be left to the oil companies, for example, so that they and their associates seem to be the only ones interested in fructifying the earth.

THE INTELLECT OF AMERICA—its public mind and public sensitivity; one sometimes thinks that these have not really existed since the days of John Dewey—ought to be an instructor and admonisher to industry and commerce, widening the motive, making more beneficent the interest. But this will not happen as long as that intellect is distracted, once, again, by the recurring misapprehension that the United States in the past owed its prosperity and freedom to "propitious circumstances" that have vanished. It is this intellectual legacy that now weighs so heavily on the American ingenuity.

Its influence needs to be eradicated at once, if not, unhappily, for all; and the American people need to be nourished again to act confidently on their circumstances. America is, in the words of Julián Aguilera Marías, a disciple of Ortega y Gasset's, at the prow of our world. It cannot defect now. U Thant once said: "It is no longer resources that limit decisions. It is decisions that make the resources. This is the fundamental revolutionary change—perhaps the most revolutionary man has ever known." This is the time into which America was born, which it then made with its own inspiration, and in which it alone holds the key to the future.

That key is in the mind of the American; if he uses that mind with his own genius, to act on the world's circumstances and to resist the action of the circumstances on him, he may say with Jefferson, "It does me no injury for my neighbour to say there are twenty gods or no God. It neither picks my pocket nor breaks my leg." America needs the sense of its own Enlightenment. □

Different Volks for different folks.



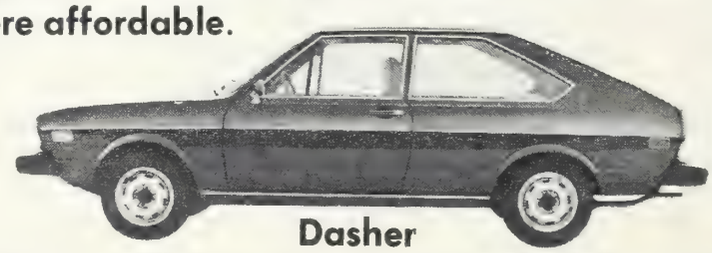
VW Super Beetle

While most prices have gone up, up, up, the Beetle's has stayed the same, same, same: only $2825* fully equipped.



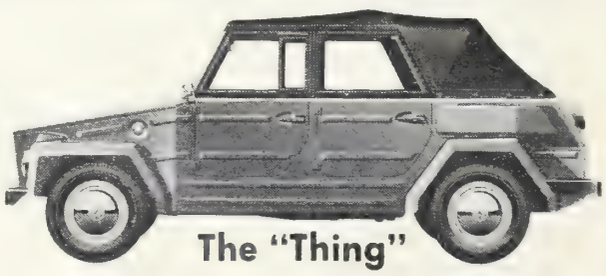
412 Sedan

Simply can't do without plush wall-to-wall carpeting, fuel injection, or an automatic transmission? Fret not. They're all standard on the luxurious 412. And our Special End-of-Year prices† make it even more affordable.



Dasher

Granted $4,000 is $4,000.* But it's also a small price to pay for what POPULAR MECHANICS calls "...a perfect combination of styling and engineering."



The "Thing"

The cost of every "Thing" has just gone down from $3150 to $2775.* And it seems even less expensive when you compare it to the price of a Jeep, Land Rover or Land Cruiser.

When inflation hits you, folks, you can't do better than a Volks.

*Suggested Retail Prices P.O.E., Super Beetle $2825, Dasher 2-dr sedan $3975, 181 "Thing" $2775 (West Coast prices slightly higher for these models). Local taxes and any other dealer delivery charges additional.

†Available at participating dealers.

VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

Harper's

Martin Mayer

HOW BANKS DESTROY THE ECONOMY

They're borrowing trouble with your money: a matter of consuming interest

THAT STRANGE AND DISTURBING things have been happening to big banks both here and abroad will scarcely be news to anyone who has read so much as the front pages of the past year's newspapers. What is not so well known is that these shocks are merely the surface expression of an earthquake, a revolution in the technology and function of banking that has shaken up the entire mechanism of the American economy. The revolution took place in the 1960s; looking back on that decade of talky turbulence—Richard Hofstadter called it "the age of rubbish"—it seems somehow appropriate that the one revolution that actually came off occurred without publicity in the apparently solid structure of what was considered our most thoroughly conservative institution.

Banks have been around so long that we forget they were started with a purpose in mind. That purpose was to gather up what would otherwise be idle monetary assets and use them as grease for the wheels of commerce and industry. The forgetting process itself now has a hundred-year history: Walter Bagehot noted in 1873 that "we have entirely lost the idea that any undertaking likely to pay, and seen to be likely, can perish for want of money; yet no idea was more familiar to our ancestors." The malaise that tainted most people's contemplation of the American banking system in 1974 derived less from the handful of rather dramatic bank failures than from a sense that the system had lost its *raison d'être*. Downtown in the big cities one could scarcely wash down the sidewalk without splashing the plate-glass window of a bank, yet all over the country undertakings likely to pay could see themselves perishing for want of money.

The interest rates, of course, were high enough to inspire fear—effectively, counting the cost of "compensating balances" (money businessmen had to pay for but couldn't use), more than 15 percent per annum. "The Bank of England used to say that 6 percent would draw money from the moon," muttered Ralph Leach, chairman of the executive committee of Morgan Guaranty, studying an analysis some months ago, of what his bank would have to pay for money it was committed to lend. "They seem to have smarter people on the moon these days."

Whatever the definition of money—and however elegant the theoretical formulations, there is no really good, or even acceptable, practical definition—in modern societies the stuff is generated primarily by and through banks. The money shortages of 1974 argued a malfunction of the banking system. Nothing worked right; nothing *felt* right. We even sensed, briefly, that our monetary troubles did not result from an act of God or a sudden onslaught from abroad but were the just deserts of our own follies. The attitudes with which the country looked at the economy in mid-1974 were those of the drunk awakening on the morning after: fear, self-disgust (not unmixed with rage at "others"), and earnest resolutions not to do it again. So we dragged ourselves up to President Ford's summit, and, like the drunks we are, we perceived a remedy: the hair of the dog. All the economists and businessmen agreed that "monetary restraint" should be eased. By the end of the year, short-term interest rates were coming down; it was all but certain that the 15 percent August rate would be 11 percent in January. Thanks to the desire of the Arabs to keep their surpluses in dollars rather than in some other currency, we were back to a fair, if somewhat depressed, simulacrum of business as usual, especially at the banks.

The business now considered "as usual" in banking, however, is a most extraordinary collection of activities and attitudes never before known to this venerable institution. Even at the end of the year the interest rate was higher than it had ever been before 1969. A Rip Van Winkle of a banker awakened today after a twenty-year snooze in his office would not even understand what some of his vice-presidents were talking about. And when he did begin to understand, he would probably feel like Van Vechten Shaffer, a magnificent old man who

Martin Mayer is the author of books about lawyers, stockbrokers, teachers, and advertising men. This article is adapted from his latest book, The Bankers, *which will be published by Weybright and Talley.*

Martin Mayer

HOW BANKS DESTROY THE ECONOMY

retired a few years ago from the presidency of the Guaranty Bank and Trust Company of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, and recently expressed his admiration for "all those young men from the Harvard Business School who are wizards, just wizards, at making loans. Not quite so good at collecting them."

Assets to liabilities

THE REVOLUTION AT THE BANKS can be summarized in one insufficiently jazzy phrase: the shift from asset management to liability management. These are deceptively technical, and thus comforting, terms: nothing really important to our lives, it seems, could be so described. When I hear them I think of a friend of mine from the Rand Corporation who once blandly compared the disaster of a possible nuclear war to the disaster of a possible six-foot rise in the level of the oceans. The change the technical terms describe is among the significant sources of today's inflation, and will long be a cause of financial instability in America and financial fear in the rest of the world.

Formerly banks would take their depositors' money, lend some of it, and invest some in notes and bonds. Loans always paid the bank a higher interest rate than good bonds. When loan demands increased, the bank sold some of its bonds to raise the money to make new loans: "asset management." Today, banks will meet an increase in loan demand by borrowing from others the money they then lend to their customers: "liability management." Interest rates are flexible: the bank in effect takes a markup over the price it must pay to borrow the money.

In the days of asset management, a bank might increase its loans without changing the totals on either side of its balance sheet: the rise in loans was matched by a drop in investments. A bank's footings (its total assets: the word itself connotes stability) changed slowly. In a time of liability management, the numbers on both sides of the balance sheet go up. Instead of standing on firm footings, a bank hangs suspended from an ever-expanding balloon, and, in effect, the money supply increases.

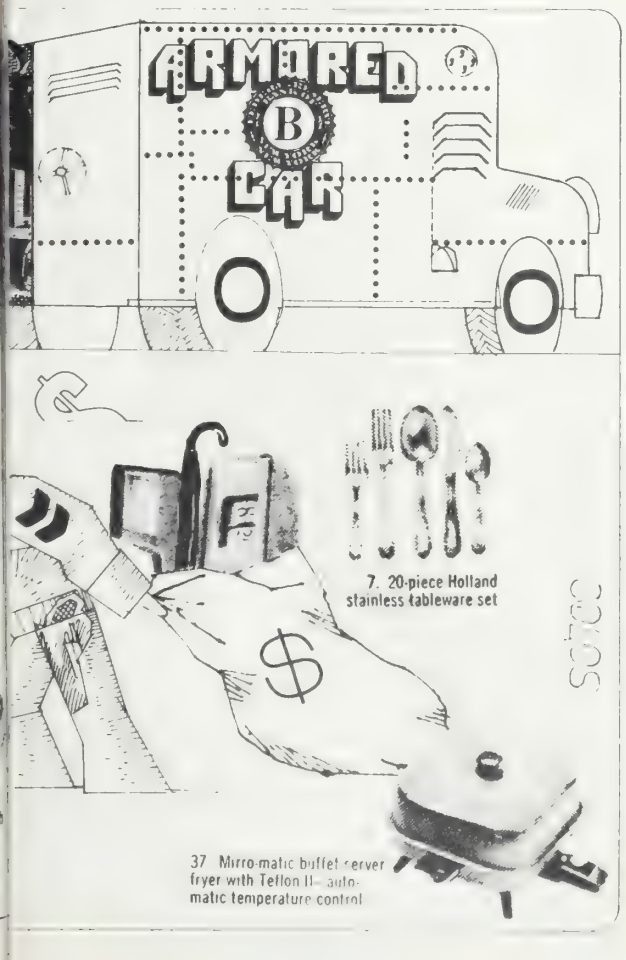
The economists who specialize in money and banking argue that, by its control of the quantity of money in the system, the government—in the United States, the Federal Reserve—controls the behavior of the banks. By selling notes and bonds in the open market, the government takes money out of the banking system, making it harder for the banks to fund their loans (which decreases their desire to lend) and raising the interest rates (which decreases the customers' desire to borrow). In 1959 a Committee on the Working of the Monetary System (the "Radcliffe Committee") reported to the British Parliament that the reason that this strategy worked did not in fact



have much to do with "the money supply" or with the direct effects of rising interest rates. What discouraged the banks, as the Committee saw it, was the fall in the bond market that accompanied the government's sale of bonds and the rising interest rates. Finding that they could fund their loans only by selling their bonds at a loss, the banks pulled back and loaned less.

That description fits what happened in the United States in 1966, before liability management had become the banks' standard operating procedure: the banks took losses totaling nearly $400 million in order to meet loan commitments they had made before the Fed tightened the money supply—and they made no new commitments. Arthur Okun, chairman of Lyndon Johnson's Council of Economic Advisers, later wrote that in 1966 the Fed had "put on *the* virtuoso performance in the history of stabilization policy. It was the greatest tightrope-walking and balancing act ever performed by either fiscal or monetary policy. Singlehandedly the Fed curbed a boom generated by a vastly stimulative fiscal policy that was paralyzed by politics and distorted by war. And in stopping the boom, it avoided a recession."

Unfortunately, nobody in America took seriously the Radcliffe Committee's proposition that the crucial factor in achieving such results was the fall in the price of financial assets. When a vice-president of one of the Federal Reserve Banks learned that I was reading the Radcliffe Report, he said he couldn't imagine why: "It's been thoroughly discredited." Friedmanite economists demanded that the Fed concentrate solely on "the money supply"; Keynesian economists insisted that only the imbalances in the federal budget and the height of the interest rate were really important. Neither of these dominant bodies of theory accorded any great importance to the bond market: neither gave any reason to believe that a shift by the banks from asset management to liability management had made much difference in the effectiveness of the Federal Reserve.



By 1966 the revolutionary doctrines of liability management had already been well accepted in the giant banks of New York, Chicago, and California. The Fed had forced these banks to sell assets that year by maintaining ceilings on the interest rates they could pay for the money they borrowed. Most of the assets they sold were state and municipal bonds. In 1966 banks owned nearly half of all outstanding state and municipal bonds, and were the customers for about two-thirds of all new issues. When the banks began selling instead of buying, the bottom dropped out of the market: states, cities, and school districts could no longer sell their bonds at all, and they came howling to the Fed (and to the Congress) for relief. The House Committee on Banking and Currency called on the governors of the Fed to defend themselves individually. Nobody wanted to go through that again. As it apparently made no difference whether the banks funded their loans by asset management or liability management, the Fed acceded to the all-but-universal demand that it get out of the business of forcing the banks to sell assets.

The move to liability management meant that the banks no longer had to sell off part of their investment portfolio to make new loans: the market price of bonds was no longer important in their planning. Now, let us suppose that the Radcliffe Committee was right. The bond-selling and money-controlling activities of the Fed would no longer work to stop the banks from making new loans. (To the extent that the fall in the value of their investments had to be deducted from their earnings, in fact, the banks might even be encouraged to expand their loan portfolio in the hope that the profits from new loans would make up for the losses on old investments.) While the reported "money supply" might rise only slowly, the lending activities of the banks would in effect create a range of money substitutes other exchangeable credits (charge accounts, so to speak)—that could be used to inflate the alleged values of nonfinancial assets and the price levels for the economy as a whole. But, unlike money, the substitutes could not be used by everybody—only by the most creditworthy, the most speculative,

"The change from asset management to liability management will long be a cause of financial instability in America and financial fear in the rest of the world."

Martin Mayer

HOW BANKS DESTROY THE ECONOMY

and those who already had the banks over a barrel. In short, we would have the combination of inflation and tight money that we got in 1973-74.

Instant gratification

THE LATE JOE PALMER once wrote of the "rebel yell" that rose over the streets of Louisville through the night before the Kentucky Derby. "It was not the yell of the Confederacy," he noted. "It expressed man's eternal rebellion against going to bed." Though it may seem strange to those who remember the slogans so ardently shouted in the late 1960s, the banking revolution was indeed a suitable response to the noises of that time. For what our revolutionists were demanding was that this society must become a global gratification system for its current, temporary occupants. With the elimination of the painful need to sell assets, the banks could place themselves in the vanguard of both commercial and consumer gratification.

The Chemical Bank of New York has installed a number of Docutel machines, enabling a customer with the right credit card to punch buttons at any hour and take cash from a steel drawer. It is not necessary to have money on deposit to make these withdrawals: Chemical is happy to let its customers use the equipment as a way to borrow. The steel box with the buttons, the ads and commercials say, is a "YES machine."

This nonsense was started about a dozen years ago by Chase Manhattan and the Ted Bates advertising agency (famous for its Anacin, Carter's Little Liver Pills, and other "white-coat" commercials); it was Bates that coined the slogan about "a friend at Chase Manhattan." By definition, a friend is somebody who lends you money without asking too many questions. Subsequently, New York has learned that "First National City hates to say no," and that if two lending officers turn you down at Manufacturers Hanover, the third can still okay your loan. Every city can supply its own examples, though few are quite so extreme as New York's. Pushed along in this manner, total consumer credit outstanding went from $138 billion at the end of 1971 to $180 billion at the end of 1973.

That increase was bad enough: it meant that about a third of all the money American households saved from their income in those two years was actually spent for immediate consumption by other households. Much worse, however—much more dangerous—was the way the banks used their new loan-creating capacity as a source of generosity to business. Lending officers became money salesmen rather than applications analysts, and in the process credit was made available for a range of activities nev er before financed by banks.

Historically, bank loans have always been a source of "working capital," a way to financ inventory and pay wages to workers producing goods that would not be sold for a while. The typical bank loan ran ninety days. Nationally chartered banks were not permitted to write mortgage loans until well into this century, and even today correct procedure calls for the bank to make the builder's loan that pays for construction, and for an insurance company or a savings-and-loan association to "take out" the bank's short-term loan with a permanent mortgage when the building is finished. Long-term loans to business were unknown in American banking until the 1930s, and did not become properly acceptable until the 1940s, when the federal government encouraged such enterprise by banks as a way to finance the rapid expansion of war production. Even then, what made such lending legitimate was the government guarantee. By definition, loans that will be paid back only over a long period of time—and are secured by the "cash flow" of the borrower rather than by collateral—are riskier than ninety-day loans secured by inventory. And bankers are not supposed to take risks: they are lending other people's money.

Actually, many of the worries about term loans were always artificial. If there was going to be a "run on the bank"—if depositors were going to come clamoring for their money—the bank would have little more luck calling its ninety-day loans that it would have calling a term loan. A self-amortizing term loan that is paid back on regular installments is likely to be more closely watched than the ninety-day loan that is automatically renewed—"rolled over"—every three months. Today, in any event, deposit insurance has put an end to runs on the bank; it cannot be said too strongly that deposits under the insured maximum of $40,000 are *absolutely* safe in any FDIC member bank. The willingness of the Fed to serve as a "lender of last resort" means that a decently run bank (even an indecently run bank, as this year's Franklin National story proves) can always lay its hands on cash to repay a depositor without any need to call a loan.

The move to liability management seemed to place an automatic limit on the expansion of term loans. Bank loans had always been made at an interest rate fixed for the duration of the loan: borrowers had to know what their loan would cost. But a bank that counted on liability management to fund its loans could never know much in advance what *its own* money costs would be. Thus the new-style, postrevolutionary bank could find itself losing money on its term loans, paying more for its own borrowings than it had agreed to charge its cus



Your house can hit back when the energy crisis hits home.

Aluminum building products can help your house put the crunch on energy consumption. One example is Alcoa® Siding. When properly applied over reflective aluminum foil, it forms a protective insulating envelope that can reduce heat loss in winter and heat gain in summer. Read on for more ways to beat the weather.

Storm windows and doors can effectively "button-up" your house. They're a traditional barrier against cold and can save up to 15 percent of the energy used to heat the typical home. Low-maintenance aluminum frames can stand up to all kinds of weather. Tightly closed aluminum venetian blinds can reduce heat gain through windows and save on air conditioning costs.

For new homes or new additions, the Alcoa Insulating Window keeps Old Man Winter outside the house—where he belongs. A specially designed thermal barrier and twin panes of insulating glass help to minimize heat loss and messy "sweating."



Inadequate insulation can cause one of the biggest energy drains on your house. Sixty percent of the heat loss through uninsulated walls and a full 90 percent of the heat loss through an uninsulated roof can be prevented by proper insulation. Aluminum foil acts as a vapor barrier when attached to fibrous insulation and will help maintain high humidities that make lower room temperatures more comfortable.

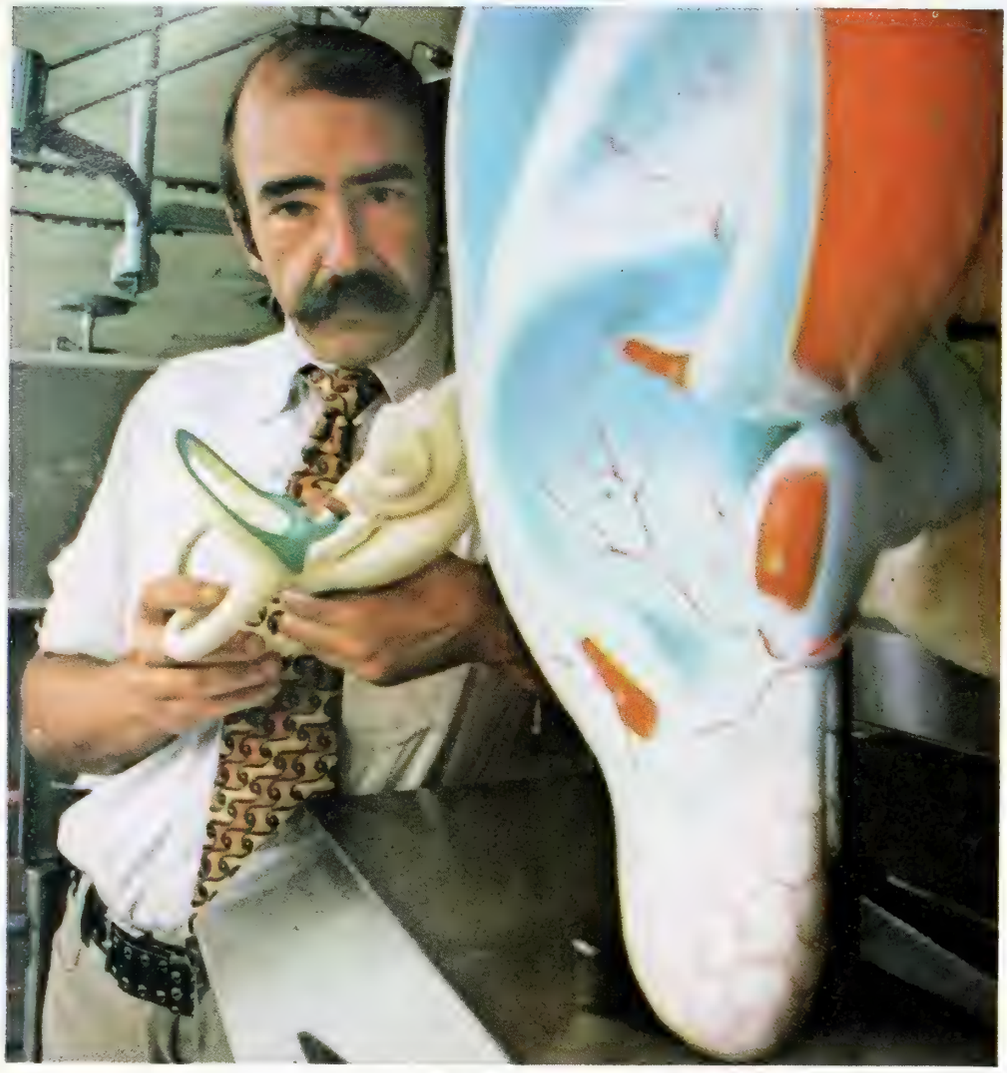
If you'd like to learn more about how Alcoa Siding can help insulate your home, write for our brochure, *Home Insulation Can Be Beautiful,* Aluminum Company of America, 981-A Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, PA 15219.

The reasons for using aluminum are found in aluminum itself.

ALCOA

IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



Dr. Inselberg holds a model of the inner ear whose functions he is helping to explain.

A look at the subtle workings of the inner ear

An estimated 3 million Americans suffer from what is called nerve deafness. Their hearing loss is often caused by an affliction of the inner ear—one of the most inaccessible and least understood parts of the anatomy.

The auditory part of the inner ear called the cochlea, Greek for snail because of its shape, is hidden behind the toughest bone in the body. The cochlea, in turn, houses our principal hearing mechanism—an inch-long membrane the thickness of a human hair.

For over a century scientists have believed that a mathematical description of the inner ear could provide us with important information. But until recent years, they haven't had the necessary experimental evidence or the computational power of the high-speed computer. Now, a mathematician at IBM's Los Angeles Scientific Center has succeeded in giving us a "look" inside the inner ear.

Dr. Alfred Inselberg has been working on this project for fifteen years, since his days in graduate school. He pursued it on his own until four years ago when IBM made the study his official assignment.

Working in collaboration with the medical staff from the Ear Research Institute in Los Angeles and Dr. Richard Chadwick of Technion—the Israel Institute of Technology—he has created a mathematical model of the inner ear that is helping specialists learn more about the way it functions.



The function of the inner ear, shown above, has long been a mystery. Doctors and scientists have been working to unlock the secrets of hearing contained inside this small part of the body. We now know that it receives the sounds from the outer and middle ears, sensing and processing the information and sending it on to the brain, resulting in a hearing sensation.

"We can generate a computer model, based on the mathematical model that describes the behavior of the cochlea," explains Dr. Inselberg. "We can then do various experiments on the computer that could not be done on the actual ear. We can use the computer to discover what sort of physical defect results in a particular hearing impairment. Since the defect can be 'repaired' mathematically in the model, we could, in some cases, even suggest appropriate treatment."

These experiments together with the mathematical analysis of the model have provided some important information. "For example," says Dr. Inselberg, "they have given us a better understanding of the likely causes of ear ailments such as presbycusis—the loss of hearing with age—and Meniere's disease, a kind of deafness characterized by ringing in the ear."

About his research, Dr. Inselberg says, "There's a real human need for it as well as a natural curiosity to find out how things work. We must remember that no mathematical model can be as precise as the real thing. But our model is answering questions that couldn't be answered without it."

Helping students choose careers

Choosing a career is a difficult decision most students face sometime during their schooling. Often, they don't have adequate knowledge of how career opportunities match up with their capabilities. Now a computer program available from Willowbrook High School in Villa Park, Illinois, where it was developed, is helping students at more than 75 high schools across the country with career guidance. Using the program, called Computerized Vocational Information System, students can compare their own attitudes, interests and academic records with information on some 500 different occupations.

After answering questions about themselves, the students can see, on a TV-like screen, a list of careers which are most suitable for them. Counselors then personally assist the student in making the best vocational selection.

At Proviso Township High School near Chicago, the program is helping the counseling effort immeasurably, according to Dan Heintz, Vocational Counselor. "This program gives our students a chance to see the number of careers available to them and helps them focus on their own potential and interest," he says. "And, instead of spending time hunting for information, our counselors can now concentrate on counseling."

The program also provides information on some 1600 colleges, as well as specialized and technical schools.

Court turns to computer to help cut case load

Across the country, courtrooms are backlogged and the paperwork involved in the administration of court operations is increasing rapidly.



To aid in solving these problems, the San Diego Law and Justice Agency turned to an IBM computer. Today many people in the area are getting court action on their civil cases with far less waiting.

"It wouldn't have been possible without the computer," says Jesse Osuna, County Clerk.

Advances in technology have resulted in lower computing costs, making computers economically feasible for applications such as this.

The computer was programmed to assist with the calendaring of civil cases in Superior Court, which had become an almost superhuman task. It required the coordination of judges, attorneys and witnesses. Index cards were kept, by month, for each of the nearly 2200 attorneys in the county, containing his trial calendar. These had to be manually revised and kept current.

Now, among other things, the computer helps keep a constantly updated trial calendar for each attorney.

And the court's backlog of cases has been reduced.

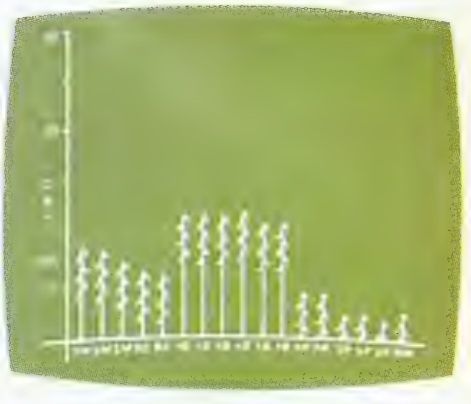


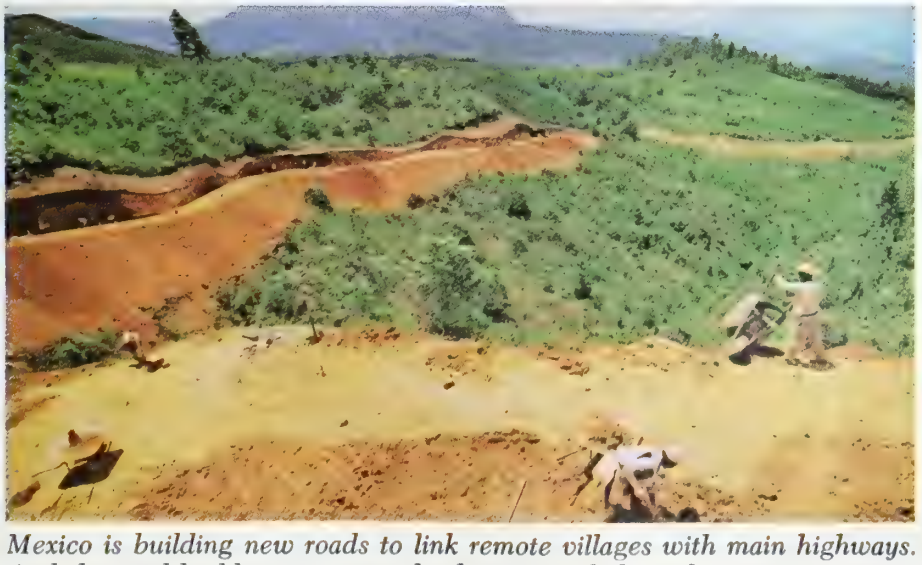
Illustration of tree 'growth' on computer terminal display screen.

The forest that grows in a minute

As an aid in planning the reforesting of cleared areas, it is now possible to simulate tree growth on a computer.

Through the efforts of scientists from IBM and Yale University, researchers can watch a century-old forest "grow" on a computer terminal's TV-like screen at the rate of a year a second. They can then accurately project forest growth patterns that take into account such interrelated conditions as soil quality, climate, topography and the competition between tree species.

Those chiefly responsible for the program are Dr. Daniel Botkin of the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies and two scientists from IBM's Research Division—Dr. James Wallis, hydrologist and Dr. James Janak, a theoretical physicist.



Mexico is building new roads to link remote villages with main highways. And the road-building program also brings needed employment to farmers in certain areas during their off season. Deciding where to put the roads so they'll do the most good in serving both job and transportation needs is a complex question involving population densities and economic factors. An IBM computer is processing data to help planners find the right answers.

IBM

They're pursuing rewarding careers at Bethlehem



A College Relations Representative based at our home office, Mary Kale recruits engineers and technical graduates for Bethlehem's management-training program.



Anita Parsons is involved in an environmental engineering support capacity at the Beth-Elkhorn Corp., Jenkins, Ky., a coal-mining subsidiary of Bethlehem. She monitors potential pollution sources to see that standards are met.



A Coordinator in Materiel Control at our Sparrows Point, Md., steel plant, Joann Jacobs evaluates procedures and methods used to control inventory of electrical and mechanical parts.



Vinnie Moody has completed the first phase of our management-training program, and is now receiving on-the-job training in industrial relations at our Johnstown, Pa., steel plant.



Kathleen Gearhart is a Programmer-Analyst in Bethlehem. Her duties involve programming and systems analysis in technical and engineering applications.



Valeria Fisher is Chief Chemist, Bethlehem Mines Corporation, at Johnstown, Pa. She manages the principal chemical laboratory, and supervises procedures for others.

Do you know a woman working toward a degree in engineering, chemistry, mathematics, or another technical discipline?

She may be interested in learning about the challenging career opportunities for women at Bethlehem Steel.

Information of interest to college students is available. Write: Director, College Relations, Bethlehem Steel Corporation, Bethlehem, PA 18016.

Bethlehem BETHLEHEM STEEL

tomers. Contemplating this problem, the revolutionists turned more radical: they began to write their term loans with interest rates that would fluctuate according to the cost of money to the banks. By 1970 virtually all term loans of any length—one of the few exceptions was the residential mortgage loan—were written in such a way that the borrower's interest costs changed from time to time.

NOW THE BANKS WERE in a position to serve as gratification machines for industry as well as for consumers. Liability management permitted them to expand their loan portfolio without increasing their capital or finding new deposits; variable interest rates allowed them to write new loans without worrying about the costs they incurred when they increased their liabilities. Term lending expanded dramatically; bank loans rather than the public financial markets became the leading source of expansion capital for American industry.

Three potential disasters lie hidden in this technical maneuver.

(1) To the extent that the monetary policy of the Fed was effective because of its influence on interest rates, that effectiveness would be diminished. Prior to 1970, if a customer for a term loan was confronted with a bank's insistence on a high interest rate, he might decide to postpone borrowing until rates came down; conversely, a businessman might be tempted to borrow money and use it when the Fed was expanding the money supply and rates were low. As the first purpose of monetary policy is to slow things down in booms and speed them up in recessions, borrower attitudes to interest rates could help the government get the desired results. Since the introduction of variable rates, term borrowers have little reason to pay attention to the interest rate at any given moment. If it's high today, it will go down tomorrow; if it's low now, it will rise later. Thus bank loans grew almost 2 percent a month, every month, in the first half of 1974—at an annual rate of more than 20 percent—despite the highest interest rates in American history.

(2) Loans that were once relatively safe, because capable borrowers could confidently foresee earnings that would pay a known interest cost, became considerably more risky, because a borrower's earnings might not rise to match an unpredictable increase in his interest costs. The dirty secret in American banking today is the tens of billions of dollars of doubtful and decaying loans the banks are carrying as assets on their books. (Inside auditors, outside accountants, and bank examiners have all been remarkably indulgent in "classifying" loans; in 1974 the indulgence was reinforced by fear of what might happen if realistic standards were applied.) Many—maybe most—of the borrowers now en route to going broke are losing money simply because their interest costs are so much higher than anyone expected them to be. "Here," as the Red Queen told Alice, "it takes all the running you can do, to keep in the same place."

(3) Machinery has been created that enables the economy as a whole to invest more than its component parts have voluntarily saved. This is the root of our recent problems. Before the 1930s, one of the certainties of economics was that savings and investment had to be equal. The interest rate was the price that cleared the market for money. If investment demand exceeded savings, interest rates rose, which discouraged investment and encouraged savings, establishing an equilibrium. If savings were greater than investment demand, interest rates fell, which discouraged savings and encouraged investment, restoring the equilibrium. The great contribution of John Maynard Keynes was the demonstration that in hard times savings could persistently exceed investments: worried businessmen would have a high "liquidity preference," meaning that they would prefer to hold cash rather than put their money to work; and they might be unwilling to borrow however low the interest rate might fall.

When Keynes wrote, in the 1930s, the notion that there might be a reverse to this coin was very remote and unlikely. The long-predicted Marxist crisis of underconsumption seemed to have arrived, and the problem was not the control of inflation (which Keynes had written about most perceptively in the 1920s) but the recovery from depression. Keynes's remedy for depression was budget deficits for government, putting back into the income stream the money withdrawn by excess savings. In an unlikely future when investment demand might exceed savings at a time when the economy was already producing near its capacity, the remedy would be government surpluses. Because budget cuts involve the elimination of programs people care about, this rather casually uttered prescription turned out to be politically impossible—indeed, governments continued to run deficits even when the economy was stretched. As long ago as 1967, Sir John Hicks warned that "the implementation of pseudo-Keynesian policies by weak and irresolute governments" would produce inflation that might create "a failure of international credit."

But apart from government deficits, which are more or less visible, Keynesian orthodoxy knew no machinery by which investment could outrun savings. Banks, of course, do create money. What the depositor leaves in his checking account is money for him; and the loan the bank makes to employ that deposit is money to the borrower. Keynes's theory relied upon

"The banks used their new loan-creating capacity as a source of generosity to business. Lending officers became money salesmen rather than applications analysts."

the "multiplier" effect of credit creation as an initial deposit worked its way through a number of banks, each finding itself possessed of some extra funds and lending them. But this expansion could be fairly easily controlled by the government-imposed "reserve requirement" that determines how much of a deposit a bank can lend; by government operations in the bond market to increase or decrease the money supply, and—though this was never explicitly stated—by the friction between the long-term and short-term money markets caused by the banks' reluctance to make long-term loans. The expansion of bank credit, in short, would operate to fully employ the existing productive capacity of the society, and then—in the absence of government deficits—deposit creation would stop. And so would lending.

In the 1970s, however, as a result of liability management and variable-rate term loans, our banking institutions have been reorganized to gratify the productive sector of the economy when it wishes to invest beyond the savings available for the purpose—just as they can gratify consumers who wish to spend beyond their income.

Restoring the balance

ONCE ONE LEAVES the abstractions of the monetary realm for the real world, a certain graceful symmetry is lost. Real resources, unlike monetary resources, can be shrunk but not expanded. In the original Keynesian dilemma, when investment fails to equal savings, the balance in the real world is achieved by a reduction in resources—production declines, people are unemployed, the economy is in depression. When investment exceeds savings, however, there comes a point beyond which additional resources cannot be quickly produced to restore the balance, and the economy must in effect force its members to save. This is accomplished by inflation. To those who want to release real resources for other uses, there is no difference between the man with a $10,000 income who spends $9,000 and saves $1,000 and the man with a $10,000 income who finds it will buy him only what used to be $9,000 worth of goods and services.

The original push toward intense inflation was supplied, no doubt, by the gigantic deficits in the federal budget—especially in the second and third years of the Nixon administration. Miscalculations associated with the Russian grain sale of summer 1972 and the dollar devaluation of February 1973 further exacerbated the situation; the effectiveness of the oil producers' cartel was an added lagniappe. Simpleminded efforts to stop the juggernaut with price controls ultimately made inflation worse, as they always do (in Britain, which has not only stiff price controls but subsidizes producers to hold down the prices of key consumer staples, the rise in the cost of living in 1974 was nearly 20 percent).

But in the United States during 1973 and 1974, government deficits were small; because of revenue sharing, the total budgets of federal, state, and local governments showed a surplus in 1973. What made our desperate inflation possible in those years was the ability of our restructured, internationalized banking system to brush aside the restraining efforts of the Federal Reserve and supply ever-increasing credit to investors, speculators, and consumers. Meanwhile, the traditional users of bank credit—the builders and merchants—were out in the cold, unable to deliver (or, more accurately, promise) sufficiently high returns to justify paying those interest rates. With credit pyramiding all around them, they feared, in Walter Bagehot's phrase, to "perish for want of money." The world was upside down.

A considerable number of technological advances and procedural innovations made possible and supported the revolution in banking—wire transfer of funds, computerized controls, lock-box collection systems, certificates of deposits, federal funds, Eurodollars, et cetera. There is no space here to describe these devices, but it must be said that in banking, as in most human endeavors, *how* is more important than *why;* and nobody should dream of proposing reforms for the banking system without getting a firm grip on the day-to-day details of its operation. Just as no single dramatic event brought forth the revolution, no grand gesture of policy will end it. History is as irreversible for us as it was for our ancestors; to poke about hoping to rectify past mistakes would be the sort of fun that ends too fast, like throwing darts at a blown-up balloon.

With luck, the current recession will be allowed to correct some of the more drastic misvaluations (especially of both urban and agricultural land, of construction labor, and of some commodities) that have been heaved up by inflationary pressures. This cannot be done painlessly: if the public finds beef prices intolerable, as it did in summer 1973, feedlot operators will go broke and farmers will slaughter calves, as they did in 1974. The resulting punishments are of course allocated inequitably. Banks, because so many of their loans are "secured" by overvalued assets, must be among the sufferers if recession is to work its curative powers: we really need some bankruptcies to wring out the water. The price of a suburban house can come down only when builders who have paid too much for the land are sold out by creditors hoping to salvage some of the loan with which the land was bought. The mar

et economy works, not because it rewards success (there are lots of ways to do that), but because it aborts mistakes. The longer the monster's life is sustained, the worse the horror at its death.

We are not likely to be that lucky: the notion that the government can be omnipotent in economic affairs is now very deep-rooted, and the odds are that our economy *can* be puffed up—the misvaluations preserved, the overpriced houses sold, the monsters sustained—for one more swing around the track. As noted, the banks certainly think so: they are back to business as usual. And when one considers the cost in unemployment and anguish that would result from letting nature take its course—probably briefly, but who can be sure?—it is impossible to be too critical of the Micawberish attitude that if we can just keep the GNP growing, something will turn up.

STILL, THE FEELING THAT the worst is over for the banks—which apparently permeated the annual convention of the American Bankers Association in Honolulu last October—almost certainly expresses wishful rather than careful thinking. The ecology movement has alarmed the efficiency of the automobile and energy industries much more seriously than it is yet fashionable to admit, so that even if the recession is brief, unemployment will be more severe than anyone is now predicting. The impending economic and human collapse of India is probably something the banks can take with equanimity, but the American economy (and especially the banks) would be badly shocked if the existing political institutions of Italy and England prove incapable of forcing the Italians and the English to live somewhere near, if not within, their means. There is always, of course, the danger that the Arabs and Israelis will resume their killing. And the next months will see two pieces of bad domestic news that could severely damage the banking system.

One of them is the forthcoming revelation —which can scarcely be delayed beyond the first quarter of 1975—of how badly the Chase Manhattan Bank, our third largest, has been managed. This does not mean that depositors or lenders to Chase will be in any way endangered or even inconvenienced. But after the announcement last summer that Chase's securities portfolio had been substantially overvalued in a quarterly statement, the directors appointed a committee of outsiders to investigate the bank; at least the outlines of their report will become public. Several people close to the work of the committee say that, at first look, the confusion at Chase was highly reminiscent of the conditions at Wall Street brokerage houses during the chaos of 1968-69. While things may not be as bad as initial reports indicated, neither stockholders nor regulators are likely to be pleased with what they learn.

The second is the rapid unraveling of the New York City budget, a tangled weave under both the Lindsay and Beame administrations. New York, alas, really is bust, with debts far beyond constitutional limitations. The scheme has been to take as revenues whatever real-estate taxes are assessed, and to spend the money, whether or not the taxes are collected. The city's rent-controlled residential housing and vacant industrial lofts have not in fact been paying their real-estate taxes. As of last June 30, no less than $405 million of alleged tax revenues was missing from the receipts; by the end of this fiscal year, fuel oil prices and mortgage interest rates being what they are, the total may near $1 billion. The city has been selling "tax-anticipation notes" to pay its day-to-day bills, and rolling over increasing quantities of paper every quarter. In November the total amount of such paper outstanding exceeded $2 billion. It is really the Penn Central business all over again, but with public rather than corporate officers performing the deception. The losses the banks may have to take on New York City paper and on impaired or defaulted mortgages could run into the hundreds of millions—and the effect on people's attitudes may be even more destructive. Nobody has even begun to think of what effect the bankruptcy of New York might have on its ability to continue to serve as the nation's financial center.

But the greatest danger of all is that the shocks will be absorbed, that we will continue to play the great games of let's pretend that have characterized economic and social policy for the last dozen years, that we will not voluntarily, without a terrible crash that stops capital creation, accept the discipline of making our savings match our investments and our tax revenues match our public expenditures. The abuse of credit money to serve pretenses has recurred in history since John Law invented the stuff in the early eighteenth century. We thought we had exorcised these ghosts with the legislation of the early 1930s; it turns out we hadn't. But the revolutionary techniques evolved to subvert the intent of these laws were not examples of greedy misbehavior by moneybags bankers; they were widely applauded ways to get done what the society wanted banks to do, regardless of what the authors of some old laws might have said. If we want a more solid banking structure, we had better build a more solid and less sensation-seeking society. Santayana's theorem has a corollary: those who do not make provision for the future will be condemned to repeat the past. □

"Banks must be among the sufferers if recession is to work its curative powers: we really need some bankruptcies, to wring out the water."

THE BEST CONGRESSMAN

"There sits a buffoon
with the mold of Zeus,
the strength of Atlas,
and, forgive me,
but he is godlike."
—Melvin Laird



REP. DANIEL J. FLOOD is one of the more bizarre products of the seniority system—an aging, pugnacious, Red-baiting eccentric whose vision of the national interest never seems to extend beyond the borders of his constituency.* He is one of the thirteen subcommittee chairmen of the House Appropriations Committee —a group of men so powerful that they are known in Congress as the College of Cardinals. Like the other appropriations chiefs, Floo holds a near-veto power over major portions the annual $300 billion federal budget, and l wields his power ruthlessly to channel unto millions of federal dollars into his district. B cause of his tireless advocacy of military spen ing and his insatiable appetite for pork-barr programs, Congressman Flood is one of tho politicians who are widely denounced for the distortions of our national priorities. In sho he is a vivid illustration of what liberal refor ers feel is wrong with Congress.

There is, however, a different way of loo ing at this malefactor of great influence: se

* The Eleventh Congressional District of Pennsylvania, consisting of five coal-mining and industrial counties (Carbon, Columbia, Luzerne, Montour, and Sullivan) in the northeastern part of the state. The Eleventh's biggest city is Wilkes-Barre (1970 population 58,856).

George Crile is a Washington editor of Harper's Weekly.

hrough the eyes of his constituents in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, Dan Flood is without doubt the best Congressman in the country. For almost three decades he has served as Wilkes-Barre's guardian angel. A peerless ombudsman, he is a father, a priest, an employment bureau, an entertainer, a miraculous "fixer"; and on two occasions when disaster threatened the very survival of his district, he emerged as its savior.

Flood is the last of the great eccentrics to sit in the House, and, befitting his character, he bears a startling resemblance to the colorful villains of vaudeville melodrama. It's the moustache that first catches the eye, almost surreal with its waxed wings and carefully sharpened points. The clothing has to be considered a bit conservative compared to that of twenty years ago, when Flood sported a raccoon coat and derby and dressed regularly in morning coat and striped pants. Today his Edwardian suits, with their bold stripes and wide lapels, seem almost conventional (at least for men of less than his seventy-one years), though the same can't be said for the red-white-and-blue sneakers that Flood delights in wearing.

"Now hear this!" the Congressman shouts at his noisy colleagues. Flood is presiding over the House of Representatives in place of the Speaker, and he is dressed for the occasion in a white Panama suit with black shirt and matching scarlet handkerchief and tie. "This is important!" he says, pounding the gavel. The noise subsides but two members are still talking. Flood points the gavel at them: "Don't let the moustache fool you, this is Flood talking."

The chamber hushes. All eyes focus on the Speaker's chair as Flood launches into his introduction.

"Now, before the curtain rises on scene one, the chairman will set down certain guidelines to be observed during these proceedings." He admonishes the members once again that there will be no conversations in the chamber.

"As the curtain rises," he says, pausing to gesture to the leaders of the coming floor debate, "the *dramatis personae:* at stage right, the gentleman from Texas, Mr. Mahon, has one hour, and at stage left, the gentleman from Michigan, Mr. Cederberg, has one hour. And at stage center, the gentleman from Pennsylvania, Mr. Flood." He gives himself no time limit.

These performances are not the adornments of a politically secure old age; Dan Flood was always bizarre. Once in 1946, as a freshman Congressman, he appeared before a group of drunken miners out on a wildcat strike wearing a silk top hat, white tie, and tails. A satin-lined cape was slung over his shoulders, and he carried an ebony sword stick as he mounted the union-hall stage.

"Who is this pansy?" a burly miner bellowed from the crowd. Flood seemed not to hear the jeers and snickers as he coolly removed his top hat and placed it on a chair. Then, with his cape flying, he leapt from the stage and decked the accusing miner across four rows of chairs. "I used to get into a fight most every night," he recalls nostalgically today. "There was always some joker trying to start things. That was until they found out just who Dan Flood was."

Flood has been making dramatic appearances before one kind of audience or another ever since the late 1920s, when he became a Shakespearean actor and performed in fifty productions on the legitimate stage.* Starstruck women would cluster outside the theaters where his picture appeared on giant posters, sighing, "Ah, Dan, ah, Dan" when the dashing Irish matinee idol appeared to sign autographs. For a time it appeared that the theater would be his life. But on the day Rudolph Valentino was buried, Flood, who was appearing at the old opera house in Wheeling, West Virginia, quit the stage to attend Harvard Law School, finally to return to his theatrical calling by performing on what he considers the greatest stage of them all —the floor of the House of Representatives.

Flood meets flood

THE RAINS FROM tropical storm Agnes first hit Wilkes-Barre on June 21, 1972. By the morning of June 23 the Susquehanna had risen forty feet and sent Agnes's waters pouring over the dikes protecting the twenty-two communities clustered around Wilkes-Barre. In the early dawn, a few residents were amazed to see what appeared to be a fleet of small boats cruising down the flooded main street of town. They were coffins, pried out of the earth by the raging currents and sent on a macabre voyage through the city.

A day later, Wilkes-Barre and its neighboring cities in the Wyoming Valley were ghost towns with more than 200,000 people evacuated from their homes. Of the estimated $4 billion in damage caused by the flood—acknowledged by some authorities as the worst civil disaster in this country's history—nearly one quarter of the losses came from the greater Wilkes-Barre area. In Washington, Flood was working in his one-bedroom apartment next to the Capitol at 2:00 A.M. when he learned that the Susquehanna was starting to rise over its banks. For sixteen years he had served on two subcommittees with Republican Congressman Melvin Laird. Laird, now Secretary of Defense, was fast asleep at 3:00 A.M. when his phone

* Flood grew his moustache for a role as a plantation owner in *White Cargo*, a play in which he appeared in New Orleans. One of the ushers at those performances was a young boy named F. Edward Hébert, now chairman of the House Armed Services Committee.

rang: "Stand by!" Flood shouted into the phone after telling Laird that he was on his way to take command of the rescue effort, and that he expected full-scale assistance from his old friend.

"Yes, sir," the Secretary of Defense replied.

Several hours later, Flood stepped into Laird's helicopter at the Pentagon for the trip to Wilkes-Barre. He sat in silence as the chopper flew through the storm. His legislative assistant, Richard Altman, remembers that Flood's anger seemed to flare up as he neared his district. Then, as the chopper landed at the Wilkes-Barre/Scranton airport, Flood turned to Altman and spoke for the first time—much as a sheriff in a Western might have informed a bad man that there wasn't room in his town for the two of them: "This is going to be one Flood against another."

There is no precedent and no legal authority for a Congressman to take control of any part of a disaster relief mission. It is a local and state responsibility that cannot be assumed unless the state asks for federal assistance. The man in charge of the rescue effort in Flood's district was the Luzerne County civil defense director, a retired general named Frank Townend. At the peak of the flooding, Gov. Milton Shapp called Townend to ask if the situation warranted seeking federal assistance. Townend, a stalwart foe of federal intervention in state affairs, insisted that the situation was completely under control. He indicated that Washington's assistance would only complicate matters.

The senior military officer on duty in the area, Lt. Howard Glad, was the first to greet Flood. Without stopping for an introduction, the Congressman announced he would establish his command post in the Naval Reserve Center and that Glad would serve as his "Navy lieutenant two-striper operations officer." "He had no authority to do this," Glad recalls, but Flood was impatient with mere legalisms, and Glad was not about to challenge a man who had just arrived in the Secretary of Defense's helicopter. "What do you need here?" Flood asked.

"Helicopters," Glad replied, and then explained that it wasn't possible to get authorization to have any sent in. "Well," declared Flood, "I'm vice-chairman of defense appropriations." By afternoon Flood's new aide had a good idea of the powers inherent in that title. Forty additional helicopters appeared on the scene, and during the next few days, Glad estimates, they were making around 1,600 sorties a day. "We were yanking people off of rooftops and porches, hilltops and trucks. There were eighteen cardiac arrests, two Caesarean sections, two appendectomies, and two tracheotomies following helicopter evacuations. Without Flood we wouldn't have had any helicopter support in those critical first days. Without the helicopters, at least 1,000 people might have been killed." As it was, there were only four deaths.

AS THE FLOOD WATERS POURED over the dikes in Wilkes-Barre, they pushed their way throughout most of the city, halting deferentially half a block on either side of Dan Flood's small frame house. That night on the television news, Flood, dressed in fatigues, was shown standing on a hill overlooking his flooded district. "Today," he said, "I have ordered the Army Corps of Engineers not to permit the Susquehanna to rise one more inch."

Technically, of course, the Congressman had no authority to order the Corps of Engineers to do anything, much less make the rains go away. Indeed, out in the flooded cities he was forced to battle for his district's survival on two fronts: one with a federal bureaucracy reluctant to enter a state without authorization and the other with General Townend.

A typical skirmish in the latter battle broke out when Townend refused to authorize a request for stethoscopes and other sorely needed medical supplies. According to one person who saw the requisition order, the General scribbled in the margin: "If they have to listen to a heart beat they can darn well go down on their knees and put their ears to the patient's chest." Flood sent an Army truck to pick up the supplies anyway, only to have the National Guardsmen refuse to release them. The truck came back empty, and an incensed Flood put in a call to Governor Shapp. An observer recalled his words: "If you won't give us the supplies we'll blast the place open." The medical supplies were handed out.

Another skirmish: on Wednesday the General ordered the National Guard troops out of the valley. On Friday Flood not only had them back but had arranged to have several companies of Army reservists reassigned to Wilkes-Barre for their summer training. And another: the General ordered a halt to the emergency federal food shipments that were being distributed to tens of thousands of flood victims at the local airport. A call from Flood, and the Department of Agriculture reinstated the shipments under the pretext of "supporting the federal effort." And so the local battle with Townend went.

Meanwhile, on the federal level, Flood continued to perform like a circus impresario calling out one more remarkable act after another. On the second night of the flood, a fire started in downtown Wilkes-Barre and threatened to spread throughout the central city. Burning office buildings were surrounded by several feet of water, making it impossible for fire trucks to move in. This was the sort of challenge that seemed to delight Flood.

Reasoning that the nearest analogy to his problem was a fire at sea, Flood located a Coast Guard fireboat in New Jersey and then found a C-130 transport in Boston. An Air Force general was awakened at 2:00 A.M. by a strange, theatrical voice. After cracking several jokes, Flood identified himself as "the vice-chairman of defense appropriations. My spies tell me you have a C-130 on the line there."

When the plane arrived in Wilkes-Barre with the fireboat, two flatbed trucks from the Tobyhanna Army Depot * rushed the boat to the flooded city, where it steamed off and put out the fire, just a few hours after it had begun.

Flood was exhilarated. At sixty-eight he was working twenty-two hours a day and seemed to be getting stronger as he went along. Throughout the crisis he continued to dress extravagantly in purple and brown Edwardian suits, his moustache carefully waxed. Harried bureaucrats from assorted federal agencies, summoned to Wilkes-Barre by Flood, waited outside his "command post" to be received.

"Why, you must have crystal balls," Flood snapped at one official who had just given a detailed accounting of the damage. "Those are the very questions I was going to ask you to look into." Flood listened for a moment more as the man launched into a new set of statistics. "Okay, that's enough. Pull the curtain down." The man kept talking. "Curtain down!" Flood shouted. "When an act's good, get out in time."

Enter another man from the General Services Administration. When he flubbed his lines, Flood barked, "I'm getting food flown here. I'm getting medicine and personnel. Now I want germicides from you. I want soap tonight!" The tongue-tied GSA man mumbled a commitment as Flood waved him off the stage. "That's it. Good show, enough for one show." The next official opened the door as Flood muttered: "A bureaucrat's a bureaucrat until you do something about it."

Arm-twisting

IN A SENSE FLOOD HAD BEEN rehearsing for his role in the Great Deluge ever since he entered Congress in 1944. In that year the Eleventh Congressional District was suffering an even greater disaster than the waters that would drown it twenty-eight years later. For decades, coal mining had been the sole industry in northeastern Pennsylvania, an area that holds the only major deposits of anthracite coal in the country. During World War I, more trains came into Wilkes-Barre than into any other city except Chicago. Each year 100,000 men toiled in the mines to produce 100 million tons of coal for a seemingly limitless market. By the end of World War II, however, anthracite was no longer competitive with bituminous coal, which is easier to mine, nor with liquid and gaseous fuels. Today, the demand for anthracite has all but disappeared save one loyal but increasingly reluctant customer, the U.S. Army.

In 1960 Flood discovered that it was technically possible to convert the U.S. Army's 8,000 coke-burning barracks furnaces in West Germany to anthracite use. Granted, anthracite coal was not being used anywhere else in the world: it was expensive to buy, even more expensive to ship across the Atlantic from Wilkes-Barre, and particularly expensive to hire more than 1,000 men needed to stoke the furnaces. Nevertheless, the furnaces were converted.

By the late 1960s, even the Army began to flinch at the annual cost of the favor to Flood. Budget officials estimated that the Army could save over $20 million a year by reconverting the furnaces to oil. Moreover, there were no longer enough people willing to work in the Wilkes-Barre mines, and the companies were falling behind in their shipments. They had even resorted to lobbying with immigration officials to let them import German miners. Year after year, the Army has attempted to get Congress to appropriate funds for the reconversion, and each year the proposal has died in the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, of which Dan Flood is vice-chairman.

At lunch in the House dining room, Flood eagerly admitted to his role in the matter: "Hell, yes, I stopped it." Other Congressmen seated at adjoining tables looked up with smiles. "I did it by twisting arms and hammering heads. I'd break a few arms if I had to."

"Why does the Army let you do it?" Flood was asked.

"They can't be blamed," he said sympathetically. "After all, here's Flood, a nice fellow, and he's got a great reputation for being for defense appropriations—bang, bang, bang, and all that. Jesus Christ, suppose you were one of these goddamn generals or secretaries or deputy secretaries. What are you going to do? Jeopardize the Army materiel command with a son of a bitch like that for a couple of million dollars, for a couple of tons of coal? Bullshit." *

Flood is like a barroom civics teacher, delighting in relating how he pressures the system to respond to his district's needs. "It just so

"Flood returned to his theatrical calling by performing on what he considers the greatest stage of them all—the floor of the House of Representatives."

* The Tobyhanna Army Depot was just a shooting range until Flood took an interest in the installation. The Army had decided to shut it down when the vice-chairman of defense appropriations persuaded the Pentagon to transform it into the principal East Coast base for overhauls of communications equipment.

* Last year, in the wake of the energy crisis, Flood managed to write into law a measure prohibiting conversion of the furnaces. A despairing Army budget official remarked, "Now he's made it so we could get put in jail for trying to convert those furnaces."

happens that I get along with most of the members of the subcommittee [Defense Appropriations]. I do a lot for them, and I'm also chairman of the Labor Health, Education, and Welfare Subcommittee. For the first time in history the HEW bill is bigger than Defense. Here I am, identified with three-fourths of the whole federal budget. You can imagine what that means. You get to be known, and while you don't threaten anyone—they are very understanding people and very human—it's this sort of thing, you see. It's very technical and I use all of these opportunities, advantages, seniority, and all of this stuff for the purpose of helping whatever is left of the goddamn anthracite coal industry."

Almost every year Jack Anderson devotes a column to "Dapper Dan Flood." He writes of the 100 free flights Flood took on Continental Airlines when his law firm was put on the airline's retainer, or of the time Flood obtained a large defense contract for Medico Industries, which Anderson maintained had connections with the Mafia. One column charged Flood with pressuring HEW to award a $500,000 contract to an unqualified Wilkes-Barre firm. Flood's approach to answering such charges is generally the same. "That wasn't the first time I've twisted some arms for someone back home," he said. "I've done it hundreds of times. In fact, I did it fifteen times today already."

The benevolent dictator

THE WYOMING VALLEY had been declared a federal disaster area once before, in the 1950s, when the death of the coal-mining industry had lifted the unemployment rate to 19 percent. There were no major roads into the district, the closest fully equipped hospital was in Philadelphia, and the area was split into twenty-two competing and inefficient municipalities.

Yet by 1972 the valley had achieved a complete recovery. When the floodwaters came in June, unemployment had dropped to the national average as a diversified industrial base offered more and more jobs and a hopeful future. There is no mystery behind the recovery. On every facet of it rests the signature of Dan Flood.

On more than one occasion, truckers driving down Interstate 83 have been startled by the sudden appearance of a white Cadillac convertible bearing down on them. In it are Mr. and Mrs. Dan Flood, on their way to Wilkes-Barre. A parakeet called Tony is in a cage on the floor, Cocoa the dachshund sits on Mrs. Flood's lap, and a goldfish in a bowl rests between the Congressman's legs. "Overtake that truck," Flood orders his aide, and, as the Cadillac accelerates, he leans out of the window and shakes his fist at the driver: "You bastard, you're going too fast! [*Aside*] The bastard doesn't know that I built this highway."

As Flood tells it, he was serving on another appropriations subcommittee, which had jurisdiction over the Bureau of Public Roads, when the planners sought funding for a major north-south interstate highway linking Montreal to New Orleans. "Well, that won't do me any good," Flood said after looking at the plans, which called for the road to pass far to the west of his district.

"Why?" one planner asked.

"I'm from Wilkes-Barre," Flood replied.

Three weeks later, a new plan called for the highway to pass through Wilkes-Barre. "The chairman of the subcommittee, John Rooney, was an usher at my wedding," Flood explained.

In the decade after World War II, about the only new jobs created in Flood's districts came as a result of his efforts—particularly through a series of federal area redevelopment programs for which he claims primary responsibility.

"The first big thing was the so-called Flood-Douglas bill, which provided federal funds (including long-term, low-interest loans for businesses) for depressed areas. You can imagine what kind of funds my district got," Flood crowed. "The bill was too parochial, though, and we couldn't get enough votes to keep it going, so we expanded it into the Appalachian Bill," Flood went on. "I got Robert Kennedy in on that one, and, lo and behold, thirteen counties on the New York-Pennsylvania border turned up in Appalachia. That must have surprised them. But we had to get more votes, so we gave birth to the Economic Development Act, and *everybody* is included in that." Not by any coincidence, the EDA regional office for the Eastern United States, the Virgin Islands, and Puerto Rico was located in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

Flood does not restrict his efforts to the federal bureaucracy. He has also demonstrated a particular talent at persuading defense-oriented businesses to locate factories in his district. "I'm not a genius," he says of this effort. "Little birdies fly by and drop these goodies on my desk. For example, I find out that a company is looking for a site to make shoes or erasers or whatever, and I go to them and say, 'I need you.' Somebody at the company board meeting will say, 'By the way, Flood's on the Defense Appropriations Subcommittee.' Later, you can be sure that company won't be overlooked."

Frank Carlucci, former director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, still recalls his surprise when he informed Flood that some of the OEO programs in his district would have to be cut back in keeping with nationwide reductions. "Gentlemen," Flood said, after listening to the lengthy explanation, "there comes a time when

every man must learn to rise above principle." Carlucci duly adjusted the funding in the entire state of Pennsylvania to keep the programs in Flood's district intact.

"There aren't many programs originating from Washington that we haven't participated in,"* says Edgar Lashford, director of the Wilkes-Barre Chamber of Commerce. "Flood finds them and then he's on the phone telling you to get a committee together to apply for them. From the time he first calls, you better believe you'll get a couple of letters a week asking what you've done and telephone calls at all hours of the night. He'll either have us go to Washington to meet with a representative of the given funding agency, or they'll come up here. They'll even fill in the applications for you if you need the help. I shudder to think of the frustration we'll encounter the first year Dan Flood's no longer in Washington."

AFTER THE GREAT DISASTER of 1972, Flood set off for Washington to mount the major lobbying campaign of his career. He was resolved that the federal government should—at the very least—restore his district to its antediluvian status.

"There has probably never been a Congressman in any district in history where the need for all the skills and powers that I have was so necessary," Flood boasted as he embarked on his campaign. It was no idle boast.

For the last three decades, Flood has operated rather like a Mafia don, viewing a request for help from a fellow Congressman as an opportunity rather than a burden. By 1972 his IOUs were carefully distributed throughout the power structure of the House, hitting every region and committee, and extending to both parties. "Flood's in a position to accommodate a lot of members," explained Speaker Carl Albert. "It's money that makes the merry-go-round, and HEW is the biggest peacetime committee of all." President—and former House Minority Leader—Ford agreed with Albert's view, adding that Flood possesses the most important quality necessary to acquire influence in the House: "He's a man of his word. He's asked me for some favors, and he's stood up for us on some tough votes."

Joe Waggonner of Louisiana, a spokesman and leader of the Southern delegation, chuckled when asked about Flood: "This old boy is a boy I suppose you don't find too many of in the North. He understands the practical problems of politicians in the South. I'll give you an example: the schools in Otto Passman's district [in Louisiana] were being cut out of Emergency School Assistance money because the district hadn't complied with the court desegregation order. So Otto went to Dan, and Dan forced HEW to change its regulations so that the schools could qualify for funds. He's a Congressman's Congressman. The way we operate around here is, if he wants it and we've got it, it's his."*

Rep. Tom Steed of Oklahoma, a fellow member of the College of Cardinals, seemed to summarize the prevailing sentiment of Flood's colleagues: "It's true that I do more for Dan Flood than I do for other members of Congress. It's because Dan Flood can do more for me than other members of Congress."

Steed was the first to answer Flood's appeal for assistance by allowing him to appear before his House Treasury, Postal Service, and General Government Subcommittee to ask for a funding increase in the President's relief bill: "Dan gave a prayer oration, a real tearjerker; it would have melted a heart of stone. Well, he saw to it that the $100 million was raised to $200 million."

Flood was not working alone. Scores of other Congressmen also had Agnes's waters to contend with, and they, too, were calling in their IOUs. But none quite like Flood. "Now look, goddamn it," Flood could be heard barking at hesitant colleagues. "I've taken care of you before, now you get in line."

In the hall outside the House floor, Flood, wearing dark glasses and dressed in a Panama suit and red-white-and-blue sneakers, greeted Rep. William Barrett of Philadelphia. Barrett, an old-style ward politician who still wears a boiled shirt, proudly reported that an amendment had passed providing direct federal assistance to private and parochial schools affected by the flood.

"It's absolutely unconstitutional," Flood declared, feigning disapproval.

"Unprecedented," Barrett replied with a smile.**

"Flood is like a barroom civics teacher, delighting in relating how he pressures the system to respond to his district's needs."

* The target of the original Model Cities program was to be limited to inner-city ghettos, but when the bill ran into trouble Speaker of the House John McCormack sought Flood's assistance. Flood agreed to cosponsor a modified bill. The bill passed, and Wilkes-Barre became the first city to have its application granted for the Model Cities program.

* Though considered a liberal on domestic issues, Flood has long been a darling of political conservatives because of his hard-line stands on defense and foreign-policy questions. His lobbying efforts in Congress, employing heated warnings of the "Red menace" in Panama, are largely responsible for frustrating the efforts of four Presidents to amend the Panama Canal treaty. The Panamanian General Assembly recognized Flood's work several years ago with a resolution declaring him Panama's "Public Enemy Number One."

** According to Barrett, Flood's lobbying campaign was largely responsible for doubling the amount of federal assistance offered to disaster victims. Calling Flood's efforts "unprecedented," Speaker Albert observed that Flood had only begun his planned efforts. "I think he will probably be successful and in the process will be setting precedents."

A kind of immortality

LOUIS HARRIS HAS FOUND that less than 50 percent of the American voting public can identify their Congressman by name. In Pennsylvania's Eleventh Congressional district, which in 1970 reelected its Congressman to a twelfth term with 97 percent of the vote, it's a rare citizen who doesn't know the name of Dan Flood. More often than not, his constituents can also tell you what committees he serves on, what his accomplishments for the district have been, and how his health is. Invariably, someone in their families has been helped by him.

Bill Barnes is a retired coal miner crippled by black-lung disease. He sits day after day in his air-conditioned trailer with an oxygen inhaler next to his chair. The breath of life is slowly, painfully leaving him. "My two brothers and father and all of my cousins and uncles died of black lung," he says. "I'm just waiting my time. There's no work I could do, and you can't collect Social Security until you're sixty-two, and then it's only $165 a month. How ya goin' to live on that?" Thanks largely to Flood's success in rallying his colleagues to pass the black-lung bill, Barnes and the 25,000 other black-lung victims in Flood's district are receiving $165 a month in disability payments. "It's because of Dan Flood that we all have a chance of living a little longer," Barnes reflected.

"People are now saying we shouldn't have passed that bill, that it opened the floodgates—well, Flood opened them," Rep. Bob Casey of Texas commented. "You won't find a similar piece of legislation on the books—not for the asbestos workers or the textile workers or steelworkers. Flood convinced the rest of us that he had more of the affected miners in his district than anywhere else. I can assure you that you won't find any black lung in Texas, yet the whole delegation voted for it."

On the day of the vote, Flood discovered that some swing votes were shifting. "These guys from the steel and asbestos plant district wanted to know why they shouldn't be included—'What about us?' they asked. I knew I had to do something goddamn quick."

House Majority Leader Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill, Jr., recalls Flood's performance that day. "Ordinarily speeches don't change votes anymore but this one did. It was one of the two or three most impressive speeches I've ever heard. Most of us hadn't even heard of black lung before that day. It completely killed the opposition. He got a standing ovation."

"You can't get away with that kind of speech very often," Flood commented later. "I went pretty far—a very stylized performance, in full costume. Oh yes, I pulled out all the stops. I think it was impromptu, too."

EACH YEAR FLOOD ASSIGNS a different branch of the armed services responsibility for putting on an extravaganza at the Wilkes-Barre Veterans' Day Parade, and he always has a platoon of generals and admirals flown in from the Pentagon to walk with him at the head of the procession.

In 1962 it seemed unlikely that the parade would take place—Flood had undergone surgery for advanced cancer of the stomach and esophagus, a dangerous operation requiring a long and painful recuperation. But in Flood's world the show must go on. Defying his doctors and the realities of his physical condition, he took his usual position at the head of the parade. Then, as on every Veterans' Day in Wilkes-Barre for the last two decades, the vice-chairman of defense appropriations led his admirals and generals while jets swooped overhead, Army marching bands blared, and drill teams did their fancy stepping. Flood walked along the four-mile parade route, his expression defiantly concealing his agony, his constituents applauding as he passed by. The Navy was in charge of entertainment last year as Flood, fortified by an overwhelming election victory, marched gallantly at the head of the greatest parade in Wilkes-Barre's history.

Tears come to the eyes of Catherine Flood when she talks of the man who was once her childhood matinee idol. A onetime actress herself, she met him during a Ferris wheel ride at a church social. The wheel got stuck, and they were suspended in the air together for several hours until a fire truck came with a ladder and brought them down. "He believes that you've always got to give that audience just as much as you did the first night. No matter how big or small the group, he never lets up. He always gives his best performance."

For several years after his operation, Flood resembled a walking corpse and he was given up by his colleagues as moribund. But by the late 1960s he seemed to have miraculously regained his health.

With trusted friends he sometimes accepts an offered arm for support when walking. But this is all somehow concealed from the public eye; and when a crisis such as the Great Deluge arises, he manages to fool even himself.

The lights burn late into the night in Flood's offices in the old Cannon Office Building. He works at his desk six, sometimes seven days a week. Each morning at his apartment next to the Capitol, he waxes his moustache and selects his costume for the day. At 9:00, he takes his wife's arm and walks out into the hall.

"Every night's a first night," Catherine Flood says to her matinee idol as he steps into the elevator. And as the door closes, she adds, as she has each morning for the last twenty years: "Cut 'em deep and let 'em bleed!" □



Meet our pet St. Bernard

He barks in Italian. Not really, but he is an Italian import, in handsome natural terra cotta. Fired at an unusually high 2000° for 36 hours which effectively weather-proofs him so he is just as happy in your garden or on the deck as he is in the house. From a collection of very nice gift animals, $90 to $515. The life-size St. Bernard by special order $515. Gifts in Normandy Lane, San Francisco.

LIBERTY HOUSE

SAN FRANCISCO, STOCKTON AT O'FARRELL. PHONE 772-2121. · LIBERTY HOUSE IS AN Amfac COMPANY

TASTE THE DIFFERENCE A GREAT TRADITION MAKES.

For centuries, the world's master tobacconists have created special blends for their most favored customers . . . elegant, luxurious, supremely rich in taste.

Today, this dedication to excellence can be found in St. Moritz . . . the world's first luxury length Gold Band® filter. St. Moritz is specially blended to American tastes, both with and without menthol. The luxury length and distinctive Gold Band® set St. Moritz apart from the ordinary. They taste as rich as they look, yet the price is the same as that of ordinary cigarettes. St. Moritz. None genuine without the Gold Band.®

By Appointment to His Royal Highness
The Prince of The Netherlands
Turmac Tobacco Company B.V.



ST MORITZ.
RICHER...BY TRADITION.

Regular and menthol: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Arthur M. Louis

THE WORST AMERICAN CITY

A scientific study to confirm or deny your prejudices

IF YOU WERE TO TRAVEL around the country asking people to name the worst American city, you'd get a lot of conflicting opinions. Down in the Bible Belt, there would be a chorus of sentiment for New York, that Mecca of sin and socialism. But in New York the choice might very well be some straitlaced city in the Bible Belt. Among the glittering sophisticates of San Francisco, the favorite candidate probably would be that gauche, elephantine neighbor to the south—Los Angeles. But in Los Angeles you'd find strong support for that mound of decadence to the north—San Francisco.

As this suggests, off-the-cuff opinions are not very useful in appraising the nation's cities. One man might disdain a city because it is politically conservative, or racially homogeneous, or sexually subdued. Another will like it for precisely the same reasons.

Still, there are certain features of urban life that everyone—regardless of politics, color, or glandular development—would consider favorable. Plentiful parklands, modern housing, and well-equipped medical facilities clearly enhance a city. There also are certain features of urban life that are indisputably bad. Dirty air, widespread poverty, and a high crime rate obviously detract from a city's appeal. If one were to apply enough objective criteria, it should be possible to arrive at a meaningful answer to the question, Which is the worst American city?

I have endeavored to do just that, taking as my model a study that appeared during 1931 in H. L. Mencken's *American Mercury*. That study, was aimed at identifying not the worst city but the worst state. Since Mencken was that one fellow Marylander would call a "nabob of negativism," it was typical that he should be concerned with the worst rather than the best. (The worst state turned out to be Mississippi; the best, Massachusetts.) However, I'd like to believe that it doesn't require any perversity of character to go looking for the worst city. There are no good cities in America today—only bad and less bad.

My inquiry was limited to the nation's fifty largest cities. Data on their quality are, unfortunately, relatively scarce. Mencken, in his study of the states, compiled more than 100 statistical tables, but I settled for only twenty-four that I considered relevant. Most of my data came from publications of the U.S. government—especially the Census Bureau—but there also is a smattering from private sources, and some not previously published.

All the statistics are out of date—some more than others. Because I relie heavily on the decennial census, many of my statistical comparisons go back to April 1, 1970—more than four years ago.

To determine a city's final standing, I computed the average of its rankings in each of the twenty-four categories. This was Mencken's method, and one which he correctly acknowledged to be rather dubious. The method's most profound shortcoming is that it assigns equal weight to each category; for example, a large number of rapes and a large number of robberies are considered equally deplorable for the purposes of this study. However, I can think of no satisfactory way to resolve the problem. If I were to assign weights to the various categories, the study could properly be condemned as arbitrary. I can only hope that there are enough categories to neutralize most of the inequities.

Crime

SINCE CRIME IS THE paramount concern of many city dwellers, it seems an appropriate starting point in discussing the results of the study. My source was the *Uniform Crime Reports* for 1972, published by the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It has frequently been pointed out that the statistics in this annual publication are not necessarily accurate. The FBI must rely on reports from local police, and it doesn't have the resources to verify the information it receives. As a result, police forces that are either lax or deceitful in compiling crime statistics are represented alongside those that are true blue. A prime offender, it appears, is the Philadelphia police force. The information supplied to the FBI indicates that Philadelphia has a relatively low crime rate; yet independent samplings, such as a recent one by the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, a federal agency, suggest that the City of Brotherly Love is one of the

Arthur Louis is an associate editor of Fortune *magazine.*

Arthur M. Louis

THE WORST AMERICAN CITY

most crime-ridden places on the map. Unfortunately, the agency's study dealt with only eighteen cities—not enough for my purposes.

According to the FBI tally, Atlanta had by far the worst homicide rate among the fifty largest cities. There were 255 murders and non-negligent manslaughter cases reported there in 1972, or one for every 1,951 residents. That was more than fifteen times the rate for the least homicidal city—El Paso. Here is a comparison of the very best and very worst showings in this category:

MURDER AND NON-NEGLIGENT MANSLAUGHTER PER 100,000 RESIDENTS

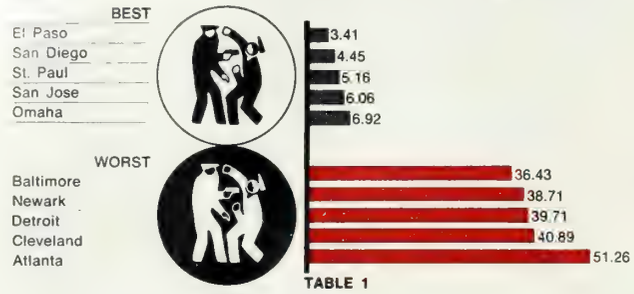


TABLE 1

Washington had the worst rape record. The statistics suggest that one out of every five females living in Washington will be raped during a normal lifespan, if the present rate prevails.

FORCIBLE RAPES PER 100,000 RESIDENTS

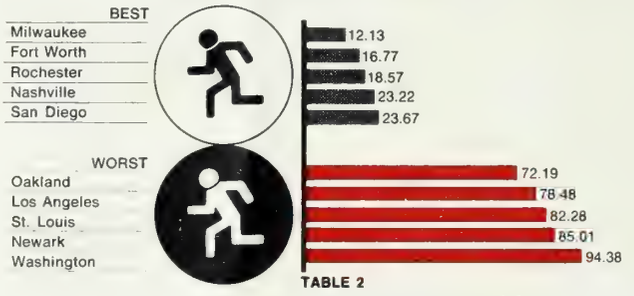


TABLE 2

Newark was the scene of 4,788 robberies, a staggering total for a city its size. At that rate, anyone planning to spend a lifetime in Newark can virtually count on being robbed someday.

ROBBERIES PER 100,000 RESIDENTS

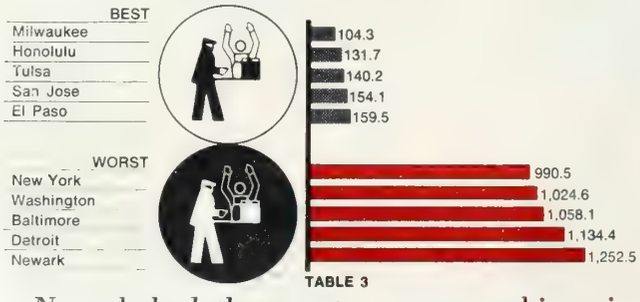


TABLE 3

Newark had the worst average rankings in the three crime categories, Washington the next worst. Milwaukee, despite reputedly honest police reports, came out best, well ahead of San Diego and El Paso, which tied for second place.

Health

MOST OF THE STATISTICS on health come from *Vital Statistics of the United States*, a multivolume work put out each year by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. *Vital Statistics* provides a wealth of information, but it is published with a lag of almost five years. The statistics in the latest edition cover the year 1969.

It is revealing to separately consider certain kinds of death. Deaths from influenza and pneumonia suggest squalid living conditions and improper health care. So do deaths in early childhood.

DEATHS FROM INFLUENZA AND PNEUMONIA PER 100,000 RESIDENTS

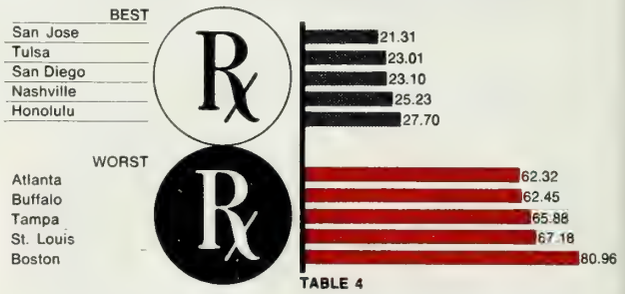


TABLE 4

HEW's statistics on infant mortality include children who were born alive but perished before their first birthdays.

INFANT DEATHS PER 100,000 RESIDENTS

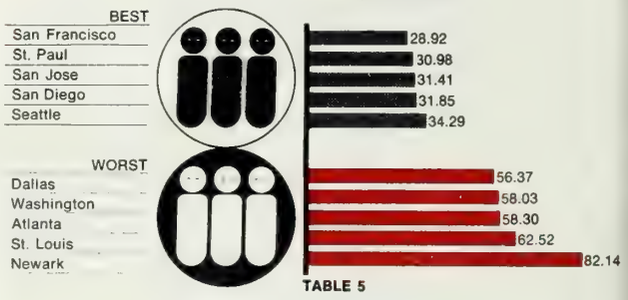


TABLE 5

Statistics on the quantity—if not the quality—of health care available in each city can be gleaned from the 1970 census.

RATIO OF PEOPLE TO MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS

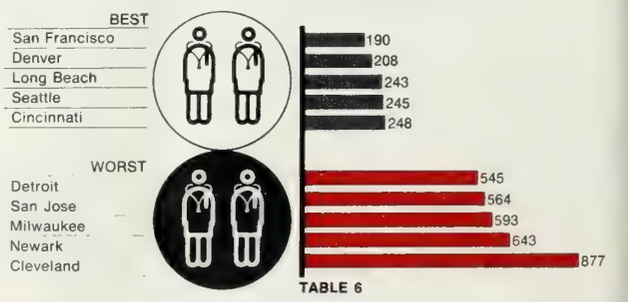


TABLE 6

HOSPITAL BEDS PER 10,000 RESIDENTS

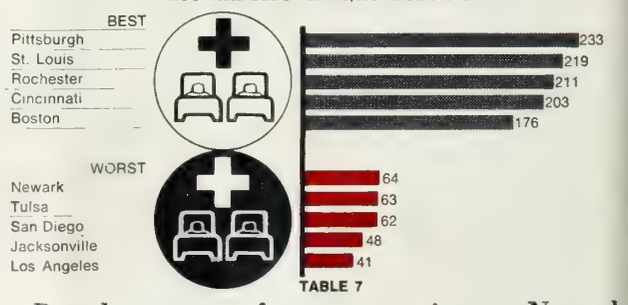


TABLE 7

Based on our four comparisons, Newark stands out as the sickliest city—by an unhealthy margin over Detroit. Nashville ranks highest, with Long Beach second.

Affluence

THE CENSUS BUREAU'S figures on individual and family income may be somewhat misleading, since they are not adjusted for differences in the cost of living.

MEDIAN INCOME PER CAPITA

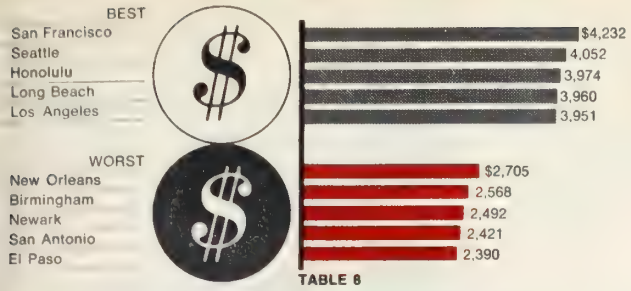


TABLE 8

PERCENTAGE OF FAMILIES BELOW POVERTY-INCOME LEVEL

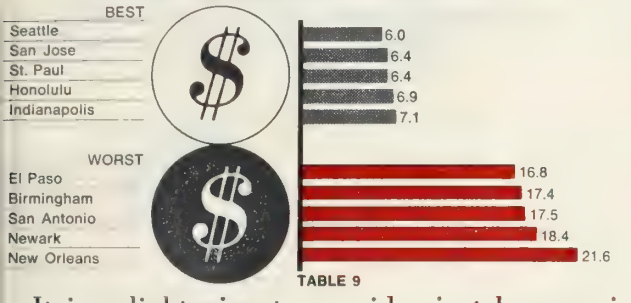


TABLE 9

It is enlightening to consider just how equitably the income is allocated between the races.

BLACK-FAMILY MEDIAN INCOME
AS A PERCENTAGE OF WHITE-FAMILY MEDIAN INCOME

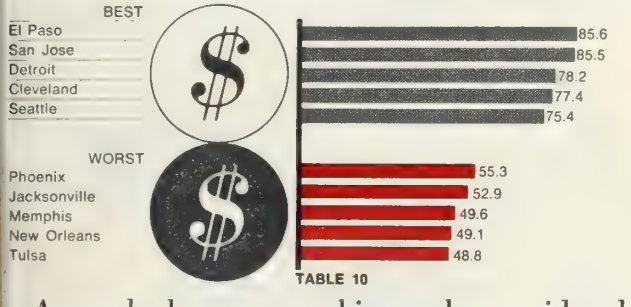


TABLE 10

As a rule, home ownership can be considered a measure of affluence. But the statistics for cities like New York, where apartment-dwelling is a dominant way of life, may be misleading.

PERCENTAGE OF HOUSING UNITS OWNED BY OCCUPANTS

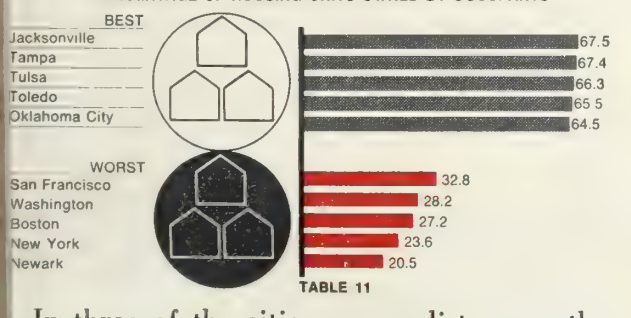


TABLE 11

In three of the cities on our list, more than a fifth of the households are too poor to afford a phone.

PERCENTAGE OF HOUSING UNITS WITH TELEPHONE AVAILABLE



TABLE 12

Based on five comparisons, New Orleans emerges as the least affluent city, with Norfolk next. San Jose is the most affluent, while Seattle ranks second.

Housing

ALL OF THE STATISTICS on housing were taken from the 1970 census. Housing values vary tremendously from city to city. This is partly due to differences in the cost of living, or to the scarcity of the housing itself. But housing values also reflect quality—of the structures, and of the cities in which they are located.

MEDIAN VALUE OF OWNER-OCCUPIED, SINGLE-FAMILY DWELLINGS
(ESTIMATED BY OWNERS)

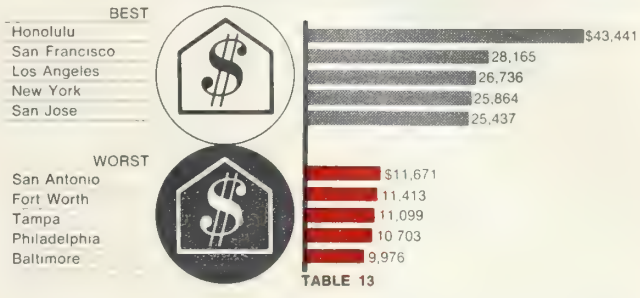


TABLE 13

Finally, here are two comparisons that indicate what conditions are like inside all those dwellings:

PERCENTAGE OF HOUSING UNITS WITH 1.01 OR MORE PERSONS PER ROOM



TABLE 14

PERCENTAGE OF HOUSING UNITS LACKING SOME OR ALL PLUMBING FACILITIES

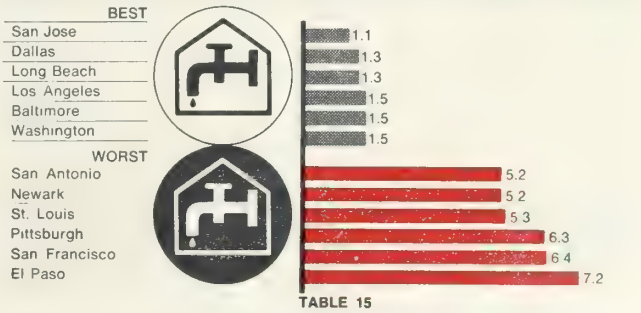


TABLE 15

By our three measures of housing quality, San Antonio stands worst among the fifty cities, followed by El Paso. Long Beach finished at the top of the list, with San Jose second.

Education and professional achievement

STATISTICS ON THE educational background of each city's adult residents were taken from the 1970 census.

PERCENTAGE OF COLLEGE GRADUATES, INDIVIDUALS 25 AND OLDER

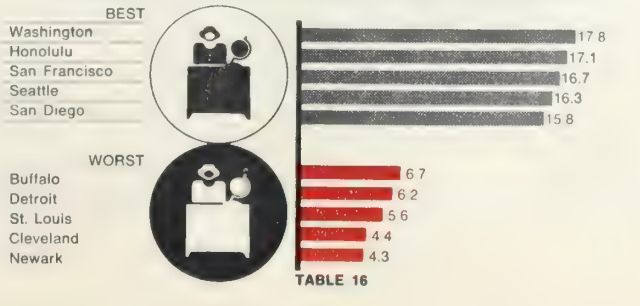


TABLE 16

Arthur M. Louis

THE WORST AMERICAN CITY

PERCENTAGE OF HIGH-SCHOOL GRADUATES, INDIVIDUALS 25 AND OLDER

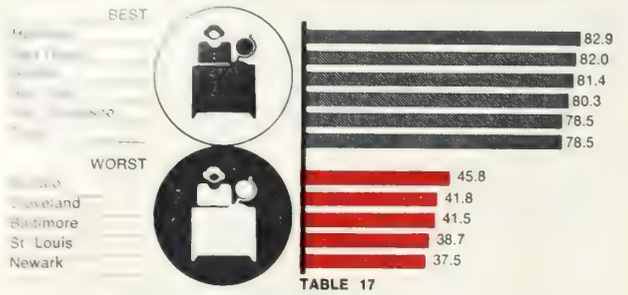


TABLE 17

I wanted to find out how many residents of each city appear in *Who's Who in America*, since this was one of the more intriguing comparisons in the Mencken study. But the publishers of *Who's Who* couldn't supply this information, so I had to make the count myself. Below are the results of some sixty hours of close work. Checks on my accuracy are welcome.

WHO'S WHO ENTRIES PER 100,000 RESIDENTS

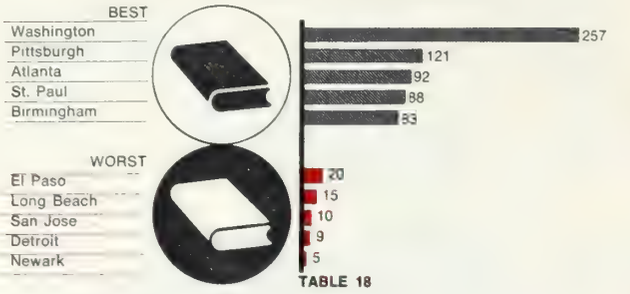


TABLE 18

In educational and professional achievement, Newark made the worst showing, while Detroit was next worst. Honolulu ranked highest, with Washington second.

Atmosphere

ONE OF THE GREAT curses of city life is overcrowding. The statistics on population density come from the 1970 census.

RESIDENTS PER SQUARE MILE

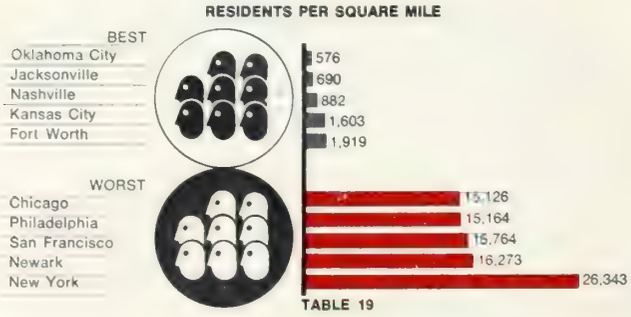


TABLE 19

The statistics on air pollution come from published and unpublished material supplied by the Environmental Protection Agency, and covering the years 1970 and 1971.

MICROGRAMS OF PARTICULATE MATTER PER CUBIC METER OF AIR

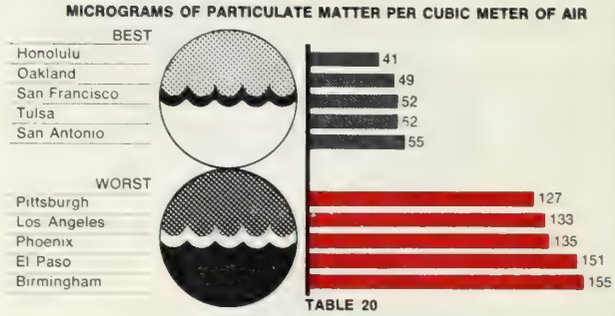


TABLE 20

If the entire population of Newark were to spill into the parks one sunny Sunday, each resident would have to confine himself to an area roughly four feet by four feet. That might be enough for picnicking, or for quiet contemplation, but it would rule out a game of catch, or even vigorous gestures. Statistics on park and recreation space were supplied by the National Park Association, a private organization with headquarters in Arlington, Virginia.

PARK AND RECREATIONAL ACREAGE PER 10,000 RESIDENTS

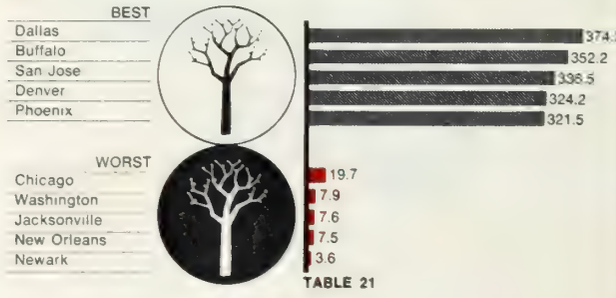


TABLE 21

Based on our three measures of atmosphere, New York and Chicago are tied for worst, while Fort Worth and Tulsa are tied for best.

Amenities

I HAVE LUMPED TOGETHER under this last—and deliberately vague—heading three disparate statistical comparisons. They deal with the size of each city's public-library collection, the number of hotel and motel rooms, and the availability of public entertainment. Cities that score low in these categories can be frustrating, inconvenient places for their residents and for visitors. The statistics on public libraries come from the *American Library Directory*, published by the R. R. Bowker Company.

PUBLIC-LIBRARY VOLUMES PER 10,000 RESIDENTS

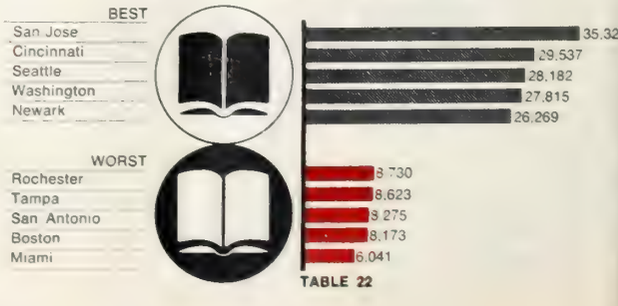


TABLE 22

The statistics on hotels and motels come from *eahy's Hotel-Motel Guide*, published by the merican Hotel Register Company. The guide sts virtually all transient accommodations bove the flophouse level.

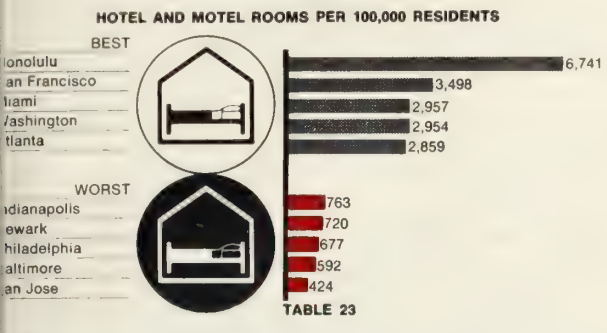


TABLE 23

The Census Bureau was my source of data bout places of amusement and recreation. I ould point out that there has been no attempt differentiate these places by type or quality. pera houses, movie theaters, penny arcades, id pool halls all count the same.

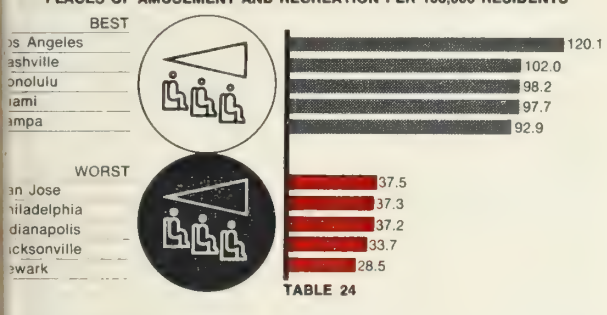


TABLE 24

Philadelphia ranks lowest in amenities, with n Antonio next. Seattle has the highest rank- g, and San Francisco the second-highest.

If we now combine all twenty-four statistical mparisons, we arrive at the following overall indings for our fifty cities:

Seattle (average rank: 14.0)	26. Oakland (25.9)
Tulsa (14.8)	27. Washington (26.5)
San Diego (14.9)	28. Houston (27.4)
San Jose (15.6)	29. Buffalo (28.2)
Honolulu (16.4)	29. Louisville (28.2)
Portland (17.8)	31. Pittsburgh (28.4)
Denver (18.2)	32. New York (28.5)
Minneapolis (18.8)	33. Memphis (29.3)
Oklahoma City (19.1)	34. Boston (29.6)
Omaha (19.3)	35. Miami (29.9)
San Francisco (19.46)	36. Atlanta (30.0)
Nashville (19.54)	37. El Paso (30.7)
St. Paul (19.6)	37. New Orleans (30.7)
Columbus (19.75)	39. Philadelphia (31.0)
Toledo (19.79)	40. Tampa (31.1)
Indianapolis (20.6)	41. San Antonio (31.7)
Long Beach (21.2)	42. Norfolk (31.9)
Milwaukee (21.9)	43. Cleveland (32.0)
Kansas City (22.6)	44. Jacksonville (32.2)
Dallas (23.25)	45. Birmingham (32.5)
Phoenix (23.33)	46. Baltimore (32.7)
Los Angeles (24.6)	47. Detroit (33.0)
Fort Worth (24.7)	48. Chicago (33.7)
Cincinnati (24.9)	49. St. Louis (35.3)
Rochester (25.3)	50. Newark (41.6)

Conclusions

AS EVEN A QUICK GLANCE will show, the old cities of the Northeast dominate the lower portion of the list, while the cities of the West and Southwest generally rank highest. The results seem appropriate for a study stressing the greatest physical and material well-being for the greatest number. As the sociologists have been telling us for a long time, the Northeastern cities are deficient in that respect.

One thing the study did not measure, except in a cursory fashion, was the amount of vitality and excitement in the cities. New York, for example, ranks a lowly thirty-second on the list, yet it is surely one of the most electrifying cities in the world. Given the choice of a weekend in Omaha (number ten) or in New York, even most Omahans probably would opt for the latter. But what about the rest of the week? It seems probable that Omaha is much better suited for the fundamental purpose of sustaining and nurturing human life.

Seattle's position at the top of the list seems plausible enough. As one who has been there, I can attest that it is an appealing and immensely civilized place. The high standing of Tulsa, however, may surprise most people who don't live there. It can be partly explained by the fact that the city has annexed substantial amounts of suburban territory. More than 93,000 Tulsa residents counted in the 1970 census—about 28 percent of the total population—would have been outside the city limits at the time of the previous census. By absorbing suburbs, with their lower crime rates, greater affluence and better health and housing conditions, a city can dramatically improve its vital statistics. Vigorous expansion into the suburbs in recent decades probably also enhanced the rankings of Indianapolis, Nashville and Oklahoma City—to cite a prominent few.

It should be pointed out that the standings of the four top cities on this list are rather tenuous. These cities are so tightly bunched that the addition of one more statistical table could have inverted the order in which they appear.

Alas, the same cannot be said about the bottom of the list. The city of Newark stands without serious challenge as the worst of all. It ranked among the worst five cities in no fewer than nineteen of the twenty-four categories, and it was dead last in nine of them. Adding one, two, or even three tables couldn't possibly jar Newark from last place, and there is every reason to suppose that more comparisons would simply bury it deeper. Newark is a city that desperately needs help. □

rts by Vicenta Aviles

A story by Thomas Powers

GOING FOR THE PAPER



Thomas Powers is a free-lance journalist and short-story writer.

IN THE CITY, Avakian always went out for the *Times* while it was still dark, but in the country he read magazines with his morning coffee because the drugstore in Woodstock, twelve miles away, did not open until nine. He eased himself out of bed before dawn on frozen winter mornings, careful not to wake his wife. He liked to build a fire in the iron stove in the living room and then bask in its heat, reading. That first hour of the day, he said, was the closest thing to perfect peace he knew. When his wife came down she cooked for herself. She always offered to make something for him, too, but he always said not to bother, coffee was all he wanted. Then he went for the paper.

The round trip in winter often took well over an hour, and sometimes, even with chains, he could not get through at all. He saved the paper until after lunch and then gave it a full hour. He started with the front page but rarely followed a story inside. Instead, he proceeded methodically page by page and finished the front-page stories as he came across them.

In the city his daughter used to wake early and come into the kitchen by herself, eyes puffy with sleep. Avakian would put the paper down, fix her a piece of white toast with grape jelly, and then go back to the paper. Jennifer had liked her toast light and her grape jelly thick. Avakian's wife said there was more jelly than toast, what kind of breakfast was that? Avakian said what the hell, she hasn't got very many vices, and he fixed it the way Jennifer liked it.

She had been at that age, around four, when little girls begin to be terribly thin. Sometimes Jennifer sat for twenty minutes with a serious expression on her face, tracing her upper lip with the end of her index finger. On other mornings she was very talkative, pouring out chatter about teachers or friends or plans for after school. Lost in the paper, Avakian murmured "Hmm" or "Uh-huh" when a break in Jennifer's chatter seemed to require a response.

"Daddy!" she said if "Uh-huh" were inadequate, "*talk* to me!"

That brought him around.

In the country the routine was different, or had been different. Avakian ate his breakfas alone now, and there was no one to interrup his reading. He did not often think of things a they had been. If the question was put to hin directly, he would admit that he missed hi daughter more than he could say.

When it began to grow light, Avakian wen out to the woodshed to split some wood for th stove. He used a double-bitted ax which h sharpened himself and the sixteen-inch mapl and cherry logs, cut and delivered unsplit b Hewitt Jones for $30 a cord, would burst apar with a loud, satisfying *crack*! After a while hi hands were numb, and his left foot began t hurt where he had cut it with the ax four year before.

He filled the woodbox by the stove, built u the fire, and then made himself some toast i the kitchen, staring out the window at the fall ing snow in the gray after-dawn light while h waited for the toaster. No one at this end o the valley farmed anymore. There were no chil dren in the valley. The local people were mov ing out and the summer people were movin in. He had been one of the first.

Avakian heard his wife on the stairs, and moment later she came in, tying the belt to he wrapper. "It's freezing upstairs," she said. "I took me ten minutes just to build up the cou age to get out of bed. Can I fix you something?

"No, thanks."

"Sure? I'm going to cook myself an egg any way."

"That's okay, I'm fine."

Avakian went into the living room, sat dow on the couch near the stove, and picked up copy of *Foreign Affairs*. Avakian sometime said he followed the news because the expor import business reflected every ripple in th world situation, especially when it came to te tiles. The real reason was simpler: he liked t see how things turned out. He followed runnin stories the way other men follow football team He sometimes woke in the morning wonderin what the headlines were. If the military toc over some jungle republic in Africa, Avakia picked it up like a seismograph. Avakian sai

listen: when the tide comes in the whole coast goes under, some places sooner and some places later. What happens in Greece can happen here, et cetera, et cetera. Later he admitted that was all bullshit; he just liked reading the paper.

"You're not going in for the paper, are you?"

"Sure," said Avakian without looking up.

"It's been snowing all night."

"The chains are on the car."

"You'll be lucky if you don't spend the day sitting in a ditch."

"I'll be all right."

"You certainly are a creature of habit," said Avakian's wife. "I honestly think you'd walk to Woodstock for the paper if you had to."

"I might," said Avakian, "if I knew there'd be one left when I got there."

"What makes you so stubborn? Really."

"My tough Armenian ancestors."

"Your tough Armenian mother, you mean. She used to say every child should be toilet trained by her first birthday, and *nine months* isn't too soon."

"She was trying to build character."

"I can just hear her saying, 'Brave little boys don't cry.'"

"They don't."

"You all but chop your foot off, and then you try to tape it back on."

"We're just alike," said Avakian. "I never give in and you never forget."

"You'd have turned Jennifer into an Amazon," said Avakian's wife.

Avakian said nothing.

THE SNOW WAS DEEPER than Avakian had expected, but the car started immediately. The engine exhaust was heavy and bluish in the cold air, and the sound of the engine was pleasantly muffled beneath the blanket of snow on the hood.

When Avakian came to the fork he decided to go over the mountain because it was quicker. It was odd. Every once in a while, for reasons he could not grasp, people converged on the drugstore in Woodstock first thing in the morning, and the *Times* would be gone by nine-thirty or ten. The Boston papers were usually left but that wasn't the same. Avakian said it took a long time to learn to read a paper. A banner headline in Boston might be on page 6 in New York. For Avakian it was the *Times* or nothing.

Avakian made the first steep place without any trouble, but when he came to the farm at the turn he hit a patch of ice and started to skid. To kill the skid he took his foot off the gas and then didn't have time to shift gears before his momentum was gone completely. There wasn't a prayer of starting from a dead stop at that point on the hill, so Avakian carefully backed down to the long straight where the ascent was more gradual. He got going but not fast enough to make the turn. That meant he had to back all the way down the mountain to the fork and either try again or take the valley road, which was longer.

He started down the hill, going slowly, but after five minutes his neck developed a crick, and he turned around the other way until it started to hurt that way, too. Then he tried backing by using the mirror but he got confused and went into the ditch. He turned off the engine and sat there for a full minute, feeling the cold come in, utterly disgusted with himself. Then he got out of the car and waded around it, up to his knees in snow. His foot began to ache again. He knew it would be killing him before he could dig himself out.

Avakian looked out across the dim, gray valley and wondered how long it would take to walk to the nearest house if he couldn't get out by himself. Johnson's was only a mile but Johnson had no tractor. Hewitt Jones, two miles beyond that, had a tractor but no phone, and Avakian didn't want to ask Hewitt anyway.

Hewitt had pulled him out once the year before. "What you doing out on a morning like this?" he had asked.

"I was going for the paper," said Avakian.

"Seems a lot of trouble for nothing."

"Oh, there's always something in it," said Avakian.

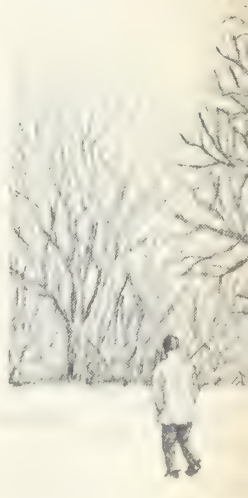
"There's nothing in it but a bunch of crap!" said Hewitt, startling Avakian with his sharpness. "It's all lies and people trying to get ahead! I haven't read a paper in twenty years!"

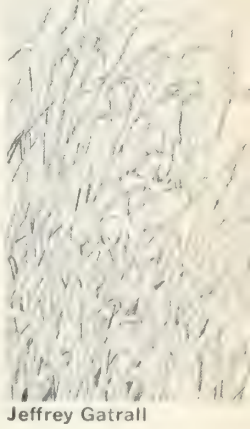
Avakian started to explain that in the importing business you had to keep your eye on the economy, but Hewitt wasn't having any.

"It's nothing but a bunch of crap!" he said again. An odd man, crabbed and unpredictable. When he saw Avakian limping after axing his foot, Hewitt said every woodsman's legs were scarred. That was the price of his skill. Hewitt pulled up his woolen pant leg, revealing a long, wide scar on his shin, bluish against the white skin. "They had to drag me down out of the woods on a sled," he said. "If I'd been alone I'd of died." It was probably true. Avakian had come close to dying himself.

It had been summer then, and Jennifer had just started to walk. Avakian had been splitting logs. The ax glanced off a hard place and the next thing Avakian knew he was on the ground. There was a neat slice in his boot, just below the ankle. It winked open when he moved his foot. Avakian had a second to wonder if he had cut himself before the blood rose up out of the slice. It was odd. The cut was terrible but the pain didn't come for a long time. His wife wanted to leave for the hospital immediately.

"It's all right," Avakian said. "When I was





Jeffrey Gatrall

in the Boy Scouts they showed me how to cut adhesive tape in a special way so you could hold a cut together."

"Are you crazy?" his wife shouted.

"They're called butterflies," said Avakian, but his leg was so slippery with blood by the time he got his boot off that he couldn't get the adhesive to stick. He used a kitchen towel for a tourniquet and managed to get the bleeding stopped; then he sponged his leg clean around the cut, and finally he patted it dry with another towel. This time the adhesive stuck, but when he loosed the tourniquet the blood started again and the adhesive came loose.

Avakian repeated the process and then left the tourniquet on, saying the blood would soon dry around the wound and he could loosen it again. After a while his wife said, "Your foot's turning blue!" He loosened the tourniquet, the bleeding started again, and he had to repeat the whole process a third time.

"What's the matter with you?" cried his wife. "What are you trying to do to yourself?"

"Take it easy," said Avakian.

This time he left the tourniquet on until his foot was purple and completely numb, although he did not mention the numbness to his wife. Then he loosened the tourniquet very slowly until the feeling came back and the purple went away. He stayed right where he was on the kitchen stoop from nine in the morning until nearly one o'clock, while the blood slowly seeped into the dirt floor of the woodshed and dried. Avakian read a book and insisted he was perfectly comfortable. At one he hobbled inside and spent the rest of the day on the couch.

"I still think you ought to see a doctor," said his wife.

In the middle of the night he woke groggily and heard his wife shouting his name. Her voice was hysterical. The light went on. Avakian felt only half awake; he tried to concentrate. The sheet was wet with blood, bright as new paint, halfway up his thigh. He got a tourniquet back on, and somehow they got into the car and strapped Jennifer into her car seat. Avakian said, "Fine, fine," when his wife asked how he felt as they jounced over the dirt road in the darkness through dark woods, but the truth was that he was close to fainting. When they got to the hospital the doctor was furious. He sewed up the cut and said, "You're damned lucky you didn't lose your foot." Then he added, "Or your life."

"I was told that's how surgeons avoid a scar," said Avakian.

"Not for a cut like that!" shouted the doctor. "Haven't you got any sense?"

After that Avakian's wife wanted him to pay extra and let Hewitt Jones split the wood, but Avakian said he liked doing it himself. He never cut himself again, and Hewitt, who never thought anybody did anything right, once conceded that Avakian had got to be a pretty good man with an ax. The scar and the ache in wet weather were the price he had paid for his skill. He'd be damned if he'd ask Hewitt to drive up here on an open tractor to pull him out.

Avakian took out the shovel he kept in the trunk, and for the next two hours he worked steadily. The snow stopped and the air cleared and a cold wind began to sweep up across the field, driving powdery snow into his face, each flake with the stinging sharpness of a grain of sand. His boots soaked through, and his left foot throbbed with pain. Avakian was hot under his coat, but the wind brought tears to his eyes, and when he stopped to rest he could feel the cold tears sliding down over his cheeks. It was odd. Avakian hadn't cried since he was eight years old, not even when Jennifer died, but his eyes were blurred with tears now and his cheeks were wet.

IT WAS NEARLY ELEVEN when he got out of the ditch. He backed the rest of the way down the hill, ignoring the crick in his neck, and at the bottom he debated briefly if it was still worth making the trip. He decided, hell, he'd come this far, and he started off again, but this time on the longer valley road.

As soon as he saw the paper rack at the back of the drugstore Avakian knew he was too late. There were still a few Boston papers, but the *Times* was gone. He asked anyway. "All gone," said the man at the cash register, who was counting bills and writing down the numbers on a piece of paper.

"Is there any chance one of your regulars won't come in?" he asked.

"Oh, I couldn't sell you one of those," said the man with a little smile. "They all pay for the paper, and if they don't pick it up I just save it for them."

"I'd have been here at nine-thirty if I hadn't gone into the ditch," said Avakian.

"If you'd called I would have saved you one," said the man.

Avakian stood in front of the rack, staring at the Boston papers. He felt a desperate curiosity just to *see* the front page of the *Times*. He picked up a chapstick from a rack near the register. Next to it was a can with a slot in the top and a picture on the front of a girl about six wearing steel leg braces and leaning on crutches. Her face was split with a silly, happy smile, as if, Avakian thought, she had just seen her father come through the door. Next to the can was a rack of maple sugar. Inside each small tan box, visible through its cellophane window, was an ounce of maple sugar molded in the shape of an Indian head. Avakian picked up one of those, too.

"There must be somebody who lives too far away to make it on a day like today," Avakian said. "I could call and ask if they were willing to sell me the paper."

The man was in the middle of a count and didn't answer. Avakian waited.

"What do you think?" said Avakian.

The man looked up with the same little smile. "I kind of hate to bother 'em," he said.

"I'm not trying to be difficult," said Avakian. "It's just that in my business it's important to keep on top of the news."

"You sure are determined," said the man. "All right." He picked up the phone and dialed. "Hello, Josh? This is Herb down to the pharmacy. Fine, and you? Uh-huh. Will you be in later? The reason I ask, there's a man here who wants a copy of the *Times*, and he's wondering if you might sell him yours. I'm all out. Uh-huh." He put his hand over the mouthpiece. "He says he likes the crossword."

"Tell him I'll leave him the crossword page."

"Says he'll leave the crossword page. Uh-huh. Uh-huh." He put his hand over the mouthpiece again. "He says he uses the paper for starting fires when he's done."

"Tell him I'll buy him a copy of the *Globe*."

The man sighed and repeated the offer. "Uh-huh," he said. "He's desperate, I don't know why. I'll tell him. Sorry to bother you."

The man hung up. his smile was gone. "Look," he said, "his wife likes the recipes, he saves the sports page for his father, *he* does the crossword, and he doesn't want the paper all cut up into shreds."

"Can you try someone else?"

"No, I cannot."

"Then how about just letting me take a look at the headlines? I'll give it right back."

"Look . . ." said the man.

"I'm not trying to be difficult," said Avakian. "All I want is a look at the headlines. What difference can it make?"

The man sighed. "All right," he said. He reached under the counter and handed Avakian a copy of the *Times* with the name "Barnes" written in black crayon across the top. In the following ten minutes Avakian read every word of every story on the front page, then opened the paper to the second section to look through the index. "I thought you were just going to read the headlines," said the man.

"I'm almost done," said Avakian. "I just want to see what the book review is."

He heard a bell tinkle as the door opened behind him. Footsteps came down the aisle.

"Morning, Mister Barnes," said the man at the cash register. Avakian looked around. "This gentleman was just looking at your headlines."

"Sorry," said Avakian. "I got stuck in the glitch, and by the time I got here the *Times* was gone."

"You drove all the way in just for the *paper*?"

"I had to pick up some other things, too."

"I live down the street and I almost didn't bother," said Barnes. "If you can use the paper you're welcome to it. I don't even know why I order it. Habit, I guess. It's all slanted anyway."

"Thanks very much," said Avakian. "I appreciate it." He reached into his pocket.

"Forget it," said Barnes. "I hate the damn thing. I start to get mad as soon as I look at the headlines."

"Really, I insist," said Avakian, holding out 15 cents.

"No, no, no," said Barnes, "I'd feel like a thief."

Avakian dropped the 15 cents into the can with the picture of the girl in leg braces. "This'll be a contribution in your name," he said.

BACK IN THE CAR Avakian opened the little package of maple sugar, took a bite, and sucked on the creamy sweetness.

Jennifer had loved maple sugar. Whenever she saw the little tan packages with the cellophane windows she asked her father to buy her one. Then, back in the car, she would sit next to him on the front seat and eat the maple sugar in little bites, turning the candy this way and that as she chewed, planning where to take the next bite. "Look," she would say, "now he hasn't got any feathers!" Or, "I'm going to eat his *nose*!"

They had been in New York when Jennifer got sick. It was winter, a little over a year ago, and at first it had seemed like a cold, or one of the bugs kids get. She had a slight fever, nothing much, but Anne kept her home from school anyway. By evening she was hot to the touch and throwing up. Anne called the doctor, and he said it sounded like something making the rounds. Just give her an aspirin and ginger ale and put her to bed. In the morning she was flushed, and the bed was wet where she had thrown up during the night. Anne called the doctor again, and he said to call back that afternoon if Jennifer wasn't any better.

By early afternoon her temperature reached 104. Anne called the doctor again. "She's terribly listless," she said, "and she's lying in a funny way. She's arching her back like an acrobat."

"Get her to the hospital immediately," said the doctor.

By the time Avakian arrived Jennifer was already plugged into a lot of machines. "I just took a spinal tap," said the doctor. "When the results come up we'll know what we're dealing with."

"What do you expect?" Avakian asked.

Thomas Powers

GOING FOR THE PAPER

"Guessing doesn't change a thing," said the doctor. "Let's wait and see."

"Well, what are you afraid of, then?"

"Let's wait for the results."

"No," said Avakian. "Tell me what we have to worry about."

"It could be meningitis," said the doctor.

"Then what?"

"There's still a good chance," said the doctor.

Later, Avakian and his wife sat on straight-backed chairs in Jennifer's room and watched a bottle of dextrose solution empty through a tube into her arm, drop by drop.

It was odd. Jennifer was thinner than ever, but the flush of the fever and the shine of tears in her eyes made her seem strangely beautiful. The pale skin and the blossoming rose of fever in her cheeks made her seem a delicate, spiritual, almost incandescent being. Her eyes were open, but she did not seem to be looking at them, exactly. At the end of visiting hours Avakian explained that they had to leave. Jennifer didn't seem to be listening.

The next day Jennifer went into a coma. The doctors packed her in ice and she turned blue. It seemed as though her body had simply evaporated, as if she had been starved for weeks.

Late that afternoon things changed. The air of urgency seemed to go. When the doctor looked in he was cold, perfunctory, and abrupt. He lifted Jennifer's head from the pillow and then let it drop back. It fell with a little plop sound. Her neck was perfectly limp. The doctor tried to explain. "Meningitis is a difficult disease," he said. "Even with the best available care, 4 percent die and 6 percent are seriously, ah, damaged. You do what you can and then it's a question of numbers."

No one actually used the word "vegetable," but Avakian got the idea. It was odd. Under the circumstances he might have been glad to see Jennifer die but he wasn't.

"I'D LIKE TO PAINT THE HOUSE this summer," Anne said at dinner that night. Outside the wind had died, the night sky was clear, and the temperature was dropping steadily.

"All right," said Avakian. He was thinking about a story he had read in the paper.

Anne was a good-looking woman with a full figure that threatened to get out of control, a thick head of brown hair, and the pale, perfect skin which Jennifer had inherited. Avakian sometimes forgot what an attractive woman his wife was, and then he would notice the unmistakable interest of some man at a party, and be reminded with an unpleasant start. If the man made his interest too plain, Anne would blush in an odd way. A red patch about as big as her hand would appear on her neck or on the side of her face, and she would become awkward and even flustered.

"Something bright and airy," said Anne. "I meant to do it long ago. What do you think?"

"I think it sounds fine," Avakian said.

He trusted his wife's taste and liked to see how things turned out. She had a talent for making everything go a long way. The first year they were married she did over their entire apartment by herself. It took months. Avakian kidded her about working so hard. He sometimes came in at midnight while she was in the critical middle of something, holding a long section of paste-covered paper ready to go up. "It's beautiful," Avakian said. "I love it."

"Do you like it?"

"I love it," he said and put his arms around her, kissing her neck while she squirmed. "Help! Stop!" she said. "The paper will crease!" But Avakian wouldn't stop; he kissed her face and neck and breasts until a blush rose on her neck and she ceased to struggle.

"It'll freshen the place up," said Anne. "Give us a new—I don't know."

"There was an interesting story in the paper today," said Avakian. "A group of Afrikaaners are protesting the banning of a novel in Afrikaans. One of them said, 'If only we had protested the banning of English novels . . .' "

"I'd like to start with Jennifer's room," said Anne.

"Fine," said Avakian. "The lesson is so clear."

"Don't you think it makes sense?"

"I think it's a fine idea. I was just thinking how easy it is to see what's happening to other people while you're blind to yourself. When you think of some of the governments we have supported in the last twenty years . . ."

"You're not listening to me," said Anne.

"Yes I am," said Avakian. "It's just that I trust your judgment in these things. I'm willing to leave them entirely up to you."

His wife looked at him for a moment and then started to clear the table. Avakian went into the living room, picked up the copy of *Foreign Affairs* he had been reading that morning, and opened it to his place. He could hear his wife puttering about in the kitchen, doing the dishes, putting them away, opening and closing cupboards. When she was done she came into the living room and sat down. She glanced through the paper quickly, the pages rattling. Then she smoked a cigarette. Then she got up. "I think I'll go up to bed," she said.

"I'll be up soon," said Avakian. "I'm just going to read a while."

He listened to his wife's feet on the stairs. It was odd, he thought. He didn't seem to have time for things anymore. There was so much going on in the world, so much to read. It was all he could do to keep up. □

COMMENTARY

COSTS OF AMORALITY: A "POLITICAL SCIENCE LECTURE"

Given the moral indifference of most contemporary political science, one of the year's richest ironies can be found in Henry Kissinger's reported demand that our Ambassador to Chile "cut out the political science lectures." In thus rebuking Ambassador Popper for his modest attempt to link military aid to less brutal treatment of political prisoners, the Secretary of State once again implied that *Realpolitik* requires a calculated decision to ignore the internal nature of foreign regimes. Mr. Kissinger had previously stressed this theme in relation to our dealings with the Soviet Union, Greece, South Korea, Spain, South Africa, and numerous other internally repressive regimes.

In effect, we have been told that there is little we can do to mitigate foreign repression short of direct military intervention—and we should not attempt to intervene. The latter point is made in the name of a higher moral end—variously invoked as a "generation of peace" or a stable "balance of power"—which, by accommodating the realities of power, will help to avoid the greater sufferings of war or nuclear cataclysm. This new realism also appears to supersede the overblown rhetoric and ambitious universalism of a Cold War period extending beyond the Kennedy inaugural ("pay any price, bear any burden . . .") and thus to have made possible détente with China and Russia as well as efforts for peace in the Mideast and elsewhere.

Superficially this trade-off between peace and an active concern with the internal affairs of other countries seems a realistic adaptation to a hard world in which politics must remain a choice of lesser evils. Thus posed, the choice is compelling; in practice it is self-serving to American foreign-policy makers—and quite overstated. Consider three crucial points:

First, despite the verbiage, the U.S. can and does intervene in the internal affairs of other states—witness President Ford's direct acknowledgment (at a nationally televised press conference) of our involvement in Chile. According to other (leaked) reports, Henry Kissinger orchestrated this involvement in order to save the Chileans from what he considered their own irresponsibility. So, *pace* Mr. Kissinger, we do intervene in other peoples' internal affairs after all—except that the frequent effect of this intervention is to acquiesce in the violation of human rights. This will hardly come as a major revelation to most observers of foreign affairs, but it contradicts the administration's excuse that *Realpolitik* compels indifference to internal affairs in Greece, Russia, Chile, South Korea, Burundi, et al.

Second, there exists a huge range of responses between turning our backs and sending in the Marines. Even while Secretary Kissinger was expressing sympathy for the plight of Jews and dissidents within the U.S.S.R., he was asserting that the maintenance of peace and of economic ties left us unable to alter Soviet internal repression; and high administration officials frequently assured Congress there was little the U.S. could do about the military dictatorship of Greece, our NATO ally. But these positions rested on a false dichotomy. In fact, the effect of the Jackson Amendment—though strenuously resisted by Secretary Kissinger—has been to elicit informal Soviet agreement to a near-doubling of Soviet Jewish emigration in exchange for improved trading terms. The administration actually moved toward a *closer* relationship with Greece, as shown by high-level official visits, home-port basing of the Sixth Fleet, and increased military aid. By contrast, the countries of the European Common Market manifested their position by freezing trade relations, loans, and the Greek bid for closer association with the Common Market. What these cases—along with the CIA's indelicate use of $11 million inside Chile—illustrate is the wide range of policy options available in dealing with a country whose internal affairs have become a subject of concern.

Third, *Realpolitik* does not dictate that the United States must ignore human-rights issues. Indeed, to ignore them is sometimes highly *un*realistic. In the case of Greece, for example, the supposed realism which dictated the administration's policy (not merely of indifference but of affection toward the colonels' regime) did not pay off. During the October 1973 Middle East war, Greece proved uncooperative in the American resupply effort for Israel. And there is poetic irony in the present situation: Greece, now relieved of the seven-year dictatorship, ap-

Robert J. Lieber is a research associate of the Center for International Affairs at Harvard. Donald Rothchild is professor of political science at the University of California, Davis.

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

pears on the verge of withdrawing from NATO's military structure, in part because of strong popular resentment at U.S. support for the colonels. In retrospect a more critical stance toward the regime, using such levers as economic and military aid —not to mention the direct involvement characteristic of our role in Chile—might well have avoided the current predicament. A second example involves the U.S.S.R. and the Jackson Amendment, which proved relatively successful despite Kissinger's opposition.

The problem is not that our hands are tied nor that *Realpolitik* requires our indifference, nor that there is nothing practical we can do. Actually, there is a continuing pattern of "pragmatic" deals with authoritarian regimes in which formal expression of American concern over human rights has been inaudible. In relations with such regimes the administration has been single-minded in considering short-run security and economic criteria to the virtual exclusion of civil liberties and humanitarian considerations. (The public outcry last July over the revelation that American police equipment might be sold to the Soviet Interior Ministry is a reminder that human-rights issues are largely absent from the administration's foreign-policy agenda.)

To be sure, we recognize that action in international relations takes place amidst uncertainties, and it can and does compel unpleasant choices and lesser evils. The World War II alliance with Stalin's Russia against Hitler's Germany is a classic example. All the same, a policy of compulsive moral indifference is not thereby dictated. By remaining mute—or worse—in the face of military takeovers (Latin America), repression (South Korea), torture (Chile, Brazil), and genocide (Burundi, Bangladesh), the U.S. pays a price internationally and does needless violence to its own constitutional values.

In its foreign policy the U.S. has played down human-rights concerns far more than realism requires. A policy of indifference or of disparagement of these issues does not inhere in the nature of international affairs: they are one element that can and should be included along with such others as security, economics, and effectiveness. The absence of human rights from our foreign-policy agenda is not due to the requirements of international relations nor those of *Realpolitik* but to the fundamental indifference of the Nixon-Kissinger and Ford-Kissinger administrations.

—Robert J. Lieber
and Donald Rothchild
Davis, Calif.

ATTENDING

by A. R. Ammons

Powwows huddles
a surrounding emptiness
a circling into
common center
no circumferential gap
for the
running out of
contemplation,
for interruptions
coming in

the vacant center like
the finest slickest slip
where the imagined
shareable content can shapen

where differences
without let can unwind
become

if they catch onto
similar differences
the new ideal
informed terrain

aggregates clusters clumps
copses thickets
brambles

powwow in teepee
muddle in huddle
(mandala little tricky
okay if hollow
in center)

create spell there
grab victory out of there
dream dreams there
peace risen
like teepee center
go in
have dinner
smoke pipe
stretch out
yell at papooses
get along fine

WHY SMALLER REFRIGERATORS CAN PRESERVE THE HUMAN RACE

Once, long ago, people had special little boxes called refrigerators in which milk, meat, and eggs could be kept cool. The grandchildren of these simple devices are large enough to store whole cows, and they reach temperatures comparable to those at the South Pole. Their operating costs increase each year, and they are so complicated that few home handymen attempt to repair them on their own.

Why has this change in size and complexity occurred in America? It has not taken place in many areas of the technologically advanced world (the average West German refrigerator is about a yard high and less than a yard wide, yet refrigeration technology in Germany is quite advanced). Do we really need (or even want) all that space and cold?

The benefits of a large refrigerator are apparent: a saving of time (one grocery-shopping trip a week instead of several), a saving of money (the ability to buy expensive, perishable items in larger, cheaper quantities), a feeling of security (if the car breaks down or if famine strikes, the refrigerator is well stocked). The costs are there, too, but they are not so obvious.

Cost number one is psychological. Ever since the refrigerator began to grow, food has increasingly become something we buy to store rather than to eat. Few families go to market daily for their daily bread. The manna in the wilderness could be gathered for only one day at a time. The ancient distaste for making food a storage item is echoed by many modern psychiatrists who suggest that such psychosomatic disorders as obesity are often due to the patient's inability to come to terms with the basic transitoriness of life. Research into a relationship between excessive corpulence and the size of one's refrigerator has not been extensive, but we might suspect one to be there.

Another cost is aesthetic. In most

Appletree Rodden, formerly a biochemical research at Stanford University, is now a member of the Staatstheater Ballet Company

Europe, where grocery marketing still a part of the daily rhythm, one n buy tomatoes, lettuce, and the e picked on the day of purchase. any European families have mod- t refrigerators for storing small ms (eggs, milk, butter) for a cou- e of days, but the concept of buy- g large quantities of food to store the refrigerator is not widely ac- pted. Since fresh produce is easily ailable in Europe, most people buy daily.

Which brings to mind another ice the large refrigerator has cost : the friendly neighborhood mar- t. In America, time is money. A ge refrigerator means fewer time- nsuming trips to the grocery store. ne member of a deep-freeze-owning mily can do the grocery shopping ce or twice a month rather than ily. Since shopping trips are infre- ent, most people have been willing forego the amenities of the little re around the corner in favor of e lower prices found in the super- rket.

If refrigerators weren't so large— t is, if grocery marketing were a ily affair—the "entertainment sur- arge" of buying farm-fresh food a smaller, more intimate setting ght carry some weight. But as it there is not really that much dif- ence between eggs bought from rmer Brown's wife and eggs ught from the supermarket which turn bought them from Eggs In- rporated, a firm operated out of s Angeles that produces 200,000 gs a day from chickens that are pt in gigantic warehouses lighted tificially on an eighteen-hour light- d-dark cycle and produce one-and- alf times as many eggs—a special eed of chickens who die young and sane. Not much difference if you n't mind eating eggs from crazy ckens.

Chalk up Farmer and Mrs. Brown cost number four of the big re- gerator. The small farmer can't ke it in a society dominated by permarkets and big refrigerators; ke way for superfarmers, super lds, and pesticides (cost number e).

Cost number six of the big refrigerator has been the diminution of regional food differences. Of course the homogenization of American fare cannot be blamed solely on the availability of frozen food. Nonetheless, were it not for the trend toward turning regional specialties into frozen dinners, it might still be possible to experience novelty closer to home.

So much for the disadvantages of the big refrigerator. What about the advantages of the small one? First of all, it would help us to "think small," which is what we must learn anyway if the scary predictions of the Club of Rome (*The Limits of Growth*) are true. The advent of smaller refrigerators would set the stage for reversing the "big-thinking" trends brought on with the big refrigerator, and would eventually change our lives.

Ivan Illich makes the point in *Tools for Conviviality* that any tool we use (the automobile, standardized public education, public-health care, the refrigerator) influences the individual, his society, and the relationship between the two. A person's automobile is a part of his identity. The average Volkswagen owner has a variety of characteristics (income, age, occupation) significantly different from those of the average Cadillac owner. American society, with more parking lots than parks, and with gridded streets rather than winding lanes, would be vastly different without the private automobile. Similar conclusions can be drawn about any of the tools we use. They change us. They change our society. Therefore, it behooves us to think well before we decide which tool to use to accomplish a given task. Do we want tools that usurp power unto themselves, the ones called "non-convivial" by Illich?

The telephone, a "convivial tool," has remained under control; it has not impinged itself on society or on the individual. Each year it has become more efficient, and it has not prevented other forms of communication (letter writing, visits). The world might be poorer without the telephone, but it would not be grossly different. Telephones do not pollute, are not status symbols, and interact only slightly (if at all) with one's self-image.

So what about the refrigerator? Or back to the more basic problem to which the refrigerator was a partial answer: what about our supply of food? When did we decide to convert the emotion-laden threat of starvation from a shared community problem (of societal structure: farm-market-home) to a personal one (of storage)? How did we decide to accept a thawed block taken from a supermarket's freezer as a substitute for the voluptuous shapes, smells, and textures of fresh fruits and vegetables obtained from complex individual sources?

The decision for larger refrigerators has been consistent with a change in food-supply routes from highly diversified "trails" (from small farms to neighborhood markets) to uniform, standardized highways (from large farms to centrally located supermarkets). Desirable meals are quick and easy rather than rich and leisurely. Culinary artistry has given way to efficiency, the efficiency of the big refrigerator.

People have a natural propensity for running good things into the ground. Mass production has been a boon to mankind, but its reliance on homogeneity precludes its being a paradigm for all areas of human life. Our forebears and contemporaries have made it possible to mass-produce almost anything. An equally challenging task now lies with us: to choose which things of this world should be mass-produced, and how the standards of mass production should influence other standards we hold dear.

Should houses be mass-produced? Should education? Should food? Which brings us back to refrigerators. How does one decide how large a refrigerator to buy, considering one's life, one's society, and the world, and not simply the question of food storage?

As similar questions are asked about more and more of the things we mass-produce, mass production will become less of a problem and more of a blessing. As cost begins to be measured not only in dollars spent and minutes saved, but in total richness acquired, perhaps smaller refrigerators will again make good sense. A small step backward along some of the roads of "technological progress" might be a large step forward for mankind, and one our age is uniquely qualified to make.

—Appletree Rodden
Kassel, West Germany

use your
zip code

BOOKS



Martim Avillez

A CLERISY OF INTELLECTUALS

by Peter Steinfels

What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.
—A. E. Housman

The American Intellectual Elite, by Charles Kadushin. Little, Brown, $8.95.

The Long Dark Night of the Soul: The American Intellectual Left and the Vietnam War, by Sandy Vogelgesang. Harper & Row, $7.95.

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, an eminent social scientist argued that intellectuals were really an ethnic group. Considering the trouble sociologists have had fitting intellectuals into any of their apparently more likely categories, the ethnic-group notion was not bad at all. But if intellectuals form an ethnic group, then they are the only one left about which it is still respectable to voice the hoariest of stereotypes.

It remains to be seen whether this morass of bias and bromide will be affected by Charles Kadushin's study, *The American Intellectual Elite.* With the help of a battery of interviewers, Kadushin has located what he believes are the nation's leading intellectuals ("about 200"), collected all the usual data about their age, occupation, religion, et cetera, and submitted them to an extensive grilling on their friends, their enemies, the books and newspapers they read, their contacts with government, the petitions they have signed, the organizations they have joined—and even, to a remarkable extent, on their ideas. Where the FBI might fear to tread, social science romps.*

Kadushin does not quit with the usual abstract efforts to define an intellectual elite; he actually gives us a list: "The Seventy Most Prestigious Contemporary American Intellectuals." The names I like. Whatever their potential for party games and the reduction of intellectual life to a packet of baseball trading cards ("Hey, I've got two Saul Bellows. I'll trade you a Saul Bellow for one of your Seymour Martin Lipsets"), they certainly let the reader kno what kind of people Kadushin is a alyzing. What is more, a Daniel Be a Hannah Arendt, and even an A thur Schlesinger, Jr., are fairly ide tifiable entities.

It is when Kadushin must co struct neat pigeonholes for the co plicated links between intellectua or for the range of convictions th express that his method shows limitations. Thus there are five maj "circles" of elite intellectuals. The were three major divisions of op ion on the Cold War—each sub vided into two further categori On the war in Vietnam, there we those always opposed, those alwa in support, those who were ear middle, and late switchers. Swit ers, in turn, were variously inf enced by newspapers, journa books, friends, or the general atn sphere; and their objections w pragmatic, ideological, or moralis Their other concerns were racial sues, domestic reform, the "cult crisis," and so on, and their conta with government were direct, in rect, or deliberately limited. All th categories are correlated back a forth, till one expects certain ch ters to end with a short quiz: h

* Using two sets of judges (randomly selected editors, writers, and professors of English and the social sciences from leading academic departments), Kadushin first identified twenty-two "leading intellectual journals." The sample of "elite intellectuals" he interviewed was drawn from the editors and contributors of those journals and from authors whose books were reviewed in them; the more often one wrote or was reviewed, the better one's chance of falling into the sample. Finally, those interviewed were asked which intellectuals *they* considered most influential.

Two assumptions underlie this procedure: (1) that intellectuals deal in "high-quality *general* ideas on questions of values and aesthetics" for a "fairly *general* audience" (my emphasis) and (2) that they can be selected by their peers through the "gatekeeping" of intellectually prestigious journals.

Peter Steinfels, a former columnist for C monweal, is associate for the humanitie the Institute of Society, Ethics and the Sciences.

nany over-sixty Jewish Cold War 'Stalwarts" (liberal-left version) who belong to the social science-literary circle and live in New York were pragmatic middle switchers on he war in Vietnam, had indirect overnment contacts, and ranked the culture crisis" immediately after ne war on their list of concerns? Kadushin has the answer, though no ne else may have ever had the ques-ion. The question I have is: does *The American Intellectual Elite* tell s something we didn't know?

Well, very roughly speaking, Kaushin's study tells us that leading ntellectuals are surprisingly evenly ivided between academics and noncademics, between New Yorkers nd non-New Yorkers, between Jews nd non-Jews. They are not young two-thirds are over fifty; only 13 ercent are under forty). Though riting is their forte, the term "litrary intellectuals" is not completely ccurate; about a fifth of them are ocial scientists. They are paid well median family income was $35,000 1969), though considerably less ell than other sectors of the Amerian elite. Many of them manage rojects with significant budgets; in ther words they "meet a payroll."

THEY ARE DISSENTERS, but by no means revolutionaries. "The American intellectual elite," writes Kaushin, "is more liberal on any issue f public policy than the American ublic at large, more liberal than ny other segment of the American ite. . . . But this is not to say that ost of the intellectual elite are radal. They are not. . . . In 1970, less an half wanted to get out of Vietam immediately, even though most ntellectuals had strongly opposed e war since 1965, long before any her group in the population. And eir opposition remained mainly on agmatic grounds—the war did not ork—rather than on ideological or en moral grounds." Most of them ere opposed to Black Power, and overwhelming majority are passonately hostile toward the New eft and the counterculture. By and rge, they are wary of entangling liances with men of power, though percent had direct channels to overnment officials and another 25 rcent had indirect channels or egular contacts. One can thus arue with much plausibility that the intellectual elite is a clerisy rather than an adversary culture; in fact, the truth is somewhere in between; the intellectuals form an opposition—a very loyal opposition.

I cannot say that this portrait startles me. I doubt if it will startle anyone who reads, with any degree of care, the journals where Kadushin's leading intellectuals hang out. Is this, then, another instance of social science going to a lot of trouble to demonstrate what everyone already knew to be the case?

Not everyone. Not, for example, Sandy Vogelgesang, the author of *The Long Dark Night of the Soul*, a book subtitled "The American Intellectual Left and the Vietnam War." It is Miss Vogelgesang's thesis that between 1964 and 1968 the "Intellectual Left" first moved from a pragmatic to a moral critique of the war and then finally saw the war as a reflection of the government's political illegitimacy. In the course of this shift, leftist intellectuals were radicalized; they also attempted to regain their lost political youth through a "rejuvenating juvenophilia"; they practiced an antipolitics of "moral gesture," couched their arguments in "bombast," expressed a "recurrent loathing" for the majority of Americans, "hated and denied" the reality of power, preferred "ego-gratification" to effective politics, and almost never "went beyond incensed revelation to comprehensive analysis of why the nation's leaders acted as they did and what that meant."

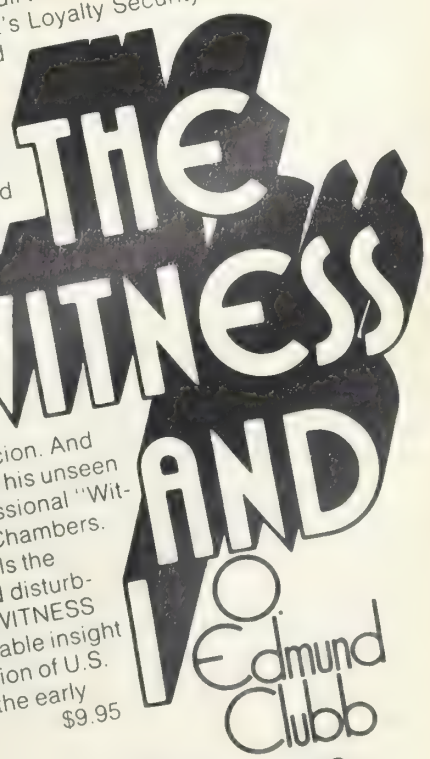
Why the discrepancy between this view and Kadushin's findings? Perhaps a difference in method can account for it.

For in the end *The Long Dark Night of the Soul* tells us less about the "Intellectual Left" than about the way we commonly generalize about intellectuals. The book is supposedly based on a survey of four intellectual journals. One of them, *Studies on the Left*, really has no claim to be representative of the "Intellectual Left." Two more, *Partisan Review* and *The New Republic*, by Vogelgesang's own admission, do not fit the pattern of behavior she has laid out for her intellectuals. Two other journals, *Commentary* and *Dissent*, are cited extensively, usually in criticism of that behavior. Not even in the case of *The New*

When O. Edmund Clubb assumed the post of Director of the State Department's Office of Chinese Affairs in July 1950, he had been in the U.S. Foreign Service for a full twenty-two years. Suddenly, the Department's Loyalty Security Board charged that he had delivered a "sealed envelope" to the office of the New Masses in 1932, had revealed "pink tendencies" in 1934, and had been "100% Red" in 1940.

His attempts to answer these Kafkaesque charges only enmeshed him deeper in a web of smear and suspicion. And at the center lurked his unseen accuser, the professional "Witness," Whittaker Chambers. Now Mr. Clubb tells the whole bizarre and disturbing story in THE WITNESS AND I—a remarkable insight into the destruction of U.S. China policy in the early fifties.

A guide to witch hunting —by a distinguished victim.



$9.95

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS
New York New York 10025

York Review of Books does Vogelgesang provide any sustained analysis to support her argument. At this point, a less hardy thesismonger might have paused and reconnoitered.

But there are ways to patch over the cracks. One can cite Theodore Roszak as a representative intellectual; one can denature statements by others, asserting meanings that appear supported neither by the contexts nor even by the words quoted; one can shift back and forth from discussing the counterculture or the New Left or the antiwar movement in general to the intellectuals in particular; one can lean heavily on passages from a few very interesting but rather idiosyncratic writers like Norman Mailer and Susan Sontag. There *is* a principle behind these procedures. It is simply that in the heavens there exists a Platonic idea of the way political intellectuals carry on ("fulminate," Miss Vogelgesang might say). Whatever fits this idea counts as evidence; whatever does not fit it can be set aside.

Most revealing are the author's evasions on the war itself. Was it justified? What were the reasons for Washington's blind perseverance? What was the proper role of the intellectuals in "speaking truth to power"? Her critical tone implies a position from which the criticism is mounted, but that position is never revealed. This ultimate evasion allows her to play on every team at once. She joins with Chomsky in excoriating intellectuals like Schlesinger who were close to power; she joins with Schlesinger in excoriating intellectuals like Chomsky who were systematically distrustful of power. She hints (1) that intellectuals failed to understand that LBJ continued the war under pressure from public opinion; (2) that they failed to act effectively by shaping public opinion; and (3) that public opinion was powerless to stop the war in any case. At regular intervals she tosses a bone to the intellectuals. They are "moralists"; they are "naysayers." Which is pretty much to say, "Don't worry about their carrying on so; the poor things can't help themselves." When she sums up the "Intellectual Left's" protest against technological madness in Vietnam as "a commendable whimper," I consider "commendable" only a hedging of bets, a guilty afterthought

"Whimper" is the operative word in that phrase, and condescension is the operative attitude, here and throughout *The Long Dark Night of the Soul.* The author's stance is one of smug superiority toward people who on page after page of her own account turn out to have been precisely right. The problem, however, is not Miss Vogelgesang's alone. Just as evidence about the behavior of political intellectuals is, more often than not, trimmed to fit the Platonic idea, or, rather, the Procrustean bed, which we have inherited from a long line of conservative thinkers since Edmund Burke, so the attitude toward intellectuals informing our discussions of them is commonly that of condescension. It is really more than any self-respecting ethnic group should put up with.

ALL THIS IS BY WAY of demonstrating why a book like *The American Intellectual Elite,* whatever its shortcomings, is so helpful. It provides a base line for factual discussion of the state of intellectuals; it establishes some standards for evidence.

I must add, however, that the image Kadushin's book conveys of the intellectual elite is something less than enthralling. Many of the transcribed comments from the lengthy interviews are so wanting in any special insight, originality, or wit, that I suspect a full revelation of the Kadushin tapes might do for the intellectual elite what the Watergate tapes did for the Nixon White House. If Kadushin is right, America's intellectual elite has almost no new ideas about the major problems facing the society—and little will to generate them. It prefers to react, not initiate; to play the gatekeeper: examining, evaluating, advocating, or opposing new ideas that originate elsewhere. This pattern was already true in the Sixties; it is truer today. Indeed, many leading intellectuals sense themselves less gatekeepers than sentries. The war in Vietnam and their exclusion from the civil-rights movement has left them not radicalized but shell-shocked.

Perhaps the saddest discovery in this study of the elite intellectuals is that they cannot point to any heirs. The present generation is essentially the one that emerged in the Forties and Fifties, formed by the depression, the struggle against Nazism, the Cold War. The events o the Sixties not only alienated then from the dominant culture and it political leadership but from thei natural constituency among th young as well. Instead of the gradua emergence of successors there is "lost generation." Of course, ther may not be *any* successors; the grow ing importance of the universities the foundations, and the media along with the tight financial re straints on intellectual journals, ma so alter the structure of intellectua life that Kadushin's study will loo like a last anthropological foray int a disappearing culture. But if ther are successors, they will be like th "melted" ethnics in the melting po —speaking a different language, ur knowing and unappreciative of th experience of their forerunners. can see little gain in that.

THE MYSTERY OF MY BIRTH

by Anthony West

H. G. Wells and Rebecca West, b Gordon N. Ray. Yale Universit Press, $7.95.

H. G. Wells, by Norman and Jeann MacKenzie. Simon and Schuster, $1(

MY INTEREST IN Gordon N. Ray book may be explained quit simply: it describes the relationshi between my father and mother, an it even gives an account, or rathe two accounts, of the way I came int existence. It also flatters my vanit a little by making quite freque mention of me by name.

In all good conscience, however, should warn the disinterested read that Professor Ray's book suffers fro a bad case of what may be calle the *Aspern Papers* syndrome, malady that afflicts literary schola when they become so intoxicated b the chance to have first go at a r stricted archive that they will do a most anything to get at it. The foc of the obsession in this case consiste of a cache of more than 800 lette written to my mother by my fathe Unfortunately, however, Profess

Anthony West, a novelist and biographer, on the staff of The New Yorker.

ıy was being given one side of a rrespondence without the other ıt would make sense of it; as cus-lian of Wells's papers at the Uni-rsity of Illinois, he had learned that my mother's letters to my father re missing. The great glittering gget that had been put into his nds would be no more than unpub-hable dross unless he could some-w reconstruct the missing counter-rt. "Then came a great piece of od fortune. During visits which I id to London in the summers of 71, 1972, and 1973 . . . Dame Re-ca read the successive drafts of story with the most scrupulous e. She corrected errors of fact, ed in the inevitable omissions of a rrative based on fragmentary ma-ials, and set down with her accus-ned force and wit how she herself arded this part of her life."

Having admitted the enforced ption of an approach that rules any pretension to objectivity, fessor Ray goes on to compare present work with his biography Thackeray: "In dealing with Wells Dame Rebecca, on the other nd, I have had the rare opportunity submitting my story to the scru-y of one of its principals. The re-ting narrative, whatever its other iciencies, has an authority not to attained by one based on docu-nts alone." I wish that defects ıld be so easily turned into virtues, the "authority" Professor Ray s claim to has produced little more n a partisan statement extending running fight between my mother l father that should properly have n ended with his death.

s PROFESSOR RAY has elected to tell it, the relationship between parents was a progressive accu-lation of wrongs done to a young l inexperienced girl by an older n who was losing touch with reali-One of the alleged wrongs in-ves the question of how I came to born. The first time he mentions topic Professor Ray clearly be-es that a mistake was made: ne of Wells' earlier love affairs endured for more than a year or . Anthony's existence counted for re than any other factor in keep-Wells and Rebecca together long r their union had ceased to be lly viable. His birth was not, as sometimes been suggested, a cal-culated experiment in eugenics by two of the great intelligences of the age, but rather an inadvertence."

Yet, only thirty-two pages after committing himself to the mistake thesis, Professor Ray states its anti-thesis: "In an angry moment, when he feared that Rebecca might leave him, Wells intentionally omitted his usual precautions in the hope that pregnancy might bind her to him."

The idea that my father might have played this particularly dirty trick on anyone is wholly inconsistent with my knowledge of his character, requiring him to be a colder, nastier, and more unpleasantly calculating man than I ever knew him to be. This may mean no more than that I am still too fond of him to believe him capable of such a thing, but I think I have other, more substantial, grounds for arguing that he was most unlikely to have had recourse to such a tawdry trick, even in desperation, at that point in his life.

Unaccountably, Professor Ray has left out of his narrative of my parents' relationship the rather significant figure of my half-sister, the child who was born just two years before I was, to a woman called Amber Reeves. To be sure, Professor Ray mentions Amber Reeves three times, but in such cursory and innocuous terms that no ordinary reader would know that my father's affair with this lady had been the prelude to the ugliest episode in his career.

There was nothing, I hasten to add, inherently ugly in the affair itself, but it became very ugly indeed when Beatrice and Sydney Webb decided to exploit their knowledge of it for their own ends. The Webbs were at this time engaged in a power struggle with my father over the leadership of the Fabian Society, and as he had a considerable following among its younger members the Webbs felt that he posed a real threat. When they found that he was vulnerable in his private life they had no hesitation in sending a letter to all the Fabians with teen-age daughters, warning them to keep their daughters out of Wells's way. The Webbs subsequently justified their action to those who challenged its propriety by putting forward the sanctimonious plea that the Society could be endangered if its leadership was thought to support my father's view on what was then called free love.

The scandal thus provoked could not be kept within the Society, and no efforts were made to contain it. Before long my father found that he was being ostracized by a disagreeably large number of the people who made up his social and professional worlds, and he was presently forced to resign from his London club. These sanctions may seem piffling today, but they really meant something in their Edwardian English context. My father came from the servant class of a very class-conscious society, one in which the hierarchies of privilege were threatened by the forces of social change. As a jumped-up person from belowstairs who had achieved some prominence, he was made to pay a heavy price for having dared to lay his hands on the daughter of upstairs people. The viciously unpleasant way in which he was written about, talked of, and spoken to in those years is hard to believe, and would be quite incredible if we didn't still have Malcolm Muggeridge around to keep the old line of venomous slander going.

In any event, the tension and anxi-

First paper edition.
THE ANTHOLOGY ON THE RELIGIOUS WAY
Edited by
Dorothy Berkley Phillips
Elizabeth Boyden Howes
Lucille M. Nixon
480 pages

THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
Centenary World Congress
NEW YORK CITY 1975

THE CHOICE IS ALWAYS OURS

Beautiful, wise, searching. "Nothing like this book has appeared before in our language."—*Howard Thurman*. "An inspiring contribution to the instinctual spiritual revival of our day."—*N. Y. Times*. "Concentrated depth of insight and breadth of vision." —*Carroll A. Wise*. Paperbound $1.95

A NEW RE-QUEST BOOK . . . AT BOOKSTORES
or postpaid, promptly, from Quest Books Dept. HM,
306 West Geneva Road, Wheaton, Illinois 60187
The Theosophical Publishing House
WHEATON, IL LONDON MADRAS

ety generated in Wells by the constant harassment he was subjected to all through 1911 and 1912 had a disintegrating effect on the quality of both his fiction and his journalism, so that financial troubles were soon added to his other worries. It seems highly improbable, then, that with this miserable row still dragging on, as it was in the winter of 1913-14, my father should have deliberately set out to repeat the social offense that had got him into so much hot water. The Amber Reeves affair is important not for the light it sheds on how I came to exist, interested though I am in that matter. It is important because the whole pattern of my father's behavior in his relationship with my mother is made inexplicable by Professor Ray's decision to leave out the antecedent circumstances. Many of Wells's actions that seem perverse and even paranoid in Professor Ray's account take on another complexion altogether when they are seen to be those of a man who knows that the irresistible attraction of a very gifted woman is drawing him into a precise repetition of the greatest mistake of his life.

PROFESSOR RAY MAKES another disastrous omission when he describes my mother's family background and says nothing about that of my father. A great deal of fresh information about my father's parents, however, can be found in the MacKenzies' massive biography; and what interests me about it is that the structures of the two families are shown to be essentially the same. In both there was an easygoing, charming, irresponsible, and largely absentee father, and in both there was a dutiful, much put-upon, and visibly wronged mother who devoted herself to the task of raising her children in the face of the difficulties created by the father's fecklessness. As an adult, by the time my mother arrived on the scene, my father had achieved an outstanding success in recreating this primal situation down to the duplication of its physical setting. Easton Gleve, his pleasant eighteenth-century house set in a decaying park near Dunmow in Essex, was a small-scale reproduction of Uppark, the country house in Sussex in which his mother was working as housekeeper at the crucial period in which Wells formed his impression of her relationship with his father. In this model of the original setting my father installed his wife, Jane, to enact the role of the much put-upon mother. Initially she was not asked to do more than tolerate my father's absences from home; then she was required to tolerate the absences knowing what they meant; and finally she accepted full knowledge and even a degree of complicity. Jane Wells seems to have been a gentle, agreeable, and kindly woman who won the affection of a great many people, Arnold Bennett among them; but whatever else she may have been, she was for half my father's lifetime the perfect answer to his psychological necessities, as he evidently was to hers.

She was also, I must conclude, the answer to at least one of my mother's more pressing psychological necessities. To understand this, the reader must make a connection, as Professor Ray does not, between his account of my parents' financial relationship and his account of the wrongs inflicted on my mother's family by her father. The book suggests that my mother was always, while the relationship with Wells lasted, hard pressed for money and sometimes in serious difficulties, because my father was financially irresponsible, wildly extravagant in his personal expenditures, and compulsively mean when it came to providing for her immediate needs. My father's accounts, which were scrupulously kept from a very early stage in his career, show conclusively that this was not so. But even if Professor Ray has not seen these accounts he should have noticed that the story of my mother's hardship that he puts forward is difficult to reconcile with information that was in his possession. Toward the end of 1914, for instance, my mother was having trouble with a housekeeper who was dishonest and a cook who told her obscene tales about the nurse and housemaid; in the winter of 1915-16 she was again in difficulties because her two maids were quarreling with the nurse and her housekeeper-companion. It is fairly clear that this was not poverty as most people who have had experience of that state know it.

Nor was it an ordinary sort of hardship that she had to endure while she was growing up. In spite of her husband's fecklessness, my grandmother, Mrs. Fairfield, was always able to keep up a genteel middle-class establishment, to employ servants, to send her children to go[od] private schools, and to put her eld[est] daughter through medical scho[ol]. When she died she was living in [a] pleasant house in the Hampste[ad] Garden Suburb, a locale impossib[le] to associate with penury, and s[he] was able to leave her youngest daug[h]ter a legacy of £5,000—at a ti[me] when the pound was worth nea[r] $5 and had six to eight times [its] present purchasing power. This "v[ir]tual penury," as Professor R[ay] chooses to call it, can only have be[en] symbolic, a metaphor for past-d[ue] bills for love and affection that [the] absentee father had failed to meet. I am convinced that my father's [ne]leged meanness toward my moth[er] was a phenomenon of the same kin[d]: the real problem was not that he ga[ve] her inadequate support, but that [he] was spending too large a part of [his] time and income on his wife and [his] children.

By overlooking this dimension [of] my parents' financial relationsh[ip] Professor Ray gives an account [of] my mother's grievances as of [the] 1917 that must appear very odd [in]deed. The most terrible war in [the] history of Europe up to that ti[me] was in its third awful year; hundr[eds] of thousands of men had been kil[led] and horribly maimed; food was r[un]ning short as the country began [to] feel the success of Germany's U-b[oat] campaign and the way immediat[ely] ahead seemed dark. At this junctu[re] my mother is portrayed by Profes[sor] Ray as "brooding over what she h[ad] to endure and what she had given [up]. Instead of the full and exciting [life] in the center of English literary [so]ciety that might have been hers, [she] was spending her youth virtually [in] hiding, always in a false position. [Al]ways having to act a part." And t[his] was only half the story. "The pict[ure] offered by Wells' other life at Eas[ton] Gleve could not but present itsel[f to] her mind's eye. . . . As a socia[l] writer she disapproved of conspi[c]uous consumption. Yet the cont[rast] between Wells' large and comf[or]table house at Easton with its staf[f of] loyal and well-trained servants, [the] lively and open family life, and [the] flow of interesting guests . . . and [the] domestic discomfort and humi[lia]tion made inevitable by her own [ir]regular situation was not lost u[pon] her."

But that was not all. Jane W[ells] who had initially licensed my fath[er's]

air with my mother on the clear derstanding that it would be no ore than that, had changed her nd when she found that my moth- was urging her claim to a central sition in her husband's life and aking increasingly heavy demands his resources. She let her friends low that she felt that my mother s behaving badly by breaking the es of the game they had agreed to ay, and that she resented it. Profes- Ray seems to share my mother's lignation at this not altogether un- edictable development, at least to point of resorting to rhetorical estions: "Why should this woman t only share that public part of lls' life from which she herself s excluded . . . but also pretend to world to regard his relationship h Rebecca as a fixed grievance, en in fact she had accepted it from first? In Rebecca's eyes Jane was hypocrite and Easton Gleve a ited sepulchre."

In serving up this long list of fan- d slights, injuries, and humilia- ns of forty, fifty, and sixty years k, Professor Ray may be guilty nothing more than simple-minded dulity, but for a scholar no failure ld be more disastrous.

As biographers, Norman and Jean cKenzie, the joint authors of *G. Wells*, a monumental study of father, suffer from different dis- lities: they are burdened with an ost excessive measure of common se, and they have a background he social sciences. The latter leads m to believe that if you assemble ough information about a given ject you will be able to make sense it, while the former causes them become increasingly distressed by story they have to tell, the story a man whose achievements are nging him a steadily increasing uence but who shows no signs of wing up. The turning point comes en they have to deal with my fa- r's affair with Dorothy Richard- . The fallout from that was a nov- called *The Tunnel* in which she d that having an affair with him d been like having an affair with child. The MacKenzies seem to e recognized the truth of this ob- vation. It was indeed fully con- ned by something Wells said of nself some years after when his tionship with Odette Keun was inning to break up: "The trouble ut writers and artists is that we



The Bundler

It's the "sleeper" of the season . . . the grown-up version of the classic favorite for children . . . the snuggly fashion that will make any female a beautiful baby all over again!

Take any gal who's ever worn and loved and outgrown the *original* version of this wonderful body-bundler . . . let her snuggle into our adult Bundler and behold a winter fashion wonder! It's deliciously sexy. Flattering to the figure, yet oh so soft and comfortable. It's wonderfully warm . . . styled in soft, fuzzy acrylic (yes, the same good fabric as the famous children's model).

The Bundler is made for lounging, for sleeping, for daydreaming . . . for just plain luxury. There's a full zipper, plus knitted wristlets, plus a rope waistband that will keep a girl cozier than she's been since who-knows-when. (For extra warmth, even the slippers have ankle rope-ties.) Note, too, that the slippers are *detachable*. With The Bundler around, she'll be warm all over!

What's it all add up to? A gift of beauty, of deep-down comfort and practicality for any lady you know. One small apology: we don't make The Bundler for men – but we're working on it. *Order The Bundler today*. It's the perfect idea for college dorms, ski-goers, winter vacationers, holiday gifts. Machine washable and dryable, of course.

A *delightful* buy .....only **$18.95**

SPECIAL SAVINGS

2 or more Bundlers.....only $17.50 ea.

Find correct size here.

If height is:	Choose this Size
up to 5'2"	Small
5'2" to 5'4"	Medium
5'4" to 5'6"	Large
Over 5'6"	Extra Large

The UNIQUE Guarantee

Unique ideas, unique quality, unique value—accurately described and promptly shipped. Plus a promise: you must be pleased with your purchase always (a month from now or a year from now) or your money back fast. That's a UNIQUE guarantee!

unique Products Co. Hanover. Pa. 17331

Choose from 4 colors

- Pink Lady
- Yellow Glow
- Blue Bird
- Orange Burst

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

UNIQUE Products Co. Dept. Z-818 Hanover, Pa. 17331

Please rush **Bundler(s)** as indicated, at $18.95 each . . . ($17.50 each, if ordering 2 or more.) Add $2 per garment for shipping and handling. (Md. residents add sales tax.)

☐ I enclose check or m.o.
☐ Charge my Credit Card: ☐ Diners Club ☐ Carte Blanche ☐ Playboy Key ☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge Bank #

Account #

Expiration Date

Signature

PRINT NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP

(No. Z 30247A) Bundler

Quantity	Color	Size

ask too much. There is no difference between myself and Odette, and Willie Maugham living with Gerald Haxton at Cap Ferrat. We both demand the surrender of the loved one."

It obviously bothers the MacKenzies no end that the man they have so many rational grounds for admiring cannot have anything but infantile relationships with other human beings, and knows it. Common sense insists that if you know a thing like that, you must be able to do something about it, but here was my father knowing it, and not doing anything about it—he never achieved an adult relationship, one between equals, in the whole course of his life. This realization seems to have torpedoed the MacKenzies' confidence in their project when they were about two-thirds of the way through it. The book is pretty good, though flatly written, up to that point. From then on, it is a mechanical performance, a matter of piling up the facts in the hope that the central problem will go away. It doesn't. But the facts in this case are facts, which is *something* to be thankful for. □

A LIFE ON FILM

by Rhoda Koenig

My Life and My Films, by Jean Renoir. Translated by Norman Denny. Atheneum, $10.

ONE OF THE MOST vicious cartoons ever to appear in *The New Yorker* (it was by Steig, of course) showed a small boy looking up at an elderly man and asking, "Grandpa, are you very wise?" That people do not learn from experience, that age embitters more often than it mellows, is a truism well known to Jean Renoir, who places "the good old man" on his list of detested clichés, along with "southerners dressed in gay colors" and "love which conquers all." And yet Renoir, arguably the greatest director of sound films, is himself the embodiment of "the good old man." His movies had always made us suspect this; his autobiography confirms it.

The good old man Renoir portrays here is, however, not a simple old man; it is inconceivable that he could be anyone's pet. He tells how, as a child, he came across a couple making love in the gardener's shed, became frightened, and ran away. Then his comment, a deadpan parody of the pompous, influence-on-artistic-development type of writing: "It was my first glimpse of the hollowness of appearances."

Renoir says that he finds the winegrower a more interesting fellow than the notary, and the pastrycook or farmer as deserving as the Impressionist painter of the title "artist." Yet he wastes no sentimentality on the happy, anti-intellectual peasant. He quotes his beloved father as saying, "The whole lot of it [spiritualism] isn't worth a well-shaped bottom," but then points out: "It may be added that this reaction did not represent my father at his most profound."

Renoir has had ample reason to feel embittered about the tyranny of the peasant over the artist. He has been the most beleaguered of filmmakers, failing time and again to wheedle money from the studios or to please the public. Three years were spent looking for the money to make *La Grande Illusion. The River* was financed by a Beverly Hills florist named McEldowney with a passionate desire to film an elephant hunt. *La Règle du Jeu,* which regularly turns up on ten-best lists, was hissed in 1939 by audiences who found it nasty and subversive. Renoir despairs of the moneymen who insist that the public has a twelve-year-old mind, but he comes to much the same conclusion: if you want to make money, he warns, never surprise the public. Don't confront them with any kind of problem, don't challenge the childhood myths that constrict their thinking. And, above all, don't show them any unpleasant truths. "So many humiliating concessions and wasted smiles," he recalls. "So many denials and, above all, so much lost time!" (For all that, Renoir never suffered the brutal, complete rejection that was the fate of such directors as D. W. Griffith and Erich von Stroheim. Renoir describes a banquet held in Griffith's honor by the men he had made rich and who would not permit him to make any more films. "At the end of the meal he was invited in the traditional manner to make a short speech. He stood up and, contemplating the assembled ty-

coons, he spoke as follows: '(anyone here lend me five dolla Then he sat down, while the orch tra burst into light music.")

"I have spent my life experime ing with different styles," Ren writes, "but it all comes down to t my different attempts to arrive at inward truth, which for me is only one that matters." This sea has led Renoir to try artificial romanticism, realism, none of wh he finds any more "real" or "tru ful" than the others. He recalls w great affection the melodramas of Boulevard du Crime and lame their replacement by "the so-ca realistic theatre." Realism, for noir, is merely "the realism of pearances." The ideal member of audience might be Saint-Exupé little prince, for whom the most sa factory picture of a sheep wa drawing of a box with a few hole it (the sheep was inside). His ob tive and his triumph have been use a visual medium to make us the invisible.

Norman Denny's translation is failingly precise and elegant.

DESTROYING NEW YORK IN ORD TO SAVE IT

by C. Richard Hatch

The Power Broker: Robert Mc and the Fall of New York, by F ert A. Caro. Alfred A. Knopf, $17

FROM THE TIME HE first acce appointive office from his men Gov. Alfred E. Smith, in 1924, F ert Moses moved with incred speed and sureness to build a cl of public parks across Long Isl and New York State, to bridge e waterway around Manhattan, an drive broad highways from the into the then sparsely settled su ban regions to the north and east worked himself and the men aro him to exhaustion, often stopp for neither sleep nor public appro brooking no delay from hidebo bureaucrats, neighborhood activ or well-meaning conservationists.

C. Richard Hatch, an architect and city ner, was active in the Harlem advo planning movement.

Rhoda Koenig is the copy editor of Harper's.

d his uncanny knowledge of pub-works legislation, political infight-, financial machinations, and the er human motivations to achieve ends, which he was sure were d. As he himself said, "Miracles not accomplished by mirrors, gic, or sleight of hand. These are . bare-knuckle barroom brawls, eye gouging and rabbit punch-, reflecting the finest traditions of erican sportsmanship."

n 1937 Moses was putting the fin-ng touches to his transformation the vast New York Central rail-d yards into Riverside Park, and he same time opening New York's highway connection to the north rough Inwood Park, over the nuous objections of conservation-and reformers). *Harper's,* in its ember issue that year, gave voice he prevailing view of Moses:

A man who brings beauty to a erded people. . . . It never oc-urs to him that he is noble. . . . Why does he drive himself, and thers, in the public interest? Why does he forswear private ain for the public weal? Is it hu-an sympathy which drives him?

per's author answered for all but andful of critics:

Moses] knows that men must ve and that their children should ee the grass and the sky. And he ights for the grass and the sky ith the devotion of an Amos. . . New York presents an impres-ive exhibit of one citizen's build-ng for the common good.

n his new book, Robert A. Caro, rmer *Newsday* reporter, answers e questions quite differently:

le . . . used the power of money undermine the democratic pro-esses of the largest city in the orld, to plan and build its parks, ridges, highways, and housing rojects on the basis of his whim lone. . . . Increasingly, the proj-cts became not ends, but means —the means of obtaining more nd more power.

aro's well-documented but overly iled and repetitious biography vs that most of what had been ted over the years about Big 's selflessness was a lie—a lie fully planted and nurtured with rs, dinners, and limousine junk-y Robert Moses himself. As Caro it, Moses was not only a master ublic-relations flim-flam but also locus of political corruption in New York State: "Corruption before Moses had been unorganized, based on a multitude of selfish, private ends. Moses' genius for organizing it and focusing it at a central source gave it a new force."

IT IS APPROPRIATE THAT the mechanisms of Mosaic political corruption should have been given full exposure at a moment when the American people were examining the record of the only man with equal arrogance, a mania for public works, and an even greater generosity with public (not to mention private) funds in his quest for power. Nelson Rockefeller is known to have bought the New York State Republican party with his family fortune. Less familiar, perhaps, is his purchase of the principal Democratic party cohort—the trade unions—with pharaonic projects. Rockefeller used massive infusions of state rent funds to make the gigantic World Trade Center feasible for both his brother David and the Port of New York Authority (the family adviser and $500,000 loan recipient, Dr. William J. Ronan, is now its chairman). Taking a leaf from the Book of Moses, Rockefeller set up numerous "public authorities," as shielded from public control as any of the master's, to keep the unions busy building his thruway, his massive housing projects, and his $2 billion Albany mall.

The plundering of public works for graft, condemnation awards, kickbacks, and contracts is not new. What *is* new is the nature of recent players like Robert Moses and Nelson Rockefeller—men who play for power instead of money. Moses smoothed his way in New York with phenomenal gobs of "grease"—public-relations assignments, insurance premiums, legal fees (Al Smith once said, observing a law student, "There's a young man learning to take a bribe and call it a fee"), and consulting contracts—but the seven years of research behind *The Power Broker* turned up no evidence that any of it stuck to his fingers. Caro quotes a city official: "Moses gave [politicians] whatever it was they wanted; therefore, they all had their own interest in seeing him succeed." Likewise Nelson Rockefeller.

Caro's massive book does a splendid job of exposing the incredible cavalcade of corruption of which

THE WISDOM COLLEGE

of

Self-Realization and Planetary Management

regards education as a life-long project. It begins where other colleges leave off: not a substitute for traditional education but an extension of it. The usual goals are a diploma and a job; Wisdom College aims at Wisdom, Cosmic Consciousness, Eternity. Four years of home-study at $25 per 4-month semester including books and study-guides. Payable one semester at a time. Sponsored by Phenix Society, Inc., a non-profit educational corporation, and endorsed nation-wide by the Phenix Clubs. Curriculum supervised by New-Age-oriented professors of Eastern Universities. Founded to meet a widely-felt need for truths our standard materialistic schools have neglected: The Nature of Consciousness; The Psychic Structure of the Universe; The Meaning of Life.

——Enrollment Application——

Name .....

Street .....

City

State .....Zip.....

WISDOM COLLEGE, Box 25, Guilford, Ct. 06437
Please enroll me as a student. Check enclosed for $30.95 ($5.95 handbook: prerequisite for first enrollment; $25 for one semester's books and study guides).

EDUCATIONAL BACKGROUND (check appropriate space:)

High School __ College 2 yr.__ 4 yr.__ Grad. School __

Moses was the animator. But because of his curious belief that the villain's rise was the result of genetic endowment (the will to power having been handed down through the maternal line in Moses' well-to-do intellectual Jewish family), Caro fails to shed any light on the political system that requires so much "grease" to do so little for so many people. And because he is so repelled by Moses' personality, his class and racial biases, and his blatantly extralegal *modus operandi*, Caro cannot fairly evaluate why or what Big Bob built.

EVEN BEFORE AGE, corruption, and Nelson Rockefeller did him in, Robert Moses had been eclipsed. The Mosaic Law of Planning was replaced during the Fifties by one formulated by Jane Jacobs in *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*. Moses had stood for regional authority, public housing projects, sports facilities in parks, suburban dispersal through automobility. The scorn for public opinion and the taint of scandal that marked his last undertakings—New York's urban renewal program and the 1964 World's Fair—brought these principles into disrepute. The Jacobins assailed them vigorously, admiring dense cities, "natural" parks, mass transit, neighborhood control, and small-scale subsidized housing operated by private enterprise.

The Jacobins preached in the streets in the name of the masses. They succeeded only in providing ammunition for the conservative forces that had always sought excuses for not dealing with urban problems at all. As a consequence, the "masses" got no mass transit. They got, not better low-income housing, but no low-income housing. They got, not sensitive replanning in slums, but "benign neglect." The enthusiasm of Jacobs's followers for the messy vitality of old cities was not, apparently, contagious: those who could do so found their "decentralization" and "neighborhood control" by joining the movement to Spread City. The rest faced massive abandonment of housing and worse squalor than ever.

American planning has always had a utopian, reforming, and elitist character, and is more often about what is "good for people" than about what people want. It therefore behooves planners and critics, such as Caro, to take a good look every now and then at what's going on out there.

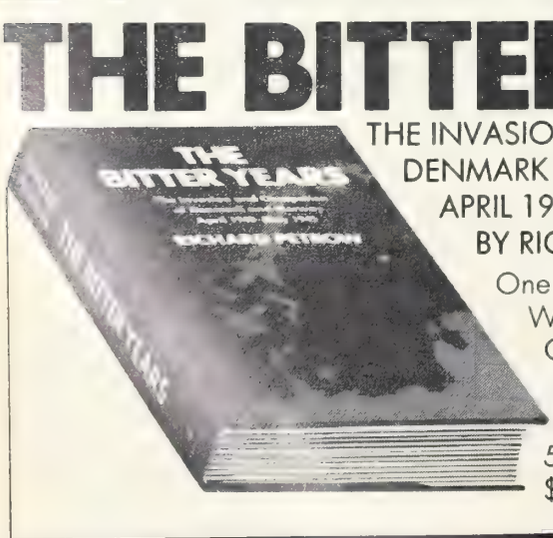
Robert Moses was not a superhero solely to the fortunate holders of his authorities' AAA tax-exempt bonds. To the public he was the Lindbergh of planning legislation, the Wiley Post of public works. He fought the rich for access to Long Island's beaches. He created employment for 68,000 relief workers in his depression park programs. He dreamed up projects that captured the lion's share of federal money when the city was broke. Between 1945 and 1958 he built 148,000 low-income housing units, as many as the rest of the country put together. And at the same time he was bringing the U.N. to the city and supervising the development of huge middle-income projects like Stuyvesant Town and Peter Cooper Village.

He was the *Zeitgeist* personified: the man who hammered together the nation's only organization (at one time he headed a full dozen state and city agencies) capable of buildi with a regional view of transpor tion, recreation, and population d persal. When Moses' first parkw was under construction, no less authority than Lewis Mumford p claimed:

> *A great part of the available capital for municipal enterprise is now sunk in our big cities in the subways and transportation system which are so necessary to its bare physical existence; the greater the size of the city, the more extravagant are the demands for these* palliatives of congestion, and the more congestion do they promote. . . . *By relying on the automobile to serve for longer and more rapid transportation, the regional city should avoid these vast outlays. . . . With the motor car and electric power the dominant forces actually favor a regional distribution of population—the only countering forces being the inertia of habit . . . and the existing equipment of congested centers.* [*emphasis added*]

In 1929, Mumford's colleague Cl ence Stein built that paragon of s urban communities, Radburn. Loc ed on an expressway leading to then new George Washington Brid Radburn was planned specifically "commuters" and billed as "a to for the motor age."

In the same year, liberal reform and business leaders brought out first comprehensive plan for the t ty-one-county New York metropoli area. Predicting a growth of au mobile ownership even greater t what occurred, this tremendously fluential document of the Regio Planning Association (RPA) stres one goal: opening up the regi Comprehensive highway plann was given the highest priority, New Yorkers were assured that m and better roads would "secure a sa factory remedy to the widely spr evil of congestion." The framers the plan presciently concluded t the arterial road system they scribed "when carried out [open] immense areas of land . . the population for industries homes, and will result in a g diffusion of both." The plan devo 26 pages to improving the railr network—largely to ease frei movement—but nearly 100 pa were given to a detailed descript of each of the dozens of great h



THE BITTER YEARS

THE INVASION AND OCCUPATION OF DENMARK AND NORWAY APRIL 1940-MAY 1945 BY RICHARD PETROW

One of the great untold stories of World War II—the truth not only about Germany's brutality but about a courage unmatched in the annals of history.

50 photos, 3 maps
$10.95

WILLIAM MORROW

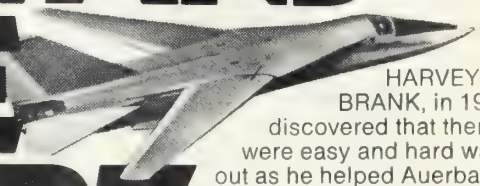
THE SPRUCE GOOSE THE EDSEL AND NOW THE F24BZ



HOWARD HUGHES, in 1947, spent $25 million to build the Spruce Goose, a 200-ton flying-boat designed to carry 700 fully-equipped combat troops. It was flown once for less than a mile at an altitude of 40 feet.

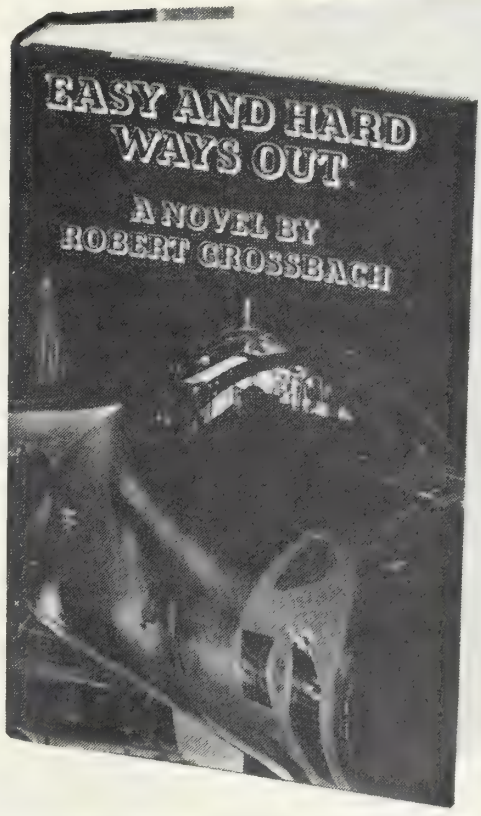


HENRY FORD II, in 1957, unveiled the newest entry in automotive design. With vast hopes, large sums of money, technological know-how, and the first name of a family member, he had built an Edsel.



HARVEY BRANK, in 1970, discovered that there were easy and hard ways out as he helped Auerbach Labs spend *more* money and *more* time than either Hughes or Ford to build the Air Force's newest and best jet fighter: the F24BZ.

This is the story of a war plane that had a problem: the people who made it, and the people who flew it.



Please send _____ copy(s) of EASY AND HARD WAYS OUT at $7.95 each. I have enclosed $_____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send your orders to:
Harper's Magazine Press, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

New York residents, please add appropriate sales tax.

Harper's
MAGAZINE PRESS

ways, bridges, and tunnels which would be needed. And lo! Robert Moses built them all.*

BY 1946, HOWEVER, this diffusion of industry and homes had begun, apparently, to be troubling for some RPA planners, as well as for Mumford. In that year he wrote, "A large part of the money we are spending on highways right now is wasted, because *we* don't know whether *we* want people where the highways are going [emphasis added]." But if the planners were no longer sure, the public was: suburbs were where they wanted to live and the automobile and the highway were the keys to their kingdom. This is still the case; and even though planners often choose to believe that automobility is forced upon a benighted public that has no mass-transit alternatives, studies almost as numerous as those which indicate that Americans actually prefer suburban living suggest that they also prefer cars. Caro, who believes Moses is an automaniac, gloomily reports a recent Nassau-Suffolk (Long Island) Regional Planning Board study: "Given modern rolling stock; if travel time was cut in half; if new, more convenient stations were strategically located . . . the modal split (switch from cars to mass transit) would be no more than 10 percent."

The public antipathy to mass transit becomes less surprising when one realizes that the classic suburb hardly exists anymore. Our conventional picture of bedroom communities peopled by dashing commuters riding to their jobs downtown no longer jibes with reality. Today only one-quarter of all suburban workers are employed in central cities. On Robert Moses' Long Island only the executive class continues to commute in the historical sense. For the majority of the labor force, work has come to them: in the last decade suburban employment grew by 3 million jobs. In 1973 the suburbs passed the cities in total employment. Moreover, this growth isn't going to slow down. As Anthony Downs, a close student of suburbs, points out: "There will be at least 13 million more households in 1985 than in 1975—a larger increase than occurred in the fifties or sixties. More to the point, the number of persons in the group from 25 to 34 years old, when most first homes are purchased, will grow by 9.6 million during the years 1972 to 1980."

This means that between now and 1985, 27,000 new households will be created every week. On past performance, more than 70 percent of the new householders will choose to live in the suburbs—and more might do so if adequate low- and middle-income housing were available there. To manage this unprecedented growth, we will need more highways, parks, housing—including, importantly, more publicly owned and built housing—and more regional coordination than even Robert Moses dreamed of.

We charge full blast into this period unarmed. Intellectuals continue to write in praise of cities. Professionals attack the carcass of public housing while nothing is built for the poor. Radicals celebrate urban neighborhoods from which opportun and joy have long since seeped aw

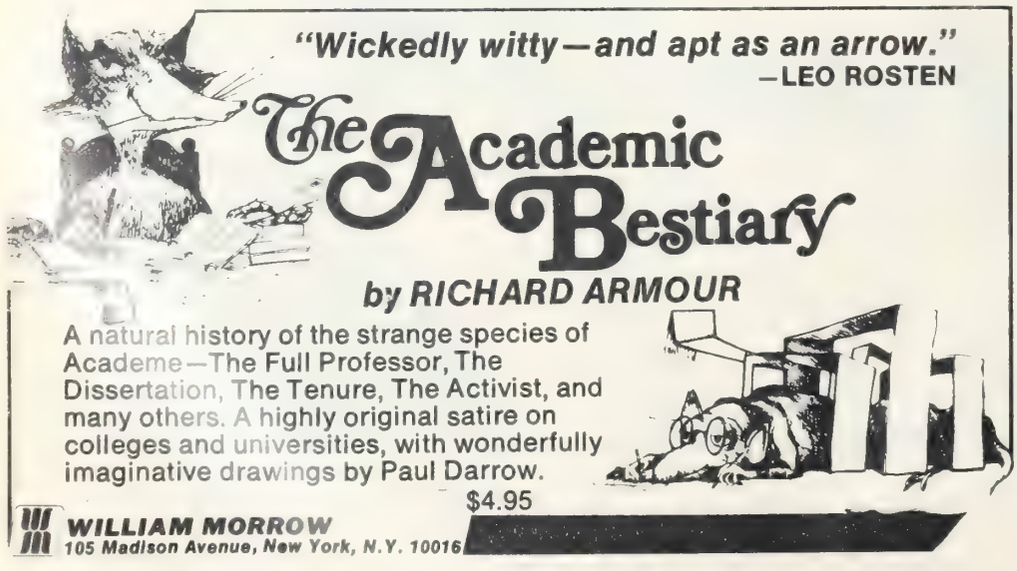
The love of cities has always be more European than American. A now that cities are completing th historic task of assimilating imm grants to the native culture, there a few who are not ready to aband them. New York, Chicago, and S Francisco may continue, like Los A geles's surfurbia, to provide a s cialized environment for one m oddball subculture, urbanophil But America will be out in the s urbs.

Accepting what people want constitutionally difficult for plann and architects. It goes against professional grain. But acceptan does not in this case mean there no need for reforming zeal. Th are at least three major tasks to confronted before we ourselves retire gracefully into some exurl lotusland. In order of importa they are: demolishing the exclusi ary zoning ordinances that keep poor away from suburban hom jobs, and quality schools; find new institutional forms to diffuse positive cultural functions of the ci and accommodating more peo without sacrificing the verdant sp that makes suburban life desira

Solutions to problems as intric and massive as these should refl broad democratic participation a debate. Robert Moses, whose po ical training took place behind scenes in a corrupt Republican St Legislature and a corrupt Democ ic City Hall, came to believe, like biographer, that only secretiven and "grease" could get things do But Moses could never have built well and so quickly had he not b giving the people what they want Pondering his 1,246-page accoun Moses' record, Caro asks, "Wo New York have been a better pl to live if Robert Moses had ne built anything?" But would we re agree to live without his parks his public housing—and his hi ways that opened up the region?

For thirty-two years Robert Mo had his offices on the toll plaza of Triborough Bridge. From his w dows he could see the growing m of arterial highways he had b and watch over the automobility a dispersing population. For all grievous faults he was closer to man in the street than his professi al critics.

* All except the Lower and Mid-Manhattan Expressways. The city couldn't afford the latter, and Jane Jacobs played a major role in stopping the former. And a good thing, too. Moses' errors were on the same scale as his projects.



AKING CONNECTION



"Of all malicious wrong that earns Heaven's hate
The end is injury; all such ends are won
Either by force or fraud. Both perpetrate

Evil to others; but since man alone
Is capable of fraud, God hates that worst."
—Dante Alighieri
The Divine Comedy, 1321

n't Soothe That Savage Breast

our own daily movies, it's ooks, brains, or talent most are missing. It's a music

usic is one of the great teners. To rise above the tions that usually prevent om expressing the entire of our animal natures, all e really needs is a pocket- ape recorder and a tiny ear- e. When you feel an attack e nasties coming on, in- of suppressing it, just start ight music going in your and get on with the dance. tape program for accom- ng dastardly acts should thout music to seduce your friend's spouse by. Elvis y's yelping classic, "You Nothin' but a Houn' Dog," from unleashing the most e of passions, will remove nse of loyalty to anything yone, including yourself. sic to run amok at your ter's wedding to is another For keeping you in fren- empo while you fling food, crystal, and indiscrimi- goose guests, Bette Mid- rendition of "Boogie- ie Bugle Boy" is highly mended. As a matter of if you want to speed up life and end it even more y than fate may have ed, there's no better aid on arket.

ause the two deeds are about equally unacceptable in the eyes of polite society, music to throw up on your hostess's rug from and music to plot your parents' murder to should be selected with extreme care. Those under thirty who aspire eagerly to one or both of these forms of self-expression report that Kate Smith singing "God Bless America" gets them to throw up even on an empty stomach, and that any selection played by Lawrence Welk makes them feel like murdering their parents' whole generation.

Music to dismember your parakeet by can be a sticky wicket. Though energy-producing, "Heigh Ho, Heigh Ho, It's Off to Work We Go" tends to yield messy results. Alvin and the Chipmunks' version of "Jingle Bells" generally inspires more attention to detail.

If you are economy-minded, you might want to use Ravel's "Bolero" for each of the situations mentioned above.

A cautionary note: though repeated playings of "The Rite of Spring" will eventually drive your next-door neighbor to swallow the entire contents of his fish tank, those who have tried piping the Stravinsky opus directly into their ears have ultimately turned and rended their own tape recorders.

—Susan Witty

Susan Witty is a free-lance writer.

AROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

SAVE THE CHILDREN

Child abuse is the most common cause of death among children. Together with neglect, it is also responsible for countless cases of emotional illness. To help parents master the kind of rage that leads them to injure their children, an organization called Parents Anonymous is setting up local chapters around the country. "Any amount of physical punishment—or neglect—can be abusive," say the directors. "We believe that a parent is abusive when the child is punished for reasons that have more to do with the parent's state of mind than with the behavior of the child. We help parents see that abuse is *always* their fault, and that they can, if they are honest with themselves, understand their own problems as a first step to ending abuse of their children."

As the name implies, members can remain anonymous, but most end up revealing their names as they become friends with others in the group. When any member feels upset, he or she can call another member and talk the problem out, or arrange for an informal meeting to discuss it in a group. Under this arrangement, parents are given new, possibly creative, outlets for their tension and anger, and they learn from other people's experiences how to achieve healthy, loving relationships with their children.

If you would like to join an existing chapter, or help set one up in your hometown, you can get more information from Leonard Lieber, Parents Anonymous, 2930 West Imperial Highway, Inglewood, California 90303.

Ending violence in the classroom, said to be an "iceberg" problem for lack of publicity, is the focus of a national group called EVAN-G—the Committee to End Violence Against the Next Generation. You can get their newsletter, *The Last Resort,* simply by requesting it. They welcome contributions and "the association of activists who need facts, data, encouragement, and strategies for eliminating such practices in their local communities, and for working with state legislatures." EVAN-G's address is 997 Keeler, Berkeley, California 94708.

RAPAROUNDWRAPAR

To order Tools or Sources mentioned in this section, please follow the ordering instructions in Tools for Living on page 97.



The suicide rate for American whites is 2.4 times that for American nonwhites.

TOOLS: Choose Your Weapons

Scare a mugger: Organize your block so that everyone has a whistle. If someone gets in trouble, he blows his whistle. Everyone else then opens his window and blows his whistle, too. This way a mugger feels the whole street is after him.

Buglecraft whistles, which are solid brass, are used by both the police and the Boy Scouts. You can find them in Army-Navy and sporting-goods stores and at Boy Scout headquarters, or you can order them from us for $2 apiece (including postage and handling).

Aggressive art: Blow up a photograph of someone you hate and use it as a dart board. To have a giant photograph made, send a black-and-white or color print to Photo Poster, Dept. MH-15, 210 East Twenty-third Street, New York, N.Y. 10010, or to Tools for Living. Prices are $2.95 for a 1-by-1½-foot b/w; $4.45 for a 2-by-3-foot b/w; $10.45 for a 1½-by-2-foot color; and $15.45 for a 2-by-3-foot color. Use of a negative or of a slide instead of a print costs an extra $1; black-and-white posters can be made from color prints.

Pow!: These Socker Boppers —found in toy stores and five-and-tens—are great fun for aggressive workouts against anything or anybody, but watch your own sharp edges, especially elbows. The gloves are plastic and inflatable, and have a hole in the underside that the fist fits into. Air cushions the hand so you can punch your hardest without really hurting anybody.

Because prices vary from store to store, comparison shopping may pay off. If you prefer to order through the mail, we'll furnish a pair of Soccer Boppers for $3 (that includes postage and handling charges).

—Margot Moes-Hunt

Margot Moes-Hunt writes and works in Brooklyn Heights.



Beelzebub, the Lord of the Flies.

"Cruelty is fed, not weakened, by tears."
—Publius Syrus
Sententiae, 43 B.C.

"I'm only the Pope, what can I do?"
—Pope John XXIII
(1881-1963)

The Chase

Adolf Hitler. Karl Adolf Eichmann. Bormann. Himmler. Goebbels. In little more than a decade, the Third Reich turned out enough gauleiters, sadists, and mass murderers to last a thousand years.

But for all the books and movies that plumb our gruesome fascination with Nazi villains, few writers capture the joy that comes from tracking them down. One of the few is Simon Wiesenthal, the Austrian Jew whose book *The Murderers Among Us* (Bantam, $1.25) tells of his search for hundreds of escaped war criminals.

Is it a taste for vengeance that makes such tales so satisfying? Perhaps, though Wiesenthal denies any lust for revenge. But there's also something unmistakably right when the losers and victims win, when the good guys stomp the bad, or at least put up a fight. Without that, atrocity stories wear thin: if you've seen one Auschwitz, you've seen them all. Or, as Eichmann put it, "One hundred dead is a catastrophe. Five million dead is a statistic."

With Wiesenthal, however, the good guys do win a few and the Holocaust becomes almost manageable, a series of detective stories in which the plodding gumshoe—more Columbo than Kojak—finally gets his man.

Take the Eichmann case. For nearly sixteen years, from the time of his liberation from a concentration camp at the end of the war, Wiesenthal collected every stray report on the elusive Eichmann. He got and checked out accounts of how his "client" survived the closing days of the war, how he escaped from an American internment camp, stayed in Germany and Austria over four years, then fled to Italy, where he stayed in a Catholic monastery. From an undercover agent, the harmless-looking detective got one of the few existing photographs of Eichmann, and later took pictures of Eichmann's look-alike brothers. From letters, newspaper obituaries, and on-the-spot investigations, he traced Eichmann's wife and then his sons to Buenos Aires, eventually establishing t the killer was living there un the name Ricardo Klement. nally, with the jigsaw puz complete, Israeli agents had tle trouble finding the man w had "commanded the Jews."

In the other cases he descril Wiesenthal sometimes wi sometimes not. But the surv ing members of Hitler's e must know they are in fo battle. **—Steve Weissm**

Steve Weissman is working on a b about England.

READERS

Dr. M. robbed me of my in cence both financially and e tionally. I was in the market a vasectomy, and I went to M. because he was cheap—c fifty bucks. I was in the ope ing room for thirty minu and the procedure was painl though I did have to close eyes, because I couldn't h seeing the scalpel penetrating comfort organs. Once the a thetic wore off, Dr. M. assu me all was well and gave m gold vasectomy medal. I than him and paid the fee. As I leaving, he asked me to turn if I ever needed additio assistance. I said that I wo although, having had six c dren in ten years, I felt I'd ready invested amply in the n ical profession.

After the operation I mixed feelings. On the one h I felt like an apostate. Norm I respect the orthodox Cath creed, which in this case w have frowned on my birth trol. But the family was just ting too big. I had to mello go broke. On the other han couldn't resist the opportu to fully enjoy my new, safe i tity. So I took a week off, h a baby-sitter, and ran off my wife on a second ho moon. We drove 400 miles our priapic holiday to the sit our original honeymoon in York State. The week wa marvelous combination of f nerves and free expression. couldn't have imagined joy—until about seven w after our return. It was then Susan began getting sick

IOWRAPAROUNDOWR

that we knew meant an- r little Catholic was in for- on.

s soon as our family doctor irmed the unhappy suspi-, the jealousy and anger that taken root in me at the first ence of the pregnancy flared Either Susan had been fool- around, which I found hard lieve but was moping about the same, or Dr. M. had ned the vasectomy, which ged me. Susan kept denying , but I wasn't very trusting. did, however, have one solid ment. With six kids to care when would she have had ime? Finally, I grudgingly her the benefit of the doubt concluded that Dr. M. must ne culprit.

was in the tenth week of the nancy that I came to this ion and stormed down to ffice. Dr. M., I vowed, d pay for the first two of this baby's life! But as as I said my wife was preg- and slammed my vasec- pin onto his desk, he asked y whom she had been see- Before I could say anything, owed me charts which de- ed the operation he had per- ed and offered to take X immediately to substantiate laim. His equanimity and tific aura were overwhelm- I made a quick, awkward but before I left Dr. M. me again to make sure to him if I needed any more es.

mbling out of the waiting in a daze, with wild hts of divorce and even er running through my I didn't even notice that used the wrong door until g hallway brought me to looked like another clinic. nt in, and found myself again in a waiting room, one filled with nervous n. Dr. M.'s receptionist ehind the desk.

ally, locating a narrow way to the outside, I sidled gh only to be jostled by a fellow who asked how were going inside. Before ld answer, he said, "Listen, think you got problems! I'm not braggin' about this, but I've gotta tell somebody: I'm payin' for all this abortion jazz, and I've had a vasectomy!"

Within five minutes we had exchanged stories and discovered that Dr. M. was running twin clinics, one for phony vasectomies and one for real abortions. (We later found that to assure his credibility he performed a percentage of effective vasectomies.) The poor fools who thought they had received vasectomies and had lost faith in their wives were given "bargains" on abortions.

The whole situation sickened me. From my point of view Dr. M. had proven to be not only a hoodwinker but a murderer. We're suing him for $300,000.

—Name Withheld

"It's a film about meat, about . . . crazy retarded people going beyond the line between animal and human." —Publicity release Bryanston Pictures

During nearly fifty years as unofficial historian of an insurance company, I was privileged to become acquainted through the claim files with many rascals who tried to defraud the organization by pretended deaths, fake injuries, and phony robberies.

One of my favorite villains was known as General Boswell. He and his young wife appeared in 1868 in Muncie, Indiana, where he soon became a prominent and respected citizen. In 1871 the Boswells departed on a trip to St. Louis, Missouri, whence they sailed on the steamer St. Luke.

Before their departure, the General acquired a substantial life insurance policy and two accident policies. On the first night of the voyage the General, according to Mrs. Boswell, disappeared overboard. His body was not found, and the named beneficiary, Mrs. Boswell, put in her claims. The Travelers Insurance Company, from experience in similar cases, had reasons to delay payment. During this delay, the company received the following anonymous gem:

"If the D. K. Boswell who swindled you is the Daniel K. Boswell who in 1845 left his wife and children in Galena, Illinois; went to Hannibal or Palmyra, Missouri; ran away with Old Man Ross's daughter, said they were married on a steamboat; took a free Negress from Indiana to Lexington, Kentucky; sold her (after she had a child by him) as a slave; was indicted but escaped about 1848 to Memphis, Tennessee; set up a picture gallery; made obscene pictures; perjured himself in a deposition to blackmail a citizen there; went to Hot Springs, Mississippi, in September 1848; stopped some time at a hotel, where he said he was robbed of $800 by a servant; had the poor slave whipped nearly to death before it was discovered that he had had no money and had not been robbed; got into many difficulties there; shot a man's mules; committed perjury; ran away to west Tennessee; joined the Campbellite Church; again got into many difficulties and disappeared, though whither this biographer knows not—if this is your man, he is the most unmitigated scoundrel unhung."

—George Malcolm-Smith
West Hartford, Conn.



"Be suspicious."
—Sanforize advertisement

"It shall be unlawful for any suspicious person to be within the municipality."
—Local ordinance Euclid, Ohio

"All that I saw of any interest in me was crooked."
—Hutchins Hapgood *Autobiography of a Thief,* 1903

SOURCES

The Seven-Per-Cent Solution (Being a Reprint from the Reminiscences of John H. Watson, M.D., as edited by Nicholas Meyer) offers entertaining displays of both nineteenth- and twentieth-century fashions in villainy. There's plenty of blood and thunder (suspiciously more, in fact, than in Dr. Watson's other narratives) but the destruction of that "Napoleon of crime," Professor Moriarty, is accomplished without the flourishing of a single tangible weapon. Published by Dutton, the book is $6.95.

Symbols In Society, by Hugh Dalziel Duncan (Oxford University Press, $6.75) is a profound and deeply rewarding essay on the symbolic aspects and functions of communication. Duncan explains why society needs symbols —to represent peace, leadership, art, institutions, evil— and how they can be manipulated by a clever man or an enterprising faction.

In *Obedience to Authority* (Harper & Row, $10), Stanley Milgram describes and analyzes an experiment he conducted at Yale "to test how much pain an ordinary citizen would inflict on another person simply because he was ordered to by an experimental scientist." The results are surprising enough to make fascinating, frightening reading.

TURNABOUT AROUN

Rural Evil, Urban Bliss, Rural Bliss, Urban Evil

Twentieth-century America has given us, among other dubious boons, the chance to try out places and styles of living undreamed of by our forebears. If we tire of the city, we can live in the country; if we tire of the country, we can move to a suburb. And so on. The city mouse-country mouse debate is, in its testiness, peculiarly American. We asked you not long ago to send us your thoughts on the debate, and you responded quite volubly, with letters, stories, reminiscences, and even some pictures to buttress your particular stands. The total number of letters would have made up a book-length manuscript; however, we have room to share only a few with you.



—**Terry Smith**
Arlington, Va.

One impulse from a vernal wood. . ."

Having some Thoreauvian ideal in mind, I left the city and bought a house in the country. I would practice my violin, commune with nature, and deepen myself.

My first discovery was that I was an hour from the market. Every time I forgot something essential an important part of my day was taken up. I decided to plant a vegetable garden. This took hours of my practice time, and I had to go to the market anyway because rabbits ate the vegetables. My second discovery was that great shopping centers and supermarkets are preferable to plants.

Then I found that everyone I knew who cared where middle C was lived in the city. Being the gregarious type, I set out to meet the neighbors. I found they had moved to the country for solitude.

Now I have moved back to the city. Somehow I feel that I have failed Thoreau. —**Ronald G. Lockyer, Jr.**
Santa Barbara, Calif.

On my first morning commuting to work in the city, I studied the faces of the people in the train and along the route I walked from my stop to the office. By the end of the week I had learned them well enough to set my watch by them. One evening, as I rode home, I caught the eye of a man who was reading a pamphlet from my company, and discovered that he was a new employee. We began to make the walk between our stop and the office together. One evening, when I was alone, a fellow pedestrian asked me where my boyfriend was! The old man I used to wave to at the service station every morning insisted at the end of the summer that I send him a postcard from school.

In a country town familiarity is static and unavoidable. Your character becomes established and expectations are developed. But city people expect nothing and everything in the city's geography of faces. Among them, I found myself opening up. —**Carol H. Miller**
South Hadley, Mass.

If you were a corn and somebody built a fire under you and made you feel like popping, you'd probably pop as high as you could. And the higher you popped, the more popped out you'd get and the bigger you'd get. You might not pop out as big as that corn next door, but you'd pop as big as you could. You can see how it would be to have unlimited space for popping up as well as for popping out.

I guess it doesn't make too much difference if it's country space or city space as long as nobody puts a screen over it and throws too many corns in the popper. —**Carolyn W. Anderson**
El Cajon, Calif.

I have a fantasy. Let us construct as a monument a mammoth city where no human animal keeps permanent residence. All the great works of art would be kept there on display, the great plays would be performed, libraries encompassing our total knowledge would be open for visiting humans. Every conceivable pleasure which we have associated with our "higher nature" would be afforded us. And every animal of our species could visit this city, yet not live there and hopefully not corrupt it.
—**Thomas J. Inghelram**
New Haven, Mich.

We have lived in these woods for a year. Each day seems much the same as the last, and the casual observer would probably conclude that our lives were quite empty of variety, of color, and of intensity. I suppose that I could always wake to watch the dawning sun blaze in the treetops, sit on a mat of pine needles in the shade of a shaggy loblolly when it is too hot to do anything else, and swim in the lake with Vera, my wife, when the brightest stars are first appearing in the evening sky without ever feeling that I had done the same thing twice. Each moment a new shade of sunlight illuminates our world, and a new mood moves across the face of the water. —**Robert McArthur**
Smithville, Texas

Last year I left a job as a ch
feur in Manhattan for one
cabin steward on the Delta Q
riverboat. Out in the middl
the Mississippi, I could feel
self somehow coming to life,
coming a part of something m
larger than myself. I was
in the midst of it all, but
that I had my place and my
to play nonetheless.
—**Tom McDo**
Toledo, (

My mate and I live in the
because we are jungle creat
and all the jungle creatures
here in the jungle. We prey
are preyed upon. Jungle
are for stalking and scurr
nights for nesting and fora
Always the smells and nois
the others wrap us in close
tight, and never do we see
whole sky all at once.

We think we have ance
who came in from the veld
cause it was only for grazing
munching, and everyone
spaced so far apart that
couldn't smell or hear one
other. —**Rafe Ep**
New York, N

I grew up in a small tow
Montana, the same small
my college-age son visited
summer, as he has every
to see his grandfather.

This year he and a friend
ly escaped a fight with a g
of local boys who had de
these long-hairs couldn't b
beer in the tavern. The fo
ing week a long-hair got his
nose, and hand broken in
same bar.

I have fond memories o
hometown, but the "good
and the "bad guys" turn up
where. Another thing—
many small-towners who li
the city want to move back
—**Mrs. Russell W**
Spokane, W

We've been in the countr
a year now and at last fee
we have some control over
lives. There is a sense of w
ing together here, whether
building a house, cutting
winter wood supply, or ap
ing a parking ticket. One
see processes through from

RAPAROUNDWRAPAR

ng to end, and when snags , the solution is usually a few blocks away. Life s not controlled by some in- e bureaucratic mechanism. r these reasons life is easier e country, and for us easy od. It releases vast stores of y from defense to expend owth. When I feel the urge end an anonymous day in ark watching the varied hu- forms of the city roll by I nate quite well by walking my garden and marveling outrageous outfit my Swiss wears and the subversive ess of pigweed among the majority of plants there.

—Judith W. White
Mt. Shasta, Calif.

place I come from has so folks my worst enemy is my fourth-best friend. Out nature has a way of easing n's frustrations. The most happens when things get y, we might have to kick at or go down to the cellar see how the chokecherry coming along. We still the back door unlocked the keys in the pickup. has got to begin some- .

ien you think about all millions of acres out here vaiting for smart planners artists and architects to a decent place for people, it's enough to get your out. **—Andrew Redmann**
Fish Creek, Wis.

used to live in Birmingham, ma. Our next-door neigh- as a newspaper editor who n unlisted phone number se of numerous threats on e. Across the street, a fam- s under police surveillance sing drugs. The owner of ouse behind us was con- of harboring an arsenal of and explosives.

moved to the country—a tain resort area fifty miles Atlanta. The area is fenced guarded by nine deputized who patrol twenty-four per day. Homes here have burglarized and vandalized, stolen—nothing violent.

—Robin Chivington
Jasper, Ga.

As a child, looking at the smoke rising from the sewer plates I used to think that hell was under there. Now I've matured and found that hell is above the streets. New York is the armpit of the universe. **—Sharon Castaj**
Union City, N.J.

Last year, on East Eighty-first Street, between York and East End Avenues in Manhattan, the liquor store was robbed three times, a block resident's pet poodle was poisoned, and a store was burned down.

But on this same block Andy Monaco, superintendent at 504 East Eighty-first Street, bought some cow manure and seeds, and planted two "fields" of corn and radishes around the trees in front of his building. Instead of a scarecrow, he put up neat little "Curb Your Dog" signs.

The corn is now four feet high, yielding several ears, and the radishes are big and plump.

Has anyone stolen the corn? Uprooted the radishes? Of course not. What do you think the city is—a hotbed of crime?

—Betty Vaughn
New York, N.Y.

When our six-year-old son announced that he was learning to smoke—having acquired sufficient butts from the gutters of west Chicago—he supplied the necessary impetus for our precipitous flight to the suburbs. We constructed a new ranch-type home on two acres, located twenty miles southwest of Chicago's Loop.

We poured concrete, dug, sawed, pounded, wired, sweated, and found that construction problems were minuscule compared to people problems. Here are a couple.

In early years, hunters swept across our property in skirmish lines of five to twenty men. Desultory firing kept our children inside. A neighbor was shot in the arm by a hunter firing at a rising bird. He notified the sheriff's office, and the hunter was arrested and fined—not for wounding another human being but for shooting a hen pheasant.

—Emory L. Hall
Hinsdale, Ill.

Let me tell you something about life in the country. There are a couple of different kinds. There's the kind you can live if you are a disaffected upper-middle-class college dropout with a Volkswagen to go to town in if you run out of toilet paper or seeds for your organic garden. And there is real country life like my husband (now thirty-six years old) lived until he was twenty-one and headed for the city. Here are some things he left behind him:

There was no electricity until he was eight years old. His family's first light, a fifteen-watt bare bulb suspended from the ceiling, was almost unbearably bright. They ate what they grew. This was not a sickly romanticism; it was the harshest imperative. And it wasn't for ecological reasons that they used no pesticides. Too poor to buy DDT, my husband and his daddy killed boll weevils with their fingers. Women were old at thirty, physically and mentally. They made soap, and boiled clothes in washpots outside, stirring the laundry with a stick. They heated irons on a wood stove to iron the clothes, they stuffed ticks with straw to sleep on, and they cooked on wood stoves, not by choice but by necessity. **—Susan Greene**
Clarkston, Ga.

I think a good way to explain the differences between the city families and the Midwestern families I have known is to compare each family to a hand. The city families are like an open hand, fingers stretched away from each other, where each member of the family is a separate entity, going his own way, joined with the other members only at the base by bloodlines. The country family is like a closed fist, each member of the family working together to form one closely knit unit. **—Diane Marjorie Shister**
Columbia, Mo.

Our community in western Massachusetts would seem to be ideal—800 or so, a village green, two general stores, white-spired churches and all. We are near a five-college area that provides as much cultural life as we can stand. There is a swamp in our yard that holds the noisiest, most lovable frogs in the county. What could ruin such a bucolic existence? The local utilities company, which has purchased 1,900 acres of land to build a nuclear reactor just outside my backyard.

The nuclear plant has to be built in a rural area because the quantity of human life endangered is more important than the quality of life for the rural few. The town has not united in true Yankee fashion against the big bad monopoly the way it did when Boston wanted to use the land as a dump.

Rather, it has been torn apart over the issue. "This will bring in sorely needed jobs" versus "This will endanger our rivers and streams." "This will provide needed energy in the only way feasible" versus "The utility company owns uranium, not the sun." "This will lower the tax base" versus "This will increase the cancer rate." "This will put us on the map" versus "This will blow us off it."

Because the town is so lovely and fertile in a rocky New England way many large groups of young people have bought area farms and are living in communes. They are largely against the plant. Therefore a new syllogism has sprung up:

I hate communes.
They hate nuclear plants.
Therefore, I am for the reactor. **—Beverly Adler**
Montague, Mass.

UNDOWRAP: TOOLS FO

I can forget my surroundings quite easily when I'm reading. On this occasion I was forgetting being situated in a heavily marbled and darkly wooded Brooklyn apartment building lobby at 10:00 P.M. on Memorial Day eve 1969. I had written Bruce earlier in the week saying that I'd be staying with him ("come visit anytime") for the weekend. No reply, but I left for the city anyway.

Only an obsessive reader could ignore the obvious fact that Bruce wasn't coming home—I'd sat from five to ten while the bars across from the open door filled with drunks' songs. I'd acquired this ability of concentration from day-long ignorings of bumblebees, carpenter ants, and leg-limited suntans while sitting under the New Hampshire lilac bushes reading out the summer. I believe everything I read, and the trust spills into life, so when the tall West Indian man came up to me and said, "I've noticed you sitting so long, please come up to wait at my apartment, my wife's home, don't worry," I did and she was. They offered me beef with black-eyed peas, and some hard drink; friends came over, and the man danced with me. In the West Indies he had swum between islands, and that motion rippled out of his dancing. Their couch was my bed for the night.

The next day the couple and the friends and I went to Coney Island and played gin rummy on the sand. I accepted another night of hospitality and returned to my home up the Hudson River on Sunday morning.

On Monday I received Bruce's reply saying that he would be visiting his parents that weekend, could I please come the next.

—Michelle Clayton
Portland, Oreg.

"It is my belief, Watson, founded upon my experience, that the lowest and vilest alleys of London do not present a more dreadful record of sin than does the smiling and beautiful countryside." —Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
"The Adventure of the Copper Beeches," 1891
Contributed by Ann Whipple, Berkeley, California.

My city is St. Paul, Minnesota. My home is "inner city," that institutionalized cliché of substandard housing, oppressed humanity, deteriorating schools, and publicized social ills. We came here ten years ago looking for good, cheap housing, planning on using the two-foot stone walls of our 1881 home as protection from the crime-ridden, dehumanized jungle every ghetto is supposed to be.

Instead, we have found warmth, friendship, an urban sense of community we never knew in our previous suburban split-level existence. A neighbor greets us with cake and welcome. An old-fashioned Fourth of July block celebration envelops us with the same kind of country town charm which F. Scott Fitzgerald must have enjoyed as a boy when this area was still "silk stocking."

Neighbors know neighbors here. Children know black and white and rich and poor, and learn to make decisions on the basis of character and kindness instead of color or wealth. We walk the streets at night, admiring stained-glass windows and "carpenters' frenzy" front porches. We leave our homes for vacations, knowing that neighbors are watching out for us.

People care because they know that we depend on them, and they know they can depend on us. Just like in the old days in small towns, when people depended on each other because the world was changing so fast. We here, in the inner city, are the frontier now.

—Richard E. Reed
St. Paul, Minn.

Who Needs Money?

There's an organization in Washington called the Youth Project, whose sole purpose is to give money away to people under thirty years of age who are "attacking problems in their own communities." This unusual group, which redistributes funds solicited from philanthropic foundations like the Carnegie Corporation, has distributed more than $950,000 to some seventy-five local organizations across the country since its founding in 1970.

To apply for Youth Project support, a group must send in a report explaining its purposes and structure, financial condition, and method of operation, along with a qualified estimate of how much money it needs to finish its project. The director, Margery Tabankin, then evaluates how effectively the money will be used, and how likely the group is to succeed. "We can only give money to a project that looks like a winner," said Miss Tabankin. "That's the only way our sponsors will continue to back us." The age restriction is built into the Youth Project's charter to make funds more readily available to young people who, through lack of experience, might not be able to solicit enough money on their own to keep going.

Projects funded include:

□ The ACORN Research Project in Arkansas, which has been investigating real-estate manipulation of communities in Little Rock.

□ The Georgia Power Project, which is working to prove that utility rate structures discriminate against low-income families.

□ The Philadelphia Senior Citizens' Research Project, which investigates housing, transportation, safety, pensions, drugs, use of revenue sharing, and nursing homes.

□ Anti-strip-mining projects in Black Mesa, Nevada, and in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee.

□ Women's groups investigating employment patterns in Illinois and California.

□ The Maryland Education Research Project, a group analyzing the impact of recent legal decisions on student rights and the quality of education.

□ The Task Force on Drug Abuse Treatment, a film project in Dayton, Ohio, that examines the effectiveness of methadone maintenance clinics.

Any viable youth group may qualify for funding from the umbrella organization, and Ms. Tabankin openly invites candidates to apply. There are few restrictions on how the money can be used, so a request for more information probably should precede an application. Write to Margery Tabankin, The Youth Project, 1000 Wisconsin Avenue, NW, Washington, D.C. 20007.

WRAPAROUND invites readers to send us clippings from local papers about groups and individuals working to improve the schools, city halls, businesses, utilities, leisure time, or any other facet of American life. Please mail your contributions to Newsworks, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

Something to Get All Steamed Up About

The best cooking device since the discovery of fire is the food steamer, a stainless-steel basket that adjusts to the size of your saucepan, Dutch oven, or pressure cooker. You fill the pot with water to a level of a quarter inch below the steamer, add the food, cover the pan, and heat the water to boiling. Your clams, string beans, corn on the cob, chicken, hot dogs, frozen foods, or last night's rice will be done in a trice, most nutrients intact, and you can then lift out the steamer and use it as a serving tray. The astonishing good of just-steamed fresh broccoli and the minimal use of BTUs are bonuses.

If the food steamer has a drawback, we can't think what it is. The Vita-Saver food steamer has a lifetime guarantee, and is available in department and hardware stores or through the mail for $3.95, plus $1 for postage and handling.

IVING AROUND WRAP

w to Wait the Bus

Vaiting for the bus (or train ar pool) is one of the most cult tasks millions of Amer- face daily. Why is waiting r anything—such a chore? Vell, if you are traveling e, you are faced with the ible prospect of spending time with yourself. Many e by reading or daydream- they arrive at their destina- with absolutely no recol- on of how they got there. Or agonize and fret the whole because they're at the bus instead of at the office re they could be fretting and izing about being at the of- instead of at home, and so Others may berate them- s for being so unresourceful o get easily bored. Mean- e, as much as an hour or a day is drained away in a comatose state or a condi- of fierce frustration.

hat to do? First, firmly dis- those parts of your mind want to be somewhere else g something else.

ien eliminate past and fu- all that obtains is where find yourself right now. k of yourself as a sort of mirror, one into which im- ions continuously sink and iate. Now, start looking and ing.

mply observe—don't project d let the touch of your ob- tion be featherlight. You see, as one bus waiter we saw this very morning:

well-dressed businessman in prime conducting a silent conversation, not with himself (although he was unaccompanied) but, if one could judge from his scowls, abbreviated movements of the mouth, and crisp nods, with a male colleague.

□ A beautiful golden-haired girl reading an aerogram with a devouring intensity, apparently lost in the person who had written the letter, her lips slightly parted, her eyes unblinking.

□ An American Indian in khaki-colored clothes, his hands resting open on his knees, looking slowly around at his fellow passengers with ease and indifference, his face at rest.

□ Many people whose faces were clenched like fists, their eyes narrowed and dull, their bodies tight, like heavy, constricting garments.

□ Improbable couples.

□ A woman reading a book with the chapter heading "Making One-to-One Use of Self in Therapeutic Situations."

If there are no people for you to look at, watch the light: the fluttering and sliding reflections in windows. Halos wrapped around the tops of buildings, the variations of light between your eye and a cloud, a street, a shoe. The way light careens off faces, mud puddles, leaves. But be careful—it's easy to get drunk on light, and the whole idea is to remain as alert as possible.

You can also have fun with space. Without moving, use your body to perceive the space around you, play with it, weigh it. If you're on a crowded bus, sense the space around the single entity the crowd has temporarily become. Each time someone gets on or off the bus, the space alters. See if your depth perception begins to change, too.

Reports from the Secret League of Bus-Waiting Masters say that when bus-waiting is conscientiously and effortlessly practiced (thirty seconds is enough for some; others seem to require a lifetime), you can wait anywhere for any period, you find that you've stopped waiting and started living, and you don't even care whether the bus ever shows up.

DEAS

ho, as the caterpillar re- ed to Alice, are you? APAROUND is interested in question of self-definition. e send us one, two, or three nces outlining your identity y terms that seem appro- e. Pictorial answers will be me, too. Our address is APAROUND, Harper's azine, Two Park Avenue, York, N.Y. 10016.

PAYING FOR COLLEGE

Even in these depressing times, there's a lot of money around in the form of college scholarships. Unfortunately, almost all of it is restricted—to people with the highest grades or the poorest parents, to premed students or aspiring engineers, to boys named Leavenworth or girls with widowed mothers. Matching sources of aid with qualified applicants is a Herculean task, but it does not appear to daunt S. Robert Freede's Scholarship Search.

Freede's computers have a data bank of 250,000 items, with a total of $500 million to offer. For $39, he will undertake to provide you with at least five sources (or $5,000 worth) of aid for which you specifically qualify; failing that, he'll refund your money.

Obviously, Scholarship Search can't do more than acquaint you with opportunities; actually getting the cash is your job from then on. But it does seem to have found a way to tilt the cornucopia in your direction.

For $1 you can get detailed information and the application form; then you can decide whether you want to enroll. If you'd rather skip that step, you can enroll immediately for $39. Checks may go either to Scholarship Search, 7 West Fifty-first Street, New York, N.Y. 10019, or to us.

HELP!

We know of several people who are putting together books requiring a much larger perspective than an individual can possibly supply. Apparently the worth of their projects depends on contributions, case histories, and personal anecdotes from people around the country. If you think you can help, write directly to:

□ Terry M. Madison, School of Social Work, Virginia Commonwealth University, 901 West Franklin Street, Richmond, Virginia. He is examining local community-health organizations and would like comments and critiques about their purpose, accessibility, and effectiveness.

□ M. R. Barclay, 29500 Heathercliff Road, #85, Malibu, California 90265. He is compiling an annotated reading list in the humanities for "perennial students interested in a lifetime course of satisfying their curiosity about mankind."

□ Dr. Claude A. Frazier, Doctors' Park, Building Four, Asheville, North Carolina 28801. He would like detailed accounts of personal experiences for an investigation into the effects of pollution on mental health.

□ Linda Swartz, Route 2, Box B8, Colville, Washington 99114. She is collecting two-paragraph descriptions of books—especially science books—that small libraries ought to have.

HOW TO ORDER

Harper's will get you any item (including any book) for which we mention a price if you want to order through us. Send a letter to Tools for Living, specifying what item(s) you want, how many you want, and what color (if that's relevant). The cost of each item is its listed price plus postage and handling charges: 50 cents per book; as indicated for everything else. Please add up the total for all items you order (New York residents must also add appropriate sales tax) and enclose a check for the total amount payable to *Harper's Magazine*. If you prefer to charge your BankAmericard or Master Charge on orders over $15, please let us have your card number and its expiration date.

AROUND THE GAMERAP

ECONOMIC JUSTICE

The Movement for Economic Justice was set up as a networking organization for people who feel compelled to work for fairness in American economics. Founded by the late George Wiley, who also started the National Welfare Rights Organization, the MEJ believes that "fundamental economic change will be won only when poor and middle-income Americans join forces." According to its director, Bert DeLeeuw, the MEJ's "broad goal is to build a nationwide grass-roots movement in pursuit of economic justice. We serve as a communications, information, and resource center for community organizations around the country. We produce organizing and educational materials. We publish a monthly newsletter, *Just Economics,* which reports on local economic organizing efforts."

The newsletter assiduously tries to keep track of what the government is doing with your money. It compares the states' efficiency and tax rates, shows how to figure out if your utility rates are equitable, and describes how to beat inflation, and even use it to your advantage in some instances. *Just Economics* also publishes exposés of corporations abusing the tax system and of lending institutions that frequently deny home-improvement loans to anyone living in an impoverished neighborhood, thus making total collapse of the neighborhood almost inevitable.

Subscriptions to the newsletter are available at rates proportional to the subscriber's income, and vary from $4 to $20 a year. To order it, or to get more information, write to the MEJ at 1609 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Washington, D.C. 20009.

NO MORE STICKERS

Stores are entitled to a fair profit," writes Elaine Garfield of Phoenix, Arizona, "but today many retail outlets in all lines of business routinely raise prices on old stock. Granted, it's inconvenient to sell an item at two different prices, but anything else is inflationary and unfair."

In some states, this kind of markup is illegal. If you discover it in a local market, see if the retailer is willing to stop. If he isn't, call your state attorney general's office to find out what the law is, and whether you can file a complaint. The Networks staff would like to hear about the results of these efforts.

CALCULATING RISKS

Consumers are frequently unwitting guinea pigs for products that don't work, are unsafe, fall apart, are too expensive, or were unnecessary in the first place. The Consumers Union, the nonprofit organization that tests product value and safety and publishes the results in its monthly *Consumer Reports,* needs consumers' opinions for use in evaluating retail goods, and possibly for publication. Right now, they are working on pocket calculators—the kind that look like fat decks of cards. Here are their questions:

What is the make and model of the calculator?
How much do you use it?
What do you dislike about it?
Has the calculator always worked properly?
If not, what went wrong?
Were you able to get it fixed?

If you can help with this particular survey, or if you want to take part in other CU projects, write to Consumers Union, Box ALS, 256 Washington Street, Mount Vernon, New York 10550.

DOUBLE DEAL

by Lillian Koslover, Redondo Beach, Calif.

This month readers are invited to flex their wits in playing t Games simultaneously: "What's Nice" and "What's the Troubl Examples are:

What's nice about kleptomania is that you can take something for it.
What's nice about motorcycles is that they reduce minor injuries.

The trouble with punctuality that there's no one there to preciate it.
The trouble with psychiatry that the bills drive you crazy

Entries may be submitted in either or both categories. A f prize will be awarded to the single best answer, and to any pla who is a runner-up in both categories. Send your entries on a p card to "Double Deal," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, N York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked no later than J uary 9, and become the property of *Harper's.* Winning entries be published in the March issue. Decision of the editors is fi

First Prize: *A World of Movies: 70 Years of Film History,* Richard Lawton (Delacorte Press).

Runners-up: A Sumi ink and rice paper set.

Winners of "What's in a Name?" the November Game that asked readers to devise acrostics containing cryptic messages about famous people's characters, are:

First Prize
The Poster in History, by Max Gallo (American Heritage Press):

Did Senator Sam's
Eyebrow
Raillery
Verily
Indict
Nixon?
—R. D. Wells
Mobile, Ala.

Runners-up
Simon and Garfunkel: Greatest Hits (Columbia Records):

Does Masters and Johnson's
Marriage Justify
After Only
Such Healthy
Timely Normal
Erotic Sex
Research Or
Somehow Not?
—Gene Brown
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Did Elizabeth
Take
All
Your
Lapidarious
Ornaments,
Richard?
—Bernard DuClos
Hewitt, N.J.

Did Hemingway
Hunt
Elephants
Manfully
In
Northern
Ghana
With
Atavistic
Yearning?
—Mike Valk
Lawrence, Kans.

Watergate:
When
America's
Top
Executive
Reacted
Grossly
And
Tainted
Everyone.
—Bill B
Bethlehem

Rockefeller:
Recognition
Of
Confidential
Kindnesses
Embarrasses
Ford,
Exasperates
Left-
Leaning
Eastern
Republicans.
—Ralph Jones
Menlo Park, Calif.

Did Sapphc
Sexual
Appetites
Produce
Poetically
Homoerotic
Observatior
—Mad
Ha
Tigard, (

Did Jesus Christ,
Judiciously
Enunciating
Sonorously
Unorthodox
Simplicities,

Constantly
Harass
Riotously
Indignant
Semite
Teachers?
—Terry M
Bay City, I

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestio games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazin receive credit lines and prizes.

LETTERS

Propaganda in Iran

rances FitzGerald's article ["Giv- the Shah Everything He Wants," ember] was the most compre- sive and truthful article yet writ- by an American on the current ation in Iran. Her understanding ne diverse dimensions of Iranian ety, and especially her insight in- he degradation of that society er the Shah's despotism, invoke admiration and gratitude.

onetheless, the article contains unfortunate errors; they relate to conduct of the prominent writer a Baraheni. After returning from aching tour in the United States 973, Baraheni was arrested and equently tortured in "the Com- ee," a horrendous Teheran pris- However, he was not, as Miss Gerald wrote, "jailed until he ented to make a televised state- t denouncing the evils of Marx- " nor did the poet make such a ession. Miss FitzGerald's infor- on is wrong, but her errors are erstandable, since such is the im- sion that the SAVAK wanted to te after Baraheni's release, which e thanks only to the intervention ading American writers and in- ctuals. The facts are as follows: araheni is the most influential of essors among Iranian students one of the most outspoken mem- of the opposition. The immedi- ause of his arrest was the circu- n of *Masculine History*, a mani- on cultural disintegration in that was widely read in the in- ctual underground, and the pub- ion of an article entitled "The ure of the Oppressor and the Cul- of the Oppressed."

araheni was well known for his right defense of the rights of his people, the Azerbaijani Turks, nguistic independence and cul- autonomy. He renounced none s views while in prison or after- ward. Even after he had suffered torture at the hands of SAVAK, he did not consent to say anything in favor of the Shah's regime.

Before his arrest, he was asked to speak on television about the cultural confrontation between the Occident and the Orient. *Tamash*, the official magazine of Iranian television, announced the day of the speech. Baraheni, however, turned down the invitation and inserted a note in the weekly, *Ferdowsi*, reiterating his refusal.

When Baraheni was released from prison, the SAVAK, the secret police, had the officials from the government-controlled television station renew the invitation. Baraheni this time accepted, but only on the condition that his speech be broadcast *in toto* and that it not be put on the air for two months after it was recorded. The television officials violated both conditions. They immediately broadcast his speech—thus creating the impression that Baraheni had decided to cooperate with the government just after—and therefore because of—his release from jail. What was more, they presented his speech in mutilated form with several large portions excised. The version they sent to the press was still further garbled; additional sentences were inserted here and there. The two evening papers presented such differing versions of the speech that these could only with difficulty be attributed to the same person.

Baraheni tried to clarify his position, but all his efforts failed, and his letters to the two papers went unpublished. His protest then made his own situation much more difficult. The police ordered him not to leave Teheran and instructed all Iranian publishing houses not to republish his books and articles.

SAVAK concocted this series of events because, having failed to keep Baraheni in jail—there was too much international publicity—or to gag him, they sought to discredit him. They wished to delude the public into believing this most militant of Iranian writers had been compromised by the regime. But, as Baraheni said in one of his poems, the people of Iran stand "silent witness to treachery everywhere." They will, when the hour comes, deliver judgment on all the injustices the regime has committed, including this one of sullying the honor of Iran's finest living poet.

MOHAMMAD FALSAFI
Acting Secretary
Committee for Artistic and
Intellectual Freedom in Iran
New York, N. Y.

FRANCES FITZGERALD REPLIES:

Mr. Falsafi's letter gives some indication of the depth of propaganda that exists in Teheran. At least two people, including one foreigner, told me that Mr. Baraheni had made a "confession" on television. It did not occur to me to check further into this most public of events. But if Mr. Falsafi is right, as I'm sure he is, then I, too, am guilty of printing the SAVAK's misinformation. I deeply regret the injury I have done to Professor Baraheni. At the same time I am extremely happy to learn that he did not make a "confession" under duress. In this sense I am glad to be proved wrong.

A lament for Boise

Harper's and L. J. Davis deserve congratulations [for "Tearing Down Boise," November]. My first "urban" job was as a Western Union messenger in downtown Boise. It was an interesting place then, and that wasn't so many years ago.

Not only have Boiseans allowed the razing of their downtown, but they have also obliterated much fine irrigated farmland to the west with the building of residences occupying three to five acres. This summer I re-

LETTERS

urned to the small Boise valley farm where I was raised, which then produced more than eighty bushels of wheat to the acre. Now that area is ike a waste-strewn Appalachia; it grows little of value. Honky-tonk highways dominate the landscape. In its carelessness about its great resources, Idaho does not differ from California, Illinois, or any other state. But it hurts to see the destruction of a city and of farmlands which once nurtured growth. Boiseans had more to preserve than many Americans.

BRYCE NELSON
Chief, Midwest Bureau
Los Angeles Times

Intricacies of boredom

Dr. Estelle Ramey's article ["Boredom: The Most Prevalent American Disease," November] finally gave the topic the focus it deserves. While I realize she wrote an article, not a treatise, there is one distinction which she adumbrated only to disregard where it would have been relevant. Boredom can also arise from an inner incapacity to respond to external stimulation, an inability to become involved—technically, a decathexis, a withdrawal of interest from people, things, or purposes. Acutely, this may be a reaction to object loss, chronically part of depression; less severely, a very frequent personality distortion. Dr. Ramey's prescription—a more stimulating life—works for externally induced boredom, but not at all for the internally originating variety, which is the type I see most of the time. I suspect it is more frequent than the malady Dr. Ramey discusses, but we have no reliable data. And psychoanalysis, which Dr. Ramey dismisses, offers the only remedy. It doesn't always work, but neither does anything else, especially not external stimulation. Wherefore the importance of the distinction.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG
New York, N. Y.

(The writer is a professor of social philosophy and a psychoanalyst in private practice.)

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: $1 per word. (10-word minimum. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to run six times; deduct 20¢ a word if ad is to run twelve times.)
All ads must be **prepaid** at the time you send your insertion. (If you are ordering more than one insertion, please send full amount to qualify for discount.) Replies to *Harper's* box numbers should be sent to the address below. You may now request the use of a *Harper's* box number. There is a $2 charge. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP Codes count as one word.
Copy must be received by the 8th of the second month prior to the issue date.

Harper's Magazine
Classified Advertising Department
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

TRAVEL

Castles, gardens and museums. There are over 400 outstanding examples in England, Scotland, and Wales. If you'd like to explore them, a $5.50 Open to View Pass is a wonderful thing to have. And we'd like to suggest that a good way to travel to see these (and Britain's many other attractions) is by rail—specifically, with a $55 15-Day BritRail Pass. (10% surcharge after August 1.) We have other passes, too, for longer or shorter stays. For more information, please write BritRail Travel International, Dept. 131-2, P.O. Box S, Staten Island, N.Y. 10305.

Worldwide freighter guide—$1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger-carrying freighters. TravLtips, 40-21 X Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

REAL ESTATE

Government lands . . . from $7.50/acre! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review," listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-HM, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Canadian government lands—from $5/acre! Vacation paradises, farming, or investment opportunities! "Canadian Land Opportunities" includes complete information. Send $2 (money-back guarantee). Canadian International, Box 6586-HM, Washington, D.C. 20009.

You can still acquire public land free! Government Land Digest, Box 2217, Norman, Okla. 73069.

Central Ontario—Choice 640-acre sportsmen's paradises still available—$20 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures, $2 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 64, Ontario, Canada.

Tobago, W.I.—Cottages, all sizes, locations, rates. Completely equipped. Tobago Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago.

RESORTS

Bear Pole Ranch, Steamboat Springs, Colo. Unusual Programs for all ages. Summer (discovery/expeditions/adventure-bound) Winter (skiing/mountaineering) Fall/Spring (pack trips/river-rafting/mountain-climbing/travel) Write: Dr./Mrs. Glenn H. Poulter.

Unspoiled St. Vincent. Inexpensive, fine cuisine, friendly staff, country charm, excellent swimming beach, pool. $15 p.p., two meals daily until Jan. 16, $22.50 until April 1. Sugar Mill Inn, P.O. Box 119, St. Vincent, W.I.

Marco Island, Florida. For rent Tradewinds Condominium, furnished, two bedrooms, two baths, kitchen. Available now. George Weiss, M.D. 3023 DeKalb Blvd., Norristown, Pa. 19403. (215) 279-1330.

Healthful vacationing—Fasting. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Wholesome foods. Organic gardens. Peaceful surroundings. Pool, boats, solariums. Beaches. Health classes. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Fla. 33923-HA.

VACATIONS

Whitewater Float trips, Utah & Wyoming. Slickrock River Co., Box 10543, Denver, Colo. 80110.

Enjoy a new vacation experience—where you choose—rent-free. Write Viking Home Exchange, Box 3007, St. Paul, Minn. 55165.

Mexico! Lose 5-10 pounds weekly while vacationing. VILLA-V REDUCING RANCH, Box 1228-HM, Cuernavaca, Mexico (3-10-44). Free brochure.

Sun, sand, and sea. Beachfront apartment at Luquillo, Puerto Rico. Pool, tennis, golf. For rent by week or month. Abbey, 864 Burr, Winnetka, Ill. 60093.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Playing the recorder is easy. Free catalogue recorders, recorder music. Beginners' Pearwood Recorder, Instruction Book, $11.95. Amster Recorder Co., 1624-H Lavaca, Austin, Texas 78701.

Kits! Build dulcimers, guit
laikas, thumb pianos, har
$2.95. Finished dulcimers fro
8665 West 13th Avenue, HM
Colo. 80215.

The Harpsichord quarterly.
articles on buying, building
tuning. Photographs. Drawir
views. Letters. $8 annually
$9). Box 4323-H, Denver, Co

Fine old cello sought. Thon
bacher, 46 Trumbull, Ne
Conn. 06510. (203) 777-1171

TAPES

Tapes. Recorders. Sound e
Discounts! Catalogue $1
#33098, Washington, D.C.

Behavioral sciences tape
Leading psychiatrists and
ogists discuss psychotherap
phrenia, adolescents, drug
sexuality, etc. on cassettes.
alogue. Over 300 tapes f
rental. BSTL, Dept. 808,
Ave., Leonia, N.J. 07605.

RECORDS

Show albums—rare, out-of-
52-pg. list, 50¢. Broadway/
Recordings, Georgetown, C

GAMES

Carnival midway game exp
er red circle with five m
equal for leftys, quantity p
ple game, $2. Doherty, 143
Tampa, Fla. 33602.

COLOR SLIDES

Listings, samples, $1. Vis
440 N.W. 130th St., M
33168.

ART

Original photographs of fen
lithographed on canvas.
Free brochure. Creative
P.O. Box 3518, San Di
92103.

Award-winning collectors'
airplane prints. Full-color
graphs ready to frame.
catalogue. Johns-Byrne Co
Harrison, Chicago, Ill. 60

HEALTH

Megavitamin health plan.
designed to boost energy,
pression, improve physical
tal performance. Specific
end vitamin confusions.
authentic. Send only $2.2
portant!) age, sex, heig
Megavitamins, Suite 312-
Building, Washington, D.C

COINS

Roman coins—rare, spec
fundable); 20 4"x5" b/w
1347, Woonsocket, R.I. 0

UNUSUAL GIF

Beautiful postcard alb
finest: holds 200 cards—
paid. Satisfaction guaran
well, 276 Transit Bldg., B
02115.

What better gift? Person
year round. Send $3
PostScript, Box 2222,
Fla. 32304.

SCHOOLS

Private-school placeme
Student's individual
primary consideration.
Street, Middletown, C
Telephone: (203) 346-511

Acupuncture training, hon
gram and supplies. Hing,
Toronto, Canada M6M 4

Only in boarding schools. Would your son or daughter gain from small classes and personal attention, meeting students from other states and countries, participating in many sports and activities, developing strong educational habits and interests to prepare for college? Write for an interesting statement and directory of schools nationwide. Include your name, address, student's age, sex, current grade and interested entering grade. Indicate boys, girls, or coed schools and location preferred. Send to: Boarding Schools, Box 4E, 32 South Street, Baltimore, Md. 21202.

LOOKING FOR REAL ESTATE?

( ) MAINE ( ) MASS.-VT.*
( ) NEW HAMPSHIRE

REAL ESTATE GUIDES present 100's of CURRENT PICTORIAL listings, plus tax rates, assessment ratios, and town data. ALL INQUIRIES CONFIDENTIAL. New edition available MONTHLY in advance. $1 per copy; $10 per yearly subscription.

*(Check above to indicate state)

REAL ESTATE GUIDE
Box 999CC Andover, Mass. 01810

ly programs in France. Language, arts, performing arts. For information: Paris American Academy, 9 des Ursulines, Paris 5.

h Mowing School—co-ed, grades . College preparatory, Rudolf ner/Waldorf approach. Weaving, mics, organic gardening, animal , auto mechanics, eurythmy, paint- drama, music, sculpture, driver carpentry. 200 wooded acres. /write Mr. Pratt, Wilton, N. H. 6. (603) 654-2391.

rnative futures studies (BA). Fu- s Lab, Box 120 Annex Station, vidence, R.I. 02901.

a British degree in Philosophy, and Sciences. Catalogue $1 air- ed (refundable). Dept. H, Secre- Sussex College of Technology, nfield, Dane Hill, Sussex Rh17 England.

ege degree at home. Your choice ubjects. Easy tuition plan. Free rmation. Elysion College, B.C. 909, San Ysidro, Calif. 92173.

CATALOGUES

ntennial products catalogue, free. e: Box 681, Kainco, Dept. H, ornia, Pa. 15419.

32-page color catalogue—self- handicraft gifts from 25 coun- SERRV Program, Church World ice Center, Box 365-H, New dsor, Md. 21776.

page catalogue. Low direct prices. nonds, jewelry, silks, clothing, ing, fishing, camping supplies. $1 ndable. Herter's, Inc., Dept. C20, eca, Minn. 56093.

BOOKS

mont School Bus Ride. Photo- nic children's easy-reading book, . Order From: Vermont Cross- s Press, Box 333 H, Waitsfield, 05673.

discount on new books. (Add 35¢ ge.) BOOKQUICK, B-2, Rose- N.J. 07068.

ou believe, even for a moment, a carrot is a cherry Popsicle, somewhere there is a little old whose white mustache has cute tips, you just might enjoy *Dad- ore an Apron*. Hardback, $5.25; rback, $1.75, postpaid. Imagina- Plus, Box 3126, Rockford, Ill. .

sh your book! Join our success- authors: publicity, advertising, otion, beautiful books. All sub- invited. Send for free manu- report and detailed booklet. on Press (Dept. HZM), 84 Fifth N.Y.C. 10011.

plete list of books by Rudolph er. Anthroposophic Press, Inc., Hungry Hollow, Spring Valley, 10977.

ort History of Carpatho Russia, imeon Pysh. Price, $2. Andrew rkovsky, 98 Meadow Park Dr., rd, Conn.

MEMO PADS

h your personality to one of our ifferent, exclusive, personalized o pad designs. Free catalogue. ardo & Michelangelo, Box H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

maps and atlases. Original 16th- century maps. Our handsome, il- ted catalogue No. 4, $1. Wind- Collection, 111 Canterbury Dr., ington, Del. 19803.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Writing—Editing—Research. Confidential. Wordsmiths, Box 5882, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Scholarly treatises, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. RC Research, Box 120-A, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Poetry contest. $1,300 prizes. Send stamped, addressed envelope to: Poetica, 717 E. 97 St., Kansas City, Mo. 64131.

Editing, typing manuscripts, cassettes. Marye Myers, Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

Literary help, any problem. Professional writer. Harper's Box 201.

Wanted: Poems for contest. Winners published in *Passage*. Deadline: February 26, 1975. Themes—Youth, Old Age, Day, Night. 60 lines maximum. For entries, information, or purchase of 1974 edition of *Passage*, $4, write or send check to: "All Nations Poetry Contest,"Triton College, 2000 Fifth Avenue, River Grove, Ill. 60171.

Books printed from well-typed manuscript! Biography Press, Rt. 1, Box 745, Aransas Pass, Texas 78336.

New Worlds seeks poetry for anthology and 1975 contest. Send for details. Include self-addressed stamped envelope. P.O. Box 556-H, Saddlebrook, N.J. 07662.

Manuscripts, reports, academic writing, editing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. RC Research, Box 138-H, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

The Berkeley Center—offering an intensive experience in individual primal process. 1925 Walnut St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704. (415) 548-3543.

PUBLICATIONS

Beat inflation—monthly newsletter, down to earth—saves you dollars every day. Send $10 now, year subscription. Money-back guarantee. Keith, Box 492, Mineola, N.Y. 11501.

Wind power systems information/planning manual. $3. Wind Power, Box 233, Mankato, Minn. 56001. Engineering consultation available.

High times—only magazine dedicated solely to getting high. Dope articles, entertainment, information. Dope price index. A glossy quarterly. $2 for two recent issues. $10/12-issue subscription. High Times, Dept. HP, Box 386, Cooper Sta., N.Y.C. 10003.

Journal of Homosexuality. At last! A *professional* journal on homosexuality and homosexual life-styles. Send for *free* detailed brochure on the *Journal of Homosexuality*—just published! In-depth articles by psychotherapists, sex researchers, sociologists, anthropologists. Free brochure from: Haworth Press, Dept 204, 130 West 72 Street, N.Y.C. 10023.

Archaeology Newsletter. "Fascinating!" says *Library Journal*. Send $7.50 for eight-issue subscription (two years) or ask for circular. O.L. Reiss Co., 243 East 39 St., N.Y.C. 10016.

Integrity: Gay Episcopal Forum. 10 issues/$5. Dr. Crew, 701 Orange, Fort Valley, Ga. 31030.

Real Estate investment handbook for beginners and experts, $4.95. John O'Brien, 1028 Garvin Pl., Louisville, Ky. 40203.

BOOKPLATES

Free catalogue. Many beautiful designs, Antioch Bookplates, Box 28-T, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Import-export opportunity, profitable worldwide, mail-order business from home, without capital or travel abroad. We ship plan for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. A1021, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

The secret of success and wealth without working. The true startling information you need. Just send a self-addressed stamped envelope and $2 to John Esquivel, 12417 Aneta St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90066.

Import, mail-order opportunity. Earn $15,000 annually or owe nothing. Free one-year trial. Details: Northeast Imports, Box 121H1, Fremont, N.H. 03044.

Interested in owning a franchise?— business of your own, or full or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 448, 1460 Hancock Center Chicago, Ill. 60611.

Earn money at home. Complete plan for home-operated business. For thoughtful person with inquiring mind. No direct selling. Send $5 to Cogent, Dept. 100, Box D, Lexington, Mass. 02173.

How to make money addressing, mailing letters. Offer details, 10¢. Lindbloom, Dept HRP, 3636 Peterson, Chicago, Ill. 60659.

Make two to three times your cost on hundreds of products. $2 brings wholesale catalogue. Wherry, Box 180, Western Springs, Ill. 60558.

How to make money writing short paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right away. Send for free facts. BARRETT, Dept. C-77-X, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago 60660.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Teachers, administrators—Current school, college openings list in U.S., $5; Abroad, $5. Leading placement sources U.S., $3; Foreign, $4. EISR, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

Jobs!! Boston area . . . Select field of interest from following: engineering/designers; data processing; manufacturing/materials; technicians; finance; sales; personnel; medical; draftsmen/writers. Send $2 to Employment Research, Box 431, Dept. HM1-175, Foxboro, Mass. 02035.

Job hunting??? Recent publication on new résumé-writing techniques. This is a must if you are seeking employment in today's job market. Send $3: Employment Research, Box 431, Dept. HM2-175, Foxboro, Mass. 02035.

Alaska pipeline jobs . . . free details. Wages, contractors, how to apply. Newzco, Box 444-G, National City, Calif. 92050.

INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Inventor wants Howard Hughes-type backer, with knowledge that wheel wasn't invented by a degree. Principal only. No journalists. Contact by mail only M.M., 6821 California St., Apt. 2, San Francisco, Calif. 94121. Do it *now!*

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Wallpapers at wholesale. Wall Tex, Schumacher, Sanitas, United, Birge, Strahan, Styltex-Katzenback-Warren, Fashion-Imperials-Murals. All famous makes at lowest prices. We can supply all brands. Send for free brochures and order forms. We pay UPS or postal charges. SHRIBER'S, 3220 Brighton Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15212. (412) 766-3220.

2' artificial marijuana plant, $2.25. Free catalogue. S-T Mail Order, Box 1885, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Indian fetishes for necklaces. Silver birds, turquoise birds, and animals. Price list Box 25151, Albuquerque, N. Mex. 87125.

Hand-knit Portuguese fishermen's sweaters. Brochure. Nomad Market, Box 4246 (NR), Tucson, Ariz. 85717.

EARTHLY GOODS

Blackouts got you in the dark? Aladdin kerosene lamps. 100-watt nonelectric light. Smokeless, odorless, noiseless. Catalogue, 25¢. Country Light, Box 151, Armuchee, Ga. 30105.

PERSONALS

Communal living information and utopian newspaper. Free. The Storefront Classroom, P.O. Box 1174, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Single, 32, attractive male, college graduate, junior executive, St. Louis area, desires sensitive, attractive female interested in literature, philosophy, spiritual awareness. Harper's Box 207.

Send stamp and $1 to Phoebe, Box 3119, Atlanta, Ga. 30302 and I'll tell you why.

BOOKLETTER/BOOKSERVICE
Bright, lively, literate and free for a month

If you love books but hate wasting money and time on bad ones, you'll want to become a Charter Member of *Harper's* **BOOKSERVICE.** Membership includes a subscription to the new *Booklette*r, a fascinating guide to the world of books, published every other Monday (24 times a year), and a unique bookbuying service that offers you the opportunity—but NEVER the obligation—to buy hardcover books at a 25%-40% savings.

Yes, please enter my Charter Membership to **BOOKSERVICE** at the special rate of just $10 for one year—instead of the regular $15. I understand that I may read the first two issues at your expense. If I don't like them, I'll write "cancel" across your bill, send it back, and that's that.

☐ Please send bill for $5 now (and $5 six months from now)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Harper's Magazine/**BOOKSERVICE,** 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. **914**

CLASSIFIED

BITCHES AND SAD LADIES—An anthology of fiction by and about women. Edited by Pat Rotter. Thirty-five contemporary short stories, including the works of Joyce Carol Oates, Gail Godwin, Joy Williams, Doris Betts, Anne Sexton, and Grace Paley, address themselves to the fragile and dramatic state of women in transition. There are stories here that few would have dared to write ten years ago. They are fictions of women breaking loose in their personal lives; by women breaking loose in literature. Harper's Magazine Press, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send copy(s) of Bitches & Sad Ladies at $10.95. I have enclosed $ for book(s).

Name

Address

City State Zip

New York residents, please add appropriate sales tax.
Send your order to:

HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

Beautiful Mexican girls needing American boyfriends. Details, Photos, "Free" World, Box 3876-HAR, San Diego, Calif. 92103.

Now is your best time to stop smoking. Get help with book *How to Stop Smoking Through Self-Hypnosis*. Safe, rewarding, medically approved method. Enclose $2 plus 25¢ postage with your order. Cam Jones, P.O. Box 58A, Brooktondale, N.Y. 14850.

Male, 28, curious if there exists: female, 25-35, serious, self-disciplined, atheist/agnostic; M.B.A., M.A., or Ph.D. but nonbrilliant; hopefully Slavic background, taller, strong, non-smoker, athletic; like opera, Chopin, backpacking; lower-middle-class origins; political realist. Harper's Box 206.

55, legally blind, but with valuable communications experience. Strongly desire job with university, foundation, or government. Harper's Box 205.

Having sexual problems? Masters and Johnson techniques. Trained therapist (212) 255-3044. Sexual Counseling Center, N.Y.C.

Snoring problem? For free information explaining the first and only guaranteed cure ever offered, write Crostronics, Box 8143, Corpus Christi, Texas 78412.

Penfriends. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927-H 15th St., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Nationwide introductions! Free information! "Identity," Box 315-HC, Royal Oak, Mich. 48068.

Japanese correspondence for refined gentlemen! Photographs, information, $1. Inter-Pacific, Box 304-HM, Birmingham, Mich. 48012.

Interesting penfriends! 35¢ handles. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, Calif.

Men, spirits, and God. How to live in serenity, security, happiness, and freedom from fear and worry. $1. Veris Press, Dept. H., 407 Fillmore Street, Fillmore, Calif. 93015.

Learn professional astrology at home. Write World Astrological Services, Inc., Box 471, Murray, Ky. 42071.

Intensive and group therapy—Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd., Austin, Texas 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute. $2,000 for three-week intensive; subsequent groups are $10 each.

Make friends worldwide through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, Germany.

Borrow money from any bank with no repayment obligations. Details from The M.D. Armstrong Society, P.O. Box 17086, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

Single Booklovers gets the cultured, marriage-oriented acquainted. Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

Ocean Park Feeling Center. Primal-based process: three-week live-in intensive period. Six-month to year program. Weekly small group and individual sessions. 1307 University Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94702 or call (415) 841-6649 or 339-2284.

1,200 lonely ladies Fotos/Details, $3. World's largest matrimonial catalogue: Box 737, Lauderdale 33302, or Box 12, Toronto 16, M4A 2M8

Hearing aids! Batteries! Repairs! Wholesale Discounters! AidMart, Drawer Z-5, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33731.

Ph.D. and Rev. need support to help others by psychic-spiritual means. Donation. Anima Associates, Box 1146, Wayne, N.J. 07470.

Check this ad response—Complete list of replies, $1. King Surveys, 56 Huntington Road, New Haven, Conn. 06512.

Large intentional community now forming on 500 acres of woods, farmland in central Virginia. Planning organic farming, therapy center, school, businesses. Need deeply caring, nondogmatic people willing to go through hard times and good with current 60 members. Write Ned Woodhouse, Cedar Road, Bethany, Conn. 06525.

Sincerely interested in marriage? Let us help you find your mate. Social Introduction Service, Box 1547 Eugene, Ore. 97401.

Men: learn at home to double, triple sex drive; also control. Box 6626, Bakersfield, Calif. 93306.

Please send $1. Make a child happy. Photo on request. Harper's Box 204.

Feel wanted and needed, send $1 to 171 Atherton Hall, University Park, Pa. 16802.

I'M LOOKING FOR A PERSON WHO UNDERSTANDS PEOPLE

By all standards I am considered an attractive (unattached) female; age 40, self-sustaining, busy executive; seeking a compatible person that is understanding and has compassion for people. Must be intelligent, active executive or professional (unattached) under 50, preferably living in greater New York area. Please write in detail. Dept. TC-FR, 1700 Broadway, 24th floor, N.Y.C. 10019.

American homes are usually well-stocked with furniture and gadgets, some of which combine engineering and aesthetics in just the right amount. We are planning a special section to celebrate the best of American design, and we'd like to include contributions from our readers. What do you have that works well, is used often, pleasing to look at or hold, and worth its cost? Please include the manufacturer's name, model number, and the most recent price, if possible. Address correspondence to Wraparound Design, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, N.Y.C. 10016.

WRAPAROUND has a limited supply of the following books. Previous readers of these special-interest publications have found them to be interesting reading as well as useful tools. To order, fill out the coupon below and send it to WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. All orders must be prepaid.

Old Glory, edited by James Robertson. Warner Paperback Library, $4.95. Your town has origins. This is a splendid book about how to find and preserve and parade them. There is such a thing as cultural ecology. Savor your own peculiar community's weirdness. Savor some other people's.

Nomadic Furniture, by James Hennessey and Victor Papanek. Random House, $3.95. If you move your dwelling stuff more than once every four years, this lightweight book can save you the aggravation of feeling so stupid while wrestling that heavy bed (couch, table, chest, bookshelf) down that narrow stairway to that overloaded car.

Yes, *Harper's*, the following books do seem interesting and useful. Please send:

_____ **Old Glory @ $4.95**
_____ **Nomadic Furniture @ $3.95**

Total Order $_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

(New York residents, please add appropriate sales tax.)

Single: Fine Art Lovers acquai the elite. Box 157, Old Greenwi Conn. 06870.

Date with dignity. Professional Ma ing Services. MATCH-O-MA INC., Box 6765, Ft. Worth, Te 76115.

Handwriting analysis in depth. and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 29 St., N.Y.C. 10016.

Dates galore! Meet exciting sin anywhere. Free application: DA LINE, Alpha, Ohio.

Japanese girls make wonderful wi We have large number of listi Many interested in marriage. $1 brings application, photos, na descriptions, questionnaire, etc. Ja International, Box 1181-HM, Newp Beach, Calif. 92663.

Financial wealth increased by proven, step-by-step method. Send for our booklet. P.O. Box 8 Cranston, R.I. 02920.

"Meet your happiness," if you to get married. Confidential. Det $1. Nationwide. Write M.Y.H., D 111, P.O. Box 686, Oyster Bay, N 11771.

Moving to Cleveland? Suburban ing, superior schools, near univ ties, integrated neighborhoods. tact Shaker Communities, 3380 Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. 751-2155.

Intelligent, experienced secret mid-30s, seeking escape from u chaos/big business. Energetic, res sible, free to travel, but greatly preciative of isolation, personal vacy. Interesting position/locale siderably outweigh salary. Har Box 203.

Instant memory—New way to rem ber. No memorization. Release " tographic" memory. Stop forget Liberates extraordinary knowle talents, ESP. Free information. stitute of Advanced Thinking. 606-H, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 9

I love you, Emory Mocha. H. field

Condoms! Three samples: $1. T assorted samples: $3. Illustrated alogue free with every order. C from *all* nationally-advertised br Promptness and privacy assured. ey-back guarantee. POPLAN, Box 2556, Dept. HAC-7a, C Hill, N.C. 27514.

Medical student desperately money to complete education. contribution will be greatly app ted. Steve Metzer, Box 155, Uni ty of Arkansas Medical Center, Rock, Ark. 72201.

Mature, open-minded, white age 28, who has been in prison the age 20, would like to corre with mature people in hope of g some idea of what he will do his life when he is released. (Re date: June 20, 1975) Age group All correspondence welcome. write: Don Holmes, #66998, Bo Joliet, Ill. 60434.

Rockefeller: The Big, Dumb Money by Lewis H. Lapham

Beyond The Oil Crisis by Edward Teller

How To Watch a Dirty Movie by Horace Judson

February 1975 $1.00

Harper's

Magazine



UR FEAST,
HEIR FAMINE

ere To Find Food
Everyone
Frances Moore Lappé


The place: on top of the world.
The mood: elegant.
The drink: KAHLÚA Black Russian.
KAHLÚA
IMPORTED FROM SUNNY MEXICO
KAHLÚA
LICOR DE CAFÉ
COFFEE LIQUEUR
PRODUCT OF MEXICO
KAHLUA S A
This is the one—anytime good taste is in order. Mix one ounce of Kahlúa and two ounces of vodka on the rocks. Now just relax...and enjoy.
Do send for our Kahlúa recipe book. Compliments of the house. Because you deserve something nice.
Kahlúa. 53 Proof. Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico. Maidstone Importers. 118 No. Robertson Blvd. Los Angeles, Calif. 90048

When you sponsor a child...

you deserve to know how your gifts will be spent.

And Christian Children's Fund believes in complete public disclosure of financial and program activities.

Here's How It All Happens

As a sponsor, your help goes to a specific child care project, and you receive a Project Description, describing the assistance received by the children. This may include clothing, food, medical care, education, recreation and social services, according to the needs of the children, the families and the community.

Also, you receive the photograph of an individual child in that project, his or her name and address, and the privilege of corresponding on a one-to-one basis. The child will answer your correspondence and you will get the original letter and a translation. If the child is unable to write, staff workers or family members help.

Approximately 82% of your monthly $15 sponsorship payment currently is sent to the project and is pooled with funds from other sponsors helping children in the same project.

We try to have a sponsor for each child, and ask sponsors to make regular monthly payments, but for the welfare of the children, the available funds are divided equally among all the children in a specific project.

If you wish to send a special gift to the child you sponsor, the entire amount is forwarded, along with your instructions for use of the gift. In case these instructions are not appropriate to the child's best interest, other uses will be suggested to you by the child care worker.

Special gifts must be limited to $10 at one time, unless you wish the money to be used for savings, a special educational benefit, or a special need for the child or family.

Fund Raising And Administration

We spend 9.5% of our total income to find new sponsors for the children, and 8.7% for general administration. Our child care program administration costs 5.8% and provides for workers who supervise and assist the projects, along with the cost of photographs, correspondence, translations and postage.

Because of income from contributors who are not sponsors, and other resources, not all of these expenses must come out of your sponsorship payments, and so we are able to send 82% of your monthly gift to the child's project.

CCF is governed by a national Board of Directors, who meet for two-day sessions, four times a year. No board member is compensated and no paid staff member can be elected to the board.

Won't You Sponsor A Child?

For only $15 a month, you can share your blessings with the children in a project, and develop a loving relationship with an individual child.

Please—fill out this coupon, and in about two weeks you will receive information about the project, and the child who needs your love.

Thanks so much.

Write today: Verent J. Mills

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 26511, Richmond, Va. 23261

I wish to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)_____

☐ Choose any child who needs my help. I will pay $15 a month. I enclose first payment of $_____ Send me child's name, mailing address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____

☐ Please send me more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Member of International Union for Child Welfare, Geneva. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

HP 2520



CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, INC.
SUMMARY OF FINANCIAL ACTIVITIES
For the Fiscal Year Ended June 30, 1974

	Percentage of Total Income	Amount
INCOME:		
Public support:		
Sponsorship contributions	80.3%	$23,011,723
Other	11.3	3,229,105
Bequests	1.2	359,261
Total Public Support	92.8%	$26,600,089
Other support:		
Contributions from Christian Children's Fund of Canada	6.1%	$ 1,736,485
Grants from foreign governments	—	10,723
Total Other Support	6.1%	$ 1,747,208
Total Support	98.9%	$28,347,297
OTHER INCOME:		
Investment income	1.2%	$ 351,110
Gain (loss) on investment transactions	(0.4)	(110,748)
Gain on sale of property	0.3	80,342
Miscellaneous	—	(2,588)
Total Other Income	1.1%	$ 318,116
TOTAL INCOME	100.0%	$28,665,413
EXPENSES:		
Program services:		
Assistance to homeless children	10.9%	$ 3,119,215
Family support and services	64.8	18,568,962
Program administration	5.8	1,671,533
Total Program Services	81.5%	$23,359,710
Supporting Services:		
Management and general	8.7%	$ 2,504,971
Fund raising	9.5	2,712,574
Total Supporting Services	18.2%	$ 5,217,545
TOTAL EXPENSES	99.7%	$28,577,255
EXCESS (DEFICIENCY) OF INCOME OVER EXPENSES	0.3%	$ 88,158

This summary was prepared from the report of the independent certified public accountants.

Announcing a unique home program to enable you
prepared by **THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** New Yo

THE MEANING

"It is a great exasperation to come face to face with new art and not make anything of i Stared down by something that we don't understand and can't believe in, we feel personal affronted. . . . More than that, an important part of life is being withheld from us; for if ar one thing is certain in this world it is that art is there to help us live, and for no other reason

– JOHN RUSSELL, art critic, *The New York Times,* and author of *The Meanings of Modern A*

THE words above, taken from the first volume of **THE MEANINGS OF MODERN ART,** serve to explain why The Museum of Modern Art in New York has now embarked upon one of the most ambitious publishing ventures it has ever undertaken—a comprehensive and enlightening new program to help you enjoy the great art of the modern era and understand how it all came about.

The program is comparable to a coordinated series of museum lectures, but with an important difference: the lectures are conducted at home—a at your leisure—through a set of twelve beautiful illustrated volumes.

A century of art . . . and of ideas • These volumes a enriched with more than 700 superb reproductio of the greatest masterpieces of modern art. Th provide continuous pictorial references as you a taken step by step through the art of the last hundr years—from the universally popular innovations

FIRST VOLUME SENT FOR TWO WEEKS' TRIAL EXAMINATION with no obligation to continue

BECAUSE of the unique nature of the program, the first volume of the series will be sent to you for **two weeks' thorough examination.** If you are not convinced of the value of continuing the program, you may return the volume and owe nothing. If you decide to continue, the remaining volumes will be shipped to you at the rate one approximately every four weeks. The price of ea volume is $5.95 plus a shipping charge. There is no obli tion to complete the series, and you may cancel the p gram at any time.



derstand and enjoy the great art of the modern era—
l administered by the **BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB**

OF MODERN ART



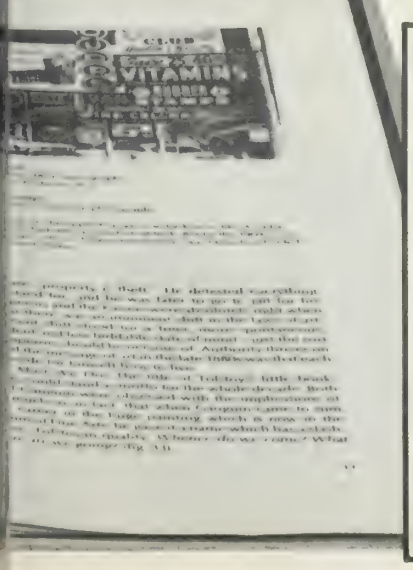
e French Impressionists to the often "difficult" and ntroversial works of today's artists.

Yet the program is more—much more—than just history. It covers the history of modern ideas as ell, identifying those political, literary and social ntexts in which the art of our time has flourished. deed, you will come to learn that when the laws of change, the laws of society may change with them.

The task of preparing the program was entrusted the distinguished writer John Russell, art critic, *The New York Times*, formerly art critic of *The Sunday Times* (London) and author of many books on art and artists.

Good-looking volumes with a distinctive "feel" • Each volume contains twelve full-color and more than 50 black-and-white illustrations and is bound with a heavy textured cloth laid over board that provides a pleasant and distinctive "feel." Each measures 10⅜ by 9¾ inches and is printed on a fine paper chosen especially for the faithful art reproduction it permits.





THE MEANINGS OF MODERN ART PROGRAM 5-M67-2

ADMINISTERED BY Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc., 280 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017

PLEASE enroll me as a subscriber to THE MEANINGS OF MODERN ART and send me Volume 1: *The Secret Revolution* for two weeks' trial examination. If at the end of that time I decide not to continue the program, I will return the volume, canceling the subscription. If I retain it, I will pay $5.95 (plus a charge for shipping) for it and for each of the remaining volumes as they are sent—one approximately every four weeks. It is understood that I am not obligated to complete the program and that I may end the subscription at any time simply by notifying you that I wish to cancel.

MR. / MRS. / MISS _____
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ 1

City & State _____ *Zip* _____

M-3

Harper's

FEBRUARY 1975 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 250, NO. 1497

WRAPAROUND	**5**	Self-Help: Who Needs It?		
	123	Making Connections	**128**	Tools for Living
	126	Turnabout	**130**	Game

Edward Teller	**16**	THE ENERGY DISEASE A well-known physicist analyzes the lethal equations of oil, money, and war
Edward Hoagland	**26**	THE TUG OF LIFE AT THE END OF THE LEASH The commonality of dog and man
Lewis H. Lapham	**36**	VICTORY FOR THE BIG, DUMB MONEY An appraisal of Nelson Rockefeller's confirmation as Vice-President
Horace Freeland Judson	**42**	SKIN DEEP An appreciation of the art of pornography
Frances Moore Lappé	**51**	FANTASIES OF FAMINE The absurdity of hunger in a food-filled world
Gail Godwin	**91**	NOBODY'S HOME A short story
John P. Sisk	**100**	IN PRAISE OF PRIVACY A necessary condition for love and progress
		BOOKS
Charles Nicol	**112**	SOME BAKER STREET IRREGULARS
David McClelland	**116**	SPUDS AND RAINWATER
Ira Glasser	**118**	DO CHILDREN HAVE RIGHTS?

VERSE

Philip Appleman **110** Truth

COMMENTARY

108 FLY NOW, LIVE LATER
by Terry King

109 COMMUNITY MENTAL HEALTH: GOOD INTENTIONS RUN AMOK
by Mark Vonnegut

DEPARTMENTS

131 LETTERS
On the next ten years, down under the sea in ships, our January cover, and a moon scandal

132 CLASSIFIED

Cover adapted from a drawing by Olaf Gulbransson

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Robert Shnayerson; **MANAGING EDITOR:** Lewis H. Lapham; **ART DIRECTOR:** Sheila Berger; **SENIOR EDITOR:** Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.; **COPY EDITOR:** Rhoda Koenig; **ASSOCIATE EDITORS:** Judith Appelbaum, GwynethCravens, John Fischer; **WASHINGTON EDITOR:** Taylor Branch; **STAFF EDITORS:** Valerie Brooks, Mel Wathen (Tools for Living); **EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR:** Angela Santoro; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** Timothy Dickinson, Annie Dillard, Barry Farrell (West Coast), Russell Lynes, George Plimpton, Marion K. Sanders, Earl Shorris, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; **BOOKLETTER EDITOR:** Suzanne Mantell

PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard; **ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER:** Griff Ellison; **CONTROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER;** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCTION MANAGER:** Louis Seeger; **REPRINTS/PERMISSIONS:** Lucy Mattimore

HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert Shnayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.97 one year; $17.94 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: $1.50 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.

For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco.

Copyright © 1975 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated.

Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

REFINISH FLANNEL BATHROBES

The Hungarian Way—Clean, Quick, Lint-Free For Top $$$

MADE $2 FIRST DAY sez Mr. J.B. of Milwaukee. Householders' crying need for bathrobe rescue can start you on a quick road to riches. Work at home, be your own boss. Hungarian method uses no ammonia! Gamble a stamp to learn more!



LEECH & ROACH, INC., BOX 5, GARDEN CITY, N.Y.

BEAT THE HIGHWAY TRUST AT ITS OWN GAME WHEN YOU

BUILD YOUR OWN SUPERHIGHWAY

NO SPECIAL PERMIT NEEDED

Send 25¢ For Full Plans to: HiWays, Box 333, Klamath Falls, Oreg.

Self-Help: Who Needs It?

YOU CAN BE BETTER OFF THAN YOU ARE

. . . if you read this. In fact, if you are reading this page, you have, at one time or another, or perhaps all of the time, been engaged in some kind of self-help. Self-improvement has been all the rage since the eighteenth century, when fancy ideas of freedom took Europe by storm and also came over to America on the *Mayflower*—in the heads of brave people seeking better lives.

This month in **WRAPAROUND's** pages we've looked into what drives people toward self-help, and we've come up with all the answers. If you follow the simple hints below, then you'll . . .

GET SMART!

You have to use your head to get ahead. That's the American Way. Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln. Everybody who wants to move from the lower class to the middle class, or from the middle class to the upper class, everybody who wants to earn more, have more, do more, or be more winds up teaching himself or herself how to do something new, something different—or at least something that appears to be new and different.

Self-help dynamos go to school, take correspondence courses, buy kits, or study how-to manuals and magazines. If you glance at this **WRAPAROUND** for just a few minutes, you'll find that you're already starting to . . .

THINK BIG!

Some visionaries owe their achievements to seeing life as a big pie with their name on a big slice. Others see their world as a big oyster. You can probably come up with a large-scale metaphor tailored to your personal needs. A good example of thinking big is Nelson Rockefeller. He has so much money he doesn't have to think big, but nevertheless he's always followed his father's advice and cultivated "the big people with whom you've got to be associated if you expect to do big things" in order to help himself. (For more on Rockefeller's search for ever-higher mountain peaks, see Lewis Lapham's article on page 36.) Like countless others who have found the secret of success, Rockefeller knows that thinking big is only half of it; you've also got to . . .

WORK HARD!

Pulling yourself up by your own bootstraps requires staggering effort, enormous discipline, and a pair of boots with straps. If you possess these things, you can do it. Many of our forebears believed that money was God's way of rewarding those who worked hard. Others felt that money was God's way of rewarding the rich and discovered that if they merely *promised* those who were less fortunate pie in the sky and streets paved with gold, the less fortunate could be made to work hard. And some of the less fortunate did indeed find that self-improvement and hard work actually did . . .

MAKE MONEY!

The success of the self-help industry—which markets bulging biceps, doctorates, political offices, mouthwash, karate, elevator shoes, orgasms, and bliss-you-out mantras, to name only a few products—is ample testimony that people are willing to pay through the nose to make things better for themselves. Money can be a handy tool for helping yourself, and can buy a great deal, but it can't help you . . .

ATTAIN PEACE OF MIND!

Many a self-made man would give everything he's got for a little peace of mind. Religion offers several thousand methods and price tags for same. Some religions promise better things in heaven to those who strive on earth; some promise the withering away of the state for those who toil for the state; and some say that you need merely look in your own backyard to find acres of diamonds. You decide for yourself. We're too busy getting ahead. We don't guarantee that you'll find peace of mind reading **WRAPAROUND** this month—for all we know, the best way to help yourself is to do nothing at all—but we do hope to inspire, amuse, or divert you on your upward climb.

—Dr. Teleology

WRAPAROUNDWRAPA

TURN INVISIBLE IN SECONDS



Amazing Pill Lets You Take A Powder
Secret formula found by famous professor in remote Andes years ago is now available in pill form—one pill and you vanish, up to 5 mins. Avoid arrest, leave boring parties, eavesdrop on sweetheart. Send $2 for 25 pills to Dr. Caligari, Box 45, Bismarck, S. Dak.



YOU COME BACK—OR YOUR $2 BACK!

RUSH ME MY BOTTLE OF INVISIBILITY PILLS TODAY!

Name_____

Address _____

EXPERIENCE KEEPS A DEAR SCHOOL

[Why not pass] a law that a college which fails to prepare sixty percent of its graduates for guaranteed self-support the first year after graduation shall be publicly censured and deprived of funds from the state or individual donors, until the required grade in monetary efficiency shall be attained by the curriculum? If I, being a parent of a youth of twenty or thereabouts, and having expended thousands of dollars on his college course, should find that he was not earning a good living six months after graduation—I would sue the college for the return of my money!

—E. E. Purinton
"The Efficient Man's Money," 1915

A study of successful businessmen, government leaders, professionals, and artists conducted by John Cuber and Peggy Harroff and reported on in Sex and the Significant Americans indicated that for a majority of those studied, sex was "almost nonexistent, something to be stifled," a source of fear, a "nuisance," or simply a body function requiring attention from time to time.

LEARN SANSKRIT
(MYSTERIOUS LINGO OF THE ANCIENTS)

Got friends who talk Spanish, Italian, French? You'll leave them speechless at the party when you dish out a few well-turned phrases in Sanskrit, official language of the forgotten peoples of Asia Minor! Fo-Net-Ik method saves time, headaches, money. Enroll yesterday!

SANDUSKY SCHOOL OF ADVANCED SANSKRIT STUDY, INC.

Bruce McCall

God Helps Them That Helps Themselves

There is a tremendous mass of evidence to prove that imaginative, resourceful and dynamic young men have more opportunities to achieve wealth and success in business today than ever before in our history.

—Jean Paul Getty, 1961

Decidedly, the opportunities for the young American boy are greater to-day than they have ever been before; and no boy, howsoever lowly—the barefoot country boy, the humble newsboy, the child of the tenement—need despair. I see in each of them infinite possibilities. They have but to master the knack of economy, thrift, honesty, and perseverance, and success is theirs.

—John D. Rockefeller, 1907

"I tell you: one must still have chaos in one, to give birth to a dancing star."

—Friedrich Nietzsche
Thus Spake Zarathustra, 1885

The Seven-Day Plan

I have acquired the fearless independence and self-sufficiency of the mountain climber, and I'd like to tell you about the self-help regime I followed, a grand plan for living that gives results in just seven days. Because you, too, can climb the mountain if you really want to.

A word of caution: begin modestly, add a little self-help each day, and build it up gradually, or you may hurt yourself.

Day One—Jar Day: Take an unopened jar of wheat germ in your left hand, a carving knife in your right hand. Holding the knife by the blade, bang the handle against the jar lid several times. Put aside the knife. Put on your rubber dishwashing gloves, give the lid a twist, and *voilà,* you'll thrill to the hiss of vacuum-packed wheat germ giving way before you.

Day Two—Bulb Day: Change the light bulb in the kitchen. Find a sturdy item of furniture, such as the chest of drawers in the bedroom. Drag it into the kitchen and climb on it. Holding a new light bulb between your thighs, unscrew the old one. Then, holding the old bulb between your thighs, screw in the new one. Take care not to screw the old bulb back in and throw away the new one.

Repeat Day One using a one-pound jar of peanut butter.

Day Three—Body Day: Do something that is good for your body. For example, get a tennis permit, jog around a reservoir, consider hammer throwing.

Repeat Day One using stuffed olives, and Day Two in the living room.

Day Four—Parent Day: Do something that is good for your child, such as getting him to school on time in ironed clothes. (If you don't have a child, substitute a friend.)

Repeat Day One using applesauce, Day Two in the bedroom, and Day Three buying Pumas and tennis socks with pom-poms that match the trim on the tennis dress you will have to buy tomorrow.

Day Five—Doctor Day: Make an appointment with a doctor.

Repeat Day One using vitamin C tablets, Day Two in the bathroom, Day Three buying a tennis dress, and Day Four having a teacher conference (or listening to a friend on the telephone).

Day Six—Work Day: Do something not to lose your job, such as getting to work on time and coming up with an innovative idea, along with a plan for implementing it.

Repeat Day One using silver polish, Day Two in your neighbor's bedroom, Day Three locating an indoor tennis court and three partners, one of whom must have a car, Day Four making gingerbread men, and Day Five searching for a pedodontist.

Day Seven—Aesthete Day: Do something to show you're still a cultured, thinking, social being. You could read something, see a Bergman movie, take a course at your local college, subscribe to a listener-sponsored radio station, form an opinion on a topic of your choice, go to a gallery or a museum, discover a new restaurant and dine there with five friends, or cook Sunday brunch for twenty-five stimulating acquaintances.

Repeat Day One using Madagascar mustard, Day Two in the lobby, Day Three finding out about skydiving classes in your area, Day Four remembering to buy milk on the way home, Day Five consulting a psychotherapist, Day Six concentrating on your work for at least an hour at a time and putting out of your mind the milk you're trying to remember to buy on the way home. **—Glenda Adams**

Glenda Adams is a free-lance writer and assistant director of the Teachers and Writers Collaborative in New York City.

"The price of progress in civilization is paid in forfeiting happiness through the heightening of the sense of guilt."

—Sigmund Freud
Civilization and Its Discontents
1930

UNDOWRAPAROUNDOW

Manual Aid

Lumps of clay that we all are, ve still like to think we can e transformed into dynamic, harming, intelligent, gorgeous works of living art. A sigh escapes from our lackluster lips, s picked up by the wind, swept hrough the plains, over the nountains, across the Hudson River, and into the penthouse uites of New York City book ublishers. They hear our whimperings, and rush to our aid. From New Jersey's warehouses prings all we need to be perfect.

First for corporeal bliss, we an have *More Joy* than *The Joy of Sex*. You can have *Sex in Your Marriage* after learning *How to Be an Erotic Man*, your wife can enjoy *Sexual Aberrations*, and *Should You Sleep With Your Psychiatrist?*; why, it could be a *Sexual Revolution*. Chase those *I Ain't Much, Baby —But I'm All I've Got* blues away forever, by *Outgrowing Self-Deception* through *The Conquest of Pain*. You might say to yourself, *I Look Healthy*, but need to know *How to Conquer Physical Death*.

If *How to Profit From a Financial Crisis* is what happiness means to you, just step right up o your boss, look him in the eye and say, *If Things Don't Improve Soon, I'm Going to Ask You to Fire Me*. In turn, he will probably hand you *The Organization Trap (and How To Get Out of It)*. Do not, at this point, read *How To Become Extinct*. Instead, get copies of *How to Acquire a Million-Dollar Personality* and *How to Abandon Ship*. Then go down to city hall and file for *You, Inc.: A Detailed Escape Route to Being Your Own Boss*, a good preface o *How to Hold Up a Bank*.

As you *Pull Yourself Together*, don't forget to *Treat Your Ego in Four Hours. It Worked for Me—It Can Work for You*, your spouse will chime in after putting down *A Housewife's Guide to Women's Liberation* and reaching for *Corporate Wives—Corporate Casualties?* (keeping a copy of *Divorce: The New Freedom* on the sly). (For that matter, you don't want to reveal your *How to Avoid Alimony: A Survival Kit for Husbands* until the proper time.)

Okay, you're out of a job, you've finished *What to Do When Your Bills Exceed Your Paycheck*, and you're bored. What you need is a hobby! Try *Trachtenberg Speed Mathematics Self-Taught*, or play with *Leela: The Game of Self-Knowledge*. Learn *How to Convert Military Rifles, How to Be Literate in Chinese, How to Become an Ichthyologist, How to Be a Survivor, How to Be a Chalk Artist, How to Be a Consistent Winner in the Most Popular Card Games*. Find out *How to Administer a School Bond or Tax Election Information Program, How to Attack and Defeat the Zone Defenses in Basketball, How to Be an Italian*, and *How to Be Really With It*.

Whether you're *Climbing Jacob's Ladder*, or *Cooking Out of This World*, sooner or later you'll probably get religious. Even if you don't, you can still learn *How to Be a Christian Without Being Religious*, and for the real zealots, there's *How to Be a Bishop Without Being Religious*. Do you smart from *Arrows of the Lord?* Try *Advice to Sufferers, Burden & an Ache*, or *What a Way to Go: A Guide to God's Plan for You*. If you think *Your God is Too Small*, read *Where Do I Stand?* for a new vantage point, because *You're Standing on My Foot*. Bear in mind, *Transparent Woman*, that *You Can't Con God*, even though *With God All Things Are Possible*. If you get confused in your *Search for the Sacred*, take a lesson from the Lord: *When God Was All Alone*, he didn't *Babble On*.

Yes, lumps of clay, we can be works of art if we just pick the right set of instructions, and here is the master plan: *Feel Free: How to Say NO to Everything That Doesn't Belong in Your Life—and YES to Everything You've Always Wanted—Everything—Yes, Everything!*

"We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars."
—Oscar Wilde
Lady Windermere's Fan, 1892

DECLARE YOUR OWN MONARCHY

Be More Than Your Own Boss—Be Your Own King!

Little-known loophole in Nebraska State Law allows ordinary Jim Jones to become His Royal Highness King Jim, turns 1-acre plot into a sovereign state with you holding the scepter! Tired of being a nobody, want the wife to be queen for more than a day? Mail coupon today!





House of Thrones, Inc.
Railway Express Building
Lincoln, Nebraska

FREE CROWN!

RUSH ME YOUR HOW-TO-BE-A-KING KIT! I enclose $2.

Name _____

Address _____

ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL

I think just as dangerous as the bigot are the do-gooders. The people who tell me I'm a poor helpless handicapped Negro and I can't survive in a competitive society unless I have social help. All I need is the same rules. I'll measure up. They'll say we'll change the system because you won't survive. They'll tell this Negro boy: "I know you stole that watch, but you poor handicapped, helpless little fellow, you couldn't help yourself." He stole the watch because he wanted the watch and he didn't want to work for it. It's just that simple, and he should be punished just as any white boy would.
—Bob Skinner in
Division Street: America, by **Studs Terkel**, 1967

RAISE ARGENTINE BEEF CATTLE IN YOUR HALL CLOSET



Throw out those old sleds, bugles, feather boas, and move in a full-size Argentine steer —then sit back and watch that hall closet start yielding up to $35 per week! Remember, beef cattle need no exercise and thrive on cheap hay, grass, etc.! Sound too good to be true? For more information, write NOW to

GAUCHO HOME RANCH PRODUCTS INC.
P.O. BOX 7A, AUSTIN, TEXAS

Drink Not to Elevation

It's not so very long ago that enterprising youth of the stripe of Horatio Alger boys—Phil the Fiddler, Connie the Canoeist or Jed the Poor House Boy—were firm in the conviction that honesty, hard work and no liquor would inevitably lead to the presidency of a cordage works or the like. Nowadays, Phil, Connie and Jed probably couldn't progress beyond positions as name-plate polishers if they eschewed an occasional olive or cherry dip with the head man or his associates. As a matter of fact, it frequently appears that skill in handling a long-stemmed glass is virtually as important to the modern businessman as knowing how to work his way through a crowded ledger.

—John McCarten
"Essay On Vermouth," 1950

APAROUNDOWRAPARO

We'll buy your unwanted relatives

Help supply raw material to East Africa's booming slave trade and rid your home and life of pesky mothers-in-law, etc.—sell those unwanted relatives for top $$. Night pickup takes 'em by surprise & we pay cash! Act promptly—you could be living with a fortune! Send for details:



GOLD COAST ENTERPRISES INC., Three Goats Inn, Madagascar, Africa

ALTERNATIVES

The Protective Environment

The Great Depression increased the power of Vito Corleone. And indeed it was about that time he came to be called Don Corleone. Everywhere in the city, honest men begged for honest work in vain. Proud men demeaned themselves and their families to accept official charity from a contemptuous officialdom. But the men of Don Corleone walked the streets with their heads held high, their pockets stuffed with silver and paper money. With no fear of losing their jobs. And even Don Corleone, that most modest of men, could not help feeling a sense of pride. He was taking care of his world, his people.

—Mario Puzo
The Godfather, 1969

A Good Host

We find that more than half of the species which have survived the ceaseless struggle are parasitic in their habits, lower and insentient forms of life feasting on higher and sentient forms; we find teeth and talons whetted for slaughter, hooks and suckers moulded for torment—everywhere a reign of terror, hunger, and sickness, with oozing blood and quivering limbs, with gasping breath and eyes of innocence that dimly close in deaths of brutal torture!

—G. J. Romanes
Darwin, and After Darwin, 1892

"As for living, our servants can do that for us."
—Villiers de L'Isle-Adam
Axël, 1885

"The fox provides for himself; but God provides for the lion."
—William Blake
(1757-1827)

"Any desire for self-improvement is petty."
—J. Krishnamurti
(1897-)



Copyright © 1969, R. Crumb, "Despair," in Apex Treasury of Underground Comics

Free Advice

I don't know about you, but I can never give people advice without hearing a voice recite a litany of all the problems I've never solved myself, such as how to poach pears without the syrup crystallizing or how to keep hair from growing on my legs while I'm asleep (or how not to care about it). This is a touching confession on my part, especially if you consider that I'm frequently found telling people that the solutions to their most awesome problems are right there in their own heads.

It started when I wrote *The Life Swap,* a book about my attempt to become another person while she became me, and then went around the country promoting it on radio and TV. Interviewers would ask me what the book was about. I would say it was about my attempt to prove that you can be whoever you want to be—even someone who likes eating yogurt, if you really want to be such a someone; and I would detail all the other ways in which my swapee and I had become new people (of course, playing down the ways in which we hadn't). And then I'd be in for it. The phone calls would come, sometimes while I was on the air; the letters. People would say that I sounded as if I'd made some sort of cosmic leap, which is just how I meant to sound, and would I please tell them how to get the purchase on themselves that would let them make such a leap out of their own woes and worries.

If I were more hustler and less ham, I suppose I would simply have told them to read the book. Instead I said heartfelt things ("The secret is that you really have to want to do it") or earnest things ("Try changing your first name; I know people who've done it, and it can have an enormous impact on how you see yourself") or cautionary things ("If you start altering who you are, you may end up with a new set of allergies to go with your improved second serve"). All these things are valid and useful enough, and I like to think the book and events behind it are valid and useful enough; but did they help anyone make a cosmic leap—even a puddle-jump? I doubt it because I doubt if words of advice are ever enough.

I think of a favorite story. It's about a woman who made a paradigmatic chocolate cake that no one else could duplicate, even though she had given the recipe to her friends. One day this exemplary baker announced that her doctor had just told her she had only a short time to live—and so she was going to make a confession. She'd left one tiny ingredient out because she didn't really want anyone else to be able to make a cake as good as hers.

The story ends with the woman disclosing her secret—but you know what? I bet her friends still weren't able to duplicate the great cake. I bet there was one more ingredient, one twist of the wrist that was a secret to the woman herself. It's that way with recipes for problem-solving, too; we mean to share our wisdom, but much of the time our wisdom is something more, something other than we think it is, and is therefore unknowable and not to be shared.

—Nancy Weber
Nancy Weber is the restaurant reviewer for The Soho Weekly News.

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Every little ragged boy dreams of being President or a John Jacob Astor. The dream may be a pleasant one while it lasts, but what of the disappointing reality? What of the excited, restless, feverish life spent in the pursuit of phantoms? . . . America is a great country; it has been and may still be a prosperous country; it cannot yet be truly called a happy one.

—Thomas L. Nichols
Forty Years of American Life
1864

The Common Sense Book of Baby and Child Care, by Dr. Benjamin Spock (1946), is the best-selling nonfiction title in history, with sales of 23 million as of January 1972.

HOWTRAPAROUNDOWR/

lot Tips from the itars on How to Get Ahead and Keep It

Destroy your house, and with the treasure hidden in it 'ou will be able to build thousands of houses."

. Johnny Mercer:
You've got to ac-cent-tchu-ate the positive,
-lim-my-nate the negative,
atch on to the affirmative,
)on't mess with Mister Inbetween."

. Richard M. Nixon: "Your ind must always go, even while ou're shaking hands and going hrough all the maneuvers. I deeloped the ability long ago to o one thing while thinking anther."

. Nicolaides: "The sooner you ake your first five thousand istakes the sooner you will be ble to correct them."

. Mao Tse-tung: "If you want o know the taste of a pear, you ust change the pear by eating yourself."

. G. Gurdjieff: "Nothing can e attained without suffering, ut at the same time one must egin by sacrificing suffering."

. Lewis Carroll: "Speak in rench when you can't think of ie English for a thing—turn out our toes as you walk—and reember who you are!"

. Neal Cassady: "If you have ood karma, you can go on beg reincarnated indefinitely. Iozart and Christ made it twen- times, getting better all the me, always improving. I could ll you about a woman I know ho started out as a medieval ousewife, which didn't work ut, and then became a bloodirsty pirate in the eighteenth entury, which also didn't work ut; but finally she achieved the ght balance, and today she is the most successful lesbian in Greenwich Village."

"Stay high and keep moving and give all of yourself away."

9. Bo Diddley: "Everything I know I taught myself."

10. Ludwig Wittgenstein: "The solution of the problem of life is seen in the vanishing of the problem. Is not this the reason why those who have found after a long period of doubt that the sense of life became clear have then been unable to say what constituted that sense?"

11. Kingfish: "All I kin say is when you finds yo'self wanderin' in a peach orchard, ya don't go around lookin' for rutabagas."

12. Emile Coué: *"As long as you live,* every morning before getting up, and every evening as soon as you are in bed, you must shut your eyes, so as to concentrate your attention, and repeat twenty times following, moving your *lips* (that is indispensable) and counting *mechanically* on a string with twenty knots in it the following phrase: *'Every day, in every respect, I am getting better and better.'* There is no need to think of anything in particular, as the words *'in every respect'* apply to everything."

13. Russell H. Conwell: "I say that you ought to get rich, and it is your duty to get rich."

14. Tieka of Santo, New Hebrides: "Do not work for the white man."

15. Sinfan Tasmaguri: "There is a mistaken form of self-help called The Discipline of Self-Torture in Order to Be Good. This includes abstinences and other anti-life devices and supports the belief that one is better than other people. This belief seems to be indispensable to those who wish to develop a profound hatred of humanity and of themselves as well."

16. Chloe Scott: "Be conscious of your feet and perhaps they will lead you on the Wayless Way."

In 1970 there were 5,217,000 elf-employed people in the Jnited States. In 1973 there 'ere 5,426,000.

HE WHO HESITATES IS LOST

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, nor instruction about this and that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia!"

—Elbert Hubbard
"A Message to Garcia," 1899

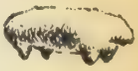
AMERICA'S NEWEST HOBBY CRAZE IS PUMPERNICKEL

BREAD SCULPTURE



FROM THIS . . .

Trained hands turn that loaf of plain pumpernickel bread into a sculpture you'll be proud to display on mantel, window ledge, or knickknack shelf. We supply know-how, tools, easy instructions on how to carve Lincoln, Shakespeare, flamingos, many more.



. . . TO THIS

FREE LOAF OF BREAD WHEN YOU SEND $$ ENROLLMENT NOW

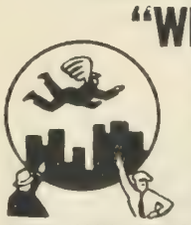
A Word from the Wise

Mr. Frederick Jack was kind and temperate. He had found life pleasant, and had won from it the secret of wise living. And the secret of wise living was founded in a graceful compromise, a tolerant acceptance. If a man wanted to live in this world without getting his pockets picked, he had better learn how to use his eyes and ears on what was going on around him. But if he wanted to live in this world without getting hit over the head, and without all the useless pain, grief, terror, and bitterness that mortify human flesh, he had also better learn how *not* to use his eyes and ears.

—Thomas Wolfe
You Can't Go Home Again, 1934

"Know thyself. A maxim as pernicious as it is ugly. Whoever studies himself arrests his own development. A caterpillar that set out really to 'know itself' would never become a butterfly." —André Gide (1869-1951)

"Who Says You Can't Fly?"



SIMPLE KIT GETS YOU AIRBORNE IN 5 MINS.

Pigeons are nature's stupidest creatures—if they can fly, so can you! Strap on our featherweight $9.98 kit, step off the garage roof into new dimensions of excitement! Amaze friends, fool doubters! Sorry, no refunds!



SEND NOW FOR FREE INFO! Ace Novelty Corp., Box R, Albuquerque, N. Mex.

BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY

I am going in for a course of study at the knee of Mrs. Post. Maybe, some time in the misty future, I shall be Asked Out, and I shall be ready. You won't catch me being intentionally haughty to subordinates or refusing to be a pallbearer for any reason except serious ill health. I shall live down the old days, and with the help of Mrs. Post and God (always mention a lady's name first) there will come a time when you will be perfectly safe in inviting me to your house, which should never be called a residence except in printing or engraving.

—Dorothy Parker
"Mrs. Post Enlarges on Etiquette," 1927

AROUNDWRAPAROUN



DETECT EARTHQUAKES!!

AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Glamorous life of an Earthquake Sentry yours for only $5. Includes seismotron, 2-ft. cord, earthquake comic. Earthquake striking your town? Be the first to know! Whole community will beg you for tips!

California Earthquake Institute, Fresno, Calif.

Bruce McCall

WHERE THERE'S A WILL

Men who are resolved to find a way for themselves will always find opportunities enough; and if they do not lie ready to their hand, they will make them. It is not those who have enjoyed the advantages of colleges, museums, and public galleries that have accomplished the most for science and art; nor have the greatest mechanics and inventors been trained in mechanics' institutes. Necessity, oftener than facility, has been the mother of invention; and the most prolific school of all has been the school of difficulty.

—Samuel Smiles
Self-Help, 1859

The health-food industry generated $526.5 million in sales in 1972, and the figure is expected to rise to $894.7 million by 1976. Organic food was produced on 705 farms, marketed by 275 companies, and sold in 3,500 retail stores.

HOLLYWOOD SCREEN TESTS

BY MAIL!

Your $5 tells us you have the natural talent to be a star. Mail the money & sit by the phone for Hollywood's call!

KING FLEAGLE ENTERPRISES, INC., Fresno, Calif.

FREE FREE

"If you think that I am going to bother myself again before I die about social improvement or read any of those stinking upward and onwarders—you err. I mean to have some good out of being old."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. (1841-1935)

IDEAS

Horatio Alger has been dead and buried for three-quarters of a century. But what of his heroes? Do you know anyone who's made it big? Who's gone from rags to riches? Who's achieved the American dream through luck, pluck, and virtue? **WRAPAROUND** wants to create a prose portrait gallery featuring the contemporary self-made man and woman. Please send biographical sketches of 200-400 words to WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

In 1973 12.3 million people—3.4 million of them adults—were enrolled in vocational schools. Another 4.3 million were taking correspondence courses, paying a total of $2.5 billion for tuition.

Report from the Carnegie Course

A year and half ago I took a fourteen-week "Dale Carnegie Course in Effective Speaking and Human Relations." My feelings about it now are firmly ambivalent: in spite of my distaste for the course's boosterism (and moral blindness), I am pleased with the ways it has helped me grow.

For a glimpse of what it was like, consider an assignment from the eighth week: "Give a two-minute talk on how you increased your enthusiasm and what happened when you did." Like all effective teachers, Dale Carnegie knew that people learn best by doing, and so we were told to "act enthusiastic," observe the results of our enthusiasm, and tell the class about them. Carnegie's slam-bang instructions are cacophonous to the ear, but reasonable: "Please, oh *please* don't confuse enthusiasm with noise. Webster says that enthusiasm is 'Ardent zeal, or interest; fervor.' Webster doesn't say a word, in that connection, about noise or yelling or stamping. Real enthusiasm comes from the inside out. It is an internal condition—joyous excitement."

I had numerous opportunities to act enthusiastic that week: one arose after a typically enervating day (of teaching third grade in an open classroom). I had agreed to meet three friends for tennis on the nearby college courts. When the third friend didn't show up, I was inclined to go home and nap. Instead, I sought out a superior tennis player who was practicing his serve on the next court.

Since I had never learned how to hit a forehand properly, I asked him to teach me. He obliged with the familiar advice about "shaking hands with the racquet." Then he showed me that, to hit a top spin, I should swing backward in a small elliptical loop before striking the ball. I tried it while practicing my assignment: be more enthusiastic "from the inside out." And at once I was possessed of a powerful forehand smash. What pleasure to whack a tennis ball with all my force, to see it clear the net by inches, and drop consistently within a foot of the baseline! We volleyed for half an hour before he had to go.

Today I think of the Dale Carnegie Course as I do other adult education courses—yoga, auto mechanics, speed reading, Gestalt—where one need not adopt the teacher's philosophy or life-style to learn from him or her. If I am a member of that "cross-section of American frustration"—there are 1.5 million of us—who have taken the Carnegie course, what of it? I am not too sophisticated to learn from people who are different from me.

Carnegie's guru was William James, and he is fond of quoting him: "Action seems to follow feeling, but really action and feeling go together; and by regulating the action, which is under direct control of the will, we can indirectly regulate the feeling, which is not."

Repeatedly, I found that by "acting enthusiastic" I opened myself up to feelings of strength and well-being. As my classmates and I shared our experiences through our weekly speeches, we formed a support group for more active, inquisitive lives. It was astonishing.

A recommendation: Attend an introductory session of the Dale Carnegie Course. You'll be fascinated by the people you meet; at the very least, you'll learn how to remember names; and it won't cost you a cent.

—Thomas K. Dorman

Thomas Dorman recently started his own firm, Cerberus Consultants, in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

RISE AND SHINE

The man of humble origin, surrounded in his youth with every possible disadvantage of lowly station, of ignorance, of material deprivation, or even of ill health, who has through the pure power of his moral will ascended to the summit of affluence, is the paragon and model of youthful aspiration. His prosperity is accepted without resentment.

—Barton Perry
Puritanism and Democracy, 1944

WRAPAROUNDWRAPA

The Pain of Standing on Your Own Two Feet

Colonel Sanders, eighty-one, of fried-chicken fame, was in New York last Thanksgiving to give away chicken to some residents of the Bowery. He said he was disturbed to see older folks lobbying for "government dole," and he announced that elderly people will be given discounts on dinners at some of his restaurants. Government help may occasionally be necessary, he allowed, but, in general, the idea of public support was as disagreeable to him as it is to Miss Sadie Dornberg.

At the same time the Colonel was engaged in his publicity stunt, Miss Dornberg was weathering the nineteenth day of no heat and no hot water in a run-down tenement where she has made her home for the past twenty-three years. She lives alone in three small rooms, reads by the light of a single bulb screwed into a wall socket, and keeps her floor well scrubbed, even though the linoleum has been worn down to the wood in spots. She has stuffed the windows with scraps of cloth, keeps water boiling on the stove, and wears a coat constantly, all to keep from freezing.

Miss Dornberg told a visitor, "Try as quickly as possible to get me a safe, warm place to live. I am afraid to stay here. I am afraid to sleep at night. Please don't forget me."

She won't consider accepting welfare, but she does hope that someone will help her find a safe apartment that she can afford and that has heat and hot water. Any help will have to be direct and private and not destructive of her self-esteem.

Miss Dornberg, the Colonel, and a great many of the 20 million Americans over sixty-five believe that dependence on the government is a bitter finale to forty or fifty years of working. They feel that submitting to a means test, which cranks them through the gears of government bureaucracy, is tantamount to personal failure, and worse, to public bankruptcy.

Most old people seem to believe the myth that poverty is a character fault, one they acquired by living too long. They won't join senior centers or take part in a food- or legal-assistance program advertised for the "elderly poor." Some explain their reluctance by saying that they dread being seen entering a social-service agency lest it reflect badly on them in their neighbors' eyes. To these people, welfare has the heavy stigma that was attached to hospitals a century ago: it proclaims your poverty and promises your demise.

That healthy, young adults today assert the government owes them assistance baffles and shocks older people, who always stoically accepted total responsibility for themselves as part of the work ethic. Before Congress moves to help them, it will have to understand the distinctions our older citizens make between a right and a charity.

—Patricia Reed Scott

Patricia Scott is director of information for the Mayor's Office on Aging in New York City.

"In things of moment, on thy self depend,/Nor trust too far thy Servant or thy Friend."
—Benjamin Franklin
Poor Richard's Almanack, 1749

BEWARE OF THE SEAL

"If you don't earn $50,000 in one year by following our simple program, you'll be fully reimbursed for your investment. Here is our notarized guarantee to prove it."

"You can lose inches off your waistline in a matter of hours —without dieting! A notarized test proves our results."

These "notarized testimonials" represent a new brand of consumer fraud. The fallacy they perpetuate and promote is that if a document is stamped with a Notary's seal it *must,* therefore, be truthful.

In actuality, a Notary seal on a document signifies that one or more persons appeared before the Notary, furnished proof of their identities, and signed a document or took an oath.

—National Notary Association
press release, 1974

Survival of the Fittest

Here is a good joke: H. C. Watson (who, I fancy and hope, is going to review the new edition of the 'Origin') says that in the first four paragraphs of the introduction, the words 'I,' 'me,' 'my,' occur forty-three times! I was dimly conscious of the accursed fact. He says it can be explained phrenologically, which I suppose civilly means, that I am the most egotistically self-sufficient man alive; perhaps so. I wonder whether he will print this pleasing fact.

—Charles Darwin
in a letter to Sir Joseph Hooker, 1861

Heading into its 100th printing is Dale Carnegie's How to Win Friends and Influence People, of which 1,209,602 hardbound editions and 6,376,000 paperback copies have been sold since it was first published, in 1936.

READERS

There is a remarkable yoga-based breathing exercise which I'm told many actors and actresses use to allay stage fright. I've found it highly effective when feeling panicky, or otherwise "on edge." It's supposed to restore harmony between the left- and right-hand sides of the brain and body.

Take your right thumb and close the right nostril. Breathe deep through the *left* nostril for a slow count of four. Hold your breath for eight counts. Now close the left nostril with your right forefinger and exhale through the *right* nostril for a count of four. Keep the mouth closed throughout.

Three or four breaths are usually enough to restore serenity and peace of mind. I don't know why it works but it does.

—Betty H. Hoffman
Berkeley, Calif.

"Many years ago a very wise man named Bernard Baruch took me aside and put his arm around my shoulder. 'Harpo, my boy,' he said, 'I'm going to give you three pieces of advice, three things you should always remember.' My heart jumped and I glowed with expectation. I was going to hear the magic password to a rich, full life from the master himself. 'Yes, sir?' I said. And he told me three things.

"I regret that I've forgotten what they were."

—Harpo Marx
Harpo Speaks! 1961



Why Didn't the Aztec Priests Eat Liver?

The Rhomboids know. The Rhomboids know everything everybody else doesn't and always did, including creepy stuff like the Bermuda Triangle, all because of the secret of Mental Geometry handed down to Martin Van Buren from a distant relation of Nostradamus. Want in?



FREE BOOK TELLS ALL

The Random Order of the Rhomboids
Nitney Plaza, Gary, Indiana

SEND ME THE BOOK. I UNDERSTAND NO MAILMAN WILL CALL.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Bruce McCall

WRAPAROUND

"Every man must skin his own skunk."
—American proverb

"Men are made stronger on realization that the helping hand they need is at the end of their own right arm."
—Sidney Phillips, 1953

On the Road to Riches

Several years ago, in my constant search for extra money, I dared to be, if not great, at least richer. That's how I stumbled on to Glenn W. Turner and Koscot Kosmetics, the pyramid-chain, get-rich-quick scheme.

The classified ad in a New York paper said: "Hostess. Accompany prospective investors on day trips Miami. $50/day." I was intrigued but nervous; it sounded like an ad for a call girl. I phoned to inquire, and voiced my suspicions. The elderly woman at the other end was clearly insulted. "This is a major corporation, with many expanding subsidiaries. If you're interested in working with us, interviews are being held tonight."

Dressed to the nines, I arrived at one of the new hotels out near the airport, and found the most bizarre array of "prospective investors" since the gold rush. The gaudy lobby swarmed with what looked like the next morning's subway riders. Women in housedresses and flat shoes. Blue-collar laborers. A few blacks. A lot of tired, everyday New York folk. This crowd swelled up from the lobby, down a long corridor, and through the imposing doors of a very baroque ballroom. Inside, behind a card table brimming with printed forms, sat several clean-cut, neatly pressed young men, each wearing a $100 bill affixed to his lapel with a bejeweled American flag pin. These young men were every mother's dream, characters from the Great American Fantasy. They beamed. They sparkled wholesomeness. They flashed winning grins. In fact, they even seemed to bow as they entered the names and addresses of the hopefuls and ushered them to seats in the chandelier-lit hall.

Then the lights went out and *The Star-Spangled Banner* came on. Solemnly we rose for the Pledge of Allegiance.

A petite, flashy blonde in a black minidress materialized from the back of the room, and bounced up to the center aisle, while two young men skipped down the outer aisles. After chanting in unison—"Yeah, yeah, yeah"—one of the men began: "Hello. We're so very glad you're here with us tonight. It is going to be the most important night in your life, we think. Wait and see." The other booster picked it up: "You know, this is a great country we live in, but, no use kidding ourselves, there is still some room for improvement. It's time for the little guy to stand up and get his due. Like the big guy's been getting for a long time. It's time to give everybody a chance at the big bucks. We want to make that happen for you. It's happening for us, and sharing it is what we're about. You can have a slice of the old pie, too. This beautiful lady here will explain how you can do it."

With exuberant good cheer, the woman began a hard-sell spiel about the Koscot Kosmetic Kompany ("Cosmetics will soon be spelled with a K for Koscot"), featuring the beneficial, little-known, and highly costly oil of mink.

She was backed up by one of the young men, who described at utterly indecipherable speeds the financial whys and wherefores of a pyramid-based investment setup. "You buy a share for X, divide and sell part for Y, you earn Z."

All this time, an orchestrated rumble was building up somewhere in the audience, and spread quickly from one $100-bill-bearing young man to another, until the entire room rocked with the cry: "Money. M-m-m-money. M-m-m-m-money!" It built upward, crescendo upon crescendo, as the blackboard figures depicting the pyramid's possibilities rose skyward. "M-M-M-MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!" Not only could modest fortunes be made by buying into Koscot, but a small, impressive city of the future, with its own seventeen-mile subway system and a dome enclosure, was in the planning stages for somewhere near Orlando, Florida (this is where the hostesses would come in).

I didn't want to hear any more, but my attempt to flee was blocked at the door by one of the handsome young men, who asked with a sneer why I didn't want poor people to get money. "This is like a Hitler rally," I snapped, as he put me back into my seat. A few minutes later, I pretended to go to the ladies' room, with my coat slung nonchalantly over my arm, and no one bothered me. Running to the subway station, shaking from either fear or anger—I wasn't sure—I looked forward to my ride back to reality.

Glenn Turner was arrested last summer. —**Eleanor Richman**

Eleanor Richman handles subsidiary rights for E. P. Dutton.

"He who asks of life nothing but the improvement of his own nature, and a continuous moral progress toward inward contentment and religious submission, is less liable than anyone else to miss and waste life."
—Henri Frédéric Amiel (1821-1888)

You'll Be Puffing Big Cigars Too, Ned, When You
Sell Midget Piranhas DOOR TO DOOR

Novelty-minded families these days are suckers for our line of specially bred midget piranhas, the carnivorous South American terror fish. Put 'em in the tub, sink, what-have-you, and start writing up orders. No bulky samples to lug—a whole school of midget piranhas fits easily in pocket or fedora. Write now, valuable franchises still open in many areas!



NU-WAVE NOVELTIES INC.
456 General Custer Blvd.
Jackson Hole, Wyoming



SIRS: RUSH MORE ON SELLING MIDGET PIRANHAS NOW!

Name_____

Address_____

Bruce McCall

BRAVE NEW WORLD

For a long time after my marriage was in trouble, I went through agonizing days of self-doubt and depression. With two children under four years old, there was no way for me to get out of the house for a change, so I decided to change the house I was in. I took one room at a time and attacked it with a furious impromptu redecorating fervor. First I settled on some color combination that pleased me —blue, mauve, and lots of white, or brown and green. And then I'd change everything around.

I dyed my towels blue and then green and then orange. Then I sewed them up double and made them into pillows by stuffing them with blankets or old clothes. Sheets followed the same process, and my quilts have at one time or another been rugs, tablecloths, and curtains.

I painted the shutters in several gradations of color. I filled the fireplace with white stones gathered over the years on many beaches and topped them with small plants under a grow light.

It all seems very simple, but it never failed to cheer me up because I forced myself to create something from nothing every day. —**Margot Moes-Hunt**

Margot Moes-Hunt writes and works in Brooklyn Heights.

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE 13

As your introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

The most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published...

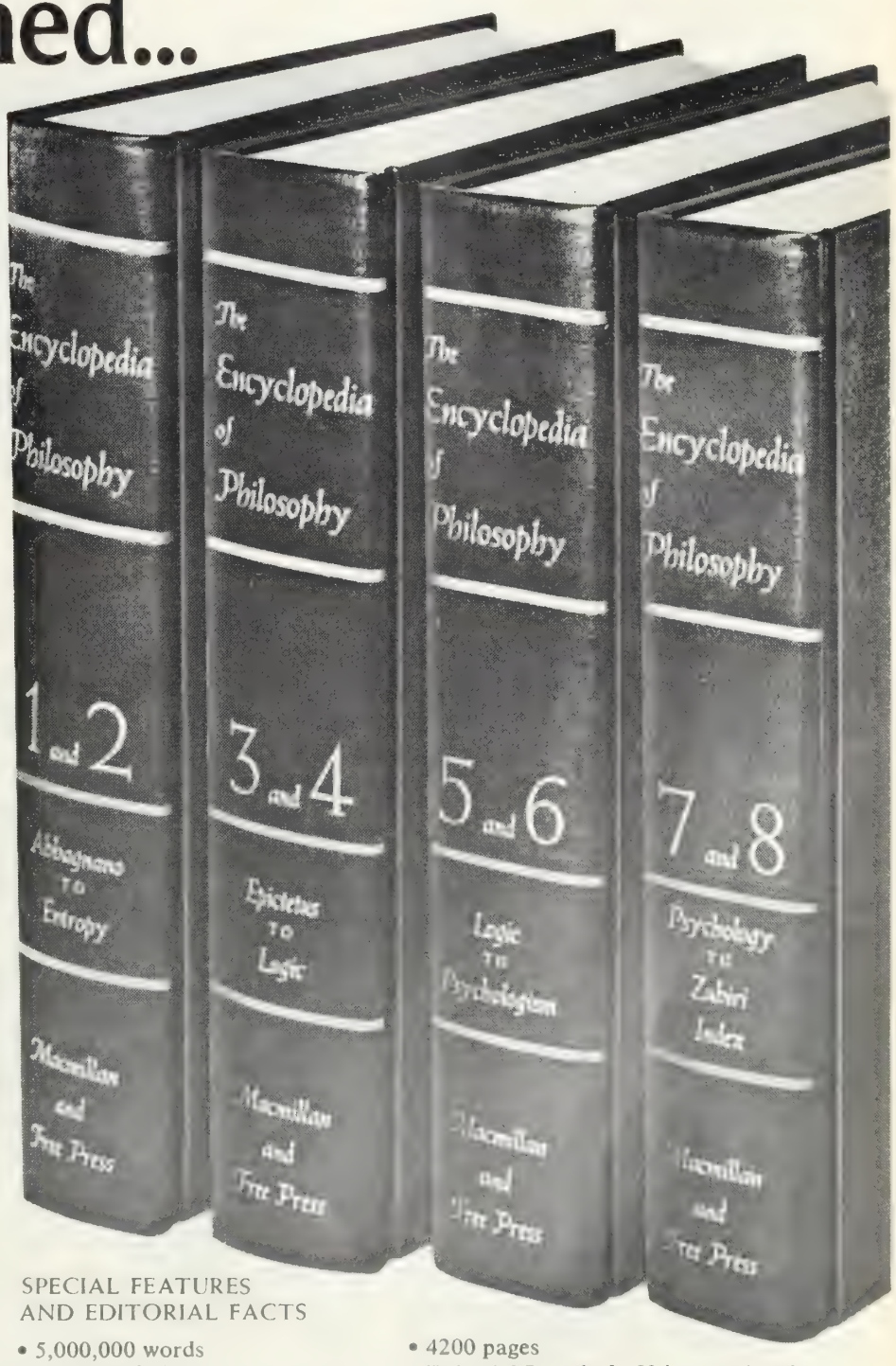
FOR ONLY

$17.50

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL
You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose.

PUBLISHER'S
LIST PRICE: $99.50

The complete contents of the original 8-volume $219.50 edition now in a handsome 4-volume reader's edition



ONE OF THE GREATEST repositories of philosophical information available anywhere, *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy* is the only major philosophical reference work published in English since 1901.

In this unique 5,000,000-word work can be found clear, authoritative answers to almost any question concerning philosophy — ancient, medieval and modern, Eastern as well as Western. And because the work represents the collaboration of more than 500 philosophers and philosophical scholars from twenty-four countries, every shade of opinion is represented. No thinker or movement is dismissed as too radical, no issue is scanted as too controversial. There are articles, for example, that discuss such contemporary matters as the ethics of suicide and euthanasia and the benefits and dangers of computing machines.

Clearly, *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy* belongs in every personal library, particularly in homes where there are high school or college students. Up to now its high price has kept it out of the reach of most families. But, as a new member of the Book-of-the-Month Club, you may own it for less than a tenth of the cost of the original eight-volume edition. Because only a limited number of sets have been set aside for this offer, you are advised to act quickly.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012

SPECIAL FEATURES
AND EDITORIAL FACTS

- 5,000,000 words
- 158-page index
- Paul Edwards, editor in chief
- Nearly 1500 articles, including 900 on individual philosophers
- 4200 pages
- Editorial Board of 153 international scholars
- Contributors: 500 specialists from twenty-four countries

A SMALL SAMPLING OF THE IDEAS
AND PHILOSOPHERS IN THESE VOLUMES

Atheism	Semantics	Good and Evil	Nonsense	Pain	Nothing
Free Will	The Absolute	Existentialism	Humanism	Truth	Linguistics

CONFUCIUS	SANTAYANA	DESCARTES	KANT	LEIBNIZ
ERASMUS	SPINOZA	HEGEL	NIETZSCHE	EINSTEIN
SARTRE	THOMAS AQUINAS	CAMUS	ARISTOTLE	NEWTON
LOCKE	WITTGENSTEIN	KIERKEGAARD	PLATO	PIAGET

Edward Teller

THE ENERGY DISEASE

Diagnosis and prescription for an international ailment

Symptoms

THE MALADY THAT KILLS most Americans is heart disease. What may kill our society is energy disease, a disorder which has attacked the organ in our industrial system that provides the economic body with the necessities of life. That something is wrong, whether we call it shortage, or crisis, is self-evident. The symptoms are known, but they need to be seen in their proper perspective.

The obvious symptom is the increase in the price of oil. To replace oil by another source of energy will be a long and costly procedure. In the meantime, oil at more than $10 a barrel has given the world economy an unprecedented shock.

A few years ago no one expected that a cartel of oil producers could succeed. Most of the oil was in Arab countries, and Arabs, so it was said, could not agree with Arabs. Their agreement in the matter of depressed oil prices led to the formation of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), which succeeded in enlarging its revenues to $100 billion in 1974.

A hundred billion dollars is approximately twice the value of the world gold reserves, but it is still only a fraction of world trade. Some of the oil-exporting countries (Iran, for instance) spend their oil revenues in the advanced democracies to buy the machines that will help them to industrialize. This kind of trade does not worry me. Huge amounts of money are spent in a more or less fair way for the purpose for which money was invented: a medium of exchange.

But of the $100 billion, $60 billion goes into the treasuries of not very stable governments in thinly populated countries, thus becoming by far the biggest accumulation of



Slim Aarons

floating uncommitted capital in all history.

Some of the sheikhs who collect this money have studied at Harvard. This gave them a Western education; it did not give them the experience of handling the great power that comes with the possession of great wealth. Money minus diplomacy equals uncertainty. This uncertainty is another symptom of the energy disease.

Still another symptom is worldwide inflation. Few may claim (and none with certainty) that they understand the connection. More expensive oil obviously contributes to the increased cost of other items, but this is only one of the connections. A further reason for inflation may be shortage of capital in the industrialized countries. The capital is being siphoned off into the Persian Gulf. Scarcity of capital leads to low productivity, inflation, and unemployment. These circumstances do not cause the usual depression, in which we have unemployment coupled with deflation; what we confront may be different from the Great Depression, and it may well be worse.

Throughout the body of the world economy, the symptoms are differen In the United States they have bee comparatively mild. Western Euro has suffered more; Italy and Englan are approaching insolvency. Japa is even more dependent on oil tha are other advanced democracies. B perhaps the worst situation arises some of the countries that have live for decades on the verge of starv tion. What can India do if it cann buy the fertilizers whose price h been increased threefold? The mo important nitrogen-containing fert izers are produced with the help natural gas, so their price is direct affected by a rise in the price of g and oil.

Among the symptoms I also wa to include the popularity of fal cures: one is the faith in patent me icines, the other a preference for e orcism. Patent medicines may be sir ple or mysterious—but always th claim unlimited efficacy. They m be as obvious as sunshine, but larg scale solar electricity generation do not seem likely in this century. N ther will controlled fusion help in t near future. The more we understa of its mysteries, the more we kn that the excitement of research is t most that we can expect within t next generation.

Exorcism is even more popul than the panacea. Who would r like to blame his troubles on so rich devils? The devils exist, a they are by no means innocent, b it doesn't do much good to shri their names. Everyone has his fav ite devil. For some it is the gove ment or the utilities, for others t oil companies, the coal industry, t environmentalists, the manufactur of automobiles, the wasteful a spoiled American public, the Ara or the Kremlin. There are enou mistakes, enough reasons for tr ble, so that no one can feel that is free from any responsibility. W we must do is to understand the d

Edward Teller, the well-known nuclear physicist, has lately undertaken the study of energy in general. Discussions conducted by the Commission on Critical Choices for Americans, of which Dr. Teller is a member, helped to form the ideas in this article. The conclusions, however, are Dr. Teller's own.

s, most of whom will turn out to be
ıman. We will not begin to solve
ır troubles by trying to blame any-
ıe in particular, even though there
plenty of blame to go around.

Diagnosis

MEDICINE IS NOT A SCIENCE but an art. The economic medicine en are no better: they may indeed worse. But for the purpose of aking a diagnosis I will now join eir ranks. There is a chance that ›mmon sense expressed in common nguage might help us toward an derstanding and toward the cor-ctive measures that must be taken.

The history of the capitalistic coun-ies is characterized by cycles of ›om and bust. These became more d more severe until the Great De-ession in 1929 shook the free enter-ise system to its foundations. This tastrophe led to Hitler and the sec-d world war, which broke the "or-rly" continuation of the economic cles. After the war the Communists aited for the cycles to resume and r the next bust, which would bring ›wn capitalism amidst its own in-rnal contradictions. This expecta-›n, at least for the time being, has ›t been fulfilled.

The second world war suspended e rules of economics. In 1945 there as one rich and powerful nation ft in the world—the United States America. In a single country or a situation in which one powerful ›untry makes the rules, the old pat-rn of boom and bust does not seem apply. The suggestion of John aynard Keynes for dealing with e cycles seemed to work well.

We used our remarkable advan-ge to rebuild Western Europe and pan. Of course, in trying to do , we made mistakes, which have en amply (and perhaps justly) iticized. But the fact remains that did not use our privileged posi-›n to perpetuate our privilege. Be-›nd any comparison we were the chest country in the world, but we ›andoned this position as a matter deliberate policy. Partly for hu-anitarian reasons and partly for asons of our own security (better to pend on independent allies rather an on puppet regimes) we permit-d strong competitors to develop, d in the economic field we have tively helped them to develop. Eco-nomic policy is no longer regulated from one country. It is the result of interaction between many countries. But the developed countries—more specifically, the advanced democracies—do not cooperate any better than did the Arabs in the period preceding OPEC.

The U.S. has lost its economic preeminence and, paradoxically enough, we should be proud of that. We intervened in the Suez crisis of 1956 and thereby ruled out (for then and later) the colonialist policy of achieving economic ends by military means. Today, having restrained our competition with the Russians, we are no longer the strongest military power in the world; nor can we unilaterally enforce our foreign policy by military means.

It is by no means clear that there is true stability in the economic system developed by the Western world. It is not clear that the suggestion of Keynes for dealing with depression holds if there are many players in the economic game. Neither is it clear to me whether our economic troubles, as I claimed at the beginning, are merely symptoms of the energy disease. It is entirely possible that our system and our policies are inherently impractical.

The predictions of the Communists may yet turn out to be right. The free world may succumb to its own contradictions. In the event that we do not succumb, I am sure that the Communists are willing to do what they can to assist the process of collapse. They have encouraged OPEC, and they have every reason to do so. Not only are they apt to gain in their fight against capitalism, but they also are apt to profit by their oil exports (acting in this particular instance as monopolistic capitalists).

In the free-enterprise system, money means power, which is limited only by conventional rules. At the moment these conventional rules are producing changes which may ruin a number of advanced democracies. Millions may starve to death in the less developed countries. The free economic system may be challenged in a more terrible way than it was in the Great Depression. Then the Communists may get their first chance to take over the world: compared to the alternative of chaos, the cruel simplicity of Communism may gain almost universal appeal.



The most incredibly authentic car model kit by Pocher d'Italia reproduces in exact 1/8 scale the classic Rolls Royce Phantom II Sedanca Coupe. 26½" long. You build it with nuts, bolts and screws. No painting, no special tools needed. Doors, hood and trunk open. Steering, crankshaft, connecting rods, gears, fan, generator operate. Windows open. Headlights turn on. 2,199 separate parts of brass, stainless steel, copper, rubber and high impact plastic. For complete details on this and 3 other classic car kits from $100, send for free full-color brochure.

Deluxe Classics, Dept. H2
5900 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 2760
Los Angeles, California 90036

Please send me your free full-color brochure.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State/Zip: _____

This is why the energy disease appears as a deadly menace to our way of life.

What shall we do about it?

Treatment

NO TREATMENT will lead to certain cure. In fact (as with heart disease), no single treatment will suffice. Of the possibilities we shall consider only the simplest: consume less energy and produce more. We should reduce wasteful consumption in the innumerable ways defined by thoughtful environmentalists. Less energy, less pollution. So far so good, and all of it relatively obvious. But in other respects the energy disease will require the postponement of some environmental objectives.

No one can argue that emitting sulfur dioxide into the atmosphere is pleasant. On the other hand, stringent regulation of sulfur emission from the stack gases has led to lesser use of coal, of which we have enough in the U.S., and greater use of oil, some of which we import, and for which we compete with our allies, whose need may be greater than our own. The consequences of strict environmental regulations have not yet been felt to their full extent. Some of the rules will take effect in July 1975. Unless they are modified, we shall need to import an additional 2 million barrels of oil a day.

What could be done, for instance, is to apply the strictest standards of sulfur emission only when the prevailing weather conditions hold the emitted sulfur in or near the city. In Los Angeles, this is the case most of the time; in New York it is true for only a few weeks a year. Such a temporary compromise would eliminate any danger to health. We can enforce stricter standards when we are able to remove sulfur from the stack gases.

If they set their minds to it, consumers can get the most energy for their money by economy in transport and efficiency in the home. Possibilities for industry are just as great or greater. There are innumerable improvements, all of which require capital expenditures, but all of which result in fuel economies. The question is one of priorities: what will need more investment—saving a barrel of oil, or finding and distributing it? The technical possibilities include the obvious ones of better insulation in houses and the reuse of waste heat, but they extend to peculiar techniques of boiling water at low pressure and low temperature, and subsequently compressing the vapor so that it attains the right temperature and pressure for a specific industrial application. Thermodynamics, the science of heat, teaches us that unlimited energy exists. What is limited is the practical way to use this energy efficiently. Depending on the field, one can save 30 percent or 50 percent, or even more than 90 percent of the fuel that is now expended.

All these tricks cost money and, more important, they take time. The only immediate relief can come from accepting the conservation ethic. The energy disease may become acute any time in the next four years, and during this critical period careful thought should be given as to how we develop the proper self-restraint.

Within a few years increased production of energy should become the next part of the cure. If we want to produce more, we should start with the developed methods of production. We have plenty of oil in the known reservoirs. How shall we induce the oil companies to produce it—with the carrot, or with the stick? My own inclination is to recommend the carrot, if only because the impatient public and ambitious politicians will demand the stick. We could get a great deal more oil from the Texas and California oil fields, from Alaska, from the Santa Barbara Channel, and from known deposits on the continental shelf near Florida. Proper caution can reduce the probability of an oil spill almost to the vanishing point. And if a spill occurs we can supply bacterial cultures to clean up the oil, oil being their peculiar and exclusive diet. We should remember that no signs of the famous Santa Barbara oil spill remain to be seen.

More and faster drilling for oil could proceed to greater depths by the use of new methods which we have just begun to understand. The best way to attack the rock is not by steel but by high-pressure water jets. Today we have a less severe shortage of oil than of oil rigs, which have been concentrated in the Persian Gulf. Abandoned oil wells can be reopened. They still contain two-thirds of the original hydrocarbons which are too viscous to be brought to the surface. But we are developing some tricks. We may, for instance, blow air down one well, light a fire, and burn some of the viscous oil. The surrounding oil will be heated, and the product of burning (carbon dioxide) will dissolve in the formation. Both the heat and the carbon dioxide will make the oil flow more easily. This procedure, called the "fire drive," is the prototype of a much more general and fruitful idea, the "*in situ* production" of fuels. In addition to technical improvements, at least one improvement in procedure should be mentioned. Public lands are being leased in such a way as to give maximum revenue to the U.S. Treasury. They should be leased with a different purpose: to give maximum incentive for the production of oil. There is another special point. The price of natural gas has been held at an artificially low level for many years, thus discouraging the search for new deposits. With the tremendous increases in oil prices, it has become necessary to allow gas prices to find—or approach—their proper level.

THE MOST ABUNDANT fossil fuel is coal. The Western states have coal fields of great thickness and, what is of equal importance, low sulfur content. Many of these are near the surface, and surface mining exposes the miners to practically no hazards. We only have to use the phrase *strip mining* to remember that we are dealing with an emotional issue. In Wyoming and Minnesota it is usual to produce by surface mining much more than $100,000 worth of coal per acre. The expenditure of a small fraction of this money can restore the land to its original condition, or indeed improve it. Why should environmental concerns be equated with the idea of conservation? Why not improvement? Where human labor can produce great values it is just and quite practicable that this labor should leave behind it a place of beauty rather than a pile of rubble.

There is a further use for our coal resources in the West, particularly those which lie 500 feet or more under the surface. Coal seams perhaps 50 feet thick can be broken up by the use of conventional explosives. Then the coal is converted into rubble which becomes accessible to oxygen pumped down in measured amounts to maintain a controlled fire underground. If we mix high-pressure steam with the fire, we produce a gas quite simi



fume in the classic bottle 12.00 to 400., Spray Perfume 9.50, Eau de Toilette 8.00 to 22.00, Eau de Cologne 5.50 to 25.00, and Spray Cologne 7.50

©Volkswagen of America. *Sedan 110 P.O.E., Suggested Retail Price,
Local Taxes and Other Dealer Delivery Charges Additional.



You'll find fuel injection on some of the fastest cars in the wor

Now. Fuel Injection for the frugal.



ome of the most expensive cars in the world.

And now, through a miracle of modern technology, you'll find it on one of the most inexpensive cars in the world.
The new, advanced '75 Beetle. '75 VW $2895*

to natural gas. The dirt will be left below the surface, and the surface itself will be hardly perturbed. The *in situ* conversion of coal into gas may well provide us with a substitute for natural gas for centuries to come. Unfortunately, the process described is not yet practicable; research is needed to turn the hope into fact. Only $4 million has been assigned to this important piece of research next year, but we are talking about a treatment of the energy disease so effective that it may well turn out to be a cure (although, unhappily, not a prompt cure).

No matter how clean or convenient it is, natural gas cannot be easily employed to drive our cars. The best substitute for oil may be a solid form of oil called oil shale. In order to avoid talking about billions of barrels, I like to measure oil in "A units." An A unit is defined as the reserves that the Arabs are known to possess. The oil that may be derived from oil shale in a single region of the United States is estimated at two A units, all of it contained in the deserted Piceance Basin in the northwest corner of Colorado. Digging out this shale and retorting it (boiling the oil out of it) is entirely possible. But it is even better to handle the material while it is underground. As with coal, we break up the shale with high explosives, having excavated a room underneath the shale so that the rubble may not be too tightly packed. The earth then serves as a natural retort. The burning starts from the top and proceeds downward in a regular way. What is burned is the nonvolatile residue, and as the burning front travels downward the volatile parts are driven out and collect in the form of oil in the cool bottom of the rubble chimney.

As opposed to coal gasification, this operation has been performed in an effective way which seems to be economically feasible. It causes little disturbance on the surface and probably can be done for less than $10 per barrel. What is particularly important about oil shale is that it is widespread throughout the world. A favorable technological development could provide relief from the energy shortage for a long time.

Apart from oil and gas and their substitutes, there is one new promise rapidly becoming a reality: nuclear reactors. They are cheap; they are safe; and the nuclear fuel is practically inexhaustible. The methods have been worked out in a painstaking way over the last quarter century. We have also inherited, together with excellent methods and an unmatched record of safety, all the worries that surround the word *atom*. In this case the hurdle clearly is not in nature, not in the intractability of matter, but in the nightmares generated in the human mind. Too many people, including too many scientists, have spread the fear of the atom, and too many people have been alarmed by a situation which they have not completely understood. It will take not thousands of words, but an extensive international debate, together with a library of carefully sifted material to bring the subject back into focus.

Fear is not the only problem affecting nuclear reactors. Instead of devoting ourselves to improving present reactors, we are putting most of our efforts on a futuristic "fast breeder" that cannot have an effect before 1990. By that time the patient will be dead. A great deal of work needs to be done on present reactors. They should be made even safer; to do this, and to reassure people, they should be built 200 feet underground. To prevent an increase in the price of uranium we can modify present reactors in such a way as to use thorium as a supplementary nuclear fuel. This is a program that is simple, feasible, and capable of an enormous contribution to the energy supply. By 1985 we may have put ourselves and the world on a safe and abundant diet.

In the meantime there are smaller steps we can take. Of the energy sources that may become usable in the future (solar energy, nuclear fusion, geothermal energy, wind), a few can give help within a couple of years. The many big steps that we need will take years and years. The question is whether we shall survive that long.

Prognosis

ACCORDING TO THE RULES of reason, according to the natural course of the malady, and according to whatever laws govern economics and world politics, we should not survive. Only one prescription can change this terrible prediction. The prescription is hope. (I like to define a pessimist as one who is always right but takes no pleasure in it, and an o mist as a person who imagines t the future is uncertain. To be an timist is a duty because with imagined uncertainty there comes will to act.)

Even so, hope must be foun in some reality. The only reality t we can offer today is a definite p on which to act and which will low us to survive, if we can end half a decade or a full decade of r hardship.

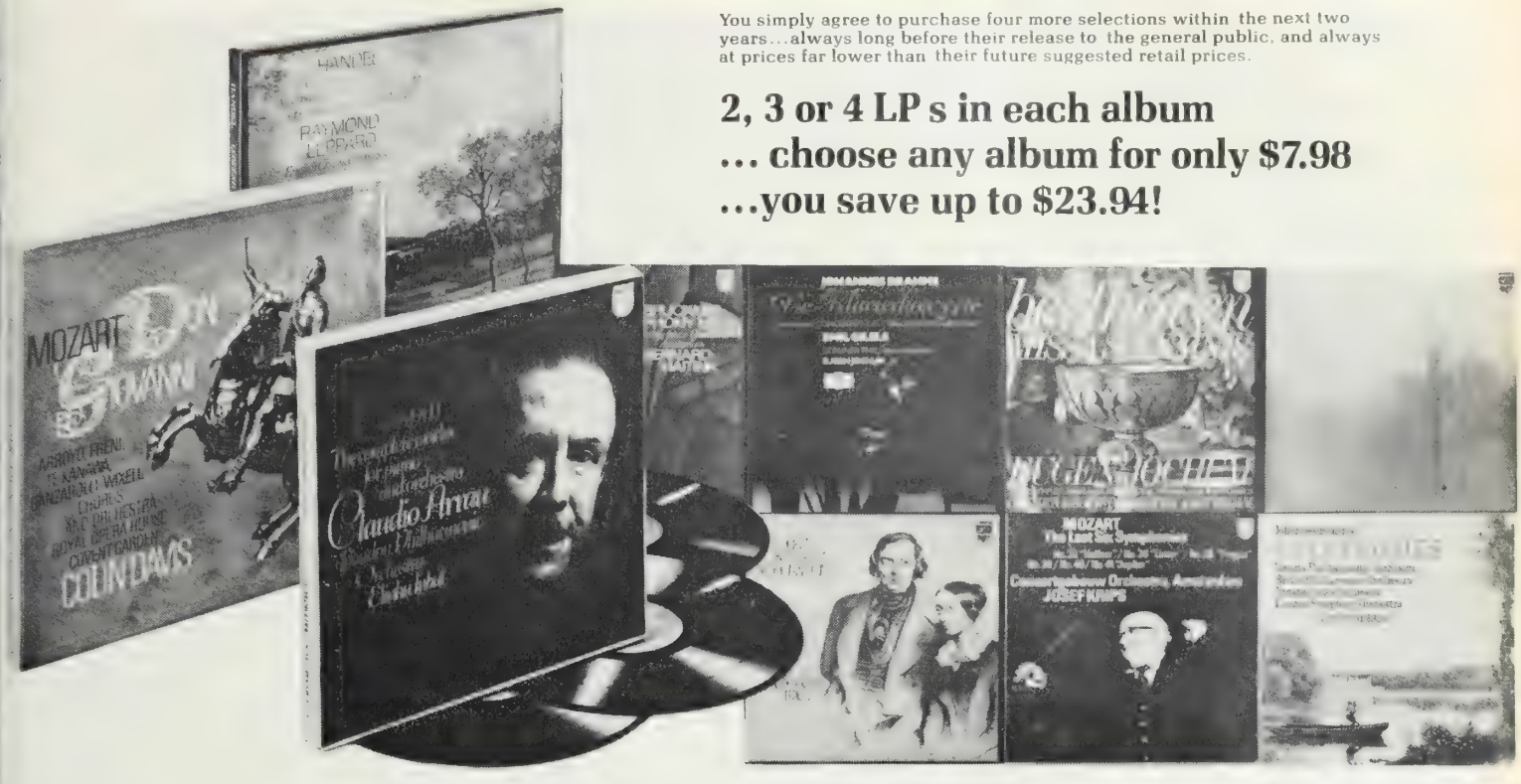
Such a plan of action must be in the United States. We have resources for the task, and we h the tradition of performing industr miracles. The plan needs to be c ried out with a view to its worldw effects. We can and we must prod more than what we need ourselv Project Independence should be placed by Project Interdependen By 1985 we could produce enou energy to have plenty at home a to export both coal and oil. By 19 we should also have accomplished great amount of exploratory researc If hope will be useful in the Unit States, it will turn out to be an a solute necessity in many other pa of the world; there is no better sti ulus for hope than constructive a tion.

In trying to make a diagnosis our serious condition I have said th the stability of the free economi in postwar years resulted from t benevolent leadership of one cou try, the United States. By 1985 t first great step toward curing t present energy disease may be co pleted, and the United States m have regained a similar measure preeminence. But we cannot rest that point.

We have yielded our dominant p sition in the world once; if we r gain it, we will have to yield it second time. But this time we cann risk chaos. We must establish som form of world order. The growth technology has made a small neigh borhood of our globe, and witho some order there will be no peace i this neighborhood; the way of life a we like to imagine it will not survive In the long run we must work for a order based on the free consent an cooperation of every participant. I the short run we must work with th utmost urgency to recover from th energy disease. The only choice fo our free world is to recover from thi disease or to die.

Choose one of these critically-acclaimed concert albums for up to 75% off!

It's your introduction to an exciting program that lets you audition important new recordings months before the general public!



You simply agree to purchase four more selections within the next two years...always long before their release to the general public, and always at prices far lower than their future suggested retail prices.

2, 3 or 4 LP s in each album
... choose any album for only $7.98
...you save up to $23.94!

Now you can enjoy "private debuts" of the greatest new classical recordings in your own home, months before the general public! How? By accepting our invitation to choose any one of the albums from the outstanding repertoire of past International Preview Society selections shown on this page as your special introduction.

The International Preview Society—More than a record club!

The International Preview Society is a unique record program dedicated to bringing you the finest classical compositions in their most splendid performances. Only when the Society's Carnegie Hall Selection Committee—headed by Julius Bloom, Executive Director of Carnegie Hall—discovers a new album of extraordinary merit and importance will it be sent to you for your free audition. You will not receive a selection each month because there are, in fact, often months when no albums are available that meet the Society's high standards.

Enjoy advance audition privileges for 10 days free!

As a member of The International Preview Society you will be able to audition every Preview Selection long before it is released to retail stores, record clubs—even critics! You'll have the opportunity to listen to and enjoy the album for 10 full days...and then decide. You may keep any selection and enjoy substantial savings over the future suggested list price or...if you are not thoroughly delighted just return the album for full credit. You need only purchase four albums from the superb repertoire to be offered within the next two years.

All International Preview Society albums are superb, silent-surfaced European pressings and come complete with a handsome hinged storage case, illustrated libretto and *exclusive* Carnegie Hall Selection Committee Report detailing why that particular album was chosen as a Preview Selection.

A critically-acclaimed album...yours for only $7.98!

Choose any one of the outstanding concert albums shown on this page to see for yourself why The International Preview Society is consistently first with the best. Many of these recordings have won the highest critical acclaim and have been designated recordings of special merit by major music critics. But don't take our word for it (or even theirs)—you be the judge!

Mail the attached card or coupon at right indicating the album you'd like to receive as your special introductory selection today! You'll receive the album of your choice, and will reserve the right to audition future selections from The International Preview Society.

But please act quickly...the albums in this magnificent introductory selection will be available only as long as the supply lasts!

409. Handel—Concerti Grossi, Op. 3 (3 LPs) Raymond Leppard, English Chamber Orchestra

412. Mozart—Don Giovanni (4 LPs) Colin Davis, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden

411. Chopin—The Complete Works for Piano and Orchestra (3 LPs) Claudio Arrau, London Philharmonic

404. Bruckner—Symphony No. 5 (3 LPs) Bernard Haitink, Concertgebouw Orchestra

407. Brahms—Piano Concertos No. 1 & 2 (3 LPs) Emil Gilels—Berlin Philharmonic

401. Beethoven—Missa Solemnis (2 LPs) Eugen Jochum, Concertgebouw Orchestra

405. Schubert—Winterreise (3 LPs) Hermann Prey, Wolfgang Sawallisch

408. Schumann—Complete Piano Trios (3 LPs) The Beaux Arts Trio

413. Mozart—The Last Six Symphonies (3 LPs) Josef Krips, Concertgebouw Orchestra

410. Brahms—Four Symphonies (4 LPs) Claudio Abbado, Vienna Philharmonic, Berlin Philharmonic, Dresden State and London Symphony Orchestras

Special Introductory Offer!

Q82

The International Preview Society
175 Community Drive, Great Neck, N.Y. 11025

Yes! Please send me, for my free audition, the critically-acclaimed concert album I have chosen and indicated by the number below. I may return it after ten days and owe nothing, or keep it and pay only $7.98* plus a small postage/handling charge. This is up to $23.94 off the suggested list price. I will also receive, at intervals of one or more months, free ten-day previews of albums chosen by the Carnegie Hall Selection Committee far in advance of general release. I may keep those albums I wish always for far less than the suggested list price. I need only buy four additional selections within the next two years, after which I may cancel this arrangement at any time.

*Sales tax added for New York residents.

Print number of album you've selected here: ☐

Name

Address Apt. No.

City State Zip

If you are already a member check here ☐ and include your account number_____. We will honor this order.

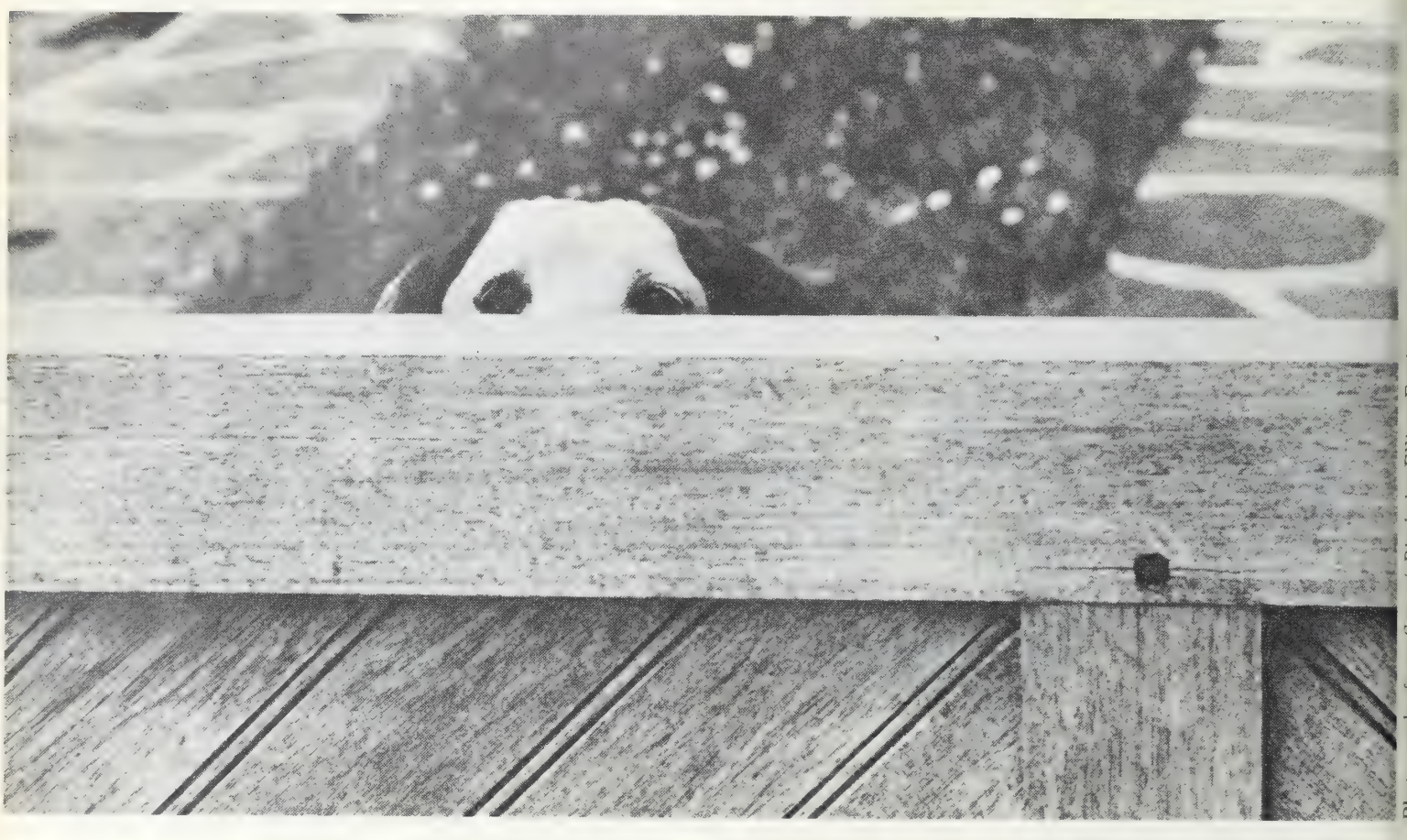
Offer limited to the connecting 48 States. Offer expires 9-1-75. Limit: one membership per household. Only new members eligible. NOTE: All applications are subject to review, and we reserve the right to reject any application.

29738/Q82

Edward Hoagland

THE TUG OF LIFE AT THE END OF THE LEASH

An avenue to animality



IT USED TO BE that you could tell just about how poor a family was by how many dogs it had. If it had one, it was probably doing all right. It was only American to keep a dog to represent the family's interests in the intrigues of the back alley: not to have a dog at all would be like not acknowledging one's poor relations. Two dogs meant that a couple were dog-lovers, with growing children, but still might be members of the middle class. But if a citizen kept three, you could begin to suspect he didn't own much else. Four or five irrefutably marked the household as poor folk whose yard was also full of broken cars, vandalized for parts. The father worked not much, fancied himself a hunter; the mother's teeth were black. An old bachelor living in a shack might possibly have even more, but you knew that if one of them, chasing a moth, didn't upset his oil lamp some night, and burn him up, he'd fetch up in the poorhouse soon, with the dogs shot. Nobody got poor *feeding* his dogs, needless to say, because the more dogs a man had, the less he fed them. Foraging as a pack, they led an existence of their own but served as evidence that life was awfully lonesome for him and getting out of hand. If a dog really becomes a man's best friend, his situation is desperate.

That dogs, low-comedy confederates of small children and ragged bachelors, should have turned into an emblem of having made it to the middle class—like the hibachi, like golf clubs, and a second car—seems at the least incongruous. Puppies which in the country you would have to carry in a box to the church fair to give away are bringing $75 apiece in some of the pet stores, although in fact dogs are in such oversupply that 150,000 are running wild in New York City alone.

There is another line of tradition regarding dogs, however. Show dogs, toy dogs, foxhounds for formal hunts, Doberman guard dogs, bulldogs as ugly as a queen's dwarf. An aristocratic Spanish lady once informed me that when she visits her Andalusian estate each fall the mastiffs rush out and fawn about her but would tear to pieces any of the servants who have accompanied her from Madrid. In Mississippi it was illegal for a slaveholder to permit his slaves to have a dog, as it was to teach them how to read. A "negro dog" was a hound trained by a bounty hunter to ignore the possums, raccoons, hogs, and deer in the woods that other dogs were supposed to chase, and trail and tree a runaway. The planters themselves, too, for whom hunting was a principal recreation, whooped it up when a man unexpectedly became their quarry. They caught each other's slaves and would often sit back and let the dogs do the punishing. Bennet H. Barrow of West Feliciana parish in Louisiana, a rather moderate and representative plantation owner, recounted in his diary of the 1840s, among several similar incidents, this for November 11, 1845:

Edward Hoagland's latest book is Walking the Dead Diamond River.

Finally! The first book club to bring you the best books for and about women today:

Woman Today Book Club



Take any 3 (values to $43.90) for only $1

if you will join now and agree to accept only 3 more selections—at substantial discounts—in the next 12 months.

(retail prices shown)

87320. THE WOMAN'S EYE. *Edited by Anne Tucker.* These more than 100 superb photographs by women span a world of human experience. Margaret Bourke-White, Diane Arbus, Judy Dater and others. **$15.00**

58690. LIVING WITH PLANTS. *William S. Hawkey.* A unique guide to plant care and home decoration **$15.95**

50680. GREAT MARIA. *Cecelia Holland* Novel of passion about a heroic woman of the 11th century. **$8.95**

42140. THE DIARY OF ANAIS NIN. *Anais Nin* 4 volumes Paperbound En thralling record of an extraordinary woman's life. **$11.30**

36063. BETWEEN MYTH AND MORNING. *Elizabeth Janeway.* Wise thoughts on the emerging woman today—career problems sex, aging. **$8.95**

75320. A SCANDALOUS WOMAN AND OTHER STORIES. *Edna O'Brien.* Stories of women in and out of love by the magical writer of *The Country Girls.* **$6.95**

65175. THE ODD WOMAN. *Gail Godwin* Jane Clifford, 32, an English professor, is called home to her grandmother's funeral—and forced to come to terms with her own life **$8.95**

52120. THE HALF-SISTERS. *Cynthia Propper Seton.* Two half-sisters—one care free and beautiful, the other serious and in tense—help each other face crises of love, sex and self-identity. **$6.95**

54430. I TOOK A HAMMER IN MY HAND. *Florence Adams.* An absolutely clear woman's fix-it guide. **$9.95**

59065. THE LOVEBOOK: What Works in a Lasting Sexual Relationship. *Dr Pierre Mornell.* **$6.95**

——HOW THE CLUB OPERATES——

The Book Club **News,** describing the coming Main Selection and Alternate Selections, will be sent to you 15 times a year at three to four week intervals. • If you wish to purchase the Main Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically. • If you prefer one of the Alternates, or no book at all, simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the **News** and mail it so we receive it by the date specified. • The **News** is mailed in time to allow you at least 10 days to decide if you want the coming Main Selection If, because of late mail delivery of the **News,** you should ever receive a Main Selection without having had the 10-day consideration period, that Selection may be returned at Club expense. • After completing your trial membership, you will be entitled to take advantage of our fabulous bonus plan

49100. FROM REVERENCE TO RAPE. *Molly Haskell.* Eye-opening look at the treatment of women in the movies—Garbo, Dietrich, Davis, Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda, and others. **$10.00**

53731. HOW TO INVEST IN BONDS. *Hugh Sherwood.* Basic guide to safe investments in today's market. **$7.95**

58605. THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT. *Claire Tomalin.* Deeply moving story of the 18 century feminist whose radical lifestyle and writings scandalized England. **$8.95**

48425. THE FEMINIST PAPERS. *Edited by Alice S. Rossi.* A surprise-filled look at feminists, revealing the contributions of women from Abigail Adams to Virginia Woolf, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Simone de Beauvoir, Margaret Mead. **$12.95**

32420. AGAINST RAPE. *Andra Medea and Kathleen Thompson.* Essential survival manual on how to avoid rape. **$7.95**

51550. GROWING UP FEMALE. *Abigail Heyman.* Poignant photographic study of all kinds of American women. **$11.95**

Woman Today Book Club

C-1AB

Riverside, New Jersey 08075

Please accept my application for membership and send me the three books indicated, billing me only $1 for all three. I agree to purchase at least three additional Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, under the club plan described in this ad. Savings range up to 30% and occasionally even more. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these three books. A shipping and handling charge is added to all shipments. **Send no money. Members are billed when books arrive.**

Indicate by number the 3 books you want.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

(Offer good in Continental U.S. and Canada only. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

In "5 minutes had him up & a going, And never in my life did I ever see as excited beings as R & myself, ran ½ miles & caught him dogs soon tore him naked, took him Home Before the other negro(es) at dark & made the dogs give him another over hauling." Only recently in Louisiana I heard what happened to two Negroes who happened to be fishing in a bayou off the Blind River, where four white men with a shotgun felt like fishing alone. One was forced to pretend to be a scampering coon and shinny up a telephone pole and hang there till he fell, while the other impersonated a baying hound.

Such memories are not easy to shed, since childhood, the time when people can best acquire a comradeship with animals, is also when they are likely to pick up their parents' fears. A friend of mine hunts quail by Jeep in Texas with a millionaire who brings along forty bird dogs, which he employs in eight platoons that spell each other off. Another friend, though, will grow apprehensive at a dinner party if the host leaves a dog loose in the room. The toothy, mysterious creature lies dreaming on the carpet, its paws pulsing, its eyelids open, the nictitating membranes twitching—how can he be certain it won't suddenly jump up and attack his legs under the table? Among Eastern European Jews, possession of a dog was associated with the hard-drinking *goyish* peasantry, traditional antagonists, or else with the gentry, and many carried this dislike to the New World. An immigrant fleeing a potato famine or the hunger of Calabria might be no more equipped with the familiar British-German partiality to dogs—a failing that a few rugged decades in a great city's slums would not necessarily mend. The city had urbanized plenty of native farmers' sons as well, and so it is that what to rural America had been the humblest, most natural amenity—friendship with a dog—has been transmogrified into a piece of the jigsaw puzzle of moving to the suburbs: there to cook outdoors, another bit of absurdity to the old countryman, whose toilet was outdoors but who was pleased to be able to cook his meals inside the house.



THERE ARE AN estimated 40 million dogs in the United States. Thirty-seven thousand of them are being destroyed in humane institutions every day, a figure which indicates that many more are in trouble. Dogs are hierarchal beasts with several million years of submission to the structure of a wolf pack in their breeding. This explains why the Spanish lady's mastiffs can distinguish immediately between the mistress and her retainers, and why it is about as likely that one of the other guests at the dinner party will attack my friend's legs under the table as that the host's dog will, once it has accepted his presence in the room as proper. Dogs need leadership, however; they seek it, and when it's not forthcoming quickly fall into difficulties in a world where they can no longer provide their own.

"Dog" is "God" spelled backward: and, one might say, way backward. There's "a dog's life," "dog days," "dog-sick," "dog-tired," "dog cheap," "dog-eared," "doghouse," and "dogs" meaning villains or feet. Whereas a wolf's stamina was measured in part by how long he could go without water, a dog's is becoming a matter of how long he can *hold* his water. He retrieves a rubber ball instead of coursing deer, chases a broom instead of hunting marmots. His is the lowest form of citizenship—that tug of life at the end of the leash is like the tug at the end of a fishing pole—fun, and then one doesn't have to kill it. On stubby amputated-looking feet he leads his life, which, if we glance at it attentively, is a kind of cutout of our own all the more so for being riskier and shorter. Bam! A member of the fam

y is dead on the highway, and we art him to the dump and look for a ew puppy.

Just the notion that he lives on our legs instead of two has come to eem astonishing—like a goat or cow earing horns on its head. And keeping a dog is of course a way of attempting to bring nature back. The rimitive hunter's intimacy, telepthy, with the animals he sought, arprising them at their meals and n their beds, then stripping them of heir warm coats to expose a frame o like his own, is all but lost. Sport unters, especially the older ones, etain a little of it still; and naturalts who have made up their minds ot to kill wild animals nevertheless ppear to empathize primarily with he predators at first, as a look at the gers, wolves, bears, and mountain ons on the project list of an organiation such as the World Wildlife und will show. This is as it should e, these creatures having suffered rom our brotherly envy before. But n order to really enjoy a dog, one oesn't simply try to train him to be emihuman. The point of it is to open neself to the possibility of becoming partly a dog (since there are lenty of sub- or semihuman beings round we don't wish to adopt). One vants to rediscover the communality f animal and man—to see an animal eat and sleep that hasn't forotten how to enjoy doing such things —and the directness of its loyalty.

WOLF BEHAVIOR prepared dogs for life with human beings remarkably. So complete and complicated was the potential that it was only a logical next step for them to quit their packs in favor of the heady, hopeless task of trying to keep pace with our own community development. The contortions of fawning and obeisance which render group adjustment possible among such otherwise forceful fighters—sometimes humping the inferior members into the shape of hyenas—are what squeezes them past our tantrums, too. Though battling within the pack is mostly accomplished with body checks that do no damage, a subordinate bitch is likely to remain so in awe of the leader that she will cringe and sit on her tail in response to his amorous advances, until his female coequal has had a chance to notice and dash over and redirect his at-



NOT EVERYONE KNOWS the difference between charcoal mellowing and aging. But it only takes a minute to explain.



All distillers age their whiskey. But only Jack Daniel's seeps it for days through 12 feet of finely ground charcoal before aging begins. *This* is charcoal mellowing, the step that no other whiskey-maker uses. Then our whiskey is aged in a charred oak barrel to mellow its taste even further. After charcoal mellowing, most folks find Jack Daniel's awfully smooth. After aging it's even smoother.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

Tennessee Whiskey • 90 Proof • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery
Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc., Lynchburg (Pop. 361), Tennessee
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.



tention. Altogether, he is kept so busy asserting his dominance that this top-ranked female may not be bred by him, finally, but by the male which occupies the second rung. Dominant wolves, being breadwinners, feed first and best, just as we do, so that to eat our scraps and leavings strikes a dog as normal procedure. Nevertheless, a wolf pup up to eight months old is favored at a kill, and when smaller can extract a meal from any pack member—uncles, aunts, as well as parents—by nosing the lips of the adult until it regurgitates a share of what it's had. Indeed, the care of the litter is so much a communal endeavor that the benign sort of role we expect dogs to play within our own families toward children not biologically theirs comes naturally to them.

For dogs and wolves the tail serves as a semaphore of mood and social code, but dogs carry their tails higher than wolves do, as a rule, which is appropriate, since the excess spirits that used to go into lengthy hunts have no other outlet than backyard negotiating now. In addition to an epistolary anal gland, whose message-carrying function has not yet been defined, the anus itself or stool when sniffed conveys how well the animal has been eating: in effect, its "income bracket," although most dog foods are sorrily monotonous compared to the hundreds of tastes a wolf encounters, perhaps dozens within the body of a single moose. We can speculate on a dog's powers of taste because its olfactory area is proportionately 14 times larger than a man's, its sense of smell up to 100 times as keen.

The way in which a dog presents his anus and genitals for inspection indicates the hierarchal position that he aspires to, and other dogs, sniffing his genitals, are apprised of his sexual condition. From his urine, undoubtedly they can distinguish age, size, and state of sexual activity and general health even hours after he passed by. Male dogs dislike running out of urine, as though an element of potency were involved, and try to save a little; they prefer not to use a scent post again until another dog has urinated there—the first delight and duty of the ritual being to stake out a territory, so that when they are walked hurriedly in the city it is a disappointment to them. In the woods a dog will mark his drinking places, and watermark a rabbit's trail after chasing it, as if to notify the next predator that happens by exactly who it was that put such a sudden whiff of fear into the rabbit's scent. He squirts similarly the tracks of bobcats and skunks with an aloof air unlike his brisk and cheery manner of branding another dog's or fox's; and if he is in a position to do so, will defecate excitedly on a bear run, leaving behind his best effort, which no doubt he hopes will strike the bear as a bombshell.

The principal complaint people lodge against dogs is this extraordinary stress upon the bladder and scatology. Scatology did take up some of the slack for them when they left behind the entertainment of the forest: the forms of territoriality replacing the substance. But, apart from that, a special zest for life is characteristic of dogs and wolves—in hunting, eating, then relieving themselves, in punctiliously maintaining a home territory, a pecking order, and a love life, and educating the resulting pups. They grin and grimace and scrawl graffiti with their piss. A lot of inherent strategy goes into these activities: the way wolves spell each other—both when hunting and in their governess duties around the den—and "consult" as a pack with noses together and tails wagging before flying in to make a kill. (Tigers, leopards, house cats base their social relations instead upon what ethologists call "mutual avoidance.") The nose as their chief instrument of discovery corresponds to our eyes, so they are seldom offended by organic smells, such as "bad breath" or putrefaction, and sniff intently for the details of illness and diet in their fellows, not closing off the avenue for any reason—just as we rarely shut our eyes against new information, even the tragic kind.

ALTHOUGH DOGS don't see so sharply, trainers usually rely on hand signals to instruct them, and most firsthand communication in a wolf pack seems to be visual, by the expressions of the face, by body English and the cant of the tail. A dominant wolf squares his mouth, stares at and "rides up" on an inferior, standing with his front legs on its back, or will pretend to stalk it, creeping along, taking its muzzle in his mouth, and performing nearly all the other discriminatory pranks and practices familiar to anybody who has a dog. In fact, what's funny is to watch a homely mutt as tiny as a shoe box spin through the rigmarole which a whole series of observers in the wilderness has gone to great pains to document for wolves. Dogs proffer

eir rear ends to each other in an timidating fashion, but when they amine the region of the head it's friendlier gesture, a snuffling be-een pals. One of them may come ross a telltale bone fragment caught the other's fur, together with a t of mud to give away the location bigger bones. On the same im-ılse, wolves or free-running dogs ill sniff a wanderer's toes to find ıt where he has been roaming. They ndle and propitiate with their ouths also, and lovers groom each her's fur with mouths adept as ands. A bitch wolf's period in heat cludes a week of preliminary be-avior and maybe two weeks of re-ptivity—among animals, excep-onally long. Each actual copulative e lasts twenty minutes or half an our, which again may help to instill fection. Wolves sometimes begin noosing a mate as early as the age f one, almost a year before they are ady to breed. Dogs mature sexually good deal earlier, and arrive in eat twice a year instead of once—any season instead of only during ıidwinter, like a wolf, whose pups' rrival must be scheduled unfailingly or the spring. Dogs have not retained ıuch responsibility for raising their oung, and the summertime is just as erilous as winter for them, because, part from the whimsy of their own-rs, who put so many of them to eep, their nemesis is the automo-ile. Sex, like scatology, helps fill the ulf of what is gone.

The scientist David Mech has ointed out how like the posture of wolf with a nosehold on a moose as other wolves attack its hams) are ıe antics of a puppy playing tug-f-war at the end of a towel. Any-ody watching a dog's exuberance as samples bites of long grass beside brook, and pounds into a meadow ristling with the odors of wood-hucks, snowshoe rabbits, grouse, oe and buck, field mice up on the eedheads of the weeds, kangaroo ıice jumping, chipmunks whistling, easels and shrews on the hunt, a lunging fox, a porcupine couched n a tree, perhaps can begin to imag-ne the variety of excitements under he sky that his ancestors relin-uished in order to move indoors vith us. He'll lie down with a lamb o please us, but as he sniffs its ıaunches, he must remember atavis-ically that that is where he'd start o munch.

How the English keep dry.

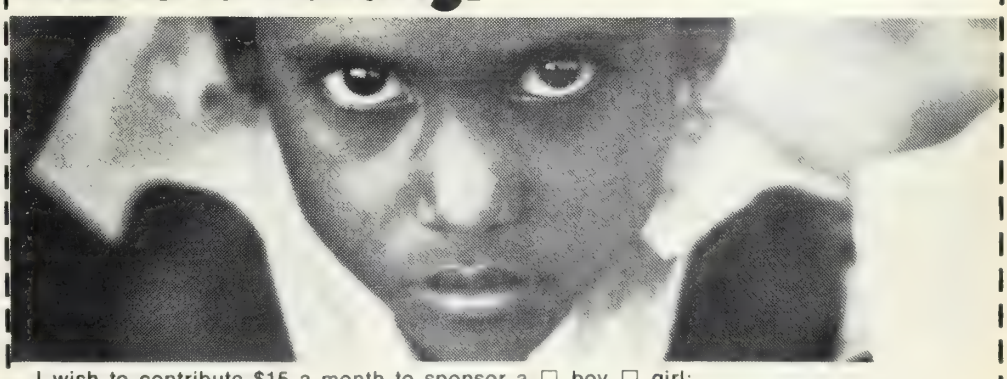


Gordon's® Gin. Largest seller in England, America, the world.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 86 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N.J.

Save a child. While you're reading, the world is waiting.

Since 1932, Save the Children Federation has been helping children round the world to have better lives. Because of people like you. Educated, involved, and in touch with your own hearts. If you haven't already, won't you please fill out the coupon and mail it today.



I wish to contribute $15 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:
☐ **Where the need is most urgent** ☐ Africa ☐ Appalachia (U.S.) ☐ Bangladesh
☐ Chicano (U.S.) ☐ Europe ☐ Indian (U.S.) ☐ Inner Cities (U.S.) ☐ Israel ☐ Korea
☐ Latin America ☐ Middle East ☐ Southern Black (U.S.) ☐ Vietnam
Enclosed is my first payment: ☐ $180 annually ☐ $90 semi-annually ☐ $45 quarterly
☐ $15 monthly ☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $_____
☐ Please send me more information.

NAME _____ TEL. NO. _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
(Contributions are income tax deductible)

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 H 2/5

THERE IS POIGNANCE in the predicament of a great many animals, needless to say: as in the simple observation which students of the California condor have made that this huge, most endangered bird prefers the carrion meat of its old standby, the deer, to all the cow, sheep, horse, and other carcasses lying about. Animals are stylized characters in a kind of old epic—stylized because even the most acute of them have little leeway as they play out their parts. (*Rabbits*, for example, I find terribly affecting, imprisoned in their hop.) And as we drift away from any cognizance of them, we sacrifice some of the intricacy and grandeur of life. Having already lost so much, we are hardly aware of what remains, but to a primitive snatched forward from an earlier existence it might seem as if we had surrendered a richness comparable to all of the tapestries of childhood. Since this is a matter of the imagination as well as animal demographics, no Noah projects, no ethological discoveries on the few sanctuaries that have been established are going to reverse the swing. The very specialists in the forefront of finding out how animals behave, when one meets them, appear to be no more intrigued than any ordinary Indian was.

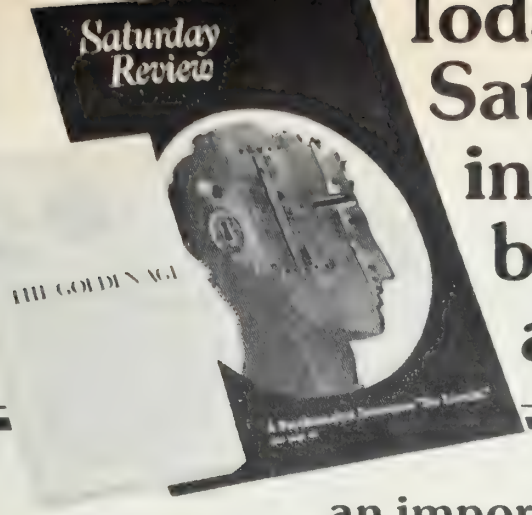
But we continue to need—as aborigines did, as children do—a parade of morality tales which are more concise than those that politics, for instance, provides. So we've had Aesop's and medieval and modern fables about the grasshopper and the ant, the tiger and Little Black Sambo, the wolf and the three pigs, Brer Rabbit and Brer Bear, Goldilocks and *her* three bears, Pooh Bear, Babar and the rhinos, Walt Disney's animals, and assorted humbler scary bats, fat hippos, funny frogs and eager beavers. Children have a passion for clean, universal definitions, and so it is that animals have gone with children's literature as Latin has with religion. Through them they first encountered death, birth, their own maternal feelings, and the gaps between beauty and cleverness, or speed and good intentions. The animal kingdom boasted the powerful lion, the mothering goose, the watchful owl, the tardy tortoise, Chicken Little, real-life dogs that treasure bones, and mink that grow posh pelts from eating crawfish and mussels.

In the cartoons of two or three decades ago, Mouse doesn't get along with Cat because Cat must catch Mouse or miss his supper. Dog, on the other hand, detests Cat for no such rational reason, only the capricious fact that dogs don't dote on cats. Animal stories are bounded, yet enhanced, by each creature's familiar lineaments, just as a parable about a prince and peasant, a duchess and a milkmaid, a blacksmith and a fisherman, would be. Typecasting adds resonance and dignity, summoning up all the walruses, hedgehogs, and crows before: the shrewd image of Brer Rabbit to assist his suburban relative Bugs Bunny behind the scenes. But now, in order to present a contest between two thieving crows and a scarecrow, the storyteller must start by explaining that once upon a time crows used to eat a farmer's corn if he didn't defend it with a mock man pinned together from old clothes. Crows are having a hard go of it and may soon receive gamebird protection.

One way childhood is changing, therefore, is that the nonhuman figures—"Wild Things" or puppet monsters—constructed by the best of the new artificers, such as Maurice Sendak or the *Sesame Street* writers, are distinctly humanoid, ballooned out of faces, torsos met on the subway. The televised character Big Bird does not resemble a bird the way Bugs Bunny remained a rabbit (though already less so than Brer or Peter Rabbit). Big Bird's personality, her confusion, haven't the faintest connection to an ostrich's. Lest she be confused with an ostrich, her voice has been slotted unmistakably toward the prosaic. Dr. Seuss did transitional composites of worldwide fauna, but these new shapes—a beanbag like the *Sesame Street* Grouch or Cookie Monster or Herry Monster, and the floral creations in books—have been conceived practically from scratch by the artist—"in the night kitchen," to use a Sendak phrase—and not transferred from the existing caricatures of nature. In their conversational conflicts they offer him a fresh start, which may be a valuable commodity, whereas if he were dealing with an alligator, it would, while giving him an old-fashioned boost in the traditional manner, at the same time box him in. A chap called Alligator, with a fat snout and tail, cannot squirm free of the solidity of actual alligators. Either it must stay a heavyweight or else play on the sternness of reality by swinging over to become a cream puff and a Ferdinand.

Though animal programs on television are popular, what with the wave of nostalgia and "ecology" in the country, we can generally say about the animal kingdom, "The King is dead, long live the King." Certainly the talent has moved elsewhere. Those bulbous Wild Things and slant-mouthed beanbag puppets derived from the denizens of Broadway—an argumentative night news vendor, a lady on a traffic island—have grasped their own destinies, as characters on the make are likely to. It was inevitable they would. There may be a shakedown to remove the elements that would be too bookish for children's literature in other hands, and another shakedown because these first innovators have been more city-oriented than suburban. New authors will shift the character sources away from Broadway and the subway and the ghetto, but the basic switch has already been accomplished—from the ancient juxtaposition of people, animals, and animals in dreams, to people and "monsters" that grow out of people by way of dreams.

WHICH LEAVES US in the suburbs, with dogs as a last link. Cats are too independent to care, but dogs are in an unenviable position, they hang so much on our good opinion. We are coming to have no opinion; we don't pay enough attention to form an opinion. Though they admire us, are thrilled by us, heroize us, we regard them as a hobby or a status symbol, like a tennis racquet, and substitute leash laws for leadership—expect them not simply to learn English but to grow hands, because their beastly paws seem stranger to us every year. (If they try to fondle us with their handyjack mouths, we read their caress as a bite.) Like used cars, they are disposed of when the family relocates, changes its "bag," or in time of divorce. The original reason people kept a dog was to acquire an ally on the hunt. Then it was to maintain an avenue to animality, as their own nearness began to recede. But as we lose our awareness of all animals, dogs are becoming a bridge to nowhere. We can only pity their fate. □



Today's wide-ranging new Saturday Review adds to your information and interests... brings you new ideas and renewed hope!

PLUS

an important anthology of outstanding material chosen from Saturday Review since publication began in 1924... FREE when you enter a subscription!

What does today's expanded Saturday Review *review?*

Everything that excites and lights up your mind.

National and world affairs. World peace. The environment. The arts. Books. Music. Motion pictures. Drama. Education. Science. Travel. Humor.

SR covers these and other topics with authority, wit, and wisdom.

A Short Saturday Review Sampler

Following are some random quotes from recent issues of SR—to give you some idea of the magazine's variety and vitality:

Kurt Waldheim

"There is unquestionably a new sense of changing interests, of uncharted possibilities, of new and terrible risks, and also of new hopes. It is absolutely essential to maintain the momentum of such ideas as these and turn them into present actions and future plans. Governments and international organizations, like people, tend to go back to sleep after a nightmare."

"Toward Global Interdependence":
SR, August 24, 1974

Herman Wouk

"It has been given to the people of our time to see the photographs from outer space that show us as we are: lost on a beautiful little ball whirling through space—God knows where from, and God knows where to—this little island of life that we have rifled and poisoned, where we spend most of our time battering at each other, where the problem of survival is common to us all."

"You, Me, and the Novel"
SR, September 14, 1974

Clare Boothe Luce

"The cook who cooks for nothing is a female—or a housewife. The cook who cooks for $25,000 is a male—or a chef."

"The 21st Century Woman—Free at Last?" SR, August 24, 1974

Goodman Ace

"Deficit spending is the art of spending money you don't have, which you fervently hope you will have by the first of next month. Or by Judgement Day. Whichever comes first."

"Deficit Saving" SR, July, 1974

Hollis Alpert

"Let a movie hang around long enough in its can, then let it see the light of a screen, and sure enough, it's a classic."

"That Was the Entertainment That Was"
SR, June 29, 1974

Norman Cousins

"If enough people can be found who are willing to attach themselves to the proposition that the human species is sufficiently intelligent and energetic to think and work in world terms, the pessimistic forecasts of the experts will lose their power to paralyze or intimidate."

"Prophecy and Pessimism"
SR, August 24, 1974

This is the kind of lively, timely, relevant reading you will enjoy in every issue of Saturday Review.

SR articles are written by world renowned authorities in every field. Who write as lucidly as they think. And provide you with fresh ideas to think about, talk about, act upon.

Saturday Review features include: vigorous editorials by Norman Cousins and other distinguished writers and statesmen... far-reaching monthly sections on *Science* and *Education*... *World Progress Report*—highlighting positive developments that give hope for the future... the exclusive *World Environment Newsletter*... reviews and roundups of outstanding books in all fields...

Top of My Head by Goodman Ace... *Curmudgeon-at-Large* by Cleveland Amory... *Manner of Speaking* by John Ciardi... *Diversions* by Leo Rosten... *Light Refractions* by Thomas Middleton...

Coverage of music and recordings by Irving Kolodin... dance by Walter Terry... travel by Horace Sutton... films by Hollis Alpert... theater by Henry Hewes... art by Katharine Kuh ... photography by Margaret Weiss...

Plus those fascinating brain-teasers—Wit Twisters, Literary Crypts, and Double-Crostics... and delightful cartoons.

Subscribe Now—Before Rates Go Up!

A year's subscription to Saturday Review for only $12 represents one of the best reading values in America. The coupon below protects you against the increased new rates that will become effective April 1st.

Plus FREE Anthology!

As an introduction to the kind of reading that has made Saturday Review one of America's best-read and widely-quoted magazines, we'll send each new subscriber a *free copy* of "The Golden Age—The Saturday Review 50th Anniversary Reader"... *just off press!*

Material for this anthology was chosen for its historical significance, current interest, and quality of writing. This new paperback, which sells for $1.95, provides you with a panoramic view of the important ideas and events of the past half century—as seen by the leading artists, writers, thinkers, and policy-makers of the period.

Authors include: **Eleanor Roosevelt... Albert Schweitzer... Archibald MacLeish... Martin Luther King... Barbara W. Tuchman ... Robert F. Kennedy... Arnold Toynbee... Thomas Wolfe... James Thurber... Bennett Cerf... John Mason Brown... Norman Cousins.**

Join Saturday Review, its editors, writers, and readers, as the magazine begins its second half century as America's leading cultural journal of arts, ideas—*and the enjoyment of living!*

Subscription Order Form

Please send me FREE a copy of "The Golden Age—The Saturday Review 50th Anniversary Reader" and enter my subscription for one year at $12. (This is a saving of $7.50 on single copy costs.)
(Above offer good only in U.S. and possessions; elsewhere, add $2.00.)

USE COUPON TODAY. BEAT THE APRIL 1st PRICE RISE!

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

☐ Charge to: ☐ American Express ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge (Interbank No. _____)

EMA5B0508

My account # _____ Valid through _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

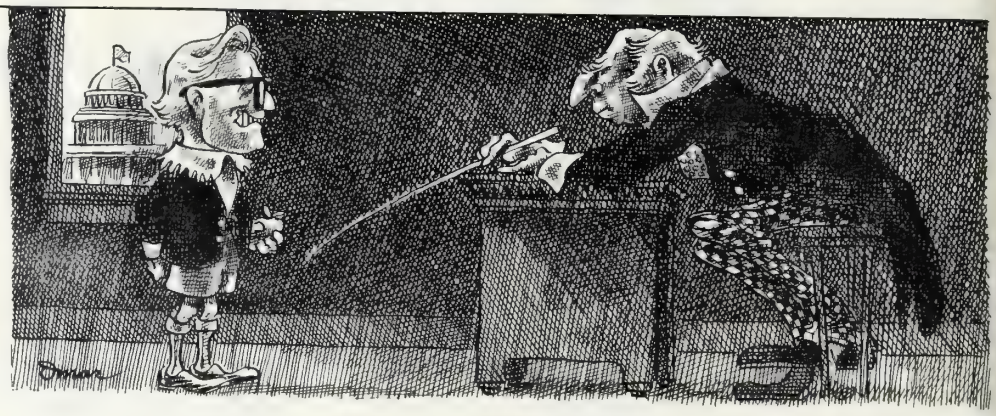
GUARANTEE: If you are not completely satisfied with Saturday Review at any time, for any reason, you may cancel your subscription and receive a full refund on the unused portion.

Mail to: Saturday Review
P.O. Box 2045, Rock Island, Ill. 61207

Lewis H. Lapham

VICTORY FOR THE BIG, DUMB MONEY

The magnitude of Nelson Rockefeller's fortune permits him the luxury of ignorance



ON NOVEMBER 13 AND 14 of last year Mr. Nelson Rockefeller testified before the Senate Rules Committee on the magnitude of his fortune. So great is the American belief in the magic of money that when such a man reveals his net worth even the skeptics feel moved to worship. They forget what they know about themselves and what they have observed in others; their reason fails them, and they yield themselves up to primitive superstition.

This is apparently what happened to the members of the Rules Committee and to the representatives of the national press. Covered with holy dread, none of the witnesses in the caucus room ventured to doubt the miracle of $218 million. The Senators asked questions that disclosed more about themselves than they did about Mr. Rockefeller, and the press reported the visitation with the solemnity that has become mandatory in any discussion of political affairs.

Few of them remarked on the humor of Mr. Rockefeller's greeting to Mr. Arthur Goldberg on the second day of the hearings. Mr. Rockefeller had caused a mean-spirited book to be written about Mr. Goldberg during the 1970 gubernatorial campaign in New York, and it might have been expected that Mr. Goldberg would come to Washington with a grievance. And yet, as Mr. Rockefeller surged out of the room on a tide of admirers, he paused to welcome Mr. Goldberg as if he had been a close friend. Grinning broadly and slapping Mr. Goldberg on the shoulder with a gesture of election-year enthusiasm, Mr. Rockefeller said: "Thanks for coming." The unconscious assumptions implicit in that remark might be stated as follows:

(1) Mr. Goldberg had come to Washington in response to Mr. Rockefeller's invitation, as if to a dinner party or a weekend at Pocantico Hills.

(2) The Senate caucus room somehow belonged to the Rockefeller family, either as an adjunct of the property on Foxhall Road or as an asset misplaced within one of several real-estate holdings.

(3) Mr. Goldberg had been granted time to reflect on Victor Lasky's book (sufficient time to realize that Mr. Rockefeller hadn't intended any harm), and so he had decided to put aside his grievance for the greater good of the nation (i.e., by recommending Mr. Rockefeller's confirmation as Vice-President of the United States).

At least two of these assumptions seem to me entirely plausible. Having observed Mr. Rockefeller at varying distances over the past ten years, I suspect that he intended nothing cynical or disingenuous. His assumption that Mr. Goldberg would forgive him follows from his imperturbable faith in his own innocence. His misapprehension of the facts is characteristic of men who inherit great wealth. They cannot believe themselves capable of anything discreditable, and as a rule they know almost nothing about money or political reality. They have no reason to learn.

THE HUMOR OF THE confirmation hearings thus depended upon Mr. Rockefeller's ignorance of his own character. With the self-dramatizations of an exuberant adolescent promising to behave himself, Mr. Rockefeller never understood what exactly it was that he was being asked to apologize for. Neither the members of the committee nor the representatives of the press could laugh at the joke because they were imprisoned within self-dramatizations of their own.

The Senators who asked questions about money, notably Senator Byrd, betrayed a touching naiveté about the way in which the Rockefeller family conducts its financial affairs. They kept trying to figure out who was paying whom, at what rate of exchange, and for what services rendered. They made sly suggestions about deals (with the Chase Manhattan Bank, Eastern Airlines, the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, et cetera), but they could find no evidence that confirmed their suspicions. Senator Byrd hoped to prove something criminal, as if he were investigating bribery in a West Virginia sewer contract. It was difficult for him to believe that Laurance Rockefeller could invest $60,000 in the Goldberg book as a result of a brief conversation (so brief as to have been utterly forgotten) with an intermediary who knew nothing about politics or the publishing business. When it became clear that this was so, and that to the Rockefeller family the expenditure of $60,000 compared to another man's buying a lottery ticket, Senator Byrd retired in sullen confusion.

Other members of the committee beheld visions of Establishment conspiracies. Senator Cannon wanted very much to believe in the existence of men who knew what they were doing, men of Machiavellian ruthlessness who magnified their sinister influence through the unseen con-

Lewis H. Lapham is managing editor of this magazine.

uits of Eastern influence. Although opular both in the press and in the ouse Judiciary Committee, this ro- ance proved to be as chimerical as enator Byrd's. The Rockefeller ad- isers who testified before the com- ittee revealed themselves to be dull- itted men who would have had ouble understanding the table of rganization in even a small-time abal. But by the time they appeared s witnesses, the committee had uccumbed to its own enchantments.

Still a third faction of Senators ursued what might be described as religious line of questioning. In- tead of assessing Mr. Rockefeller's alue as a possible Vice-President, hey chose to examine him on the onduct of his past life, on his rec- rd as a Christian man, and on the resent state of his conscience. The American worship of money depends pon a paradox. The abstract con- eption of wealth is beautiful and oly (the Ford Foundation, say, or he perfect sum of $1 million), but when it makes itself flesh (whether n the hands of Sam Giancana or Mc- George Bundy), then it must be re- viled. If Mr. Rockefeller had made his gifts to institutions, the Senators might have withheld even the timid scourging to which they subjected him. But Mr. Rockefeller had given money to his friends, and by so do- ing he had committed the sin of Pride. He had had the effrontery to distinguish between particular peo- ple, weighing them in a balance of his own invention and deciding that whereas William Ronan was worth $625,000, innumerable other men (among them most of the Senators on the committee) were undeserving of recognition. Such an arbitrary judg- ment makes light of the doctrine that all men are created equal, not only before the law (as set forth in the Declaration of Independence) but also in their innermost being (as guaranteed by the advertising busi- ness and politicians hoping for re- election). Mr. Rockefeller's pride might have seemed less objectionable if he had muffled it with the custom- ary hypocrisy, but this he made no attempt to do. Even as he introduced his financial statements into the Sen- ate record, thereby hoping to declare his meek intentions, Mr. Rockefeller made it quite clear that he liked to order people around, that he took pleasure in the cruelties of privilege, and that he didn't need to trouble himself with the pretense of humility. His unconscious assumption of grace both galled and frightened the mem- bers of the committee. Although sev- eral of them presumably believed Mr. Rockefeller to be lost beyond all hope of redemption, he had little trouble with the religious aspects of the interrogation. He offered re- sponses he hoped were courteous, and presented the account books of his charity. When confronted with the cash equivalent of the can- didate's virtue, the committee had little choice but to recommend his salvation.

The magical properties of Mr. Rockefeller's fortune also obscured the fear and resentment on the part of those Senators who thought they saw in Mr. Rockefeller a man who could do as he pleased. Most Sen- ators enjoy the appearance rather than the substance of power, but they spend so much time concealing this (not only from their constituents but also from themselves) that they dislike anybody to whom they at- tribute omnipotence. Once elected as the free representatives of a free peo- ple, they find themselves dependent on other people's money (usually the money of rich men who demand a fair return on their investment), and so they learn to flatter the vanity of anybody who can buy them a vote. In the presence of a man who can buy his own votes (to the amount of $24 million over a period of seven- teen years), they remember their hu- miliating afternoons waiting in the anterooms of money. The memory inclines them to enmity and suspicion. Senator Byrd thus seemed to iden- tify Mr. Rockefeller with the coal operators of the West Virginia moun- tains. Senator Cannon confused him with the owners of Las Vegas gam- bling casinos, and Senator Pell, him- self a rich man, probably thought of him as one of those pushy and un- reliable rich boys about whom his father had warned him when he first went up to St. George's. If the resent- ments of the committee took differ- ent forms, so also did its fears. Sev- eral members must have asked them- selves what they would do with an average annual income of $4.6 mil- lion, and I expect that they weren't comfortable with the answers. Unless they thought that Mr. Rockefeller somehow resembled a Mafia *capo* who could put in the incomparable fix, I

Romania

is no fairy tale.

Come see! From the Dracula country of the Carpathians and the painted monasteries of Moldavia to the Latin sophis- tication of Bucharest and the Black Sea resorts . . . Romania is a storybook vacationland. Fantastic? With all-expense tours from $19 a day it's almost unbelievable. But true! Our TOUROMANIA bro- chure lists hundreds of vacation bargains . . . independent tours in Romania and multi-coun- try escorted tours including Romania. Write!



ROMANIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036 Dept: H-2

Please send my free copies of the TOUROMANIA guide to escorted tours and independent travel.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

can't understand why they should have spent so much time trying to establish a criminal motive in the matter of the Goldberg book. The evidence so clearly indicated carelessness, insensibility, and ignorance that even Mr. Rockefeller's press secretary admitted that "he [Mr. Rockefeller] just didn't pay attention to what Wells might have been trying to tell him."

THROUGHOUT THE HEARINGS the committee mistook Mr. Rockefeller's manner of self-assurance for firmness of political purpose, his command of the issues for proof of political vision. The misperception on the other side of the witness table seemed to me equally great. I doubt that Mr. Rockefeller understood what alarmed the committee any more than he had understood (in October when the first rumors of his political loans glutted the newspapers) what it was that aroused the antagonism of so many people whom he had never met—all of them responsible citizens who surely would find him innocent if only they had a chance to examine "all the facts." He read a prepared statement about the separation of private wealth and public authority, but this did not quite answer the unasked questions. The habitual unawareness of men with inherited money (particularly if they have been schooled in a tradition of Christian piety) leads them to imagine themselves exempt from evil intent. They believe their own press notices—to the effect that they already have everything worth having—and so cannot imagine why they should bother to employ illegitimate means to acquire what belongs to them by right. If fault must be found, then it must have something to do with public misunderstanding rather than with an improper action.

Mr. Rockefeller never once conceded the possibility of moral blemish. Perhaps he had made mistakes, but they were technical miscalculations or temporary lapses of judgment; they never had anything to do with anger, egoism, ambition, or vanity. When asked for his motives he talked about "altruism," "a sense of duty," "service to my country," and something that he defined as "the challenge of tackling tough human problems." In his anxiety to make a good impression on the committee, he resembled a prep-school boy seeking to explain himself in the headmaster's study. Not only did he give the committee every record that it asked for, but he agreed with almost every criticism the Senators cared to make. When Senator Pell suggested that he forbear from giving money to government officials, Mr. Rockefeller responded with a dutiful pledge "to cut it out."

The portrait of Mr. Rockefeller that emerged from his own testimony was that of man who, contrary to all rumor and expectation, perceived himself as a parvenu. He had acquired the manner and presence of an aristocrat, but he remained uncertain of his membership in the club. He had done everything he could to impress those whom he described as "the big people with whom you've got to be associated if you expect to do big things," but he wasn't sure if they took him seriously, if they entrusted him with their confidence and told him whatever it was that they told the other big people. He reminded me of the boy who belongs to the best fraternity on campus but feels himself ignored by the principal members.

Behind the facade of his obsessive affability, I had the impression of a man so constantly enraged that he had to constantly pretend that he wasn't angry. During one of the intervals in the hearings, Mr. Rockefeller took photographs of the reporters and committee members, and as he grinned at them across the witness table (turning the thing around, you see, showing himself to be a regular guy), it occurred to me that Mr. Rockefeller never had been a politician who attracted the professionals. Among the amateurs (corporation presidents, journalists, bankers) he had seemed to represent the enlightened hope of the 1960s, but the professionals (people like Hugh Scott and the county leaders in Omaha and Chicago) never trusted him. And so perhaps he was right about not being taken seriously by the big people, and maybe that's why he was so eager to do whatever anybody asked him to do in return for confirmation as Vice-President. Only one man stands higher in the national fraternity than the Vice-President, and if they don't tell the Vice-President the stuff they hide from the other fellas, then something must be very wrong with America.

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S willingness to please extended even to the point of exposing his family and friends to public scorn and ridicule. It couldn't be helped, of course, and Mr. Rockefeller no doubt was terribly sorry about it, but if the cause of justice was to be served by the publication of his financial statements, then he had no choice but to do the right thing. If he compromised the reputation of his brother Laurance, or if he reduced William Ronan in the general estimation to the rank of domestic servant, or if he subtracted from the sum of Emmet Hughes's credibility as a journalist, Mr. Rockefeller could say that he was complying with the law of the land. As a faithful servant of the Republic in whose name he had sent troops to Attica, he was doing what he had been told to do. Although it may be unfair to suggest it, I doubt whether it occurred to him to put aside his ambition in favor of those people for whom he felt such "deep love, respect, and compassion." No more would it have occurred to John Mitchell, John Ehrlichman, or Jeb Magruder.

Nobody on the committee drew the parallel because nobody could imagine that anyone as rich or reputedly as powerful as Mr. Rockefeller could be intimidated. The superstition prevailed despite Mr. Rockefeller's admission that he nearly always deferred to "the superior people with whom my father taught me to surround myself." It became apparent that Mr. Rockefeller retained a faith (analogous to Senator Byrd's faith in the magic of money, or Senator Cannon's belief in Establishment conspiracies) in committees of experts certified by established authority. He bought whatever was represented to him as the best advice and dutifully memorized the assigned lessons. Whether the lessons were right or wrong didn't much matter. Mr. Rockefeller's wealth allowed him to make mistakes, and if other people were hurt by those mistakes—his brother, Mr. Ronan, the citizens of New York—well, that was the meaning of free enterprise. Always innocent and habitually optimistic, Mr. Rockefeller could proceed to other projects in perfect confidence that, as he proudly informed the members of the committee, "I always tried to do my best."

The committee never troubled to

My name is Tony Jones. I just quit my job as Associate Editor of Harper's Magazine because I had an offer I couldn't refuse.

You see, for some time now I've been hoping to start an entirely new kind of publication. Now the opportunity is here—*if* I can persuade you to help me make the most of it.

No, not by subscribing. I need writers. Researchers. Editors.

Requirements: You are on your own.

And by you, I mean *you*. The new publication I'm asking you to help get started will be produced by its readers. By you, I hope.

As a matter of fact, the whole idea hinges on whether or not you contribute. Let me give you some background:

I was proud to work on Harper's Magazine, and I worked hard on it, but Harper's and other top magazines are committed to publishing the "best" writers in the world. This is understandable. And I agree we need this kind of source.

But this policy locks out communication of another, and in my opinion just as necessary, sort—different, honest, independent messages from the great numbers of intelligent and involved men and women who don't happen to be writers who know editors.

I want to offer a variety of communications from real people about just about anything. Short and pithy. Or longer if it plays that way. I'd have more by-lines than any other publication in the world. *If* my readers really did contribute.

In a real sense, this communication would be a collection of points of view. A swatch of our consciousness. An ongoing biopsy of our civilization.

When I announced my intention to Russell Barnard, the publisher of Harper's, he pledged that if I could actually develop the kind of magazine I wanted, he would publish it.

So I've decided to revive the famous HARPER'S WEEKLY, a national newspaper that flourished concurrently with the monthly Harper's Magazine from 1857 to 1916.

The people who ran that old weekly had the temerity to call it "a journal of civilization." Well, that is exactly what I have in mind for the new Harper's Weekly.

I want *you*, its reader, to write for it. I want you to write about your point of view from where you are. If you are a businessman and you want to talk about business, go ahead. If you are a housewife and you want to write about the effects of permissiveness on children, I think you are highly qualified. If you are a doctor who wants to pick up a pen and write a piece on your secret desire to become a hod carrier, I think it would be interesting.

Do you see it? A magazine containing people's thoughts and shouts. A kind of extended variant of the Op-Ed page of The New York Times, the letters to the editors of all times, hubbubby, and reflective of our civilization.

Frankly, many "experts" say Harper's Weekly doesn't have a chance. Reason? That you won't believe that I really mean what I say about *you* writing for it or researching for it.

Friend, I not only mean it, I mean it so much that *my* main worry about this enterprise is that you *won't* contribute.

I believe we need more exchange. We need more men and women of letters. People who can sit down and think something through and then write about it—not necessarily for posterity but to get the rest of us *thinking*.

Look, I'm also going to go out and buttonhole a person I think we should hear from who may not be a subscriber. And ask him to write. And I'm thinking of challenging some young artists to see if they can do as well with cartoons as old Thomas Nast did. I reserve rights like that. But once again, reader friend, the nub of the magazine will be your contributions, clips, original writing, or responses to other writing.

I've always felt it was a distinctly American trait that we *had* something to say. All of us. And that we couldn't be scared off or even bored off from saying it.

That when it came right down to it, we stood up and spoke our minds and left it at: "That's my opinion, bub."

I believe this is still true. And I love it about us. As for the reading, I believe we have a genuine and unfulfilled hunger to talk to each other.

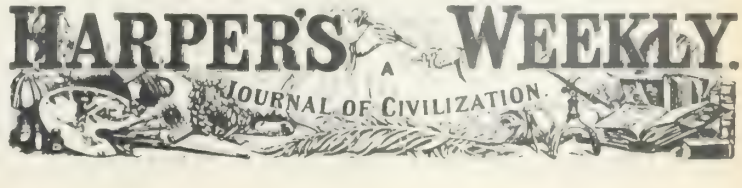
O.K. If you're interested, you can help us in any of 3 ways.

1. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan a wide variety of publications such as your local newspaper, specialized newsletters, professional, literary and political journals. Clip and send us items you think deserve attention. For each item we use, you'll receive a credit line and a research fee of $10.

2. *Write for us,* especially about things in your immediate experience that deserve sharing. Published contributions will carry your name and hometown, and you will receive an honorarium of $25.

3. *Support Harper's Weekly.* Take a subscription. 24 issues for $6. Try to get all your friends to do the same. Harper's Weekly. "A Journal of Civilization." Or an inquiry into whether or not *personal accountability* is still a real force in us.

As I have said (perhaps ad nauseam) it all depends on you. We really need your opinion (and your pledge to work with us). It will have a vital effect on our future or non-future. Please respond. Whether you subscribe or not, please return the card to us with your name and address so that we can consider your ideas and get back to you. Thank you.



inquire into the worth of Mr. Rockefeller's earnest effort. The members accepted the statement in the spirit in which it was offered (as proof of Mr. Rockefeller's benign intentions), and none of them had the temerity to observe that Mr. Rockefeller's "best" had been uniformly mediocre. His administration of the state of New York can be fairly described by the phrase once employed by Samuel Johnson to compare a woman's preaching to a dog's walking on its hind legs—"It is not done well," Dr. Johnson said, "but you are surprised to find it done at all." Even a cursory study of his record as Governor suggests a tradition of embarrassment and failure—the Albany Mall, the World Trade Center, the repressive and ineffective drug law of 1973, Attica, the increases in taxes and public expenditure, the degradation of the educational system, the general deterioration of housing and transportation, and the resignation of his office. No wonder the professional politicians distrust him. Mr. Rockefeller and his family invested $12 million in three Presidential campaigns, none of which had a chance of success, and as a visionary prophet he went forth into the desert and constructed the Commission on Critical Choices for Americans.

Given Mr. Rockefeller's admitted reliance on expensive advice, the shabbiness of his accomplishment must testify to the ability of the people who advise him. As Governor of New York his policy was formulated by whomever it was that was supposed to know about such things (by definition a coterie of hangers-on); at Attica Mr. Rockefeller did what the state police told him to do; in the matter of the Goldberg book he accepted the advice of a lawyer who had managed a losing political campaign. Contrary to Mr. Rockefeller's insistence upon the "brilliance" of his associates, those of his advisers who appeared before the committee left an impression of dullness. Consider the testimony of Mr. Ronan and Mr. Donal C. O'Brien, who identified himself as Mr. Rockefeller's chief family lawyer. Mr. Ronan had been given $625,000 for the express purpose of accumulating capital during the inflated bull market of the 1960s, and yet, against all trends over a period of ten years, Mr. Ronan succeeded in making little more than 50 percent on his money. He would have done as well if he had placed the money in a savings account. As for Mr. O'Brien, not even Senator Byrd could discover his field of knowledge or competence. In answer to a series of questions that became increasingly embarrassing, Mr. O'Brien said that he knew little about politics, taxes, or corporations. Among the many other people once associated with Mr. Rockefeller (all of them renowned for their "brilliance" and "integrity"), those who come most readily to mind do not reflect what Mr. Ronan blithely referred to as Mr. Rockefeller's "greatness." Emmet Hughes made his reputation as an author by exploiting the confidence of Dwight Eisenhower; David Young escaped indictment for his work as a White House plumber by testifying on behalf of the prosecution; Judson Morhouse was convicted for bribery; Henry Kissinger has displayed a prodigious talent for subterfuge, prevarication, and the devious half-truth.

As with the carelessness of Mr. Rockefeller's greeting to Mr. Goldberg, the question again becomes one of the candidate's assumptions. Mr. Rockefeller's self-delusion appears to be sufficiently grandiose to allow him to think that he can bestow brilliance upon his associates by naming them brilliant, as if he were conferring fiefs and titles. The corollary delusion would hold that if a man chooses to work for Mr. Rockefeller, then clearly he must possess the highest attributes, because these would lead him to find their expression on the highest levels of eminence, which, as everyone knows, brings him to the plateau occupied by the Rockefeller family. Variations on this delusion trouble almost all men who have inherited great wealth. When properly understood, it provides the answer to the question the committee kept asking about who was paying whom for what. Mr. Rockefeller was renting a mirror in which to find a flattering image of himself. Some men build monuments or endow museums; other men hire court painters or found universities. Mr. Rockefeller also could do such things (as could his father and his brothers), but he wanted to do something else, to play in the theater of politics and discover himself in the part of leader and statesman. If the newspapers took him seriously (as most of them do), then maybe he could find the people to show him his place in history.

The vanity of wealth also explains why men like Mr. Rockefeller attract subordinates of questionable worth. Either they employ opportunists who take advantage of the prevailing delusion, or they hire impressionable men who imagine themselves allied with omnipotence and so perpetuate the delusion. The men around Mr. Rockefeller continually tell themselves that "we will get it together" and that "the team" can work miracles. For the most part they have been confirmed by the properly constituted authorities (the right schools, academia, old-line Wall Street banking firms, encomiums in the *New York Times*), and if they insist on the mythology of their own invention, that is because they have come to believe it. Once having been rewarded with titles and estates, they must defend the legitimacy of the king.

The aura of unreality that thus attaches itself to Mr. Rockefeller's enterprises often attains Wagnerian dimensions. During the Presidential primaries of 1968, I accompanied the Rockefeller campaign through twenty-three states, and I was astonished by the lack of sophistication or desire that pervaded the entire entourage. We were like children dressed up for a birthday party that nobody knew how to find. The campaign plane wandered back and forth across the country at expensive speeds, the Governor memorizing the issues and the advance men paying for airport bands, but none of it seemed to be going anywhere. Mr. Rockefeller understood that he didn't inspire the confidence of the Republican party, and so he hoped to demonstrate such overwhelming popular support that the party regulars couldn't afford to ignore him. To demonstrate that kind of support, he needed to improve his percentages in the public opinion polls. Although invariably introduced as "a people-oriented man," Mr. Rockefeller spoke primarily to the machine of the national press; the crowds existed to be photographed, and the television cameras were assigned the best seats. We traveled in what seemed like a void, sending out messages and waiting

vo weeks (until the next poll) to find ut if anybody heard or was con-inced. The results were disappoint-ng, partially because the candidate ouldn't figure out what troubled eople, or what it was that they anted.

I remember Mr. Rockefeller, prior o landing in Chicago for a noon ally, sitting in the front of the plane ith his speechwriters. Discussing he draft of a speech on Vietnam a subject on which Mr. Rockefeller ad yet to take a clear position) hey had the air of corporation ex-cutives going over their notes for a oard meeting. None of them had he faintest suspicion that Gov. Mark Hatfield of Oregon, presumably a riend of Mr. Rockefeller's liberal ause, had declared that same morn-ng for Richard Nixon. Nor did they uspect that Sen. Charles Percy of llinois, who later introduced Mr. Rockefeller to the crowd in State Street, also had been holding con-versations with Mr. Nixon. The re-porters who met the plane asked about Mr. Hatfield's desertion, but Mr. Rockefeller could only say that he news surprised him. He had even ess to say when Senator Percy wel-comed him to the microphones by saying that the Republican party was fortunate in its possession of two such outstanding candidates as Rich-ard M. Nixon and Nelson A. Rocke-feller. Having received second billing at his own rally, Mr. Rockefeller pro-ceeded to recite his appraisal of the "difficulties" raised by the war in Vietnam. The crowd shouted for him to "sock it to 'em, Rock," but Mr. Rockefeller did what he had been told to do.

Just as he couldn't anticipate the possible trouble resulting from the publication of the Goldberg book, so also in the spring of 1968 he couldn't understand why all those people were rioting in the streets. He listened attentively to several explanations (Bobby Kennedy's recent assassina-tion, the disillusionment with the war, a general feeling of malaise, et cetera, et cetera), but he was travel-ing at 600 miles an hour at an alti-tude of 35,000 feet, and he couldn't comprehend the nature of the com-plaint. It didn't correspond to the up-ward curves on the graphs depicting the GNP; nor did it correspond to Mr. Rockefeller's experience of a world that seemed to have been con-veniently formed in his own image.

MR. ROCKEFELLER has spent his entire life at the metaphysical equivalent of 35,000 feet, suspended by the aerodynamics of money in a state of perpetual innocence. No-where was this more apparent at the Senate hearings than in his explana-tion of the loans he had made to his friends. He repeatedly returned to his prepared statement, in which he in-sisted that the money was "never de-signed to corrupt, or did corrupt, either the giver or the receiver." A man who can make such a state-ment obviously chooses to know only what it suits him to know about the world. He might possess a romantic image of it, but he sees no reason to distinguish between good and bad, between the flatterer and the sage. He might talk a great deal about the dif-ference between good and evil, but that is a distinction that has little to do with those "tough human prob-lems" that Mr. Rockefeller said he so much liked to deal with. His schedule doesn't permit him the time to notice, much less to encounter, a tough hu-man problem. Hurrying from place to place in order to avoid recognition of himself, he deals instead with blue manila folders containing the data of political abstraction. Failing to feel the force of gravity that money im-poses on people who don't inherit it, Mr. Rockefeller also seems to be un-aware of the ways in which the big people achieved their ambition. He has more money than any of them, and yet he has never managed to make it do all the things that he wanted it to do. When he said to the committee, "I've got to tell you . . . I don't wield economic power," I had the sense of a man genuinely per-plexed by the mechanics of Alad-din's lamp.

During the campaign of 1968 Mr. Rockefeller never carried money on his person. If he had occasion to buy something, somebody else paid for it. I also remember a speech that he made to a crowd of Puerto Rican steelworkers in a town near Cleve-land, Ohio. Exuding his familiar op-timism, his arms raised in a gesture of brotherhood, Mr. Rockefeller ad-dressed them in well-meaning Span-ish, promising that if he was elected President of the United States he would do everything in his power to bring them justice, fiscal respon-sibility, and a piece of the Amer-ican pie. The crowd cheered him with shouts of "*¡Arriba, Arriba!*" never knowing (as the candidate himself didn't know) that Mr. Rocke-feller owned the steel mill. He didn't own it outright, of course, in the way that a man owns a house or a dog, but through a series of connections that I never quite understood (per-haps because they were explained to me by one of Mr. Rockefeller's political advisers), the Rockefeller family apparently owned the holding company that held a controlling in-terest in the stock of the steel cor-poration.

In the statement that Mr. Rocke-feller read to the committee, he ac-knowledged the limitation that his money imposed upon him, and he asked the rhetorical question that he thought fundamental to the commit-tee's decision. "Would my family background somehow limit and blind me," he said, "so that I would not be able to see and serve the gen-eral interest of all Americans?" He answered the question confidently in the negative, explaining that he had "surmounted privilege" and learned to see into the far, blue distances of national policy. Although the com-mittee voted unanimously in his fa-vor, that answer bespeaks a man who does not know himself.

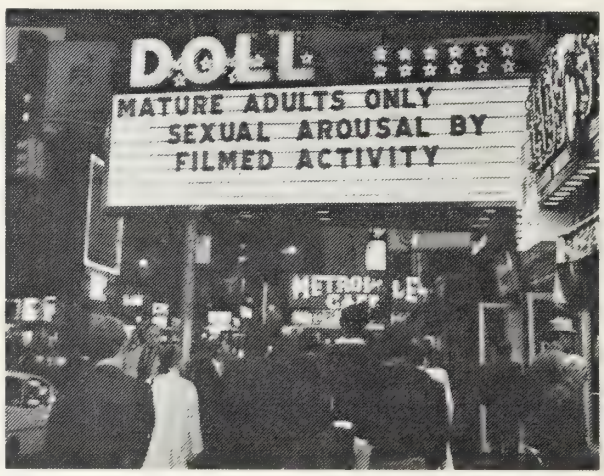
The record suggests that Mr. Rockefeller seldom sees around the reflection in the expensive mirror held up to him by his company of admirers. As Governor of New York he recognized few interests that didn't further his formless ambition. If he were to become President of the United States, I expect that he still would covet some higher office, still wondering what the big people thought of him and why he hadn't yet received everything he assumed was owing to him. In pursuit of his de-sire to do "the right thing," I can imagine him accepting the same kind of second-rate advice that prompted him to blame the mistake of the Goldberg book on his brother Lau-rance. In matters of civil discon-tent or foreign wars, he presumably would do whatever the FBI or the Pentagon told him to do, convinced of the purity of his intent. I can imagine him walking jauntily through the bombed streets of Detroit or Washington, conferring on the sur-vivors a handshake and a smile. To a man standing in the rubble of what was once a house, I can hear Mr. Rockefeller saying, "Thanks for coming."

Horace Freeland Judson

SKIN DEEP

How to watch a pornographic movie





Charles Gatewood

THOUGH I'VE NOT SEEN it all, and find some of what I have seen unpleasantly done, I rather like pornography. More than a year ago, I said something like that by way of lunch-table talk, and added that a prima-facie case could be made that *Deep Throat* was a more erotic movie than *Last Tango in Paris.* Then I decided I ought to go see *Deep Throat;* I did, and in the ensuing months, as opportunity and inclination coincided, I saw half-a-dozen other hard-core pornographic movies. I found that, although they were not very good movies, they were better than I had expected—at least in color, camera work, and the attractiveness of the performers. A couple of the most recent movies, notably *Wet Rainbow,* though still not masterpieces, were great improvements over any that I'd seen before—in particular, they were more unified and more humane. So it seems to me that there is a lunch-table sort of case to be made for speculating about what pornographic movies are, how to watch them, what's wrong with them, and how they might be made much more enjoyable.

I MEAN BY PORNOGRAPHY what everybody not defending a work in a law court really means by pornography: the portrayal of naked orgasms with their associated emotions. That excludes, probably, training films for sex therapists (to their loss and their patients') but excludes also what the pornography business calls simulation or soft core—the puffing and sighing that wriggles away from orgasm on camera. There are of course kinds and degrees. Pornographic movies are not good yet, in large part because they have only begun to explore these kinds and degrees. The great thing about motion pictures is that they are superficial. Being superficial, motion pictures are perfectly suited to conveying images of sexual beauty, sexual desire, sexual frustration, sexual pleasure, sexual jealousy, sexual love. These are big themes, after all. The capacities and limits of movie storytelling correspond remarkably well to the dimensions of erotic fictions. The tracking lens dwells on the bloom of the peach; the camera magnifies and crops sentiment into legend; film seems made for the joys of love but a moment long; motion pictures miraculously preserve the transient, even while they cheapen it into the pathos of transience. The lover wants to know what his mistress is thinking, feeling, sensing; and he cannot ever know. Motion pictures celebrate, on behalf of every enraptured lover, beauties and responses that are skin deep. Motion pictures mourn, with every tormented lover, the impossibility of reaching through to the emotions that are going on behind those beauties and responses. Movies show but don't tell. At their best, movies show all and tell nothing. Movies are at once explicit and mysterious, the paradigm of erotic love.

In the first fifty years, the picture business, as everybody knows, created some powerful sexual personae. Many good movies dealt in the myths of sex. Some of those movies and many of those actors would have had their enchantment defiled by putting the implicit on screen. The airiest confections of the dream work are the most indirect. But surely some good movies would have been stronger, could have reached further, might have transcended themselves, if their essential sexual elements had been overtly and appropriately presented. Surely? Yes, because there are stories in which the detail of sexual encounter affects the interplay of character, the psychological dynamics of plot. Explicit sex is the only significant realm left for mainstream moviemaking to exploit. Explicit sex is potentially serious, potentially funny, potentially entertaining, and so profitable—already, done poorly and tentatively, it fills movie houses like nothing else—that it can't be left to the camp underground and the hard-core underworld. Porn is chic: it has captured the art-movie and suburban audiences, bringing in the young couples. I have no doubt that within a few years some great pornographic movies will be made. It seems to me obvious that they should be made.

Why, for example, doesn't someone make a faithful movie version of John Cleland's *Memoirs of a Woman*

Horace Judson, former European arts and sciences correspondent for Time *magazine, is the author of* Heroin Addiction in Britain *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). He is finishing a book on molecular biology.*



Before you've finished this sentence, our flip-flop circuits will help switch thousands of phone calls.

The flip-flop integrated circuit is at the heart of electronic switching systems we call ESS. These new systems are designed to handle the ever-increasing volume of calls right into the next century.

ESS is far more complex, more reliable, and faster than any previous switching system, connecting up to 100,000 calls an hour.

When the people at Western Electric and Bell Labs got together to develop ESS for the Bell System, they created not only new technologies, but also vastly different production techniques.

Building ESS means putting together circuits from their atoms up. It means assembling critical parts in near vacuums, parts smaller than a speck of dust.

Today ESS not only handles larger numbers of calls, it also provides additional phone services. Such as three-way calling, call waiting, and call forwarding.

It took Western Electric and Bell Labs engineers 2,500 man-years of work to develop and make these systems a reality for you. But when you consider they may require less than an estimated 8 hours of repair time in 40 years, they're worth the effort.

Western Electric

We're part of the Bell System.
We make things that bring people closer.

of Pleasure? What a delight it could be to have Fanny Hill on film! Her story is a kind, zestful, picturesque, bawdy, level-headed one; it's full of characters, costume, turmoil, incident, scenes out of Hogarth, full of opportunity for irony, self-awareness, even feminist statement, full of sex.

Pornography since Cleland has been marked by a fundamental division between two possible sources of aesthetic legitimacy, two psychological domains, from one or the other of which it draws whatever strength and authenticity it may have. The split is often described as a distinction between erotic realism—sex that is realistic, civilized, subordinate to plot, and under artistic control—and sex that is fantastic, primitive, formless, gone wild. The distinction is no better than most first approximations—for one thing, works of high artistic control may well have large elements of fantasy—yet it has an honorable polemical history. Fifteen years ago, the distinction was just what was needed as a way out of the impasse over censorship of books. Now, as we face a similar tactical problem with pornographic films, we can begin by calling on the distinction again. To restate it: the difference between erotic realism and hard-core pornography is not to be found in degrees of frankness or in particular details of acts, organs, secretions, sensations, images, or language, but in psychological texture and the overall structure of the work. Erotic realism deals with a domain of psychological and social events, relations, and influences—an important domain of moral truths that have consequences. The defense of erotic realism must finally be the same as for all imaginative re-creation of experience: that it is especially useful because it is a special sort of truth, that it provides a kind of moral understanding combined with delight, and so moves men to discern and choose the good. This is surely unexceptionable, the grand critical line. The corollary in movies seems inescapable. The trouble is that in film there is as yet little to apply this defense to. One reason we must turn to pornographic books for critical reference points is that erotic realism in pornographic movies is still almost an empty category.

What was so novel in the early 1960s was the claim that hard-core pornography had its own sort of redeeming social value. These books, we were told, used the thinnest pretext of plot to string together sexual episodes without interruption; the episodes progressed from the simple to the complex and from the straightforward to the bizarre, perverse, or forbidden. This progression was itself to be taken as the primary characteristic of hard-core pornography. Thus, the hard-core novel that began with the gentle defloration of a virgin in her sleep would proceed, canonically, to mutual masturbation, lively heterosexual intercourse, fellatio, cunnilingus, lesbian scenes, black-and-white couplings, nuns, anal penetration, ejaculations in armpits and between breasts, male homosexuality, ivory phalluses that squirt warm milk, spanking games, feathered rings, soft leather laces, prepubescent boys and girls, large friendly dogs, melons, older but still-handsome-though-fleshy women, brothers and sisters, intergenerational incest, and group tableaux. Organs were magnificent and agile. Men were unflagging. Women were insatiable. Both sexes produced mythic floods of ejaculate. Though the combinations multiplied, descriptions were telegraphic, so that incidents and whole books were likely to be surprisingly short.

The description fails to do justice, I think, to the vitality of the fictional impulse, but it will suffice for the composite Victorian-Edwardian pornographic novel—or for the first few higher-budget pornographic movies of the early 1970s. In any event, psychiatrists concluded that pornography can be good for you: it explores and brings to mind desires and impulses, mature and infantile, buried more or less deeply, raising them to consciousness and control; it reduces the eruptive pressures of repressed wishes, instructs innocent newlyweds, reinvigorates the middle-aged, solaces the old, the lonely, and the deformed, calms the restless adolescent, defuses the criminal, and disarms the maniac and sends him off to sleep. Pornography was presented as a social good.

Literary and film critics, nevertheless, remained uneasy; awkwardly, hard-core pornography demonstrates that art affects behavior—but in so simple and direct a manner that aesthetic control and critical categories appear to be shattered. Even psychoanalytically minded critics dismissed pornography as fringe or failed literature, infantile and uncontrolled, in which, for example (to adapt a formulation from Richard Wollheim's essay "Freud and the Understanding of Art"), "the pace of revelation," because it is unconstrained, must "cease to be of aesthetic interest." Nothing left latent, nothing left to analyze.

HARD-CORE PORNOGRAPHY, in the simple unalloyed examples that make up the Victorian-Edwardian composite, has literary characteristics that are indeed odd—though I think not so completely unrelated to anything else as critics peering through their fingers are likely to suppose. I'm not forgetting that among the fantasies and infantilisms it brings to mind there can be repugnant elements. On the other side, it's not true that pornography lacks form or even that the pace of its revelations is unconstrained.* In the extreme examples, the pornographic form corresponds rigidly to the process by which unacknowledged desires are explored.

At this level at least, plot is never absent in pornography. Indeed, plots in pornography (like those in murder mysteries, which also probe secret motivations) operate under constraints that have been thrown off by none but the most brilliant examples. In externals they are often reduced to situations or settings—castles, convents, islands, theaters—in which the internal logic of the form can be wound up and set loose. (Murder mysteries often do something similar.) The settings license or sanction, or at least make plausible, the abandonment of restraints. Thus, a recent paperback without charm or vigor which I saw on an airport newsstand put its four characters on an island called No-Name Key from which the servants were banished at nightfall, when the four principals would begin exchanging detailed reminiscences of their sexual initiations and adventures. Sade placed *The 120 Days of*

* There is some authoritative evidence on this point. The Marquis de Sade, after writing the rough draft and outline that was all he completed of *The 120 Days of Sodom*, added some notes instructing himself how to correct and perfect the work: "Under no circumstances deviate from this plan, everything has been worked out. . . . Make Part I softer and sweeter, it is much too strong; things develop too quickly in it and go too far."



This perfume has a bouquet all its own.

How could we possibly make one of our bouquets better? Add the Extra Touch of Joie de Fleur™ Perfume or Cologne! Joie de Fleur, with its light fantastic fragrance of a splendid summer garden, lets her enjoy the bouquet of the bouquet time after time. This is just one of the exclusive Extra Touch™ Specials your FTD Florist can send almost anywhere. Get in touch. (Most FTD Florists accept major credit cards.)

FLORISTS' TRANSWORLD DELIVERY
FTD
SELECTED MEMBER

"Your Extra Touch Florist."

©1974 Florists' Transworld Delivery



Joie de Fleur Cologne

DORAL'S THEORY OF EVOLUTION:

CIRCA 1900

Cigarettes looked like this, plain end, no filter, often had a harsh taste.

CIRCA 1955

Fiber filters like this became popular. They were often added to the same old tobacco.

CIRCA 1975

The advanced state of the art today: Rich tobacco, custom-blended for a modern, chambered filter, lower in 'tar' and even better in taste. This cigarette is Doral.



Doral: The advanced state of the art—lower in 'tar' with the best taste of all.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

©1975 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

Sodom in the ultimate Gothic castle, Silling, in the middle of the Black Forest, atop a mountain, cut off by a gorge 1,000 feet deep and 60 yards wide; there each night started with anecdotes of sexual acts. In what must be taken as a deliberate reference to Silling, Sade's most recent philosophical descendant, the pseudonymous Pauline Réage, begins *Story of O* at the Château de Roissy —only thirty minutes from Paris, protected only by an iron grille and a green velvet curtain, yet with a sense of isolation at least as great as that at Silling because it is achieved inwardly and so persists as part of O's willing sexual slavery even when she returns to Paris.

One of the most conspicuous desires to be liberated by these settings is the desire to talk. Personal histories, stories and digressions, flashbacks, lectures, and philosophical discourse are ubiquitous—in the Victorian convent of *The Lascivious Hypocrite*, in the moments salted through *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* when other girls tell Fanny how they came to be there, in the fastness of Silling as in the anonymity of No-Name Key. The talk is partly a survival of the anecdotal or epistolary method of early fiction, yet seems more than that: one recalls that the *Decameron* is told by a party of friends at a country villa where they have isolated themselves from a plague—and from normal restraints on speech. Pornography needs variety of incident, some of which can be had by swapping stories, but behind many of the stories there's an evident confessional pleasure, being free to say all that has been hidden and to confirm that other people have the same secrets in their pasts or in their desires. The exploration of unacknowledged desires is the process that is the most compelling structural requirement in hard-core pornography.

I WAS SURPRISED TO FIND that pornographic movies often miss the point of these basic devices of pornographic novels. The movies pile up sexual incident all right, but usually with little sense of progression or elaboration. An example is *Deep Throat,* the movie that got hard-core pornography into *The New Yorker* cinema listings (they could say something clever about sword-swallowing) and brought a lot of women into the audience. The film was a cheerful nonsense, full of corny jokes, built around the idea that its heroine's clitoris is found by a doctor to be way in the back of her throat. The film brought notoriety to Linda Lovelace, a pretty young woman but no actress, who has an astonishing ability to suppress her gag reflex. She becomes the doctor's assistant, calls herself a sex therapist, dresses as a nurse, and fellates a number of well-set-up men. (A subsidiary theme, from everybody's childhood, is genital exploration while playing doctor.) But the director has put the incidents together wrong. Even in pornographic terms they lead nowhere. For example, the big group orgy scene is at the beginning, and it contains a brief incidence of buggery that has not been prepared in the audience's anticipations.

All that holds *Deep Throat*'s episodes together is its faintly lunatic good humor: this was a film without cruelty, without malice, without pretension, and although, true enough, it had no real conclusion, one didn't go away feeling cheated or angered. These are qualities to watch for, and not always to be found. *Deep Throat* was directed by Gerard Damiano; he has gone on to direct at least three more hard-core films that have received attention—*The Devil in Miss Jones, Memories Within Miss Aggie,* and *Portrait*—and these seem to me to form a chronicle of increasing alienation and self-importance. At any rate, they are progressively more unpleasant. Damiano is obviously trying to make significant aesthetic movies. On the evidence, he and his actors lack the talent. As part of the fatal urge for significance, Damiano has become preoccupied with filming the fantasies of very disturbed characters. Miss Jones is a repressed aging virgin who kills herself at the start of the film; condemned to hell, she begs and receives a chance to earn her punishment. The incidents that follow are disconnected, their mood sordid. The woman was played by Georgina Spelvin, who appeared skinny and shopworn. Her partners are faceless, with the exception of a large snake with which she exchanges tongue kisses. The movie is excessively anal. In Damiano's next film, Miss Aggie is a repressed aging virgin living alone on an isolated farm. When a hobo stops by, she begs him to stay, then drifts into a sequence of three sexual reveries about what her youth could have been like—as I recall, an adolescent seduction, an anal rape, and a scene in a brothel. Each episode is played by a different team, which disconnects the three parts. At the end, when the hobo won't stay, she murders him and props up his decomposing body at her kitchen table. Damiano's latest, *Portrait,* is about a woman under treatment by a psychiatrist for a collection of sexual obsessions. It includes a skillfully intercut sequence in which she succumbs to the whispered suggestions of a telephone caller, masturbating (one would have thought to the point of pain) and fantasizing. Here and throughout this film the sexual activity is dispersed, depersonalized, and harshly cold. Not recommended.

Fortunately for my argument, there are other pornographic filmmakers. An example of how to build a hard-core fantasy is *Behind the Green Door.* The idea of this one is that a young woman is kidnapped to be the central figure in a ritual sexual performance before an audience at a secret club. The performance gradually becomes an orgy. The woman was played by Marilyn Chambers, a cool and patrician blond model who briefly became a celebrity when the press discovered that she had previously portrayed the wholesome mother on the front of the Ivory Snow box. As the film's ritual performance begins, members of the audience are filing in, masked and costumed. Miss Chambers is brought to the stage, stripped, and half-a-dozen women give her a soft, susurrating, insistently stimulating multiple massage with hands and mouths. Her partner enters—a black man, whose name is Johnnie Keyes, made up and costumed but with naked loins. He brings her, after great effort, to orgasm. The camera dwells as much on her face and his as on their connection; it's evident that Miss Chambers works for her orgasm and that she gets it. Their audience within the film is getting restless (there's a looking-glass trick going on here with the audience outside the film). Clothing becomes disheveled. Men and women and many strange creatures—Pierrots, transvestites, an elephantine fat lady—begin playing with themselves and each other. Miss Chambers and Mr. Keyes re-

turn to the stage, where they are hoisted with two others into an intricate aerial trapeze, where she fellates Keyes while masturbating the two others. That device is too awkward to be pleasing, but meanwhile, below them, the orgy has exfoliated into wall-to-wall flesh. The variety of people is a welcome change: beautiful people, young people, thin people, old people, homosexual and lesbian people, ugly people, perfectly ordinary people in several colors, a bald little man whom we repeatedly see nibbling at a woman's right nipple, the enormous fat lady whom we glimpse doing obscure but evidently pleasing things in the middle distance whenever the camera pans past her, every imaginable act being performed in multiple versions—except, I was interested to note, no anal intercourse. The orgy is the culmination of the film. It has been directed with vivid and amusing imagination. The movie was made in San Francisco by the Mitchell brothers. It is said to have made them rich. Their next was *The Resurrection of Eve*, which again starred Marilyn Chambers, Johnnie Keyes, and the fat lady. The impulse to try to make pornographic films with more conventional plots is irresistible: this one tells the story of a disc jockey and his wife (Miss Chambers) who quarrel when he wants her to try group sex. She hates the first swinging party she goes to, but rather enjoys the next, while he begins to sweat with jealousy, and likes the third so much she leaves him for Keyes and others. Three orgy scenes and a simpleminded peripeteia make a movie with a rudimentary dramatic structure and a genuine conclusion.

At the center of the pornographic plot is the problem of relationship, the response of one character to another—once again, conventionally said to be vestigial, in some pornography allowed to be vestigial, yet in fact essential. Like erotic love itself, pornography depends at last on the pursuit of a shared emotion, of mutual desire and sensation. This is why Sade's work is not really an issue here, for he is at once political and antipornographic; the nauseating, rather than arousing, nature of many of the practices he imagines is a distracting symptom, the consequence of his fundamental declaration that shared emotion, even mutual pleasure, is an illusion to be abjured, a deception the free man will scorn.

If Sade could be filmed at all, the attempt to transfer his ideas from words to moving pictures would expose him as a pornographic fraud. The reason is instructive. If I'm right, as far as movies go, Eros is not in the service of death—though the erotic, frustrated, often is. Erotic love realized is a reality, death an abstraction. In an imitated world, where almost everything, and particularly pain, wounds, and death, must be illusion, orgasm can be real. Aristotle said that deaths should occur offstage. Recent movies have dragged them to the center of the screen, where we fake the bullet's impact, the torn flesh, the blood. To redress the emotional balance we'd better bring lovemaking to center screen unfaked. Perhaps we will then find that real orgasm greatly intensifies the emotional crescendo that leads to it, while shattering the movie illusions of violence and death, leaving *those* emotions pallid and unacceptable. The only moving picture of violent death that can compete with a good hard-core orgasm for believability and audience involvement is that newsreel of the Saigon police chief shooting the prisoner in the head.

Consider a deliberately trivial example: if someone were to try a remake of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* we would doubtless be made to watch the final dying, bloody and prolonged. Yet the poignance of love, duty, and doom that is appropriate to such plots could only be restored by showing us, earlier, what goes on in the sleeping bag. As it is, we get films like *Straw Dogs*, where the volcanic violence at the end is a cheat, because it borrows most of its emotional energy from the earlier systematic frustration of the audience's involvement with sexual episodes—episodes that are highly charged but never, for the audience, consummated. Pauline Kael called *Straw Dogs* a "fascist classic." I don't know whether she fully worked out that the movie is fascist literally according to the diagnosis of Wilhelm Reich: it forcibly redirects the audience's sexual responses into aggression. If the sexual energy in *Straw Dogs* had been fully acted out, I suspect the film would have collapsed under the weight of its incredibility—but it might just have become a masterpiece.

Somebody, soon, is going to try to put *Story of O* on screen, and the idea frightens me. Bondage, flagellation, total feminine submission—these occur in a surreal trance, glitteringly presented so that one does not turn away from this book as from Sade. The visual images are marvelously intense, as though written to be filmed—like the final episode, in which O walks serenely naked with her lover along a crowded terrace, several links of iron chain and his monogrammed pendant dangling like a heavy earring from her pierced labia. The movie could be destructive if not made with fidelity to the book at all its levels. It's the one pornographic movie for which, to keep it from being done wrong, I'd like to write the screenplay.

The problem of relationship—and so the problem of acting—in pornographic films begins with the vocal and gestural ways people signal their own sexual pleasure in order to arouse their partners further. Years ago I read an interview with a stripper at the old Hudson Theater in Union City, New Jersey, who said that what she really liked as she worked was the knowledge that she had caused all the men in the audience to have erections. Then she explained the secret of the art of striptease: "It's all in the face." Right, of course. One responds to the response of the other. Japanese pornographic prints are superb at expressing relationship through stylized bodily and facial attitudes; one series of lovers shows only heads and torsos, focusing all our attention on sexual response of exquisite intensity in the faces. Cleland chose a woman as his central character; Fanny's narration describes not only what men did but how she liked it. Cleland's contemporary, Richardson, was praised for his *Clarissa* by Diderot in an often-quoted line: "It is he who carries the torch to the back of the cave." Cleland carried it a step further. The result is inherently complex, a movement simultaneously outward and reflexive. Cleland's strategy has been followed by simple pornographers—who I suppose can be charged with fantasizing a responsiveness of a different order from what women really feel—but also by novelists with very

ich things to convey about sex in fe: Flaubert in *Madame Bovary*, oyce at the end of *Ulysses*. Part of he power of *Story of O* com- ared to Sade is that the view has een shifted to that of the wom- n (and victim). We must recall, hough, that pornography on film, ike all stories on film, goes at rela- ionship and response in the dramat- c mode rather than the novelistic. The torch is invisible, and with it the ictures on the far interior walls. Pornographic films cannot go much urther until the acting gets better, nd until they are given more com- licated sexual emotions to convey.

An oddity of many pornographic ilms is that their viewpoint has noved not just away from the con- entration on the woman's response ut far over toward the man's. The eason is mechanical: the man re- sponds more obviously, gets erect, jaculates. But the result, so far un- remarked, is that most pornographic movies are surreptitiously homo- sexual or narcissistic in the camera view that they provide the men in their audience. Carrying that further, directors seem to believe that male ejaculation must be visible. It's called, I understand, the cumshot, and pro- vides proof for the simple that some- thing happened. There's a lot of coitus interruptus in pornographic movies, and it's as unsatisfying as in life. I find myself watching to see how the director balances the camera between action and response, between genitals and gestures, particularly faces, particularly (for me) women's faces, but also hands, hips rising to meet, heels pressing buttocks, all the motions and postural changes that indicate caring, accelerating re- sponse, urging—and always back to the faces. There's a whole language here that's just beginning to be ex- plored on film and integrated into actors' performances.

THE HARD-CORE FILM I liked most is the recent *Wet Rainbow*. I liked it for its restraint as well as for its ambitions; the restraints worked well, even when the ambitions were not reached. The film begins with a pearly still of a pretty, pensive young woman, naked, seated, legs spread, while indistinct voices talk about her. As the camera moves, one sees that her picture is a slide projected on a wall above a couch where a couple are making love—and build- ing a shared erotic fantasy about the girl. The movie is about a kind of falling-in-love that must happen fair- ly often these days: a married couple both desiring the same third person. The pillow-talk, mutual sexual teas- ing as the couple allow themselves to say what they feel about the girl, is engaging and believable. (I don't want to overpraise the movie, but the contrasts to most pornographic films are considerable.) The man, played by Harry Reems, teaches photogra- phy at some college. His wife, Geor- gina Spelvin, is a painter. The girl is a bouncy student in his photography class, where he got the slide. The film uses the images of photos and paint- ings, and at one level—the obsession with the girl—that works, while at other levels it manages to avoid pretension. Compare *A Clockwork Orange:* in *Wet Rainbow*, when the girl encounters a statue with an erec- tion, she masturbates with it. The photographer and his wife each ap- proach the girl. Each is rebuffed. The couple quarrel over her. They try to shake off their preoccupation. They are reconciled, they make love, he takes her anally, and afterward ("You never did that to me before") they talk about her response—the act has reasons. Eventually the girl awak- ens to the woman, and their lesbian lovemaking is treated with tenderness. Their bodies in action suggest at last the balletic movements that joyful sex ought sometimes to achieve; there are some beautiful pictures here. Another day all three go to bed. There the girl's puppy-dog curiosity and helpfulness is funny—integrally, sexually funny. Kindness. Tender- ness. Humor that's not grotesque. Some psychological tension. Rele- vance of acts to motives. As I hope I convey, it's all at a simple level, but something is going on here. Even the acting, on the scale of this pic- ture, is surprising. Harry Reems, a nice-looking young man with deep brown eyes and what Norman Mailer once defined as a wife-swapper mous- tache, has learned a new facial ex- pression, which doubles his histri- onic repertoire. Georgina Spelvin is transformed. Preoccupied, smocked, somewhat dowdy—the part of a wife suits her. Then, when her clothes come off, her body—breasts, throat, but- tocks, belly—in this role seems unex- pectedly firm and trim. Her face, a little haggard and sometimes lit up by sexual sensation, works for her. When the movie asserts that this is a wife who likes sex and loves her hus- band, one can suspend disbelief. It would be an exaggeration to say more.

Curiously, *Wet Rainbow*, unlike the others, is a middle-class movie. *Wet Rainbow* doesn't end; it just stops after the threesome. I clocked it at about sixty-five minutes. There's enough dramatic stuff started so that it could have been brought to a ca- dence.

WHAT'S GOT TO HAPPEN is for erotic realism—the pornograph- ic category that's still virtually empty in film—to be discovered. This hasn't begun already because opportuni- ties were missed. Bo Widderberg made *Elvira Madigan* too soon. Ber- tolucci couldn't get Brando's pants off. Eventually, the distinction be- tween realistic and hard-core erotic- ism will become irrelevant; the pow- er of art to contain life will once more confound censors. When? Though I'd like to believe that some of the hard- core directors and performers who have set the process in motion will overcome their limitations, I suspect they won't. The real break will be when a main-line director of estab- lished reputation, or possibly a bril- liant newcomer, addresses himself to the lessons of the hard-core films, asserts that if it's going to be done then it should be done well, and is able to convince good actors. There's material enough: *Fanny Hill, Ma- dame Bovary, Nana, Lady Chatter- ley's Lover*, just for classics. Sex- ual obsession is a large subject. I think the central story of Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County* would make a great pornographic movie. So could Calder Willingham's best novel, *Eternal Fire*. Who will do it? Joseph Losey? Until it be- came clear last summer that he couldn't get the financing, Losey had been planning to make *A la Re- cherche du Temps Perdu*, a story in which the quality of the sexual en- counters drives the action. Ken Rus- sell? Too irresponsible, too angry. Alain Resnais? Of course, the direc- tor one waits for is Ingmar Bergman. He has circled the pornographic sub- ject matter like a starving predator. He's got the actors and could bring them with him. How marvelous to see those intelligent faces! □

IBM Reports

The computer and productivity

At a time in which many economic axioms are being severely tested, one stands firm. Today more than ever, productivity is recognized as a basic measure of economic progress.

In the long term, raising the standard of living of all the world's people will require major breakthroughs in productivity. In the short term, the erosion of inflation makes substantial increases in productivity necessary to help maintain the standards that have already been achieved.

These needed increases in productivity will come not only from working harder, but from working "smarter". Only through improved management of our resources—human, natural and financial—will we be able to maintain and improve our quality of life.

Of all the "engines" that have been developed to help us with our work, few possess the computer's potential for contributing to productivity.

Today, computers are helping design engineers test concepts without building expensive prototypes. They are helping farmers raise more abundant crops by providing information on the best land use patterns.

They are helping manufacturers increase production yields and improve product quality while conserving raw materials and energy. They are helping hospitals improve medical care by relieving doctors and nurses of many administrative duties. And they are doing much, much more.

A principal reason for this growing usefulness is the increased productivity of computers themselves. In 1952 it cost $1.26 to do 100,000 multiplications on an IBM computer. Today they can be done for a penny on a modern large-scale computer system.

A dozen years ago the least expensive IBM computers were beyond the financial reach of many smaller firms. Now models with comparable capacity are available for a fraction of the cost.

At the same time as per-function costs have decreased, major strides have been made in applying computers to new kinds of jobs and in simplifying their operation. Today thousands of IBM computers, large and small, are at work helping small companies to compete, helping large firms run more efficiently, helping make the economy more productive at all levels.

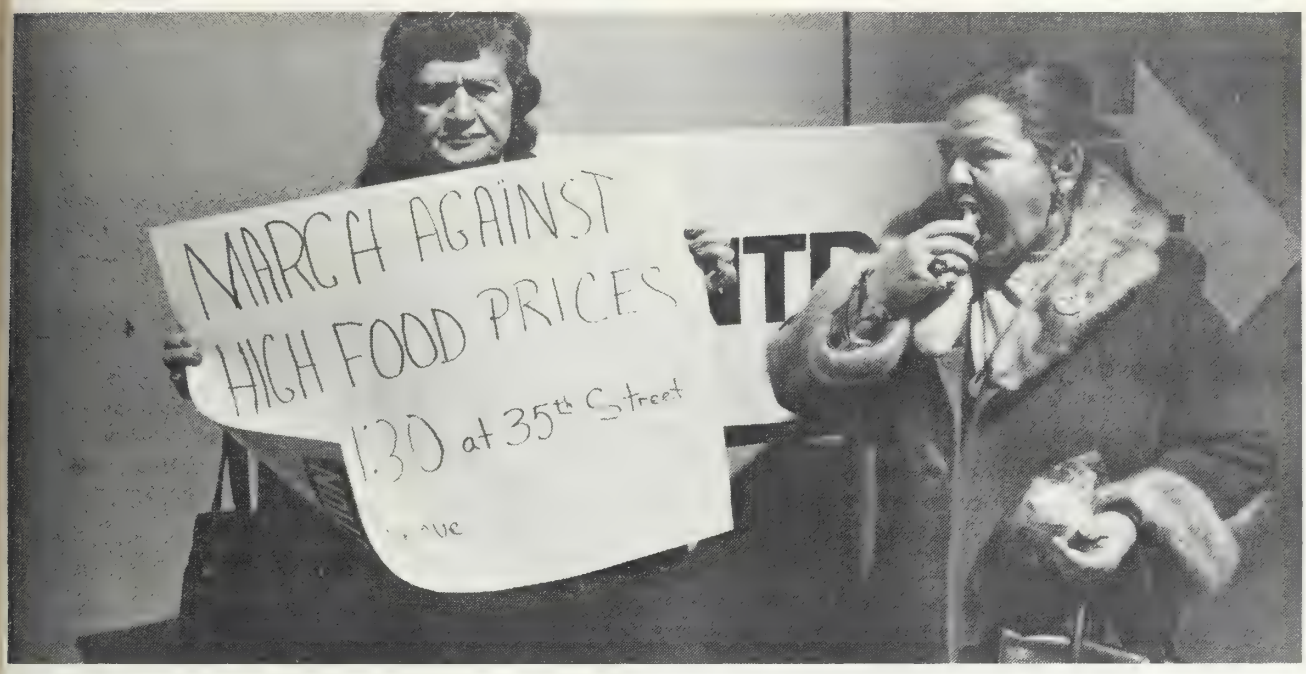
For us at IBM, the challenge of productivity is plain. It lies in continuing to help increase the productivity of the computer. The rest will follow.

IBM

Frances Moore Lappé

FANTASIES OF FAMINE

The case for modest optimism about a man-made disaster



WHY ARE MOST people in the world hungry? Americans usually perceive the answer in a series of visual images: a cartoon depicting crowded bodies ready to burst off a tiny earth; a picture in yesterday's paper of a peasant trying to scratch one last meal from a parched and depleted plot; a gray recollection of a TV special on flood victims in Honduras. Again and again our minds conjure up images of overwhelming numbers and unrelenting disaster.

Journalists convey these images to us because they believe one picture is worth a thousand words. Indeed, by evoking a personal, emotional reaction they *do* engage us—for to focus on one hungry family in Africa is to tell the story of famine. Or is it?

The opposite may be true: these photo-images may actually paralyze us into frustrated inaction. It can then require thousands of words to *undo* the intuitive but false conclusion of hopelessness drawn from a picture and replace it with the complex but real sense of the roots of hunger, a reality that can neither be photographed nor caricatured. How could a photograph capture the global system of production and use that operates to create scarcity? No picture could convey a system that in the all-inclusiveness of its scope and the banality of its everyday operation appears so normal as to be almost God-given—while in fact it is condemning most of humanity to continual hunger.

How to get rid of it

TO BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND the world's food problems we must temporarily remove ourselves from those mental scenes of starving Asian or African children. We must start right here in America.

During the past three decades the United States itself has experienced a green revolution that is totally unrecognized by young Americans born since 1940, who have learned to take agricultural abundance for granted. Bolstered by genetic seed improvements and the widespread use of fertilizers and pesticides, the productivity of American farm land has soared. Yields

Frances Moore Lappé is at work on a revised edition of her best-selling book Diet for a Small Planet *(Ballantine).*

Frances Moore Lappé

FANTASIES OF FAMINE

per acre from some crops have dramatically increased, even trebled, as in the case of corn. But just as in the latest green revolution in Asia, the American economic environment did not welcome the "good news" from our super-exploited natural environment. Given the sharp inequalities in wealth here and abroad, it was impossible to sell profitably all of our newly enlarged food resources. The challenge confronting American agriculture soon became one of disposal—how to get rid of it all.

We have been phenomenally successful. So successful that today, in a world hungrier than ever before in history, we find ourselves trapped in a system that institutionalizes waste—a systematic waste, so ingrained in our agricultural practices and in our attitudes and nutritional doctrine that we are all but blind to it.

By far the easiest way to get rid of the problem of having "too much" was just not to grow the food at all. As late as 1972, one acre was held out of production for every four-and-one-half acres we harvested. (In that year farmers were paid $3.6 billion to hold land out of production, enough to pay our current food-aid bill three times over.) The government helped in another way by sponsoring concessionary food sales under Food for Peace legislation, a "surplus disposal" program according to agriculture textbook terminology.

College professors were also assigned to tackle our food "problem." Recently a Purdue agricultural scientist, Dr. Edwin T. Mertz, recalled that during the 1940s he received a state grant "to figure out some way to use up all that food in a nonfood manner." Dr. Mertz was not too successful in producing nonfood; but then he didn't need to be. The perfect solution was found elsewhere—in the American steer.

Being the least efficient of ruminants as a converter of plant to animal protein, yet able to put high-demand food on the table, the steer was ideally suited to our needs. The average steer is able to reduce twenty-one pounds of protein in feed to one pound of protein in the expensive steak or roast on our plates. The other twenty pounds? It becomes inaccessible to us: the animal uses it to produce energy and make parts of its own body (such as hair) that we don't eat, or excretes it in manure. The Department of Agriculture has estimated that the manure from American livestock contains as much protein as our entire highly prized soybean crop.



To enhance this special capacity of the steer, we perfected a mass-production concept: the feedlot operation. Here the steer, in concentrations of several hundred thousand, is taught the business of getting rid of more than a ton of grain and several hundred pounds of high-protein feed. Unnatural to an animal accustomed to forage and freedom, this "force-feeding" is aided by the administration of hormones and antibiotics. All these devices are intended not to increase the protein content of the meat but to increase the fat content by which the animal will eventually be graded. "Prime" meat is the most heavily marbled, while "Good" grade is a lean and presumably less tasty cut of beef.

The capacity of American livestock turned out to be so great that we now can get rid of the production from over one-half of our agricultural land by feeding it to animals. It has also been helpful to label as "feed" not only highly nutritious grain and soybeans but considerable quantities of milk products, fish meal, and wheat germ as well. In any other time and place this "feed" would represent valuable human protein resources. (To understand the global scheme of protein loss through livestock conversion, see the box entitled "Wasting Protein.")

The plan for shrinking our protein supply worked so well that by 1973 American livestock consumed the protein equivalent of six times our human consumption. Today we annually feed our livestock as much grain as all the people in China and India eat in a year.

But the waste goes far beyond even what these figures would indicate. There is also the waste of the unique potential for which ruminants were originally domesticated. Ruminants like the steer and the hog don't have to eat any humanly edible protein at all in order to produce it. All they require is a nitrogen source (even urea will do) and a carbohydrate to convert cellulose to protein—orange pulp and coffee grounds into meat and milk.

It is not just livestock that waste protein. People can, too. I used to think that since I am not fat and don't (God forbid!) leave food on my plate, I, of course, could not be wasting food. That was before I learned about protein. Paralleling the increase in crop yields of the late 1940s, American beef consumption doubled after 1950, even though it was then already sufficient to fill our protein needs. The average American now eats about twice the protein his body can use. And since the body can't store protein, the remainder is either used as energy (when an ecologically efficient carbohydrate would have sufficed just as well) or excreted. Americans eat so much unnecessary protein that we could reduce our livestock population by one-quarter and still feed every one of us half a pound of meat a day—enough to meet our entire protein allowance from meat alone (not to mention the protein we also get from dairy and grain products, beans, nuts, and vegetables).

"To help solve an economic problem, we have created myths concerning the necessity of large quantities of meat for our nutritional well-being."

WE HAVE FAILED to recognize our protein production and consumption as the very institutionalization of waste because "waste" is a concept only in relation to unmet need. And since our economic system does not recognize need, but only "effective demand" (an economist's euphemism for ability to pay), we have been totally unable to recognize waste. In fact, we are so far from seeing that our whole system is constructed on waste, that we have actively promoted our "efficient" agriculture as a model for the poor countries to follow. A tragic illusion. The world is well beyond the point of being able to support its population with the level of waste on which our diet is based: there is currently only about one acre of arable land per person left in the world, compared with the



George Gardner

Frances Moore Lappé

FANTASIES OF FAMINE

three-and-one-half acres necessary to sustain our meat-centered diet.

To help solve an economic problem, we have blindly created various myths concerning the necessity of large quantities of meat for our nutritional well-being. If we could convince ourselves we really needed all that protein, then it could not be called waste. These myths (see box, page 89) are still being communicated as "fact" in nutrition classes, advertisements, and newspaper "health" columns.

In truth, waste is so much a part of the given in American food production and in our diet that the prospect of merely reducing waste provokes cries of scarcity. "After decades of surplus food . . . it comes as something of a shock to find that we, too, but, more particularly, the poorer nations, face acute scarcities in available resources." So says Edward Kennedy, in all sincerity.

Hearing a statement like this, you or I might be tempted to indulge in the almost pious feeling that—ah, well—in the face of the Earth's finite limits, in the ultimate man-versus-land squeeze, we all, rich and poor alike, sail humbly in the same boat. In one sense we might, but "Spaceship Earth" is, after all, just like any other big ship, divided into three classes—rich, not-so-rich, and poor. And when a ship begins to go under, the third-class passengers *don't* share a common fate with the first-class passengers. When the Titanic sank, 56 percent of the third-class women passengers drowned, while only four out of the 143 first-class passengers lost their lives. The well-to-do rarely if ever share the fate of the poor. More commonly they determine it.

The pious feeling that we are all facing scarcity helps us hide from ourselves the fact that we are actually helping to *create* scarcity. Read the daily paper's report on the global food situation—it is hard to avoid its frightening image of the poor world's heavy burden on the common food supply, isn't it? In reality, though, it is we—the rich world—who place the greatest burden on the Earth's agricultural productivity. Although industrialized nations comprise only one-third of the world's population, they consume two-thirds of the world's food.

We tend to think of the poor world as heavily dependent on the rich for imports of food for survival. In the poor world as a whole, however, only 7 percent of domestic consumption is supplied by imports. The rich countries are the major food importers.

A protein imbalance

IN HIS LATEST BOOK, *The Food and People Dilemma*, George Borgstrom presents statistics that demolish our assumptions about poor-world dependency and rich-world self-sufficiency.

Consider Japan and Western Europe, which together contain only about one-sixth as many people as the poor world. They import about 20 percent more grain than all the underdeveloped nations combined. Japan, with one-thirteenth the population of China and India, imports more food than they do together.

Per capita figures are even more dramatic. For each citizen of the United Kingdom, almost fifteen times more grain was imported yearly during the 1960s than for each Indian. The world's leading importers of plant protein are Denmark, Israel, the Netherlands, and Belgium —not Chad, Senegal, or Bangladesh. Per person, Denmark imports five times more plant protein than the total protein intake per person in much of the poor world.

Sometimes our food-related images of a country are terribly misleading. This is particularly true of the Netherlands, which evokes the image of a pigtailed dairy maid, her milk pail filled to overflowing. Yet the Netherlands is in fact a leading *importer* of milk protein. During the mid-Sixties the Netherlands annually took in more nonfat milk solids (mainly for raising veal) than did the entire poor world. The United States, known worldwide for its Texas roundups, is in reality the world's leading importer of beef. We are also a net importer of milk products.

Although much of the food imported by the rich countries comes from other rich countries, much comes from the poor world. Borgstrom has concluded that the rich world imports more protein from the poor world than we export to it. Europe, for example, imports one-third of the African peanut crop to feed to its livestock. Much of the meat and seafood we import also comes from the poor world. Thus the facts do not support Senator Kennedy's statement that we all face acute "scarcities"—differing only in degree. It is our disproportionate use and waste of the world food supply that pushes the price of grain up beyond the reach of those in serious need and ensures that the real scarcities appear elsewhere.

The term "scarcity" itself has an absolute quality that to most people means there is simply not enough to go around. Recently a *New York Times* article flatly asserted that "world population has long since outstripped food supplies." The reader is left feeling helpless, that we have already lost the battle. The president of the Rockefeller Foundation, John Knowles, certainly seems to feel that we have lost. He has stated grimly, "Malthus has already been proved correct." Not so. If our agricultural resources were used rationally and distributed at all equitably, there would be enough to go around now.

What of the future? That we are all in the

CONTINUES ON PAGE 87

rocess of deciding. If we choose not to make ie profound economic changes necessary to rovide everyone with an adequate diet and iereby the fundamental security prerequisite) the slowing of rapid population growth, then ur numbers will certainly soon overwhelm the bsolute capacity of the Earth to support us. The opulation problem does not make finding the olution to the food problem hopeless; it makes imperative.

Edwin Martin, the State Department leader f our delegation to the World Food Conference, tated that one of the main purposes of the onference was "improving the efficiency of the ood systems in developing countries." Shouldn't e have said "food systems in the *developed* ountries"? A first step in meeting the world ood crisis is shifting American agriculture from disposal system to a maximally efficient one.

As one move in this direction, Representative John Seiberling of Ohio has introduced a ill that would provide funds for developing the ompletely untapped potential of presently disarded substances for livestock feed. Were we to se the Chinese maxim,"Waste is valuable," a oncept well known in less-developed countries, ur production of livestock feed would not use p agricultural land that could be feeding peole directly. Cornstalks, pea vines, vegetable ops, even treated cow manure and newspapers an, it turns out, be appetizing to ruminants. Livestock could then once again become invalable "protein factories."

Another legislative approach being considered is a mechanism to ensure that any reduction in per capita grain consumption (the result of lowering our meat intake or using ruminants more efficiently) would be linked to an increase in the world grain supply. Such an effect could be accomplished by leaving land in production and instituting well-thought-out export controls, along with increased food aid, to ensure that our food surplus goes to those with real need and not to livestock producers in Europe, Japan, or the U.S.S.R.

But this action would only be a first step; the second step must be a solution to the wealth problem, for without it there can be no solution to the food problem. The wealth problem is the enormous and widening gap between the rich minority and poor majority. In the Sixties, the global Gross International Product increased by more than $1 trillion, but the cuts were hardly equitable: 80 percent of that increase went to the rich or relatively rich (with per capita annual incomes of over $1,000), and 6 percent accrued to the poor (incomes of $200 or less).

If any game of chance produced such consistently lopsided returns, we would have to conclude that the game was rigged. And so it is in the grand game of global economics. In order to sustain the level of inequities to which we have become accustomed, every aspect of the system —all of our trade, monetary aid, and military ties—must work in our favor.

"If our agricultural resources were used rationally and distributed equitably, there would be enough to go around now."

SEVENTY-FIVE PERCENT of the poor world's foreign exchange—money for plows, schools, research—is earned by exports. Yet in the past two decades the share of the poor countries in world trade declined from nearly one-third to less than one-fifth. This is partly because barriers in the rich countries against imports from the poor are generally higher (in many cases almost twice as high) as those against the products of other rich countries. Because our trade barriers increase according to the level of product fabrication, they have the effect of keeping the poor world from the profitable business of processing their own raw materials—be it making chocolate candies or instant coffee.

The relative value of poor-world products has gone down, too, so that while the poor have increased their exports significantly, they still find themselves back almost at the starting gate. Between the Fifties and the early Seventies, the volume of exports by the poor world increased by one-third, yet their value increased by only 4 percent.

A popular notion is that many poor-world countries are now reaping a bonanza from recent raw-material commodity-price increases. The main beneficiaries, however, have been the developed countries. The increase in their export earnings attributable to primary products other than oil was $29 billion in 1973—nearly three times as much as the $11 billion increase in the commodity exports of the developing countries.

Add to these poor earnings the increased price the poor world must pay for oil, and you

WASTING PROTEIN

WORLD PRODUCTION Commodity	Average Protein Content	Proportion Fed to Livestock
Grain	8–14 percent	33–50 percent
Oilseeds (peanuts, palm kernels, etc)	26–40 percent	60–70 percent
Fish	15–25 percent	40–50 percent
Milk products	3–33 percent	25–40 percent

U.S. PRODUCTION Commodity	Average Protein Content	Proportion Fed to Livestock
Corn, barley, oats	4–10 percent	80–90 percent
Soybeans	35–40 percent	90–95 percent
Wheat	11–14 percent	33 percent
Milk, liquid	3–4 percent	2 percent*
solids	30–33 percent	
Total crops	—	50 percent

* Two percent of U.S. milk production is the equivalent of 1.7 billion pounds of milk, 1.4 billion pounds of nonfat milk solids, and 63 million pounds of milkfat.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

have a trade deficit for the poor world that deteriorated by $5 billion to $9 billion last year (compared to 1972) and will worsen by more than double that amount this year. How much food will they be able to buy then? Add this increasing deficit to the already existing debt of the poor world—a debt that currently exceeds $80 billion and demands an interest payment to the rich so high as to approach the value of all the financial aid given.

Consider also that since 1971 the poor world has lost between $1 billion and $2 billion in the value of its reserves by the successive devaluations of the dollar, a process over which it had no control. (This was after it had been encouraged for twenty years to hold the dollar as a reserve currency!)

Finally, add the fact that official development assistance from the industrialized countries, which never met even the modest targets set during the Sixties, is now sinking even further. The U.S., leading the decline, now ranks next to last among the Western countries as aid donor in relation to gross national product.

While all assistance has declined, food aid has plummeted. Barely one-sixth as much food as ten years ago is now being shipped abroad from the U.S. for hunger relief. (The total U.S. AID budget for food aid, rural development, and nutrition programs could be financed by a mere 10 percent reduction in our troops overseas.) At the Rome food conference in November the United States was not only unmoved but seemed downright resentful of urgent calls for even a modest increase in our food aid. But the fact is that we could *double* our current food aid, and it would still amount to less than the $2 billion or more we gained in 1974 as a result of the higher prices we received from foodstuffs sold to the developing countries.

Actually, "food aid" is a misleading term because it carries with it the notion that our food is being allocated according to need. In fact, the lion's share goes to buying political friends. Of the $1 billion food aid budget, only 20 percent is destined for the many famine-stricken countries. The rest is going to such countries as South Vietnam, Cambodia, Chile, Jordan, Syria, and Egypt.

Put this all together and what have you got? A prescription for a system on the verge of collapse. Just as in America's favorite game, Monopoly, when one player gets all the money, you know that the game is almost over.

New rules of the game

THESE ECONOMIC INEQUITIES have mounted unnoticed year by year. But in recent years, as the export price of rice has tripled, and that of wheat has quadrupled, threatening the staff of life for most of humanity, it is impossible to avoid recognizing the need for profoundly restructuring the world economic order. It is only now, at the twelfth hour, that we are beginning to hear some urgent, unprecedented proposals to revamp the rules of the game.

Most publicized have been the attempts of the World Food Conference to establish a system to stabilize world grain prices. (This idea is strongly opposed by American grain traders, who make their money on price fluctuations, and by farm interests, who fear that the prices will be stabilized at the low end of the scale.)

Similar suggestions are being made concerning raw commodities on which the poor world depends for income. Henri Konan Bédié, the African chairman of the recent annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank, suggests that it is time to "recognize that the law of supply and demand can't continue" and to agree on some minimum prices. Secretary General Gamani Corea of the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development sees the necessity for a new approach to the commodity problem, including "a series of buffer stocks for a range of commodities, supported by a central fund." Coffee producers are trying essentially this technique on their own and are being scolded for acting like a cartel. (Curious: we control more of the world's food supply than the Arabs do oil, yet we never think of ourselves as a food cartel, even while we blithely let our prices skyrocket.)

On the question of the poor world's heavy debt burden—that $80 billion debt that cancels out so much of the development assistance—Corea suggested recently that there be not only renegotiation or moratoriums on the repayment but, in some cases, outright debt cancellation. When it becomes obvious that the old rules do not work, we can't go on living by them.

To be sure, logic and reason will not suffice to change those rules. Prejudices and stereotypes must also be overcome. Many Americans are convinced, for example, that marginal nations—overwhelmed by poverty, overpopulation, recurrent natural disasters—will never summon the skill and will needed to overcome hunger. If the poor can't even begin to help themselves, this assumption goes, the rich are fools to throw good money after bad. Forget the hungry: let nature take its course. Yet people who have worked extensively throughout the underdeveloped world say that these subjective assessments are dead wrong. Norman E. Borlaug, the chief green revolutionist (and Nobel Prize winner) recently stated: "I have a lot of respect for the small farmer [in the poor world]. . . . Almost invariably when you look at what he's doing with his land, you find he's producing the maximum under the situation he has to work with. The thing is that he usually doesn't

ve much to work with." Borlaug is right. Of World Bank loans in 1974, only 18 percent nt to agriculture. In a sample of fourteen hird World countries, agriculture received ly 11 percent of investment.

Corresponding in magnitude to the rich orld's waste of protein is the poor world's aste of food production potential. The obvious ird step in meeting the world food problem is e development of that potential—a potential presented by the small farmer and his family, ho make up at least one-third of the human ce.

In the Indian state of Punjab, with the help strong government support, small farmers dopted new high-yielding varieties of wheat at rate faster than American farmers adopted ybrid corn, the classic success of U.S. agriculre. As a result, India expanded her wheat proction between the mid-Sixties and the early eventies at a rate unmatched by any other ountry in history.

According to Lester Brown of the Overseas evelopment Council, "rice yields per acre in ndia and Nigeria still average only one-third hose of Japan; corn yields in Thailand and razil are less than one-third those of the United tates." There is a lot of room for improvement these countries and with much smaller increments in resources than would be necessary the industrialized countries. Scientific farmng can be practiced on one- or two-acre, family-orked plots without large-scale machinery owered by fossil fuels. It has been proven in ountries such as South Korea and Taiwan hat the small farmer *will* respond, given an dequate credit system, extension services, and marketing and distribution system that will nsure him a return for his effort.

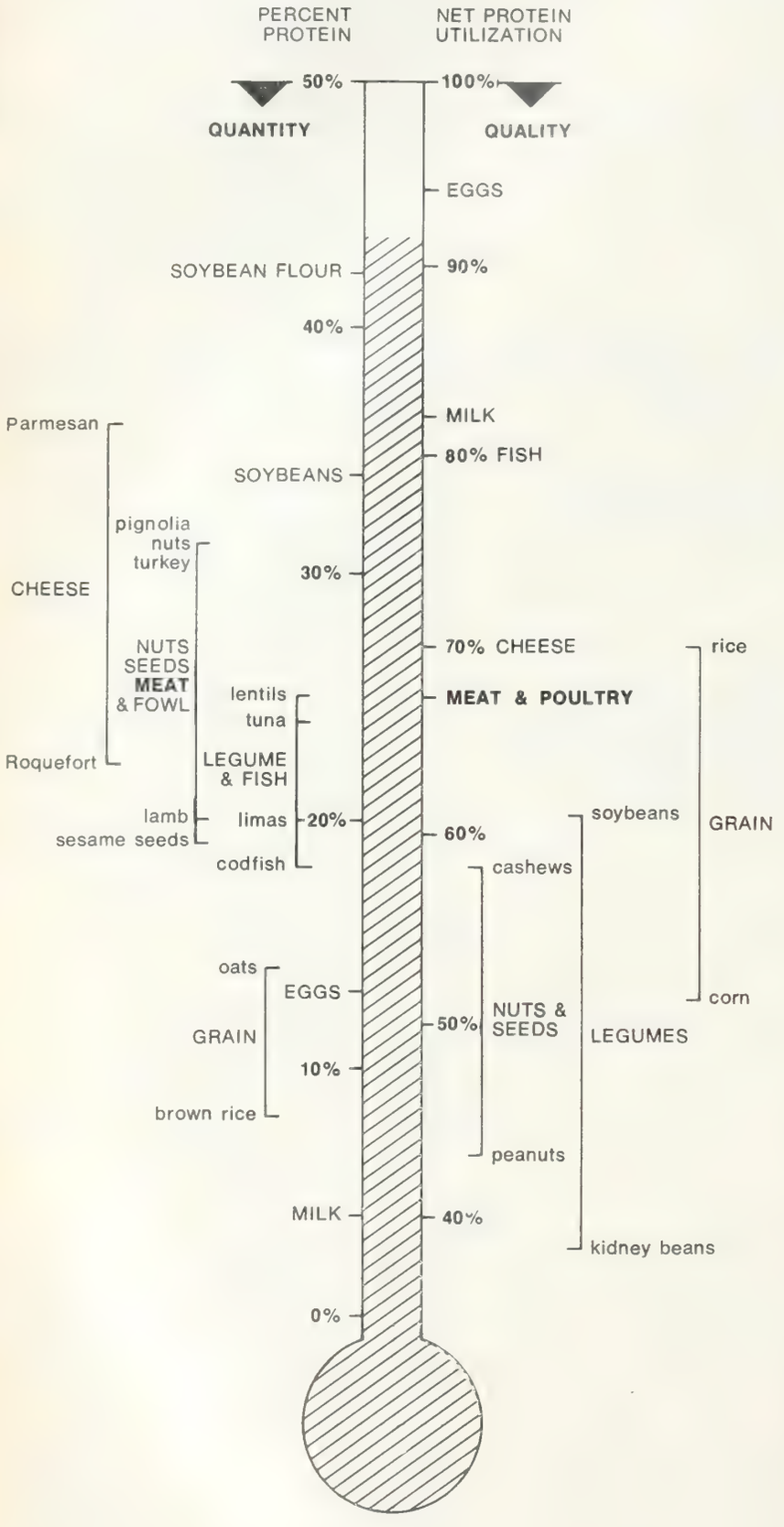
For years, we have concentrated on industrial levelopment in the poor world in order to chieve 5 percent rates of growth in GNP (the ighest ever achieved by a modernizing state in he early stage of development). In so doing, uggests the economist Barbara Ward, we have omehow overlooked the history of our own deelopment. She reminds us that early development in virtually all the now industrialized ountries was initially based on "agricultural expansion . . . by the downward extension of credit, marketing, services, small-scale enterprise in manufacturing and commerce to a wide network of regional urban centers and the resulting spread of economic activity *away* from single big centers."

IN THIS RELUCTANCE to get down to basics, much has been made of the elitist, uninspired, or just plain corrupt leadership in poor world countries who opt for airports and hotels over plows or wells. There is more than a touch of

THE GREAT AMERICAN STEAK RELIGI

MYTH	FACT
Meat contains more protein than any other food.	About 25 percent of meat is protein. On a 0 to 50 percent scale of protein content in various foods, meat ranks in the middle, together with some beans, cheese, fish, and nuts. (See "The Protein Continuum.")
Eating lots of meat is the only way to get enough protein.	The "average" American eats almost twice the protein his body can actually use. Most Americans could completely eliminate meat, fish, and poultry from their diets—and still get almost the recommended daily allowance of protein (fifty-three grams) from other protein-rich foods.
Meat is the sole source of certain essential vitamins and minerals.	There are eleven important vitamins and minerals. Non-meat foods provide more than half our intake of eight of them. Meat is not the sole source of any of the others.
Meat has the highest quality protein of any food.	"Quality" is an unscientific term. The proper standard is usability: how much of the protein eaten is actually used by the body. The usability of egg and milk protein exceeds that of meat. (See right side of chart, "The Protein Continuum.")
Because plant protein lacks certain essential amino acids, it can never equal the quality of meat protein.	All plant foods commonly eaten as sources of protein contain *all* eight essential amino acids. Plant proteins do have deficiencies in their amino acid patterns that make them generally less usable by the body than animal protein (see right side of chart). However, by combining plant foods you can balance their amino acid patterns and create protein usability equal to that of meat.
Plant-centered diets are dull.	There are basically five different kinds of meat and poultry—compared with about fifty kinds of commonly eaten vegetables, twenty-four kinds of peas, beans, and lentils, twenty fruits, twelve nuts, and nine grains. Plants obviously have a greater variety of flavor, texture, and color.
Plant foods contain a lot of carbohydrates and are therefore more fattening than meat.	Ounce to ounce, most plant foods have either about the same calories (as in bread) that meats do, or considerably fewer. Many fruits have one-third the calories, cooked beans have one-half, and many green vegetables have one-eighth the calories that meats contain.
Our meat-centered diet is more nutritious than the poor world's.	In fact, we eat too much of the wrong foods. While consuming 50 percent more protein (much of it wasted) than the average Indian does, we eat four times as much sugar, eight times as much fat. If we ate more plant food and less fat and sugar our diet might actually be improved.

THE PROTEIN CONTINUUM



hypocrisy in this criticism. While we criticize these leaders, we also provide extensive military assistance so that many of them remain in power. In 1973 the United States supplied $9.5 billion in military aid and police training to sixty-four countries, twenty-five of which are ruled by military regimes or permit no open opposition to the government.

Pointing the finger at bad leaders in poor countries is one mechanism we use to avoid facing our own complicity. Another rationalization for inaction is the rich world's growing sense that the poor world's problems are insuperable, beyond the capacity of even the most generous aid donors.

Such defeatism, however, is premature: consider a few calculations. What *would* it cost to eradicate illiteracy in the world? Answer (according to a UNESCO estimate): $1.6 billion for five years. What *would* it cost to provide a basic maternal-health and family-planning service for everyone in the poor world (excluding China, which is well on its way to achieving this goal)? Answer (according to Lester Brown): $2 billion a year. What about plows, material for constructing wells, irrigation ditches, storage facilities, roads, research facilities? Surely this sort of farm aid is far cheaper (and more stabilizing) than sophisticated fighter planes and other high-priced weaponry. If we are contributing $9.5 billion a year in military assistance to many of these same countries, the problem of cost is not insoluble.

Seeing famine spread through Asia and Africa, many would now believe that our development efforts have failed, that it is time to shelve our Judeo-Christian ethics in favor of the ethics of last resort—lifeboat ethics. But, noting our fixation on military as opposed to humanitarian aid, on industrial over and above agricultural support, and at the same time our total neglect of the negative impact of world commercial and monetary arrangements on poor nations—clearly, one must conclude: development has not "failed"; it has simply never been tried. The first maxim of nautical ethics is that you don't go to the lifeboats, which will save only a few until you've made every effort to salvage the ship for the sake of all.

We must transcend the negative, hopeless response to the grim picture story of hunger. The suffering may be brought before our eyes, but the evil lies elsewhere—in the banality of an economic machine that can't be seen but generates untenable inequities and unending misery. Its day-to-day operation may not make good copy or good political cartoons, but in it there is hope, if only because through an awareness of how it works to create hunger, one cannot avoid the conclusion that the problem of world hunger is under human control. □

a story by Gail Godwin

NOBODY'S HOME

A MARRIED WOMAN, Mrs. Wakeley, alone with her thoughts all day, watches a building rise out of the ground, across the street from her house. She becomes involved with this building and its progress. It seems to be telling her something. At last it is finished. The plaque goes up, very tastefully, on the right side of the entrance.

NOW RENTING: ONE-, TWO-, AND THREE-BEDROOM APARTMENTS. INQUIRE AT OFFICE INSIDE.

With the top part of the new bifocals she hates, she can read the gold letters on the black background quite easily from her own bedroom window, and suddenly the building's message flashes out at her!

She is going to go and live there, make all the arrangements without telling her husband, then simply leave one day. When he comes home, she will not be there, and he will not know why. She will be across the street, watching to see what happens without her.

Mrs. Wakeley dresses carefully to look like a responsible person (but she always dresses carefully, she has always been a responsible person) and leaves the house by the back door, walking quickly down the alley. She wears a fitted black coat with a fur collar, dark stockings, and plain black pumps with sensible heels. She is a short woman, full-fleshed but compact. As a girl she was called "petite." Within a few months of letting herself go, she would now be called "plump." She has dreamy gray-green eyes and very white, lustrous skin, exactly the same color all over, as she has been allergic to sun, even in small amounts, all her life. She wears her hair the way she has worn it for years: parted down the middle and fastened into a bun low on the back of her neck, where a few strands have already drifted down onto the fur collar. The hairs which have lost their pigment glisten brightly against the dark ones which haven't. "I am on the borderline of everything," she thinks, her heart beating like a criminal's, this woman halfway between youth and age, holding her purse close to her, a woman not usually met with in alleyways.

And so, by a circuitous route, she enters the new building and goes to the manager's office. He rises to greet her, recognizing respectability at once, probably a widow, he is already thinking, there is something about her face that shows she has lost a man; there is no doubt in his mind that she had one, for she is still an attractive woman, and there, of course, is the ring. This is all very lucky for "Mrs. Jones," now shaking hands with Mr. Frascati, as she has de-

Gail Godwin's latest novel is The Odd Woman *(Alfred A. Knopf).*



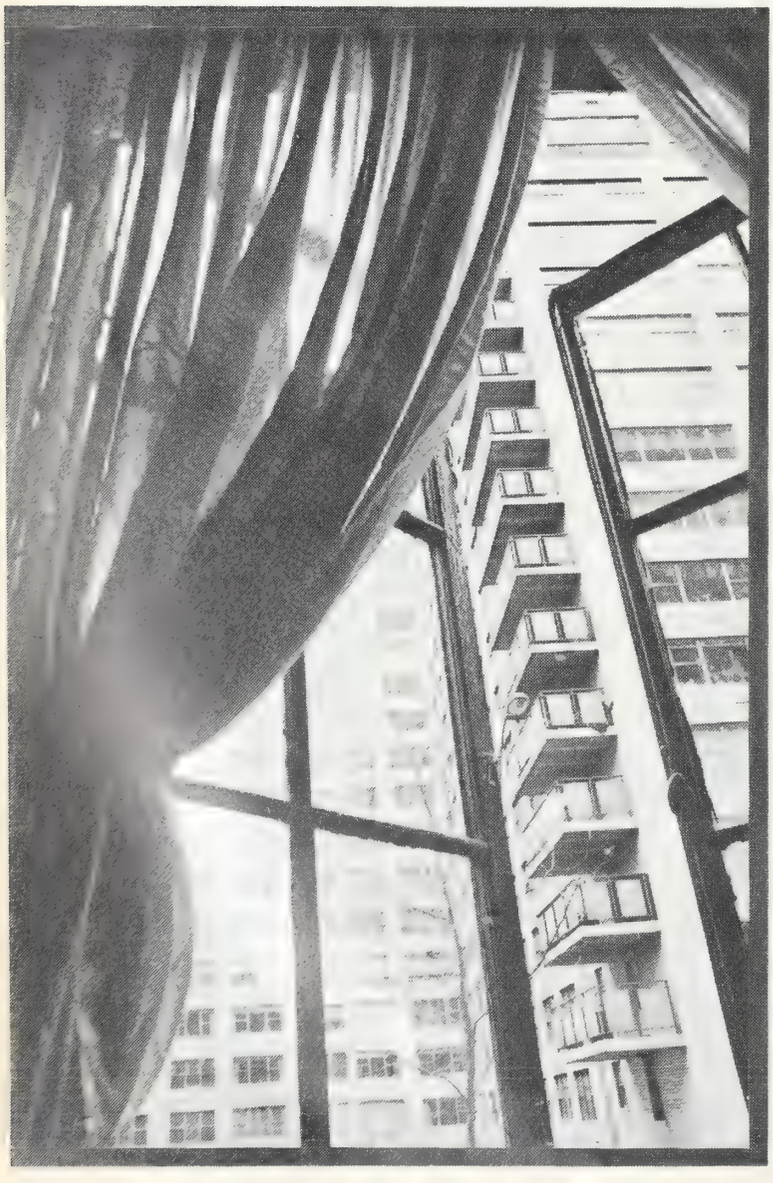
John Diele

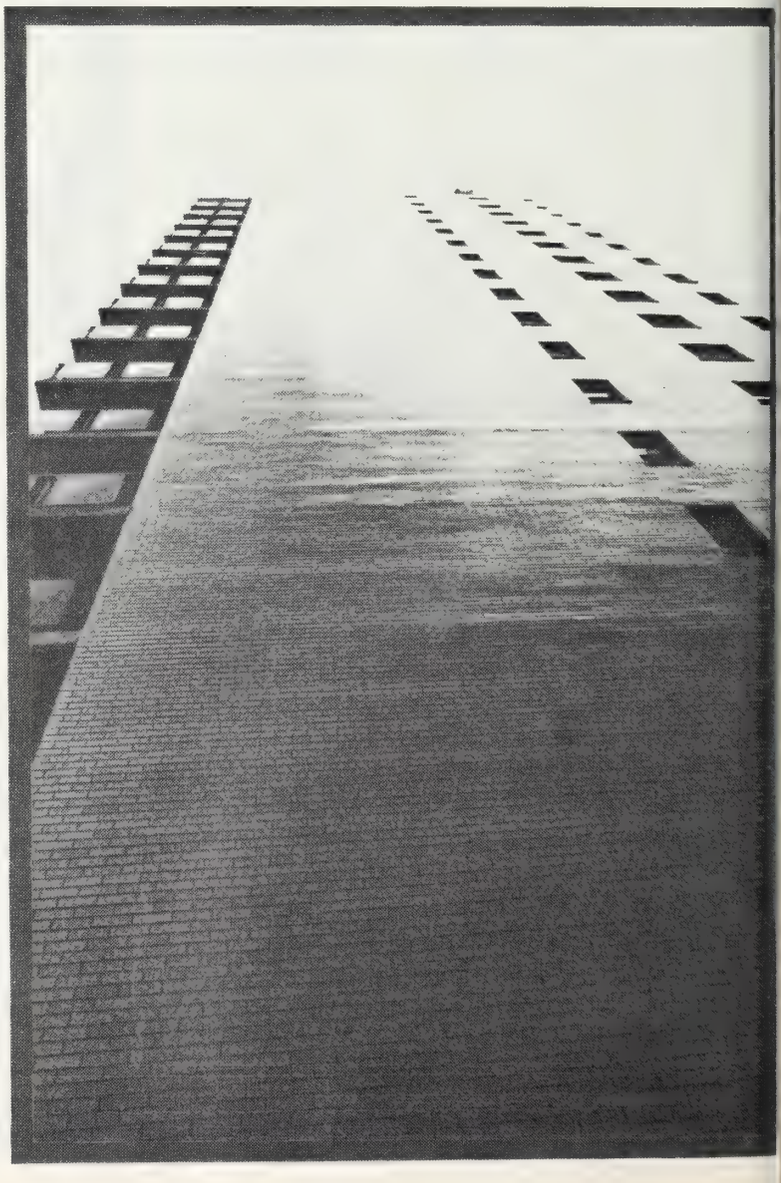
Gail Godwin

NOBODY'S HOME

cided to pose as a widow. At first she played with the idea of being a single woman, "Clara Jones," but, upon testily removing her ring, Mrs. Wakeley saw that its twenty-eight years on her finger had left an indentation so deep it was suspicious. Mr. Frascati is a dapper gentleman to whom age has brought weight and substance and authority. He is not much taller than herself. He wears a large diamond in his own wedding band, and his beautifully manicured nails sparkle with a very light pink varnish. Pictures of wife, children, grandchildren flank him on either side of his desk. I will have no children, decides Mrs. Wakeley, keeping it simple, as Mrs. Jones is asking whether she might be shown one of the one-bedroom apartments. Too late she remembers she should have specified one which faced the street, just as Mr. Frascati is accompanying her into a lovely sun-filled room with new wood floors whose beams rush toward the windows as if toward the light. He points out with pride the small area below which will be a private garden, accessible to tenants only, and where, as soon as things are organized, there will be flowers and shrubs year round. "More privacy back here," he is sayin "The view of a garden in the city is a ra thing. And for the same price as the apar ments on the front, with the noise and the ug streets." Mrs. Wakeley, delicately repinning runaway piece of hair back into the secure loo of her bun, takes courage and says, "But . . . you don't mind . . . I think I'd rather face th street. I like noise. I like the . . . distractio you see." And remembers to glance poignantl at her ring. The good man understands.

He shows her the same apartment, facing i the other direction. Mrs. Wakeley stands at th window into which no sun shines at this time day and looks down at her own front door. looks small and impersonal from this angle, n much different from the other doors on eith side of it. She is eye-level with her bedroom an bathroom on that other second floor. Ah, "Cla Jones" the single woman would have liked th bright apartment better, with her back turne to this street, with the sky streaming throug bringing an unpredictable succession of ligh and moods; and below, the quiet garden of r pose, where one could cultivate new though





d grow one knew not what. But "Mrs. Jones" s certain unfinished business, and as she asks e proper questions about rents and leases and tures and utilities she is focusing on her own ont door and imagining that first scene like e opening shot of a film. Her husband is com- g down the street from his bus, carrying his iefcase. As he approaches the door his pace quickens? lags? She has never seen her hus- nd approaching the house in which she waits. nly, of course, now she will not be inside! But doesn't know that yet. She is no longer an tress, sealed into her part, but an anonymous udience" who watches calmly from a dis- nce, waiting to see what happens next.

MR. FRASCATI mistakes the flush of triumph on her face for an indication that he has nted another apartment. Having taken an in- rest in the predicament of this modest woman he "if you don't mind" left its impression on s masculine soul) he is *somewhat* disappoint- l he couldn't persuade her away from this oomy view, the kind he has been trying to cape all his life. He cannot understand people ho can resist a garden; but then, women have eir own reasons for things. He is happy to in- rm her that this apartment will be ready for cupancy within two weeks, as soon as the ectricians finish some wiring. She asks may e let him know in a few days. Of course (giv- g her his card, "Emilio Antonio Frascati, Ianager"), that will be fine, he would not want er to make such an important decision without rst satisfying herself as to the optimum . . . He already feeling protective toward this little oman with the fragile white skin, and he tands behind the curtain of his own office and atches her leave the building. Mrs. Wakeley, mazingly adept for one so new to subterfuge, alks away, down the street, giving her house ot a glance, and spends the rest of the winter fternoon daylight browsing in a library. She eads how "all marriages are power games," in new book called *The Integrity of Divorce*, and when one partner becomes permanent inner or loser, then that marriage can be said o be over, even though the couple continue to ive together." She is instructed how to "cut her neat costs to the bone" by preparing stuffed Mediterranean veal breast with prune dump- ings, Korean spareribs with soy and sesame auce (at which point she snaps open her purse, akes out a silver pencil and a memo pad, then remembers something and puts them back at once). She reads a letter in the same magazine from a woman who is angry because her hus- band has left her for a younger woman. "And what do I have to show for it? Memories of years and years of housework? What do I have left of my *own*? It should be a law in this coun- try that before any woman gets a marriage li- cense she should be required to set up her own pension fund. A fixed amount would have to be put into this fund annually. But it must be the law so that people won't feel guilty about doing it. It would be a relief to young housewives who don't dare mention such matters for fear of casting a shadow on things. Then, when she wears out, and her husband trades her in for a new model, she will have her own pension fund which would support her till she trained herself to work." She reads that the new fashion trend is "romantic long dresses with designed-in nos- talgia," and sits gazing at two full-color pages of young models in their early twenties, wearing lawn-party dresses of their great-grandmothers' vintage. She still cannot get used to her new glasses. If she looks through the bottoms, she falls up the stairs; if she reads through the tops, everything blurs. What do all these untried wisps of girls in their quaint costumes have to do with her? How, for that matter, will belated knowledge of power games and pension plans change *her* life? Rather miffed at herself for wasting precious time escaping into magazines when she should have been planning her move, she puts on her coat and heads out into the dusk with a weary heart (stopping at a grocer's to buy artichokes, which her husband likes, in order to make up for the canned corned beef she's going to dish up at the last minute), and it is at precisely this moment, alone on the dark, cold street, that her courage begins to falter.

"In fables, no cash or job is required. In fantasies you can fly now and never pay."

TO BEGIN WITH: the money. Mrs. Wakeley and her husband have a joint bank account, both in checking and savings. In the checking (she ought to know, she does all the household accounts) there is $560. In savings there is $5,030, plus whatever interest has been earned since the last quarterly payment. She could, she supposes, with impunity (remembering the an- gry letter from the woman in the magazine) go down to the bank and withdraw exactly half of both accounts, and then walk anonymously across town, a small woman with graying hair, wearing a forgettable black coat, and open an- other account under the name of Mrs. Jones. Mrs. Clara Jones? But do you need identifica- tion to open a bank account? She might get a driver's license for Clara Jones, except that she doesn't drive. A Social Security card! But how does one go about getting a Social Security card? At her age, she doesn't even know. Every one of those young models posing in old-fash- ioned dresses for a magazine has been carrying around a Social Security card for years! She imagines some bullying woman booming accus- ingly across the desk at the Social Security office (Where was it? At the post office, perhaps?):

"Where have *you* been all these years? Why have you waited so long?" And even if Clara Jones obtains a Social Security card to prove she has the right to open a bank account in order to write Mr. Frascati a check for the first two months' rent (Oh, God, and the security deposit —"Just a formality," he said, "but in these days . . . disregard for private property . . . yours will certainly be refunded in its entirety when you leave.") But she hasn't even arrived yet! The rent on that little apartment (Oh, how is she going to furnish it? She will have to select the furniture and have it sent, waiting for it furtively upstairs, for what if her husband saw her down there on the sidewalk, waving her arms at moving men?) is $250. Two times $250 plus $200 more is $700—and that includes neither utilities nor the bare essentials of furniture (kitchen utensils, she suddenly remembers, would it be fair to take a few things from her own kitchen, packing them up secretly a few days before?). And, lost in calculations, Mrs. Wakeley uses her own front door by mistake, even if it is dark and Mr. Frascati surely settling down in the bosom of his family in another part of town. She glances rapidly over her shoulder, heart starting to pound, but the ground floor of the building is innocently dark. On the upper floors are several lighted windows, early tenants already moving in—her future neighbors? But she will have to keep remote from neighbors, won't she, with her secret? She imagines herself being invited to supper by a young couple in the building (Why a young couple? Why not a lonely, middle-aged woman without a man, like herself?) and how, grown carelessly boastful with wine and abundant spaghetti, she will tell those two young, idealistic lovers, "You know, my husband lives just across the street. He has no idea where I am, no idea in the world, but I can see him brushing his teeth if I want!"

Boiling the water for the artichokes, she subtracts her initial payment to Mr. Frascati from her "account," and realizes that will leave her with exactly eight more months' rent—without utilities, furnishings, or food. Well, she will have to get a job. Mrs. Clara Jones will have to get a job. Mrs. Wakeley imagines "jobs." She sees women's fingers galloping over the keyboards of huge electric machines; women in white uniforms; women in black dresses behind counters; the woman behind the desk in the library; the woman behind the desk in the Social Security office, screaming, "Where have *you* been all these years?" And now she sees the bank manager in the bank where Mrs. Clara Jones will open her account. A kindly man with steel-rimmed glasses, pictures of family on his desk as on Mr. Frascati's, he is asking her gently, in a tone of mild disbelief, "But Mrs. Jones, do you mean to say that you have never had a previous account with any bank? But surely your husband, then—could you perhaps give the name of his bank?"

A terrible thought begins to form in h head: behind every real person in the re world there is a Social Security number and bank account. Therefore, what does that mal her? She has no Social Security number a only half a bank account. That makes her e actly one-fourth of a person. Was it this on fourth who made the plan of moving across t street? How could a fraction of a person li anywhere by herself? Was her plan just a fa tasy, then, one of those daytime fantasies of lonely wife? Suddenly she sees herself no lon er worthy of her own life story with a name her own. She could accomplish the purposes her fantasy within the confines of a small, i personal fable, the message of which is vast more significant than the nameless woman wl inhabits it. In fables, no cash or job is require In fantasies you can fly now and never pa "One day there was a wife," thinks Mrs. Wak ley (opening a can of corned beef).

One day there was a wife who absented herself from her home and, unbeknownst to her husband, went and lived across the street. The first thing he did was call the police. The second was to mourn her. The third was to find a replacement for her.

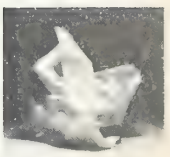
The wife watched these things. When he called the police, she perspired with guilt. When he mourned her, she wept with him. When he replaced her, she burned from head to foot with the miserable triumph of self-vindication.

In the kitchen hang three small framed wate colors. Seascapes of Okracoke, primitive, rat er depressing pictures, signed "T. Roscoe." A old uncle, now dead. But she remembers the ol straw hat he wore in the sun and is sentimer tally attached to the Okracoke which was product of his eyes alone. When she and he husband purchased this house and were frant cally trying to fill up so much space all at onc by themselves, she said, laughing, "We coul string out Uncle Roscoe's pictures on that lon wall in the living room." "We *could. . .*" r plied her husband, not meeting her eyes. Whe he came home soon after and found the pi tures hanging in the kitchen, he brightened once and said, "This room will cheer him up bit." Should her fable go on?

The wife began watching her replacement. She saw her doing many of the things that she had done. And some she had not. She even saw her start making some of her old mistakes. One day, when she could bear it no longer, she sat down and wrote her replacement an anonymous letter explaining certain things.

When she hears the familiar turn of the ke in the lock (the artichokes bubbling away, th

Bergstrom vitalizes paper.



From the concrete forests: the catalyst.

The unique character of Bergstrom Papers comes from a carefully controlled blending. Virgin pulp blended with pulp from high grade, recycled paper that's harvested from America's concrete forests.

From this recycled paper, Bergstrom gains the mature refinements of twice-tamed, twice-scrubbed fibers. Refinements obtainable no other way.

The result is paper with a unique vitality. Paper that behaves extraordinarily well on the press, lies flat, resists moisture and curling. And paper with exceptional whiteness and opacity.

Few other papers bring such unique benefits to commercial printing, business, publishing and graphic arts. And, with their recycled content, no other papers are as considerate of our environment as Bergstrom Papers.



The paper paper people.

BERGSTROM PAPER COMPANY

Neenah, Wisconsin 54956. Phone: 414-725-3011—West Carrollton, Ohio 45449. Phone: 513-859-8261

corned beef simmering with two poached eggs on top) Mrs. Wakeley imagines that future evening, when this house will be dark. (Or should she leave a light on?) No favorite smells or bubbling sounds will come from the kitchen. The cheerful walls will be somehow *different*, though it will take him a minute to figure out why. She has decided to take her uncle's pictures with her.

"ANYBODY HOME?" her husband calls, as he has called for years, coming home for years through the halls of different houses, when he always knew there would be someone home, then two people home, then three, then two again, then the one who'd been there all the time, right from the beginning, the one who always answered, just for a joke: "No, nobody's home."

"No, nobody's home," she calls.

In the split second before he enters the kitchen, she resolves to keep her distance, to remove herself from her own involvement in this familiar scene, and take the first step toward her move across the street. She will become an observer as she watches him now, coming through this door, the "husband" of a "wife," performing, as he has for almost three decades, the ritual of "coming home."

But soon she discovers more difficulties than she had ever anticipated.

In the first place, she finds that his presence works a subtle change in her. As she sits across the table from him, trying to surprise him in his own otherness, she is no longer *quite* the woman who watched that new apartment building rise before her eyes like a vision, growing taller every day. She is no longer exactly the woman who saw a way out of a dilemma and went so far as to cross the normal borders of her life to explore it further. She can't even articulate what it is that the flesh-and-blood reality of her husband, as he sits with his napkin flung across his lap and his toes pointed slightly outward beneath the table, dipping an artichoke leaf into a pool of lemon butter, does to her own flesh and spirit. All she knows is that a *verticalness* seems to go out of her, and that, as she leans forward, toward her husband across the table, the molecules of her body seem to rearrange themselves in smaller, rounder patterns, homing in on themselves, retreating from long and difficult flights.

The second thing is: she discovers that she cannot see the totality of her husband anymore, and thus cannot form a judgment of who he is in relation to her. She can't grasp him in quick totality, as she could Mr. Frascati, or even the kindly but disbelieving bank manager, or even the young couple who invited Mrs. Clara Jones to share their spaghetti supper. Yes, it was true what she told them (reckless from too much wine): she *can* see her husband brushing his teeth! Without ever looking, she can picture the gold crowns in his mouth and the root canals he's suffered through and the secret bridge which mortified him for the first whole year and the gum bleeds he gets sometimes in the night, and his touching vanity when he says, "Well, at least I've kept all my hair!" But what she can't see anymore is "Wakeley," "that man," that stranger as seen from behind, or across the street. She can imagine Frascati, the exact smile he would have for his grandchild, his mistress, his bank manager, but what has happened is that, somewhere along the way, she has lost the power to create her husband's life, intuitively, with the sure hand of intuition, when he walks out of this house and becomes "just himself," alone.

And she knows he has also lost this power with her. She has not felt for some time that priceless tug that signals to her in his absence that she is securely attached to the strings of his imagination, that he is imagining her, not merely remembering her. And when they are together, he does not "see" her. He, too, sees only details. (She wonders which details. Her new glasses which, even though she tried on every pair of frames in the shop, make her face look crooked and her eyes too critical? Her apron? Her gray hairs? *Her* teeth?)

Is that what marriage is, after all: details? The gradual accumulation of details blocking up the person you once mysteriously loved, until that person can no longer be seen?

HER HUSBAND IS RELATING various interactions between himself and somebody called Tyson and somebody else called Wingate. It all sounds very innocuous, the kind of associations anybody might have with anybody during the course of a working day. But behind Tyson Mrs. Wakeley sees the poor shadow of a good-natured clown, habitually beset by mishaps, misunderstandings, who, by comparison, makes everyone else feel more sure of himself. ("Poor guy. You know, I really like Tyson.") Whereas the mere utterance of the name Wingate, like an east wind, bodes no good. It is a name linked to villainous conspiracies and unjust accusations, a figure sporting years of unearned praise. ("What I can't understand is, why can't intelligent people see *through* Wingate?")

She sees through Wingate very clearly, she sees all around Tyson, she sees the other characters and the props on that stage. She has even wondered what part "Wakeley" plays in the dinner conversations between Tyson and his wife and Wingate and his wife. She would give anything to suddenly have Mrs. Tyson's

When it comes to life, you can never, repeat, never, have too much quality control.

America's overall supply of prescription drugs is excellent.

In fact, it's unsurpassed.

But there are ways to make sure that supply is even more safe, even more effective.

Member companies of the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association have proposed recommendations that should apply to all companies that make pharmaceuticals.

First. Companies making pharmaceuticals ought to be certified by the government. And certified *before* they start making medicines. Those two things would help assure doctors, pharmacists and patients that their medicines were made by reputable firms. Under the best conditions possible.

Secondly, all companies should rigidly follow the "good manufacturing practices" regulations published by the Food and Drug Administration.

And, as quality control procedures improve, all companies should be required to keep pace.

Thirdly, each and every company making medicines ought to be inspected by the FDA at least once each year.

There are other recommendations dealing with bioequivalence, labeling, expiration dates and the like.

Why do we suggest them?

Well, we feel *how* a medicine is made can be as essential as what it is.



Send for our free booklet. *"When It Comes to Rx Medicines There Are A Lot of Questions You Should Ask."* It'll give you a lot of answers. Write to *The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. HA-502, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association

Invite America's greatest theater companies into your living room.

They're coming from San Francisco. From Williamstown. From Washington and New York and New Haven. This year, America's finest regional theater companies will be coming from all over the country to perform on a new and challenging stage. Your television set.

For a second season, Exxon brings you "Theater in America," a series of plays produced exclusively for television by WNET 13/ New York, and hosted by Hal Holbrook. In so doing, a unique opportunity for this country's finest playwrights and performers has been created.

For "Theater in America" gives talented theater companies from all over the country the chance to perform before a television audience of millions.

And we at Exxon believe that by providing this showcase as a goal, we may help to encourage writing, acting and stage productions of the most innovative and creative kind.

This year on "Theater in America," you'll see seventeen superb plays, including Elie Wiesel's haunting drama, *Zalmen or The Madness of God;* Frank Chin's tender and moving new work, *The Year of the Dragon;* Chekhov's classic comedy-drama, *The Seagull;* and *The Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd,* by D. H. Lawrence.

Exxon happily invites you to invite a great performance into your living room each week, starting now on your Public Broadcasting Service station.

Just dim the lights. Turn on your television set. And set the stage for "Theater in America."

THEATER IN AMERICA

On the PBS Network

EXXON



ɛlier view of Wakeley, Mrs. Wingate's nut-sl ll character sketch of him.

She sees, sitting across the table from her, a m n of forty-nine guiding the heart of an ar-ti oke into his open mouth and lowering his e s, which, nearsighted for years, are now re-s ring themselves toward perfect vision.

She sees a person with a real job in the real w rld; a man in a nice shirt she doesn't remem-b having seen before, who perhaps takes a p tty young woman with a job for a "busi-n s lunch."

Dear Replacement [*the wife wrote*], *You think you know him. You do. Enjoy this knowledge. It passes. Memorize him. Be memorable yourself.*

"What did you do today?" he asks, one of t se rare spouses who helps clear the table v thout a fuss. He stacks the dishes beside the s k. He loads up his arms, like an agile waiter, w h things to go back in the refrigerator.

"I went to the library. I bought these arti-c kes."

"What did you read, anything interesting?"

"A woman wrote in to a magazine that house-w ves ought to set up their own pension funds. T e new fashions will have designed-in nostal-g a. Do you think I ought to get a job?"

"Nostalgia is all over the place," he remarks w th interest, making himself the customary g ss of ice water. "It's the big supersell, nos-t gia, everywhere you look. Why is that, I w nder? Maybe because we don't like where w are and don't want to know where we're g ing." She recognizes the exact moment when h s voice shifts from speculation to assertion. H e is a person who can hear through the sound o his own voice the answers to things he t ought he didn't know. "A job? Why? What k nd?"

"I'm not sure. But don't you think everyone r ght to do some kind of work before they die?"

"*Die*?" He turns to touch her on the arm, a tonished. "What kind of mood is that?" His i e cubes tinkle in his glass. "You have worked. Y ou do work. If what you do isn't work, then w ho has worked? If you mean a *profession*—w ould you like to go back to school? We can a ford it. I've often thought . . ."

But she is thinking of the touch on her arm —"her arm," that detail on a totality he has n t apprehended for so long a time. Does he s ill remember that her skin is exactly the same c lor all over? There are certain questions peo-p le do not really want the answers to.

They watch television. The first year they w ere married they could not stop watching e ch other long enough to go to the movies, w hich they both loved. Now Mrs. Wakeley w atches as a hand lowers a fork into a pie and p ulls out a string of pearls covered in blue-berries, then slides the purplish mess into a glassful of effervescent denture cleanser. The pearls come out looking like new. She laughs so long and so hard that her husband turns to her, alarmed.

She goes to the window to adjust the blinds for the night, and gazes through a chink across the dark street and up at certain unlighted windows. She stares through the top part of her glasses, trying to flush out from obscurity the outline of that other woman who can reveal to her who she is. Oh: how to make that leap to that other, higher window from which, at last, unencumbered by the motes of habit and the beams of affection, she can assess her position by spying on her own absence from it!

Will she be missed? And how should her fable end, on a note of built-in nostalgia?

Memorize him [*the wife wrote*].

Or on a note of cynicism, based on one's scant knowledge of the unhappy present:

At first he trains his eyes on the short-sighted necessities of your mutual existence, leaving you free to focus mistily on your continuing happiness.

Then one day the visions shift. You find yourself looking at things more closely, just in time to see him looking away.

On a visionary note, perhaps?

One transcends this dilemma, of course, by. . .

But Mrs. Wakeley is no visionary. Rumi nator, closet fabulist, fledgling fantasizer, yes. Now that the banks are safely closed and that terrible Social Security woman double-locked with her pet dog in unlovely rooms, and Mr. Frascati, settling down with a saucerful of grapes, wearing carpet slippers whose insteps shine in the dark, perhaps to watch this same channel on TV with his wife, Mrs. Clara Jones waves the movers boldly on. In darkness they ascend the elevator in shifts, ghostly figures of men who do her bidding, bearing on their shoulders everything she will need to begin her new life. When they finish she gives each of them a handsome tip which costs her nothing. Days pass . . . nights . . . and, stationed at her window, scarcely bothering to eat or sleep, she stares down and across at where her marriage no longer is, until she understands it. And then what? Will she turn her back on it forever and go to live in that other bright apartment with the changing skies and the private progress of flowers watched by someone as self-sustaining as "Clara Jones"? Or is that another story, perhaps not belonging to her at all?

"What are you looking at?" asks her husband, who has been quietly watching her from behind. □

"How to make that leap to that other, higher window from which she can assess her position by spying on her own absence from it!"

John P. Sisk

IN PRAISE OF PRIVACY

The sexes were not two as they are now, but originally three in number; there was man, woman, and the union of the two, having a name corresponding to this double nature, which had once a real existence, but is now lost, and the word Androgynous *is only preserved as a term of reproach. . . . Terrible was [the androgynes'] might and strength, and the thoughts of their hearts were great, and they made an attack upon the gods. . . . Doubt reigned in the celestial councils. Should they kill them and annihilate the race with thunderbolts . . . then there would be an end of the sacrifices and worship which men offered to them; but, on the other hand, the gods could not suffer their insolence to be unrestrained. At last, after a good deal of reflection, Zeus discovered a way. . . . He cut men in two, like a sorb-apple which is halved for pickling. . . .*

After the division the two parts of man, each desiring his other half, came together, and throwing their arms about one another, entwined in mutual embraces, longing to grow into one; they were on the point of dying from hunger and self-neglect, because they did not like to do anything apart; and when one of the halves died and the other survived, the survivor sought another mate, man or woman, as we call them—being the sections of entire men or women—and clung to that. They were being destroyed when Zeus in pity of them invented a new plan: he turned the parts of gene ation round to the front, for this had not been always the position, and they sowed the seed no longer as hitherto lil grasshoppers in the ground, but in one another; and aft the transposition the male generated in the female in ord that by mutual embraces of man and woman they migl breed, and the race might continue; or if man came to ma they might be satisfied, and rest, and go their ways to th business of life: so ancient is the desire of one anothe which is implanted in us, reuniting our original natur making one of two, and healing the state of man. Each us when separated, having one side only, like a flat fish, but the indenture of a man, and he is always looking fo his other half. . . . And when one of them meets with his othe half, the actual half of himself, . . . the pair are lost in a amazement of love and friendship and intimacy, and on will not be out of the other's sight, as I may say, even fo a moment: these are the people who pass their whole live together; yet they could not explain what they desire of on another. For the intense yearning which each of them ha toward the other does not appear to be the desire of lover intercourse, but of something else which the soul of eithe evidently desires and cannot tell, and of which she has onl a dark and doubtful presentiment. —*Symposium*, Plat

John P. Sisk teaches English at Gonzaga University in Spokane, Washington. His essays have appeared in many national magazines.

HEPHAESTUS'S REVENGE on his wife, the golden Aphrodite, and her lover, the handsome Ares, was quite ingenious. The master craftsman of the gods forged invisible chains and so fixed them around the rafters and bedposts that the pressure of bodies on the bed made the chains fall on the adulterers and ensnared them *in flagrante*. According to Demodocus, who narrates the story in the *Odyssey*, Hephaestus then called the other gods and goddesses to come and see the couple's disgrace. The gods came willingly enough, roared their male laughs, and made their predictable male wisecracks, but the goddesses, "constrained by feminine modesty," says Demodocus, "all stayed home."

All hail to the dainty and decorous goddesses, who, living in a not especially private heaven, still apparently sensed that they would demean themselves by denying even sinners their righ to privacy. Their story can be taken as a kind o fable whose theme is not so much the superio refinement of women (a subject about whic there is no safe side) as it is the inseparabilit of privacy and culture.

But if the availability and use of privacy ar crucial to culture, one may well wonder how w ever managed to get private enough to acquir culture. How, for instance, did we ever escap from the primordial, nonprivate tribe? Williar Golding, in his novel *The Inheritors*, depicts band of Neanderthals whose members lack sense of themselves as individuals, function a cells in an organism, and cannot survive on thei own. These creatures are easily overwhelmed b the Inheritors, a violent group that has somehov broken out of the magic, harmonious spher

encloses the gentle Neanderthals. How the ritors could have done this is a mystery, for the Neanderthals the force of the commu- ond seems overwhelming. The novel can be as a version of *Paradise Lost:* some myste- s and malign force stole away from us a itive global village where our inborn desire erge with one another was satisfied. Or it be read as a statement about the complex re of the urge to selfhood and its relations time and violence.

phrodite and Ares, of course, are remote such theoretical issues. They are a couple lympian sensualists, playgirl and playboy, ting for an afternoon's entertainment. After are released from their entrapment, Ares to Thrace and Aphrodite to Paphos, where Graces bathe and anoint her and deck her in lovely clothes. We cannot imagine her ght up with Ares in a grand passion of the that creates the obstacles necessary to in- ify it; they cannot be confused with Tristan Isolde or Paolo and Francesca. They are ond all that fiddle, beyond time, and there- beyond romantic passion.

As lovers, Tristan and Isolde, like Paolo and Francesca, are very unprivate people. Indeed, they stand for a force that for many centuries was a powerful obstacle to privacy in Western civilization: that concept of human loving in which the lovers aspire to a total merging of their private selves after the fashion of those primitive androgynous creatures Aristophanes tells about in Plato's *Symposium*—they want to return to the condition of Golding's Neanderthals and then pitch that state of mergence to the level of Shelley's "Epipsychidion," in which the speaker longs to have the form of his deepest life confused with that of his loved one. In *The Sane Society* Erich Fromm identifies this state as symbiotic relatedness and opposes it to productive love, which is a union "with somebody, or something, outside oneself, *under the condition of retaining the separateness and integrity of one's own self.* It is an experience of sharing, of communion, which permits the full unfolding of one's own inner activity."

Tristan and Isolde do not want any part of this productive loving. It stinks too much of diapers, mortgage payments, taxes, neighbor-

"Open marriage is immune from jealousy; even adultery may be creative and growth-promoting."



Patricia Dryden

hood problems, politics, provisions for the education of children, and old age. Marriage is inimical to the symbiotic aspirations of romantic love, as Héloïse told Abélard and as Denis De Rougemont has tried to make clear to the rest of us. Nor do romantic lovers want the burden of personal privacy that must be accepted in productive loving. The wished-for symbiotic union of "Passion's golden purity," as Shelley describes it, is, of course, private enough in its own way, but private in the way states of intoxication are: inclined to ignore the validity, or even existence, of other privacies. Shelley's lovers aspire to "One Heaven, one Hell, one immortality,/ And one annihilation." In this kind of universe there is not much room for anyone else.

Open and closed marriage

THIS KIND OF LOVE originated and flowered in various places and at various times; everywhere it is involved with the world of wet diapers, mortgages, war, taxes, and religious creeds. Something has to be said for it. Not only has it been the means by which the lovers experience an intensity of being, but, as Diana Trilling points out, a lot of morally and culturally desirable virtues are also closely associated with it: courage, self-sacrifice, personal and social expansiveness, and the capacity for great friendship. Everybody knows, however, that romantic love has come on hard times, and many are convinced that we would be better off without it. Countless marriage counselors have argued that combining love and marriage —as people have been trying to do since the nineteenth century—has burdened marriage with impossible expectations. Nena and George O'Neill, in their *Open Marriage*, call it "an irrational heritage" that is "intimately bound up with the very narrow definition of monogamy that prevails in our culture." To them romantic love celebrates limited love and the closed marriage, and to the limitless, open O'Neills nothing could be worse.

Open marriage for the O'Neills is based on "the identity and equality of both partners"; it is nonpossessive and immune from jealousy. Even adultery (and presumably other departures from old-style sexual fidelity) may be creative and growth-promoting—although in this context the O'Neills would not use the word *adultery*, since it suggests closed marriage. The important thing is to "be honest in your extramarital relationships" (as the O'Neills would put it, Aphrodite could not be honest in her extramarital relationship with Ares because, although she was ready for open marriage, Hephaestus was not). The important thing is not what the marriage partners do, or with whom, but whether they are "continually growing and discovering." In a truly open marriage "there are no limits on its further development."

All of this may seem to place the O'Neills on the side of Fromm's productive love and make them true champions of personal privacy, as if they would read Aristophanes' fable of the androgynes as a commentary on the human fear of individuality. When Fromm talks about loving in its broadest terms, however, he is operating on a more abstract level than that of a marriage counselor. A marriage in which the partners—following the prescription of the O'Neills—have as a primary and self-conscious objective their mutual growth and development may be on slippery psychological ground. Growth and development are what happen to people, taken singly or in groups, if they perform their duties properly (no easy matter) and are lucky. It would seem best to go about your marital business as intelligently, courageously, and humanely as you can and let the growth and development take care of themselves—just as in sports it is best to concentrate on playing the game and let physical development and character-building (if any) take care of themselves. The O'Neills try to surround open marriage with an aura of high-hearted noble adventure that is reminiscent of the aura of pseudo-transcendence in cosmetic ads. The vision of the limitlessly growing self or pair becomes the vision of a Holy Grail. For all the O'Neills' uplifting talk about synergy and its atmosphere of commitment to something bigger than the mere self, their direction, like that of the cosmetic ads, is toward isolation, not true privacy.

The distinction is crucial. Privacy at its best assumes a reciprocity between the self alone —not desolate—and others in a community of values. Privacy is not so much a natural right as an advantage that becomes natural in a community that is fortunate enough and culturally rich enough to be able to afford it. If it can afford too much of it, privacy tends to become a quirky, community-destroying isolationism and the community is bound to make more or less successful (and often quite repressive) efforts to knit itself back together again. In the meantime, the properly private person knows that his privacy depends on, and is even enhanced by, his public commitments; that it is an aspect of a social complex in which, in an important sense, the whole is always greater than the sum of the parts. This is productive privacy, with its indispensable boundaries since what comes out of it is good not only for the individual but, in one way or another, for the whole community. Privacy is a community thing, whether in marriage or in the larger social units. The last man in the world, lacking community, could be neither private nor hu

BECAUSE YOU READ BOOKS, READ THIS.

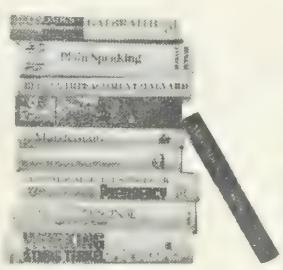
THE BOOKSERVICE. A totally new concept designed to help you get more enjoyment out of your reading, save valuable time by discovering which books to avoid, and save money on every book you buy from now on without any book club rigmarole. A big claim? Keep reading.

FIRST, THE UNIQUE BIWEEKLY BOOKLETTER. At the heart of THE BOOKSERVICE is the *Bookletter*, a fascinating newsletter you'll receive every other Monday.

It's a lively, up-to-the-minute, thoroughly entertaining guide to today's world of books. You'll read *reviews*—pro and con—of all the best-sellers, new releases, and significant revivals. Fiction and nonfiction. You'll enjoy original *essays* on publishing events and personalities, reappraisals of the immortal authors and first impressions of some likely candidates.

There are columns on *children's books*: which ones are written to benefit the young mind, and which solely to snare the adult dollar. Reviews of *craft and reference books*: how-to's, dictionaries, atlases, encyclopedias. *Trends* in publishing: the topics that are "hot," the fads and fancies in this mercurial medium.

Plus corridor *chatter* from the publishing palaces: how the authors, agents, editors and owners who make things work, work; why some great books nosedive while some disasters become the book of the month.

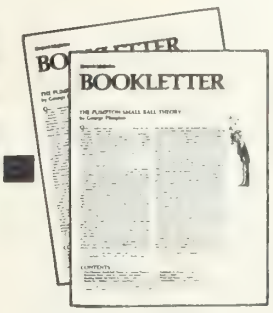


The *Bookletter's* range is from A to Z. The delivery, succinct, literate, and often irrepressible. The thoughts, always on target. Like George Plimpton's cutting satire of the sports book macho mania. Richard Adams paying his respects to the classics of childhood in "Ingredients of Watership Down," Jose Yglesias on Harriet Beecher Stowe—reversing unjust neglect. Glenda Adams on varieties of moon reading. And Walter Goodman reassessing *The Unheavenly City*—Edward C. Banfield's 1970 hardheaded view of the urban scene.

NEXT, 25%-40% SAVINGS ON NEARLY EVERY HARDCOVER BOOK IN PRINT. The special order form in each issue of the *Bookletter* invites you to buy any hardcover book in print—regardless of price or date of publication—at a substantial discount! (Text and reference books may be offered at somewhat lower discounts.) Check these typical bargains:

	Published At	Your Price
ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN by Woodward & Bernstein	8.95	6.90
TIMES TO REMEMBER by Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy	12.50	9.35
MANAGEMENT by Peter Drucker	12.50	9.35
WORKING by Studs Terkel	10.00	7.50
PILGRIM AT TINKER CREEK by Annie Dillard	7.95	4.75
WATERSHIP DOWN by Richard Adams	6.95	5.21
CARRYING THE FIRE by Michael Collins	10.00	7.50

As you can see, the savings are comparable to those of any book club. However, THE BOOKSERVICE is *not* a book club! You are never obligated to buy even one book.



MAIL THE COUPON TODAY FOR YOUR SPECIAL CHARTER MEMBERSHIP. The price for a Charter Membership to THE BOOKSERVICE is just $10 a year—billed semi-annually—including the book discount service and 24 biweekly issues of the *Bookletter*. Which means just $5 for the next exciting six months. Stack that against the money you'll save with the book discount service, and by following the *Bookletter's* don't-buy advice—and you're way ahead of the game.

And note this: As long as you remain a Charter Member, you will automatically receive the lowest rates available every time you renew!

. . . EXAMINE YOUR FIRST 2 ISSUES OF THE BOOKLETTER FREE!

As a Charter Member, you'll be entitled to examine—at no cost or obligation—your first two issues. If you love them, you stay with us. If you don't, just write "cancel" on your invoice and that's that. No questions asked.

What's more, should you decide to cancel anytime later during your subscription, you'll receive a *full refund* for your current six-month period. This year, next year, 1987—whenever and for whatever reason—you'll get a refund for your most recent six-month payment. *Not* prorated. In full!

No need to enclose payment with order now. Just be sure to mail the coupon right away, because the Charter Membership period will end before long. But most important, because you read books. And reading books—more enjoyably, more rewardingly, and more economically—is what THE BOOKSERVICE is all about.

Yes, please enter my Charter Membership to THE BOOKSERVICE at the special rate of *just $10 for one year*—instead of the regular $15. This entitles me to full discount book-buying privileges and a year of the *Bookletter* (issued every other Monday, 24 times a year).

☐ Please send bill for $5 now (and $5 six months from now)

☐ I prefer to enclose $5 (fully refundable)

name_____
(please print)

address_____

city_____

state_____ zip_____

A Service of Harper's Magazine Company 936

THE BOOKSERVICE

381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302

man. Narcissistic or unproductive privacy, on the other hand, assumes that everyone and everything outside of the self have value only insofar as they serve to enhance the self; otherwise they are simply part of the frustrating enemy.

UNFORTUNATELY, PRIVACY, whether productive or narcissistic, has always been hard to come by, and not even Western civilization has been able to afford very much of it for very long. But if a society can afford very little privacy, or none at all, its chances of deciding upon significant changes of direction are remote. Only events over which it has almost no control—natural disasters, conquest by hostile neighbors, et cetera—will interrupt its endless repetitions. Hence the importance of those institutions—lamaseries, monasteries, nunneries, the priesthood, academia—which provide for that degree of private detachment essential for critical perspectives, reevaluations, and changes of course. Alexander the Great seems to have known this, and, therefore, according to Plutarch, he cherished Aristotle and was once impressed enough with the self-sufficiency of the Cynic philosopher Diogenes to say "that if he were not Alexander, he would choose to be Diogenes." The medieval scholar Helen Waddell is convinced that the cave-dwelling solitaries of the Egyptian desert "stamped infinity on the imagination of the West." The scientist-humanist René Dubos tells us that the monastically private Benedictines of the early Middle Ages, with their wonderful conviction that to labor is to pray, created an atmosphere "in which European technology and science could develop." And what gaps there would be in English literature if the Church of England had not made available to writers such as Herrick, Swift, Sterne, and Newman the privacy of holy orders.

Nor should we overlook prison as a means by which societies have unwittingly provided the privacy (one might even say productive alienation) without which, for better or worse, society-modifying works could not have been written. Cervantes conceived *Don Quixote* in an Algerian prison. Sir Walter Raleigh's dream of El Dorado led him not to a city of gold but to the Tower of London, where he wrote his great *History of the World*. Prison afforded the privacy and reflection necessary for Thomas Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, and Cleaver's *Soul on Ice*. Who more than the Marquis de Sade and Jean Genet are able to say, "Prison made me"? When John Dean says that he may write a book in prison he is speaking out of a longer tradition than he knows. Those extremists who want to open prisons the way the O'Neills want to open marriage may deserve a closer look: p haps they are secretly convinced that the ki of liberated world they aspire to can come abo only if all possibilities for privacy—and the fore critical opposition—are removed.

It is often hard to tell whether the opponer of monogamous marriage and the nuclear fan ly feel that these institutions are too priva or not private enough. On the one hand, bo are a threat to the anarchist, who finds anythi opposing complete personal autonomy intoler ble. Although anarchism ostensibly promot self-expression, it is basically elitist in natu As George Woodcock has pointed out in h study of anarchism, "it involves a rejection the idea of the people as an entity distinct fro the individuals who compose it; it also involv a denial of popular government." Perhaps a archist types (they exist among us in gre numbers, although many are latent, the w homosexuals used to be) are attacking demo racy when they attack the nuclear family; th may see the family as the source of the co servative attitudes that democracy needs in o der to survive.

There are, however, those who find monog mous marriage and the nuclear family excl sive, divisive, competitive, violent, neuroti selfish, squanderers of scarce vital necessitie and so on. Such people, strongly compelled they are by the dream of total union, place the hopes in an updated and perhaps electron version of Golding's Neanderthal band. Toget erness is their theme and fondest hope. Ofte they are dazzled by the versions of it that con to them (at a safe remove) from Mao's Chir or Castro's Cuba. Some of them, finding th human womb itself far too private an enclav place their hopes in a completely technologic substitute for it (and perhaps have never bee able to forgive Aldous Huxley for making, *Brave New World*, a crude caricature out what should have been viewed as a truly salv tional experiment). Others dream of kibbu arrangements or group agricultural enterpris of the sort popularized by the counterculture the late Sixties. Rosemary Radford Reuthe for instance, writing in *The Berkeley Bar* wants the family to communalize so as to crea a "more open interpersonalism than the prese nuclear family in which two adults are expecte to nourish each other's entire sexual and inte personal needs for a lifetime." Significantly, i this scheme of things "humanistic arts and skil would recover their social value, ceasing to h privatized."

Understandably, many people who are hig on togetherness are likely also to be caught u in Western civilization's long love affair wit the androgyne, who is seen as a relief not onl from the burdens of privacy but from the soci evils of heterosexual exclusivity and conflic

Miss Reuther's socialized commune would include heterosexuals and homosexuals, married couples, group marriages, and, I suspect, open marriages, but no matter what the options available the most significant concern would be the flowering of an androgyne personality "free to actualize the whole range of human psychic potential." Meantime, the androgyne flowers around us, especially among the young, in hair and clothing styles, posture and gesture, even in the relaxed intersexual use of obscenities once reserved for men alone. Readers of *Rolling Stone*, *The Berkeley Barb*, and similar tabloids know how much the vision of the androgyne has captivated the rock world; for it, Aristophanes' fable ought to be as sacred a text as Charles Reich's *The Greening of America* once was. Despite the beards and mustaches on those who produce rock music, one is constantly tempted to suspect that, with its strong tendency to induce states of ecstatic togetherness in which heterosex is transcended by unisex, it is fundamentally biased for the androgynous and antiprivate. This, at any rate, appeared to be the case with the rock musical *Hair* (described by its authors as a "group tribal activity"), which aspired to a condition no more self-consciously heterosexual than that of Golding's Neanderthals.

One should also include among those who find monogamous marriage excessively possessive, divisive, and private those who open it up through orgies or swinging encounters with other couples, or those who enrich the traditional marital mix with a third partner, to be enjoyed according to the needs of either spouse. And there are, of course, the contemporary variations on those extramarital escapades that were once the staples of bawdy farce. To judge from the personals in *The New York Review of Books*, for instance, more and more people of the better sort (slim, trim, witty, articulate, book-, music-, nature-, and foreign-film-loving) are opening up their marriages in terms such as these:

> PROFESSIONAL MAN, 46, married, seeks discreet supplemental relationship with sensuous female any age.

The O'Neills would hardly approve of that "discreet" with its clear implication that Professional Man is not being entirely honest with someone, most likely his wife, but the elevation of adultery to "supplemental relationship" is a semantic achievement they ought to applaud. It suggests not the clandestine frivolity of old-fashioned catting around but a personal need fulfilled—and this, to judge from their own testimony, is the way many swingers and orgiasts understand their experiences. Presumably they would be scandalized by Aphrodite and Ares, who copulate with never a thought about personal or mutual growth. The striking thing, in fact, about all these departures from traditional marital practices is the moralism of the rhetoric that surrounds them. No doubt we will know more about these matters when Gay Talese's big book on sex in America appears, but in the meantime it is easy to get the impression (see, for instance, the recent advertisement in *The New York Times Book Review* for Edmund L. Van Deusen's *Contract Cohabitation*) that great numbers of these people are opening up their marriages not out of lechery but out of a sincere commitment to the greater selves they may thereby grow to be, and to whom they are as devoted as Tristan was to Isolde.

"If a society can afford very little privacy, or none at all, its chances of deciding upon significant changes of direction are remote."

Supporting roles

MEANWHILE, MONOGAMOUS MARRIAGE and the nuclear family survive, though sorely beset from many quarters and condemned to obsolescence now these many years. More marriages than ever end in divorce, but most of the divorced people try again and yet again to be monogamous and nuclear. The perversity of it is enough to drive both anarchistic and global-village utopians mad. In a world in which the privacy of the person is increasingly threatened —whether by government or technology; by the media or by population growth; or by the threat of an indiscriminate togetherness that reacts to all these—the institution of the monogamous nuclear family still holds out the best promise of that combination of personal separateness and self-transcending commitment that makes productive privacy possible.

Those for whom monogamous nuclear marriage is morally offensive tend to agree that one of its most vicious features is the encouragement it gives to role-playing—the performance of those socially conditioned acts of pretense that frustrate the growth of the unique self or impede the ecstatic merging with other selves. Old-style marriage is organized along the lines of the role divisions of male-female, husband-wife, father-mother, wage-earner-housewife, father-son, mother-daughter, et cetera. "Without sex-role stereotyping," Miss Reuther writes, "sex-personality stereotyping could also disappear." The radical lesbian Jill Johnston (who sometimes sounds as if she believes that heterosexuality is a male chauvinist plot) hopes for a "faraway day of sexual liberation" in which "we will of course no longer be gay or straight or man or woman" and therefore role-free at last. In Mr. Van Deusen's "contract cohabitation" (which is probably not what Miss Johnston imagines for her faraway day) there will be "no sexist role-playing." For the psychologist Carl R. Rogers, role-playing is the expression of

that personality "incongruence" typified by the performer in radio and TV commercials, an automaton who belies or denies "the feelings and attitudes which at that moment are flowing *in* him."

As might be expected, this bias against role-playing has itself become a stereotype to be ingeniously exploited by the advertising industry, whose interests are served by promoting the role of the non-role-player. A recent advertisement for one of the Coty products, for instance, depicts a handsome young couple in loving embrace. Their honest convictions are represented as follows:

> *He: Being more of a man used to mean having 16-inch biceps, or driving faster than anybody else. Today, it means being strong enough to be gentle.*
>
> *She: Being more of a woman used to mean acting hard to get. Today it means not acting at all.*

It is pointless here to ask whether these are spoken words or mere thoughts, a distinction the old-style private person would understand and know how to honor but which in this context could only mean dishonesty. The young couple expresses the ideal of congruence among thoughts, words, and acts that suggests not only Golding's tribe but that contemporary and highly successful role-player who occupies so much territory in both popular and high literature: the confessional hero in whom we are willing to forgive (if not applaud) any amount of private wickedness provided he gives a sufficiently honest and detailed public account of it.

No doubt many of the antirole people suspect that the close connection between role-playing and privacy is one of the great attractions of monogamous nuclear marriage. As they see it, however, it is the sort of privacy that results when one ceases to be open to the future. One must concede to them that much role-playing is sadly inflexible and in effect a form of imprisonment in an irrelevant past; nevertheless, it is still one of the best means so far devised for the economical discovery and use of human capacities. Thus even those who oppose it are condemned, by the necessity of concentrating their energies for attack, to counter-role-playing. As the drama critic Eric Bentley has pointed out, there is no alternative to role-playing, whether in the drama or in real life. "The choice is only between one role and another."

Role-playing, like productive privacy, can be defined negatively as the consequence of ignoring, or defending oneself from, information that threatens the pursuit of a particular objective. The negative approach is important because it helps us to see that the role-structured nuclear family functions like the computer as an organized defense against the threat of being overwhelmed by information. This is of cours also true of Golding's Neanderthals, the diffe ence being that in the tribe role-structuring very rudimentary, making privacy impossibl Until the Inheritors arrive, the tribe exists in state of equilibrium with the information it ca register: it *is* its information. Those who sti dream of the electronic global village as the sa vation of fragmented modern society similarl dream of a condition in which the tribe is i information, whereas the private role-playin person, who is bound to be skeptical of such dream, has an ironic awareness that the ga between himself and all possible information unbridgeable. He will probably also know th role-structuring is a way to keep the prese from devouring the past.

To say that the monogamous nuclear fam ily is role-structured is to say also that it gap-structured: that when it is functioning w (which may not be nearly often enough) functions as if informed with the awareness th certain distances (each of which is a potenti for a productive privacy) can never be close Male can never become female, wife can nev become husband, parent can never becon lover. Trouble begins and privacy is threatene as members of the family lose their versatilit and insist on playing one role only: husban for instance, wants to be nothing but brea winner and so fails as lover and father; wi wants to be nothing but mother and so perha drives her husband to discreet supplement relationships; son wants to be nothing but chil and so cannot develop into lover and parent.

One of the more interesting opponents role-structuring was the workshop on a ge der-free society at the Men's Liberation Co ference held last July at New York Universit Among other things, the workshop considere these possibilities: non-sex-identifiable name removal of sex identification from all applic tion forms, unisex public toilets, and skirt-ty clothing for men. I mention this workshop n simply because a gender-free society would l a nonprivate society (between the privates ar privacy there is a close connection) but becau its proposals, however extreme, are quite lo ical extensions of the urge to close the ga that keep us apart. Those who are in favor the gaps, to say nothing of the separation privates, could have taken comfort from th fact that at about the same time the First N tional Hookers Convention was going on in Sa Francisco. Hookers, of course, have about much to gain from a gender-free society as fro the sexual liberation movement. They are als and unavoidably, on the side of privacy, sin most of them, unlike the O'Neills, believe th love should be hidden behind closed doors. A

traditional suppliers of supplemental relaships, hookers even have a stock in the nogamous nuclear family, and so are on the e of privacy on that score, too.

The availability of the hooker when monogaus marriage gets too closed for comfort es not keep the opponents of traditional marge from complaining about its growth-inbiting scarcity of options. The advantage of O'Neills' open marriage can be seen as a gain in available options—to which, accordg to a late report, they have themselves added option of divorce. Rogers's psychology is otion-rich; indeed, as a recent survey of the ld in *Psychology Today* points out, psychoy itself is a supermarket of options. No sooner es *The Joy of Sex* enrich our erotic needs th previously unimagined options (and we e perhaps bogged down and breathless around ge 200) than the same author overwhelms us th *More Joy* and still more options. *Options* s become one of our magic words, to be used all magic words are used, in an absolute nse: options are what we expect to have more , and be better off because of, as restrictions e removed from individual or group behavior.

But contemporary option-consciousness must t be taken lightly. Privacy itself is an option at civilization makes available. Not only that, t privacy assumes the existence of other opns not taken up and against which it defines elf. Golding's well-merged Neanderthals are otion-poor and therefore easily overcome. The istake, however, lies in thinking that any inease in available options is clear gain: the ore options, the more life and the fewer fixed otion-inhibiting roles. Apparently there is a oint beyond which the chance for a satisfacry life decreases as the options increase. The sychologist Z. J. Lipowski has put it this way *The American Journal of Psychiatry:*

> *I maintain that it is specifically the overabundance of attractive alternatives, aided and abetted by an affluent and increasingly complex society, that leads to conflict, frustration, unrelieved appetitive tension, more approach tendencies, and more conflict—a veritable vicious cycle.*

Professor Lipowski is describing a condition at might be called option shock. This state, ecause it is destructive of standards and catories for organizing information, makes priacy highly unlikely.

The irony here is that late-twentieth-century ption shock is the consequence of a cultural nrichment that could not have happened without privacy and without the time- and informaion-structuring functions of role and institution —without, in other words, a considerable meure of skepticism about the wisdom of submiting oneself confidently to process and change.

IT IS UNDERSTANDABLE, THEN, that the solution seems to be a confident and nonironic commitment to process and change. Rogers speaks with approval of the increasing number of people who say in effect: "I want to be a process in which I am becoming my deepest, truest self." For such people "continual change is the essence of the goal"; fixed rules of behavior and standards of morality are out; the individual is his own highest authority. However, the net result is de-alienating and gap-removing, since the deep drives of this "process" person would probably be toward community—drives which might lead him in the direction of Miss Reuther's communitarian socialism.

Rogers has an Emersonian confidence in the pursuit of the unique self and in the ultimate benevolence of nature. But Emerson lived in a time when the socioeconomic conditions of a traditionally structured society had not only made such a pursuit a protected option but kept the anticommunitarian and even antidemocratic implications of that option from becoming too apparent. He was a very private man, as his journals and such essays as "The New England Reformers" indicate; the cozy togetherness of Brook Farm was no more to his liking than Miss Reuther's erotic androgynous commune would have been. But Rogers and Reuther live in the late twentieth century: they must contend with alienation, with anomie, with the menace of technology, with behaviorism and capitalism. Understandably, they attempt to reconcile the modern anarchist temper with the urge to merge. I surely am not alone, however, in suspecting that, since the latter is the stronger impulse, the productively private man will suffer in proportion to the success of their attempt.

It is possible, of course, that if we lose privacy we will find that we have not lost so much after all, that there are far more useful things, that it is far too expensive anyway, that togetherness is spiritually a far richer thing—though how we would know this without keeping privacy around for comparison is hard to imagine. Nevertheless, I cannot help thinking that there is a warning in Aristophanes' fable. Those primeval androgynous creatures, he tells us, were terrible in the might and strength of their unity so that "the thoughts of their hearts were great, and they made an attack upon the gods." In order to humble their pride and mend their manners, therefore, Zeus cut them in two "like a sorb-apple which is halved for pickling," creating thereby an irreversible disjunction that humans have had to live with ever after. Were the gods trying to teach men and women that certain unbridgeable gaps, especially the gap between gods and mortals, were not only a constant in human experience but in the condition of humanness itself? If so, O jealous but wise gods! □

"Swingers and orgiasts would presumably be scandalized by Aphrodite and Ares, who copulate with never a thought about personal or mutual growth."

COMMENTARY

FLY NOW, LIVE LATER

How many more air crashes—how many more dead passengers—will it take before U.S. airlines install a warning device that could prevent as many as half those crashes?

Since 1972 some 56 percent of fatal airliner accidents have been caused by what FAA jargon calls CFIT ("controlled flight into terrain"). In English, this means that pilots literally fly their planes and passengers into the ground—obviously because *they don't know the ground is there* until it's too late to do anything about it. Examples:

☐ August 16, 1965: Divers recovered thirty bodies from Lake Michigan after a 727 pilot, thinking he was 10,000 feet higher, descended through the haze into the lake.

☐ February 4, 1966: Crew members of a 727 over Tokyo Bay were trying to spot another plane in their landing pattern and flew directly into the bay, killing 133.

☐ September 4, 1971: Searchers found 111 bodies on a mountain near Juneau, Alaska, because the pilots of yet another 727 thought they were somewhere else.

☐ September 29, 1972: The Everglades, short of Miami International Airport, were strewn with 99 bodies because the crew members of an L-1011 were paying more attention to a faulty panel light than to their altitude.

☐ September 11, 1974: Pilots and a stewardess were so involved in a political discussion that they forgot to make required altitude readout calls and dropped their DC-9 short of the runway at Charlotte, North Carolina. Seventy persons died.

This is just a sampling. From 1968 through 1973, U.S. carriers alone suffered thirty-six fatal crashes. Recent testimony before the House Commerce Committee revealed that thirty-three of these could have been prevented by a simple warning system that Scandinavian Airlines has been using since 1971 and that some thirty other foreign carriers are now flying. The system is called "ground prox" — industry shorthand for "ground proximity warning system" —because it warns pilots whenever they're closer to the ground than they ought to be.

Ground prox comes cheap, as aircraft instruments go, because it's not an instrument. It's simply a computer that takes input from a jetliner's standard navigational aids and determines what the plane is doing in relation to the ground. Then it races ahead like a tape recorder on fast forward to find out whether there's danger of the plane and the ground coming together *unexpectedly*. As soon as a crash is imminent—usually about twenty seconds before impact —ground prox gets authoritarian. It doesn't pussyfoot around like some 200 other tones and lights that pilots routinely monitor and too often ignore. When you're really in trouble, ground prox whoops like a wounded submarine; flashing lights and a voice with all the subtlety of a drill sergeant tell the pilots precisely what to do *now* ("Pull up! Pull up!"). The whoops, lights, and verbal commands continue every one-and-a-half seconds until the pilots get you ba to a safe altitude.

Pilots have been asking for som thing like this for at least fifte years. Back in November 1970 t National Transportation Safe Board issued the first of five offic recommendations to the FAA, all them encouraging the developme of a "ground proximity warning sy tem for use in the approach a landing phases of operation." T years later, with such a system already operational on Scandinavi planes, the NTSB said flatly th "ground proximity warning systen should be required for use in commercial passenger flight oper tions."

In response to the NTSB's u equivocal message, the FAA took a other six months to get out a bulleti simply asking the airlines wheth they thought ground prox systen should be required. Administrato spent another seventeen months an lyzing the sixteen replies they r ceived. On September 16, 1974—c incidentally, just two days before t House Commerce Committee bega hearings on the subject—the FA slipped a notice into the Federal Re ister, something called "Notice Proposed Rule Making," which di not mention when, if ever, groun prox would become mandatory.

Finally, after a 727 crashed into mountain near Washington, D.C., la December 1, killing ninety-two, th FAA passed a ruling requiring th airlines to install ground prox sy tems. Even then, however, the FA gave the airlines a year to comply

Why haven't U.S. airlines installe ground prox systems on their own a

Terry King is a free-lance writer.

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

h e so many foreign carriers? F nk White, director of communicati ns and systems for the Air Transp t Association, says, "Since there a eady were hundreds of knobs and d ls and switches in the plane, there w s serious doubt in our minds that g und prox would make a serious c ntribution to safety. Would ano er warning device make any diffe ence?"

This argument is specious, at b t. Ground prox has logged well over 50,000 flight hours without an accid nt; exhaustive studies show that it uld have prevented at least 85 per- nt of all CFIT crashes since 1969. Reduced insurance premiums alone c uld cover the purchase and installa- n costs in less than six months. Te system's average price tag of $0,000—installation is included—kes ground prox for a 747 *comprable to an extra side-view mirror f your new car.*

wo hopeful signs: despite its finan- l problems, Pan Am began putting e warning systems on its entire 4-plane fleet last spring, and Bran- began retrofitting its planes last fl. But it's apparent that a mandatry ruling will have to be made be- re the giants like United follow it. So, even if the FAA sticks with tterfield's "probable" timetable, u'll have to wait until October 76 before you can be sure the ane you're on is protected by ound prox. That's just about six ars after NTSB's first recommenation.

Testimony at the House Commerce mmittee hearings showed that ch year roughly 500 passengers d crew members die in CFIT ashes—which means that about 000 people have been killed and 750 million in airline profits has ne down with them (liability suits, ll losses, increased insurance preiums) since FAA first got the word at ground proximity warning deces might be a good idea.

Would you call it "footdragging?" Commerce Committee members emed to think so. J. J. Pickle of exas cited the "cold fact" that enty-three CFIT crashes of comercial airliners have killed 1,200 eople since January 1972. "I think very member of this committee ould say you have to proceed carelly, but when in the space of a little over two years we have lost 1,200 people, then it would seem to me that time becomes more important than procedure." Pickle asked whether "the FAA is not exercising more caution, more hesitancy and even concern for manufacturers than they are for safety." Chairman Harley Staggers added: "I don't know of any other agency of government or private industry or any other place in the world that would take that long with people's lives."

—Terry King
North Bend, Washington

COMMUNITY MENTAL HEALTH: GOOD INTENTIONS RUN AMOK

Three cheers. They're closing down the snake pits; they're opening up the wards. Hooray, hooray. They'll discharge anyone who can sign his name and a few who can't. Everyone knows state mental hospitals are awful, so freeing everyone, even those who want to stay, must be for the best.

The name of the game is Community Mental Health, a system designed to maintain patients in the community in order to spare them the stigma and other dreadful consequences of institutionalization. Therapy will be taken care of in health centers and halfway houses. Many states have already begun such programs; their popularity makes it look as if the nation's large state hospitals will be phased out.

Mental illness is something everyone would just as soon didn't exist; the temptation to declare it nonexistent or to deemphasize its seriousness has always been strong. Until recently this temptation has been balanced by the cold hard fact of the matter: people go crazy, and not just a few and not just a little crazy. But the escapist impulse has recently gained powerful allies in the form of "experts" like Thomas (*The Myth of Mental Illness*) Szasz and R. D. (schizophrenia as a reasonable reaction to an unreasonable society) Laing.

Contrary to the popular conceit that more and more people are going insane in our hectic society, fewer and fewer are doing so. Five or ten years ago the staggering number of people institutionalized in large state hospitals made shutting them down a practical impossibility. But now, with new drugs that manage to control some of the more alarming manifestations of psychoses, and the virtual elimination of several diseases that contributed to insanity, such as brain syphilis and pellagra, the proportions of the problem have been sufficiently reduced. Ignoring serious mental illness has become an increasingly distinct possibility.

What is Community Mental Health? For many it seems to conjure up visions of cozy little centers, staffed with warm, sympathetic, well-trained personnel. The disturbed will presumably be willing to bring in small problems before they become big ones, and the state role in mental health will be switched from custodial to preventive.

It's a lovely vision, but there are a few hitches that even the most conscientious implementation of Community Mental Health programs won't be able to do much about. There is little evidence to indicate that major psychiatric problems were once minor ones that could have been headed off with a little sympathy and understanding. There *is* quite a bit of evidence to the contrary. Psychosis makes life a nightmare for thousands of people, and will continue to do so until effective treatments are discovered. Pleasant treatment centers can be no more than a nice gesture. To assume that they can in any way approach the heart of a patient's suffering is to be blind to the reality of mental illness. Hospital conditions, as dreadful as they may be, are a very small part of the pain of mental illness.

The need for continued research to find more effective approaches to treatment is another issue. The problem is that these programs are being instituted in a manner that is anything but conscientious or careful.

Theoretically these programs come in two parts: (1) the establishment

Mark Vonnegut, currently a premed student at the University of Massachusetts, is the author of The Eden Express, *an account of schizophrenia, to be published by Praeger next fall.*

of Community Mental Health centers, halfway houses, rehabilitative counseling, vocational training, and associated services; and (2) the phasing out of large state hospitals. For lack of money, staff, and planning, the constructive parts of the program haven't gotten off the ground. There are a few showcases, but by and large the promised services have failed to materialize and show little hope of doing so in the reasonably near future. Despite this, part two is proceeding full speed ahead.

Keeping patients within the community has recently become a virtual article of faith among mental-health experts; hospitalization is to be avoided at all costs. Supposedly, this prevents the patient from lapsing into institutionalized stupor, saves him from the stigma of having been a mental patient, and keeps him in contact with his society. It's undoubtedly a wise policy in some cases, but the lengths to which it is being taken are utterly absurd, even destructive. Prior to his seeking admission to a hospital, the patient is often already in an "institutionalized stupor" and in minimal contact with society.

So what happens to these patients whose freedom is restored? Vocational training or counseling? Halfway houses? A little help finding housing? Maybe for some, but the vast majority of patients are discharged with little more than a friendly pat on the back. If they're lucky someone will explain how to apply for welfare. And then what? Apparently there is such faith in this program that no one has bothered to do very much by way of follow-up studies. What scraps of information we have are not very encouraging. The suicide rate is high. Some former patients kill themselves more subtly, with alcohol, drugs, or by simply failing to take care of their most basic health needs. Unemployment and welfare statistics are staggering, perhaps in the 90 percent range. Many former patients hole up in welfare hotels or shabby apartments whose squalor rivals and often surpasses conditions in the worst of our back wards. For all the therapeutic interaction going on between them and the community, they might just as well be back in the hospital, except there meals came regularly, routine health problems were checked, and every once in a while someone would see how they were doing. A few patients make it out in the community; many more don't.

If hospitalization is such a dreadful thing, one wonders why the rich are still using it, and letting the poor have such a marvelous new system of maintenance in the community. Hospitalization—getting the hell out of the community, the family, the job—is often an essential part of getting well. For all the millions of things we don't know about mental illness, we do know that the stress and r sponsibility of day-to-day living an "trying to act normal" aggravate and hinder recovery. With the cor ing of Community Mental Health, th only place one will be able to g locked up will be in ritzy private ho pitals.

There is a growing tendency t see the problems of the insane phil sophically, sociologically, or rel giously rather than medically. Th leads to superficial notions—for e ample, that insanity is understandab and perhaps even a proper respons to the spiritual sickness of our soc ety, or that the insane are weaklin and escapists unable or unwilling face reality, notions which are tota ly unsupported by the history an statistics of insanity. In a sense, wh these romantic views lead to is di missal of the sick. To tell someon suffering from emphysema to con off it and start breathing right wou be absurd, but this is essential what we are doing to those sufferin from severe mental illness. By den ing the problem, we eliminate on of the few kind things we can do fo the mentally ill—to give them break and free them from the n tion that they are either faking it are somehow responsible for the own suffering. If there is anythin worse than being insane, it's beir insane and being told there is not ing wrong with you.

I have no doubt that many pr ponents of Community Mental Heal are well intentioned, and that th program as they envision it wou be a vast improvement over sta hospitals. But they need adequa funding for the establishment of ha way houses, vocational training, an related services. None of this h happened. As the system is beir put into effect, the emphasis is closing the big hospitals. This sav money, looks liberal, and ignor several alarming problems.

I have two modest proposals: fir that adequate studies be made of th recently discharged patients, and, se ond, that the wholesale discharges l stopped or at least slowed down un some of the more constructive a pects of the program are operatin It is essential that Community Ment Health not be carelessly unleashe on the public; it should be tested carefully as if it were a new drug.

—Mark Vonneg
Boston, Ma

TRUTH
by Philip Appleman

We shall die alone.
—Pascal

An army of moments:
jade against the skin
heavenly Aïda
a view of Toledo
belly and thighs—
it is always
war to the last man,
every man
is the last man,
you
are the last man
remembering
heat and pressure
mass and energy
wave length and frequency
beauty and truth—
none of your captains
will remember,
none of your non-coms
will follow you there,
only the big-eyed recruits:
sunrise in April
purple clowns Beaujolais
duckling in peaches
belly and thighs—
at the final moment
they
will be with you, blindfolded
with you, standing there with
you, backs to the wall.

You might measure success by what the Joneses throw away. And today, that's a pretty good measure.

Public officials and businessmen are watching your neighbor's—and your—garbage with a lot more interest than you think. They see our garbage as one of America's growing natural resources.

In 23 cities and counties across the nation these imaginative men are already reclaiming steel cans from the tide of municipal garbage.

In dozens of other communities, programs are under way to utilize household garbage as an energy source. To be burned as a supplement to coal and oil, to be used alone as a dry fuel or to be converted into fuel oil and gas. And almost all of these programs also call for the recovery of steel cans.

Steel's magnetic property makes it the easiest material to reclaim. As a result, billions of these scrap cans are recycled in steelmaking, copper mining, detinning and ferro-alloy production. Soon, iron foundries also will be recycling steel cans.

St. Louis provides electricity for 25,000 homes by burning garbage. Chicago will generate electricity for 45,000 homes and conserve 100,000 tons of coal annually by burning garbage. By 1975, garbage-to-energy systems also will be operating in Baltimore, Ames, Iowa, and Saugus, Massachusetts. The State of Connecticut expects to meet 11 percent of its electricity needs by 1985 by burning garbage. (Success doesn't come overnight).

If energy is a problem in your city, consider keeping up with the Joneses. We'll try to give you a hand.

For more information write, **Tinplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute, 1000 16th Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.**

The sweet smell of success

Steel
the recycled material

Tinplate Producers
American Iron
and Steel Institute



BOOKS

SOME BAKER STREET IRREGULARS

by Charles Nicol

The Sherlock Holmes Scrapbook, edited by Peter Haining. Clarkson N. Potter, $10.
The Seven-Per-Cent Solution, by Nicholas Meyer. E. P. Dutton, $6.95.
The Return of Moriarty, by John Gardner. Putnam, $8.95.
Naked Is the Best Disguise, by Samuel Rosenberg. Bobbs-Merrill, $8.95.



WHEN I READ Conan Doyle as a boy, I was surprised at first by the simplicity, and then the beauty of the prose.

Children have a better sense of style than adults because they have not yet skimmed over acres of junk writing; they read slowly, with concentration, with the assumption that whatever has been written down must be in one sense or another true, with an ear for the individual ring of each sentence. Conan Doyle's sentences were among the best, small clear bells full of light. They were so short as to be almost insulting, but soon one fell into their lucid rhythm, as direct and subtle as the Great Detective himself. Listen to Holmes's description of Moriarty, the most sinister man who ever lived:

> *He is the Napoleon of crime, Watson. He is the organizer of half that is evil and of nearly all that is undetected in this great city. He is a genius, a philosopher, an abstract thinker. He has a brain of the first order. He sits motionless, like a spider in the centre of its web, but that web has a thousand radiations, and he knows well every quiver of each of them. He does little himself. He only plans. But his agents are numerous and splendidly organized.*

A few terse pages later, Moriarty and Holmes disappear from a narrow ledge, apparently dashed to bits in the cauldron of the terrible Reichenbach Fall.

The evidence is unmistakable. "I began to think of Holmes's own methods and to try to practise them in reading this tragedy," Watson modestly explains.

> *Two lines of footmarks were clearly marked along the farther end of the path, both leading away from me. There were none returning. A few yards from the end the soil was all ploughed up into a patch of mud, and the brambles and ferns which fringed the chasm were torn and bedraggled. I lay upon my face and peered over with the spray spouting up all around me.*

Years later, of course, Holmes reappeared. He claimed that he had climbed up the sheer cliff to a narrow ledge, and watched the heartbroken Watson peering into the spray, hearing the "half-human cry of the fall." I suspect that in response to requests from an outraged public, Sherlock Holmes had merely, with his usual assurance, returned from the dead.

If Holmes is universal and unkillable, he is also a recognizable product of the Victorian era. Like such contemporaries as George Bernard Shaw, his sexuality is sublimated into his mental development. Yet Freud, born the same year as Shaw, saw that repression could lead to hysteria rather than fierce energy. Holmes, of course, had his own escapes from despair—his violin and his needle.

In the first novel, Watson quickly recognizes that Holmes is a drug addict, although he uses immense tact in informing us of his observations: "I have noticed such a dreamy, vacant expression in his eyes, that I might have suspected him of being addicted to the use of some narcotic had not the temperance and cleanliness of his whole life forbidden such a notion." Yet he begins the next novel with the sentence, "Sherlock Holmes took his bottle from the corner of the mantelpiece, and his hypodermic syringe from its neat morocco case." On this particular day, Holmes injects a 7 percent solution of cocaine; sometimes he uses morphine instead. In later novels, Holmes appears to have given up the needle, and surely we have Watson's determination to thank.

BUT THE MAGIC of the Sherlock Holmes stories lies deeper than style and characterization, in the art-philosophy-science of deduction. Other heroes of our childhood had inimitable gimmicks: we could not turn into Captain Marvel by saying, "Shazam"; we could not perform feats of legerdemain, levitation, sorcery, and necromancy by saying words backward; we were not born in the jungle or on another planet. But it seemed entirely possible that we could train ourselves to read the minutiae of the world around us like a comic book

Charles Nicol, an assistant professor of English at Indiana State University, is writing An Erotics of Nabokov's Novels.

rlock Holmes merely possessed a
ned eye in a trained head. He was
. *The Sherlock Holmes Scrap-*
ok informs us that the model for
mes was a Dr. Joseph Bell under
m Doyle had studied in Edin-
gh. Bell not only made brilliant
gnoses, he also described his pa-
nts' occupations from studying
r clothing and mannerisms. Be-
d this, Conan Doyle himself per-
ned some prodigies of deduction
n requested by distressed readers.
ording to his widow, "he was in-
mental in reversing two serious
carriages of justice."

he details of the stories square
the philosophy. So many ad-
ers have believed that these de-
s were consistent and factual that
y have become real. *The Sherlock*
mes Scrapbook, an attractive,
e-format companion to the adven-
s, demonstrates this reality, for
rovides maps and even photo-
phs of the rooms at 221B Baker
eet, in addition to a wide variety
Holmesiana, including some ex-
ples from that delightfully eccen-
field, Sherlock Holmes scholar-
p, whose cardinal rule is that Wat-
never made a mistake. One dev-
e was thinking of "cross-breed-
leeches like geraniums" to achieve
legendary red leech. If the *Scrap-*
ok resembles the Borges story in
ich fictitious artifacts invade the
rld, we should not be surprised;
er all, Baker Street is self-con-
ned and logical, and must be the
l world. It is we who are beyond
pale.

A tacit understanding has been
ched among Sherlock Holmes
olars that, since Conan Doyle is
er mentioned in the stories, he
esn't exist. Conan Doyle must have
red precisely this, and it explains
ruthless decision to kill this hero
o had so eclipsed his creator. He
ew Holmes down the Reichenbach
ll in 1893.

Eight years later, the repentant
yle revived Holmes. First came
e Hound of the Baskervilles, with
mention of Holmes's death and
urrection. Eventually, "The Ad-
nture of the Empty House" ex-
ained how Holmes had defeated
oriarty; he continued his cleanup
capturing Moriarty's first lieuten-
t, Col. Sebastian Moran. And Con-
Doyle continued to chronicle the
ing sleuth until 1927. After Doyle's
ath, of course, other writers at-

PATHWAY TO CREATIVITY.

The Art of Inner Listening

BY JESSIE K. CRUM

■ How to release to the fullest your inner resources for creative living. A personal journey within that has useful meaning to every individual who would make the most of his inherent mental power. Softbound.

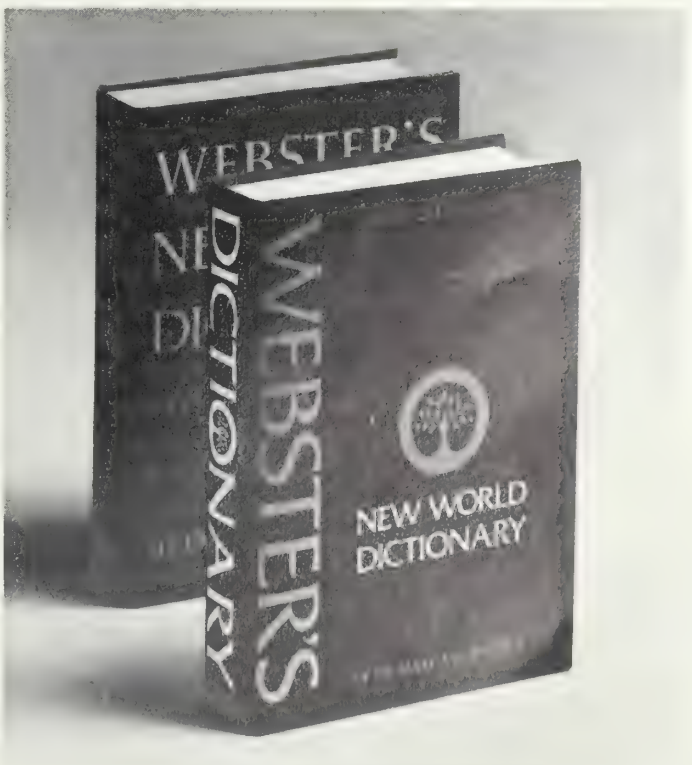
A NEW RE-QUEST BOOK . . . $1.25 AT BOOKSTORES

or postpaid promptly from Quest Books Dept. HM, 306 West Geneva Road, Wheaton, IL 60187

The Theosophical Publishing House WHEATON, IL LONDON MADRAS

DO YOU RECOGNIZE THE BEST DICTIONARY?

The outstanding college dictionary ought to stand out from the crowd. So we've given the updated 1974 Webster's New World Dictionary, Second College Edition, a new look. The quality dictionary long acclaimed by scholars, critics, writers and educators as the clearest and easiest to use is now easier to recognize. The best is also the most, because it has more pages, more entries, more new words and phrases than any other college dictionary. Look for it at your bookseller's. Recognize the best.



COLLINS WORLD

2080 West 117th Street, Cleveland, Ohio 44111

tempted to add to the chronicle, notably Doyle's son Adrian. But all these works dissolved into their own ink as soon as they were written.

BY NOW WE HAVE filled in enough background to consider the other three Holmesian books published this year, none of which accepts the Holmes-Moriarty confrontation at face value. Of these the least important is *The Return of Moriarty*, in which Sherlock Holmes never appears. According to its author, John Gardner (certainly not the John Gardner of *The Wreckage of Agathon, The Sunlight Dialogues,* and *Nickel Mountain;* not even the John Gardner of Common Cause; but the John Gardner of the Boysie Oakes books, whatever they are), nobody disappeared into the boiling pool at the base of the Reichenbach Fall; instead, Holmes and Moriarty agreed on a truce. Neither was to return to London for three years, and after that they would keep out of each other's way. Preposterous! Holmes would never have agreed.

Gardner's Moriarty is a young fratricide who often disguises himself as his deceased elder brother, the mathematics professor—apparently the disguise had fooled Holmes. He does indeed control most of the crime in London, but his modus operandi is clearly borrowed from *The Godfather*. He refers to his organization as "our family." He is described as one of the "dons" (although Gardner justifies this one in a footnote). And he is guilty of plagiarizing the Godfather's most famous line; in Moriarty's language it comes out, "I will be in a position to put a suggestion to him that he will find it hard to spurn."

Gardner's reluctance to present Holmes himself is something of a mystery; after his unlikely explanation that Holmes refuses to deal further with Moriarty, he invents an Inspector Crow to take on the role of detective in hot pursuit. Incidentally, no fewer than four love interests are developed here, three for the criminals and one for the inspector. Incidentally again, Gardner has a certain limited ability to dig up and use odd facts (such as the five or six convincing but unnecessary period menus listed in the novel). He could probably write a sloppy best-seller in the tradition of *Airport, Hotel, Supermarket, Laundromat,* and *Parking Lot*. Instead, he hopes to write a sequel to this Moriarty junk. He shouldn't.

WHILE *The Return of Moriarty* is merely irrelevant, *Naked Is the Best Disguise* is a book whose publication makes the world a poorer place in which to live. Its author, described on the dust jacket as a "literary detective," is an unconscionable propagator and purveyor of misinformation, a disgustingly incompetent commentator who first gets an idea by accident, and then outrageously twists and squeezes perfectly innocent texts until they excrete some odious fluid that supposedly proves his point.

On the assumption that even tapeworms may appear fascinating if one doesn't have to live with them, let us look at Samuel Rosenberg's major "discovery," that Moriarty is based on Nietzsche. Rosenberg is so proud of himself, so self-infatuated, that he explains at great and telling length all of his detective processes, no doubt believing himself to be a new Sherlock Holmes detailing his logic to an admiring, gaping, perhaps even gibbering, reader.

First, Rosenberg got his great idea, and he did not get it from reading Sherlock Holmes. On one of his "fascinating" magazine assignments he stopped at the Rosenlaui Hotel, a mile from the Reichenbach Fall, and was told that Nietzsche had visited the hotel in 1877. Further, Rosenberg knew that Conan Doyle had visited the fall in 1893, when he was planning to murder Sherlock Holmes, and decided it was the perfect place for authorial villainy. Out of these two quite unrelated bits of information, Rosenberg made the astounding leap that Moriarty is Nietzsche.

Nietzsche visited the hotel at Rosenlaui. Sixteen years later, Conan Doyle came within a mile of the place. If Nietzsche's visit was to have some effect on Doyle, then somehow the spirit of Nietzsche must haunt the place. So we find "the Nietzsche-haunted library and music-room" on page 25, then "the Rosenlaui Hotel, so haunted by the ghostly presence of Friedrich Nietzsche" a mere seven pages later, and "the Nietzsche-haunted hotel" on the page after that.

Even on the unlikely assumption that Nietzsche was a household word at the Rosenlaui Hotel in 1893, there is no evidence that Conan Doyle ever set foot upon the premises. Rosenberg is content to cite Watson's unfulfilled intention of "spending the night at the hamlet of Rosenlaui." Somehow, the fact that Watson never got there indicates to Rosenberg that Conan Doyle did.

He then "proves" that both Moriarty and Moran are modeled on Nietzsche. Doyle on Moriarty:

> *A criminal strain ran through his blood, which, instead of being modified, was increased and rendered infinitely more dangerous by his extraordinary mental powers. Dark rumours gathered about him in the university town, and eventually he was forced to resign.*

The Rosenberg twist:

> *Like Nietzsche, whose insanity was caused by paresis (the third stage of syphilis), Moriarty became criminally insane because of a (venereal)* "blood taint." *Both Nietzsche and Moriarty resigned from their "smaller universities" under duress because of their acute medical and personality problems.*

But Moriarty resembles Rosenberg's description not at all. He clearly does not have a blood taint, nor medical problems, nor venereal disease. Conan Doyle's meaning is obvious, but for good measure here is Sherlock Holmes himself on the subject: "I have a theory that the individual represents in his development the whole procession of his ancestors, and that . . . a sudden turn to good or evil stands for some strong influence which came into the line of his pedigree." Thus "a criminal strain" runs through his blood, not a bunch of spirochetes. Nor is Moriarty "criminally insane," and I doubt that Nietzsche was either. In short, Rosenberg's words are unrecognizable distortions of Doyle's.

Rosenberg then does the same preposterous business to Moran, claiming Doyle has "copied many of the exact words" of a description of Nietzsche published in English eight years earlier. "Exact words"?

> *Nietzsche is seen at the Bayreuth* Opera *Festival.*
> *Moran is wearing an "opera hat," and has just come from an* opera performance.

The Volvo 164

TRUE LUXURY IS MORE CAR TO THE FOOT. NOT MORE FEET TO THE CAR.

There are two kinds of luxury. The kind that makes a car fancy. And the kind that makes it better.

In times like these, you'd be smart to give serious thought to which one you choose. Consider the new Volvo 164.

Volvo knows that a comfortable driver is a better driver. Our bucket seats let you firm or soften the area at the small of your back. The driver's seat is heated. And air conditioning is standard.

Volvo thinks it's distracting to work when you drive. So the 164 comes equipped with power steering, power front windows, power disc brakes front and rear. And automatic transmission.

We do, however, admit to an occasional elegant indulgence. For example, the 164 furnishes you with genuine leather to sit on.

At a time when other car makers are singing the praises of opera windows, we believe Volvo offers a much more intelligent view of luxury.

VOLVO

© 1974 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION.
OVERSEAS DELIVERY AVAILABLE.



First, opera hats abound in Holmes; Watson carries a stethoscope in his. Second, there is no indication in the original that Moran has come from an opera performance; he has probably been gambling at one of his clubs.

Nietzsche has a "large forehead."
Moran has a "high . . . forehead."

The ellipsis gives this one away. Moran has a "high bald forehead," quite different from the bulging forehead of Nietzsche. Everybody's got some kind of forehead.

Nietzsche has a "strong mustache."
Moran has a "huge grizzled mustache."

The man chooses not to read. Nietzsche has a "strong drooping mustache," quite different from Moran's.

Nietzsche has "drooping mustache." [*sic*]
Moran has "drooping eyelids."

Saved his droop for later, did he? These empty comparisons constitute Rosenberg's proof, "exact words" and all.

Rosenberg also appears to have a curious obsession for finding innuendoes of perversion in perfectly innocent texts. For instance, in *The Sign of Four* the sensualist Sholto has a painting by Bouguereau. Rosenberg, who clearly has no command of any languages, believes this is a pun, "bugger-oh" (some pun), not bothering to find out that Bouguereau ("famous for his callipygian nudes," to quote a recent issue of *The New Yorker*) was the obvious choice for the walls of Sholto's opulent apartment. Obnoxious presumptuous perverse ignorance. In passing, he describes a scene in Melville's *Redburn* as taking place in a homosexual brothel; actually, it takes place in a casino. Expletive deleted. Can anyone but Rosenberg believe that the conventional phrase "wild beast" in Sherlock Holmes refers to the bestiality of Oscar Wilde?

NICHOLAS MEYER has tackled the Moriarty problem from a new angle, and brought it down. Moriarty appears early in *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* as a splendidly comic anticlimax, "a small, shy personage in his sixties with his hat in his hand and a startled expression on his face." This timid, whining little man is certainly no criminal genius. In fact, he is innocent; once he had been mathematics tutor for the young Sherlock Holmes, and now he finds himself persecuted by his former pupil. The cocaine habit has reached such alarming proportions that Holmes's mind is melting into the fogs of delirium. After Watson's marriage, the Great Detective had pumped the 7 percent solution into his blood like air into a tire; his arm is "a battlefield of puncture marks." Obviously, he must be cured.

But how? Watson talks to some medical friends, and eventually tricks Holmes into seeing an expert in cocaine addiction, a young Viennese doctor named Sigmund Freud. After persuasion, hypnosis, and high fever, the cure is a success. Soon the two doctors and the detective are involved in a political intrigue that climaxes with a locomotive chase through the mountains. If this ending smacks of old movies, the author's touch is light and sure; we don't mind at all.

It's a shame that we are asked to give up our cherished villainous Moriarty, and turn him into a nobody, but Meyer's concept is brilliantly executed. His young Freud is vigorous and believable, while Holmes recovers from his addiction a stronger character than ever. The discussions between Freud and Holmes are worth the price of the book. The book itself may not be worth its price, however; the paper is thin pulp, while the pages are not sewn but glued in what is horribly misnamed as a "perfect" binding. In short, if you can wait for *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* to come out in paperback you will get far more for your money. About the only thing the publisher has done right is to set the book in Baskerville, the traditional typeface for Holmesiana. Two boos for Dutton.

Nicholas Meyer has done his Holmeswork well; he knows the scholarship and has put it together elegantly. Watson, we are informed, wrote this manuscript in an old folks' home in 1939, shortly before his death, but Meyer performed his editorial task with distinction, for Watson seems as vigorous as in his earlier tales. Meyer has inserted a few unnecessary footnotes, but that seems a minor quibble. After all, some readers may actually be unfamiliar with the redheaded Mr. Rassendyll, who, returning from Ruritania, briefly shares a train compartment with Watson and Holmes.

That reminds me: Sherlock Holmes always held Scotland Yard beneath contempt, knowing that his only competition might come from other detectives as fictional as himself. In *A Study in Scarlet* Watson talks of Poe's Dupin and Gaboriau's Lecoq as "individuals" in "stories," but to Sherlock Holmes they are real, rivals whose reputations must be passionately challenged: "I could have done it in twenty-four hours. Lecoq took six months or so." He need not have worried so for his own preeminence. Sherlock Holmes remains the most perfect combination of intellect and observation who ever lived. □

SPUDS AND RAINWATER

by David McClelland

The Poor Mouth: A Bad Story About the Hard Life, by Flann O'Brien. Translated by Patrick C. Power. Viking, $7.95.

The Poor Mouth is a very unlikely piece of fiction. To begin with, it was originally written in Modern Irish—Gaelic, if you prefer—a language used by only a few thousand people. Second, it is actually a parody of a literary genre known only to fanatics on Irish literature, namely Autobiographies Dictated by Illiterate Gaelic Peasants. And, most unlikely of all, even if you know none of these facts, it's a fine book, hilarious, moving, gorgeously written.

Brian O'Nolan, who wrote *The Poor Mouth* in 1941 and died in 1966, probably would have become much more widely known had he chosen to write in English. He did write a very popular newspaper column in English for *The Irish Times* under the name of Myles na Gopaleen. But his fiction, published in Irish under the name Flann O'Brien, "went down the bung-hole," as the Celticist Frank Kinnehan recently

David McClelland, a student of Celtic literature, is on the staff of The New Yorker.

put it. Irish was O'Nolan's adopted language; he used it because he loved it. His small audience of Irish readers did not love his fiction, however, because he vigorously satirized all forms of Irish vanities, including venerated literary traditions. His books did somewhat better in English translation, and greatly appealed to other writers, such as Dylan Thomas, S. J. Perelman, and James Joyce.

Joyce probably admired O'Nolan's fiction because in certain ways it resembled his own. Like Joyce, O'Nolan used his abundant imagination to spin together complex mythological themes and archaic literary styles. He especially enjoyed producing parodies of ancient sagas, which he wrote in Old Irish—impressive labor, especially when one considers that the language which Old Irish most closely resembles is Sanskrit. (Both tongues have the same ancestor, Proto-Indo-European, their major differences being that Sanskrit has its own form of written script and is easier to learn. In fact, the only language that surpasses Old Irish for sheer complexity is Navajo.) You might think that a writer using so many problematic devices would produce rather pedantic books. Actually, most of O'Nolan's Old Irish parodies show up in a work called *At Swim-Two-Birds*, which Brendan Behan called "just the kind of book to give to your sister—if she's a loud, dirty, boozy girl." Not pedantic.

In *The Poor Mouth*, O'Nolan mostly stuck to Modern Irish, but not the variety now taught in all Irish schools by government decree. (This official Gaelic only came into existence after the Revolution of 1916, and is a thoroughly artificial language seldom used in real life.) O'Nolan wrote in genuine Modern Irish, a direct descendant of Old Irish which has survived only in a few small areas in the western part of Ireland known as the Gaeltacht. The people who live in this remote section preserved their ancient speech and customs throughout centuries of British oppression mainly because the British found them totally useless. They had nothing, they did nothing: they just lived in abject poverty and spoke pure Irish. In the days of the Irish literary revival, Anglo-Irish authors like Yeats and Synge took a great interest in these living relics of Ireland's past. Synge even went to live with some of them in the Aran Islands, where he found much inspiration for his plays.

O'NOLAN DID SOMETHING quite different. In *The Poor Mouth* he adopted the language and persona of a Gaeltacht native and wrote a memoir from that point of view. Through his own words we follow the life of Bonaparte O'Coonassa from his birth to his incarceration in a British jail for a crime which, naturally, he never committed. Until that sad day, O'Coonassa lives with his grandfather, the Old-Grey-Fellow, in a fictional place known as Corkadoragha and characterized chiefly by potatoes, poverty, and torrential rain. Pigs die from their own stench; people drink, dance, and starve themselves to death; and the Sea-Cat, a horrible beast, goes on periodic rampages. This may not sound funny, but Corkadoragha turns out to be the world headquarters for gallows humor:

> *One day when I, the Old-Grey-Fellow and Martin O'Bannassa were sitting together on the brow of a hillock discussing the hard life and debating the poor lot which was now (and would always be) Ireland's, our conversation turned to our own folks at home and the potato scarcity and especially to Sitric O'Sanassa.*
>
> *—I don't think, sirs, said Martin, that Sitric has got a spud for two days.*
>
> *—Upon me soul, said the Old-Fellow, but you're truly right, and there's no health to be got from the rough grass that covers this hill.*
>
> *—I saw the poor fellow yesterday, I said, and he outside drinking the rainwater.*
>
> *—'Tis a tasty drop if 'tisn't nourishing, said the Old-Fellow. If the Gaels could get food out of the sky's rain, I don't think there would be a thin belly in all this area.*
>
> *—If 'tis my opinion the nice company wants, said Martin, I'd say that the same poor harmless man is not far off from eternity. Whoever is without a spud for long is unhealthy.*
>
> *—Oh people of the sweet words, said I earnestly, unless my eyes are astray, Sitric is now coming out of his cave.*
>
> *Down on the level land Sitric was standing and gazing about him, a tall spear of a man who was so thin with hunger that one's eye might fail to notice him if he*



were standing laterally towards one. He appeared both gay and foolish, lacking any proper control over his feet because of the inebriation caused by the morning air. Having stood for a while, he collapsed in a weakness on the bog.

—There's not much standing, said the Old-Grey-Fellow, in anyone who's long without a spud.

This particular incident turns out happily. O'Bannassa and the Old-Grey-Fellow give Sitric a spud, and once his strength returns he sets off with them in a boat to hunt seals. When a storm blows up, the three take refuge in a submerged cave along the coast. Sitric decides to stay there, and gradually turns into a seal.

The Poor Mouth jigs along a narrow path that winds between outright horror and downright blather but whose foundation is historical reality. O'Nolan based his narrative on the actual memoirs of Gaeltacht residents, published in the 1930s. His book not only satirizes Irish life in general, but he specifically parodies the style of these memoirs. A great deal is inevitably lost in translation, along with many puns and shifts in dialect, but Patrick C. Power provides enough helpful notes to give some idea of what O'Nolan was up to. (The book is well produced in other ways, too: good typography and a dozen fine illustrations by Ralph Steadman.)

O'Nolan did not save the Irish language itself with books like *The Poor Mouth*, a fact he laments in his foreword to the third Gaelic edition of 1964:

> [*The paupers of Corkadoragha*] *live there to this day, but they are not increasing in numbers and the sweet Gaelic dialect, which is oftener in their mouths than a scrap of food, is not developing but rather declining like rust. Apart from this fact, emigration is thinning out the remote areas, the young folk are setting their faces toward Siberia in hope of better weather and relief from the cold and tempest which is natural to them.*

But by writing in Irish, O'Nolan did preserve the spirit of its great tradition, in much the same way Isaac Bashevis Singer has rescued the spirit of the old Yiddish traditions from oblivion. These are generous acts for writers to perform. □

DO CHILDREN HAVE RIGHTS?

by Ira Glasser

Harvard Educational Review, Reprint Number Nine, $6.50.
Our Kindly Parent . . . the State, by Patrick T. Murphy. Viking, $8.95.
Delinquency in a Birth Cohort, by Marvin E. Wolfgang, Robert M. Figlio, and Thorsten Sellin. University of Chicago Press, $12.50.
Beyond the Best Interests of the Child, by Joseph Goldstein, Anna Freud, and Albert J. Solnit. The Free Press, $7.95; paper, $1.95.
Birthrights, by Richard Farson. Macmillan, $6.95.
Escape from Childhood, by John Holt. E. P. Dutton, $7.95.

MARY LEE, an alcoholic mother of five, had not seen her husband for a long while: he got going when the going got tough. She was also very poor. Her welfare check was not enough to provide food, shelter, and clothing for her children. Her world was in collapse, and there was little she could do to cope with it.

Eventually, all five of Mary Lee's children were parceled out to various institutions. Only one lived as much as a year with a foster family between time spent in state training "schools." In that instance, the state paid the foster family more money to take care of Mary Lee's child than it had given Mary Lee herself in welfare payments. Separated from both their mother and each other, and frequently moved about, none of the five had much of a chance. Only two ended moderately well; the others disappeared into mental hospitals, prisons, and prostitution.

Throughout this process, Mary Lee's children had few rights. They were simply shuffled around like old furniture, from one storage place to another. They had nothing to say about where they went or the care they received. They did what they were told to do.

WHENEVER THE LAW perceives people as incapable of providing for their own survival and development, and as dependent upon others, it usually strips those people of virtually all their rights and endows certain "caretakers" with substantial powers over them. Children are the most obvious example of this phenomenon, although women, mental patients, slaves, and American Indians have also found themselves in similar positions. Such "caretaker" systems have historically been the product of liberal reforms, and their purpose has been entirely benevolent. Ironically, the benevolence and the reform have often led to incarceration without service, and the well-being of these people has usually suffered in direct proportion to the power granted their "caretakers" by the state.

Since the state was supposed to be helping and protecting these groups, no one ever thought that they needed to be protected against the state. But during the 1960s, in practically every federal court in the country, representatives of various groups (blacks, Indians, women, students, migrant workers, prisoners, homosexuals, mental patients, soldiers, welfare recipients) began asking federal judges to apply the Bill of Rights to them by limiting the powers of those who managed their lives. The latest of these groups is children.

Children are perhaps the most helpless of all such special interests. They are, as one commentator has put it, "assigned by birth certificate to their biological parents," who are given substantial legal powers over them. In the biological family, children have few legal rights and even those they do have—the right not to be severely beaten, for example—are very difficult to enforce. And if the biological family breaks down, the law allows the state to step in, sever the biological relationship (either permanently or temporarily), and assign the child to parental substitutes. These may include foster parents, adoptive parents, or institutional care. At this point, the child is at the mercy not of his or her parents, but of the government.

When the government intervenes, it acts with the virtually unlimited power of a parent. Should that be allowed? Will a child's rights against the state be protected if the government is allowed to have parental powers? Does the Bill of Rights apply to children once the state intervenes? If so, how does it apply? When can the state legitimately intervene to re-

Ira Glasser is executive director of the New York Civil Liberties Union.

move the child from its biological home? Only when the child is severely beaten? Or also when the state disapproves of the child-rearing practices of the parents?

When the state intervenes, what kind of procedures must it follow? Must there be a fair hearing before an impartial tribunal where both sides can be represented by lawyers? Who speaks for the child? Should children have their own lawyers, or does the law presume their interests to be identical with those of their parents? When everyone claims to be acting in the best interests of the child, what right does he have to protect himself against someone else's view of his best interests? Should children have a legal right to a permanent home, or to adequate services in their home, or to decent care and treatment if they are institutionalized?

Such questions have no clear answers yet, and those who are asking them are at the very frontier of thinking about the rights of children. It is a frontier of true anguish.

SEVERAL NEW BOOKS have begun to chart this difficult area. By far the best introduction is a special two-part issue of the *Harvard Educational Review*. In more than 400 pages of articles, this book discusses every conceivable aspect of children's rights, from the larger philosophical issues to the use of amphetamines in controlling hyperkinetic children. Especially good for the general reader are "Children Under the Law," a general review of the state of children's rights, "Foster Care: In Whose Best Interest?" and "Myths and Realities in the Search for Juvenile Justice." If you want a bird's-eye view of the subject, the Harvard collection is perfect.

Also of broad general interest is *Our Kindly Parent . . . the State*, by Patrick T. Murphy. This is a passionate book by a thirty-five-year-old lawyer who spent three years as chief counsel in the juvenile division of the Legal Assistance Foundation in Chicago. He tells the bitter, dead-end stories of what happens to poor, mostly nonwhite, kids who are "saved" from their own families by the state, only to end up in the custodial snakepits of state training schools, reformatories, jails, and wards for the retarded. Murphy describes—with refreshing and intelligent anger—his efforts as a lawyer to limit the destructiveness of the benevolent bureaucracies that process children in trouble. His book is the best single description of the shattered promise of America's juvenile court system. It deserves to be read by anyone interested in social justice and the entrenched economic inequality of our institutions.

The well-intentioned destructiveness of the Chicago authorities is, I suspect, much the same in every major American city. In New York, for example, there are 28,000 children without suitable homes who are "taken care of" by the state. More than half of them are black. The state pays voluntary, religiously affiliated agencies thousands of dollars per year to care for one child. Once supported primarily by charity, these agencies are now mostly funded by taxes, yet they retain the discretion to pick and choose which children they want. As a result, most of the white children find placement in the agencies' homes, while most of the black children are squeezed into the relatively few agencies that will accept them. There is a residue of children not accepted by any agency; they end up in public institutions where they languish without care or education, sometimes under unspeakably brutal conditions, including solitary confinement. Virtually all these children are black. And although most are not criminals when they enter such institutions, many certainly end up that way. It has been estimated by one expert in the field, for example, that two-thirds of New York's adult prisoners began their careers as children or adolescents in state training schools. Many of these young people had committed no crimes, but were institutionalized under a statute that authorizes incarceration—for the child's own good—of children who are "incorrigible," "ungovernable," or "habitually disobedient." No one knows what those words mean, least of all the troubled children who need humane care but instead face prison.

What these children need, of course, and what their families need, is money. With wealth, their families could hire governesses if the mother was neglectful, or psychiatrists if the child was troubled. But the families of the poor cannot afford such services, and so the state helps out by incarcerating their children. It costs

BITCHES
& Sad Ladies
AN ANTHOLOGY OF FICTION
BY AND ABOUT WOMEN
EDITED BY PAT ROTTER



Gail Godwin • Joyce Carol Oates • Glenda Adams • Sybil Claiborne • Cynthia Ozick • • Carol Emshwiller • Joy Williams • Margarita Karapanou • Rosellen Brown • Gwyneth Cravens • Julia O'Faolain • Susan Holahan • Ann Beattie • Beverly Lowry • Rebecca Morris • Doris Betts • Jane Mayhall • Andrea Dworkin • Laurie Colwin • Edna O'Brien • Anne Higgins • Hilma Wolitzer • M. Pabst Battin • Judith Rossner • Anne Sexton • Grace Paley • Toni Cade Bambara • Ursula K. le Guin • Elaine Kraf • Marcia Blumenthal • Sherry Sonnett • Lynda Schor • M. F. K. Fisher

Please send_____copy(s) of Bitches & Sad Ladies at $10.95. I have enclosed

$_____for_____book(s).

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

New York residents, please add appropriate sales tax.

Send your order to:

Harper's MAGAZINE
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

about $20,000 a year to maintain one child in a state training school. This pays the salaries of his inadequate attendants, and builds the cells and buildings and walls and fences. And many families, like Mary Lee's, have more than one child removed to such a school. Thus, in any one year of her five children's "care," it was probably costing the taxpayers $100,000 to ensure their future careers as further burdens on the state and society. Think of what that money could provide in services that went directly to Mary Lee—private-school tuitions, special tutors, psychiatric help, everything a family with money could buy. But the state will not spend such a sum on the poor; it would rather pay other people to lock them up.

TWO OTHER IMPORTANT books in this field deserve mention, though they are of less interest to the general reader than Murphy's work or the material in the *HER* volume. The first one wins the prize for the most repelling title of the year: *Delinquency in a Birth Cohort*. Nevertheless, it is probably, as Prof. Norval Morris of the University of Chicago Law School notes in the foreword, a rare turning point in criminological research. It certainly presents the only hard statistics I have seen about what actually happens to children who pass through the juvenile justice system. It is almost unreadable, unless you find tables, charts, and statistics entrancing, but it will reward those who brave its numerical terrors.

The research for this study was based on the "cohort" of all boys born in 1945 who lived in Philadelphia between the ages of ten and eighteen. There were about 10,000 such boys, and they were traced through school records, selective service lists, and police records. (I wonder how Wolfgang, Figlio, and Sellin obtained such records, which should have been confidential. Don't children have a right to privacy, even against well-intentioned researchers?) Thirty-five percent of the boys had a police record at some time, and these were divided into groups of single offenders, multiple offenders, chronic offenders, and then again into socioeconomic and racial groups. Among the sadly predictable findings: blacks are treated more harshly than whites, are more likely to be formally arrested, less likely to have their cases informally settled, and more likely to receive a court penalty such as probation or incarceration. After examining all the variables that might legitimately account for this racial disparity, the authors conclude that the different treatment is based primarily on race, not on other factors such as recidivism or the seriousness of the crime.

Another grim finding: the more punitive treatment (institutionalization, fine, or probation) a youngster receives, the more likely he is to commit more serious crimes with greater rapidity than those who are less constrained by the judicial and correctional systems. "We must conclude," say the authors, "that the juvenile justice system, at its best, has no effect on the subsequent behavior of adolescent boys and, at its worst, has a deleterious effect on future behavior." Thus, not only are the incarcerative institutions a waste of money, but they seem to do little more than create a class of future criminals.

ANOTHER BOOK, *Beyond the Best Interests of the Child*, is an attempt to cut the Gordian knot that has strangled the entire profession of children's services. Joseph Goldstein, professor of law at Yale; Anna Freud, the famous child psychiatrist; and Albert J. Solnit, Director of Yale's Child Study Center, explore the basic standard—the best interests of the child—that governs the juvenile justice system in America, and find that standard wanting. The authors place primary, overriding value on the need of every child for "unbroken continuity of affectionate and stimulating relationships with an adult." They thus strongly oppose current adoption procedures, which may leave the child-parent relationship uncertain for years; foster care placements, which are too often temporary and result in repeated shifts of the child from one foster family to another; and divorce proceedings, in which custody decisions remain subject to court modification and therefore leave uncertain the child's relationship to a parent.

The authors propose that each child placement be final and unconditional and that, pending final placement, a child should not be shifted according to each tentative decision. Thus, if they had their way, adoption would be final the moment a child is actually placed; custody decrees in divorce cases would be final once made and not subject to modification; noncustodial parents would have no legally enforceable visitation rights; and adoptive parents would be subsidized (as foster parents presently are) in order to encourage a permanent family for the child. They vigorously insist on the fundamental obligation to place a child with parents who are likely to want him, to keep him permanently, and to become his "real" parents in every sense but that of blood. Avoiding discontinuity of the psychological relationship between the child and *some* adult is the heart of this book's approach.

These proposals are revolutionary, and will, therefore, be controversial. For one thing, they threaten to weaken the sanctity of the ties between biological parents and their offspring, and to endow the state with much more power to sever those ties irrevocably. Some will argue that such proposals, if transformed into law, will allow the state to kidnap the children of the poor and raise them in "better" homes. But of course that is what the state does now, except that the better homes turn out to be state institutions.

FINALLY, WE COME TO two books whose authors are concerned about what they see as the plight of the average child in the average family. They both begin with an unarguable proposition: children do not have many rights, because there are not very many limits on the power of adults. Children do not have the right to decide when to go to sleep or when to get a haircut or what clothes to wear or which toys to buy because the law allows parents the power to decide for them. More important, children cannot decide for themselves whom they want to live with, or who they want their parents to be.

Children—like women—have been infantilized, treated like love-toys, made into objects. It wasn't always so; Philippe Aries's *Centuries of Childhood* has demonstrated that the contemporary idea of childhood as a separate species is a relatively recent invention. Both the present books—*Birthrights*, by Richard Farson and



Remember How It Used To Be?

Once we lived in a land of plenty; a time when we could afford necessary, protein-rich food without worrying about the cost.

But things have changed. The skyrocketing prices of the food that we eat for taste and protein have made it increasingly difficult to maintain a healthy diet while still keeping within a budget. We must find inexpensive alternatives to acquire the protein that we need.

THE BARBARA KRAUS DICTIONARY OF PROTEIN presents an infinite variety by listing thousands of basic foods *and* brand names (everything from almonds to zucchini) and providing the precise protein content per individual serving. It dramatizes the wide array of possibilities one has for acquiring protein and allows *you* to make the most economical and pleasing selections.

Recommended by doctors and nutritionists, this comprehensively researched book will be one of the soundest investments you will make all year.

"By the time that Miss Kraus puts in the hands of Americans the tools that they need for sensible dieting—with good eating—her name may be as familiar in the kitchen as Fanny Farmer's or Julia Child's."

—*National Observer*

Barbara Kraus is the best-selling author of *The Dictionary of Calories and Carbohydrates* and *The Cookbook of The United Nations.*

Please send ___ copy(s) of THE BARBARA KRAUS DICTIONARY OF PROTEIN at $8.95 each. I have enclosed a check for $_____.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Send your orders to: Harper's Magazine Press, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. New York residents, please add appropriate sales tax.

"Forthright"
-Kansas City Star

Coming to Terms with Death

by Fred Cutter



Dignified death is the promise of this do-it-yourself guide to a psychology of life that urges complete and personal preparation for death as an imperative activity of life.

At your bookstore $8.95

Nelson-Hall Publishers
325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60606

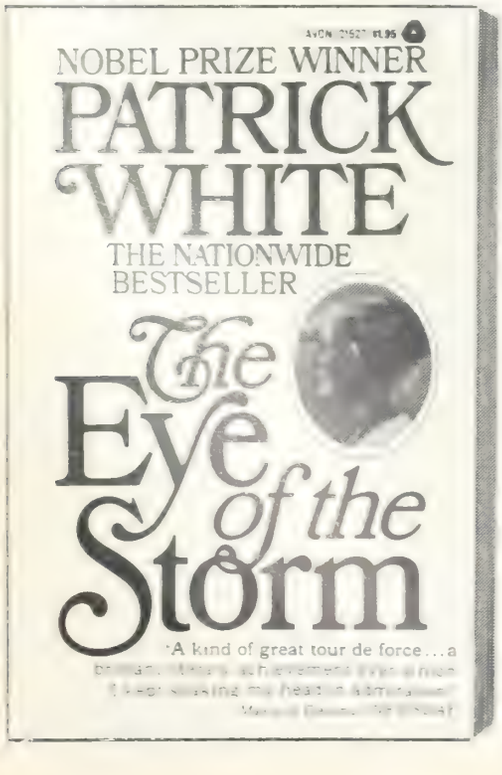
Louis & Antoinette

VINCENT CRONIN
author of *Napoleon Bonaparte: An Intimate Biography*

New research, new interpretations in the first dual biography ever of tragic Louis XVI and his Queen. Illus. $12.50

WILLIAM MORROW

AVON PAPERBACK $1.95

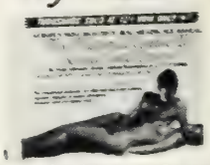


Escape from Childhood, by John Holt—lean heavily on Aries's book for their philosophical inspiration, and I would suggest that anyone interested read Aries's book, now thirteen years old, first. It is the fountainhead of all intelligent thought on this issue. After that, I would recommend Holt's book over Farson's. Certainly there is no need to read both, and Holt's is far better and more sophisticated. Moreover, one senses the presence of real children in Holt's writing instead of just harsh ideology; there are soft edges, not hard lines. Both books, however, share a critical defect in their failure to consider adequately the legal and political consequences of establishing a broad array of legal rights for children against their parents. Children would be liberated, to be sure. But the instrument of their liberation would be the state. The legislature would have to pass laws, regulatory agencies would have to administer them, and the courts would have to decide disputes. The state would have the power to inject itself into families and impose *its* standards. Does anything in history suggest that we should not fear state action in such situations? Shouldn't the sorry record of government intervention in the lives of poor children make us determined to avoid it? Is it not very likely that the state would turn children's rights to its own political purposes? The prospect of children spying on their parents for the state is as likely an outcome as any other contemplated by Holt and Farson. Since there is no way to establish and enforce legal rights of children against parents except through state intervention, we are forced to ask the tough question, which neither Holt nor Farson spends much time on: would a system of government power over children be better than a system of parental power? That may well be the real choice, and it is one I do not contemplate with much hope for increasing anyone's freedom.

On the other hand, Holt's book may cause parents to reevaluate their own relationship to their children, and that would be entirely to the good. If you allow it to penetrate behind your own parental defenses, you may even find it exhilarating. And if you're really a revolutionary, you'll urge your children to read it as well. Then you'd better duck. □

BEST SELLERS
Available By Mail





PICTORIAL GUIDE
Europe's best selling sex manual. A step-by-step specific course through clear concise full-color photographs of how to engage in the many forms of physical love and sexual intercourse. 223 pages. $4.95

PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE
One of the most beautiful and practical books on physical love ever published. Over 195 photographs, many in color, of a young exciting couple, nude, in various positions. Over 225,000 hardbound copies sold at $15. Now available in soft cover. 320 pages. $5.50. ©1974 PPA

Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full.

ADAM & EVE™
Mail this order to:
Adam & Eve Bookshop,
105 N. Columbia
Dept HA-12, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

Because of the importance of the subject, and the author's unusual perspective, we offer special reprints of the article by Frances Moore Lappé, **"Fantasies of Famine"** (February, 1975 issue).

use your zip code



AKING CONNECTION

The second half of WRAPAROUND is designed to launch you ff the printed page and into action. Under the general heading laking Connections, *you can find a wide variety of common-in- rest groups (Networks), useful objects (Tools), new ways of doing ings (Starting Points), helpful books, records, and cassettes ources). Those that pertain to the month's subject are gathered in e first few pages. Toward the back, in "Tools for Living," there's more miscellaneous collection.*

And in between, you'll find "Turnabout," a place where Harper's *eaders can share their experiences.*

Contributions to all these sections will be welcomed.

TARTING POINTS: How to Fix Anything

To stand bewildered before a oken object or a malfunction- g device is to be a child again, child in need of a proxy par- t, called the expert, to restore rder, to make things right. To tempt to repair something one- lf is to reexperience the ad- enture of adolescence, to act petuously, out of curiosity. nd to succeed is to reap the tisfactions of an adult, to know at persistence, thoughtfulness, d self-confidence really can eld into something of value.

Self-confidence and curiosity e the major prerequisites for xing anything, and the best ay to nurture those qualities is regard the process as an ad- enture. Assume that mistakes ill be made, that they can be made, and that you will learn ore and more as you proceed. vercoming each obstacle will ve its own reward. Accom- ishing step one will catapult u into step two, and so on un- the object once again does hat it was designed to do. long the way, you'll learn to preciate the ingenuity of the signer, the unique qualities of e materials that went into the ject, and the efficiency and auty of the tools you work ith. And you'll come to love ur hands as you discover that ey are the ultimate tools—able fashion others and to wield em cleverly, responsibly. To- ther with the brain and eyes nd, to a lesser extent, the ears) they can make and remake anything. They can inscribe a prayer on the head of a pin, build dams, transplant hearts, break bricks.

Your hands, however, are probably unskilled. They will wind a watch, tie shoelaces, slice a steak; confronted with an unfamiliar task, they will flutter helplessly, awaiting instructions from the brain. It is up to that astonishingly capable organ, then, to figure out what the hands must do to repair a malfunction in a strange device. Before starting, build up some mental momentum. Convince yourself that you will finish the project, no matter how long it takes.

Then study the broken object. If the damage is obvious, use your imagination to reconstruct, in your mind, what the thing ought to look like. See if you can temporarily piece it together. If it looks or feels wrong, trust your judgment and try another tack. With patience, you will hit upon the proper form. When you've assembled your tools, proceed with confidence, remembering that the object is already broken and that, if you don't allow anger to push you into haste or brutality, it will not suffer further from your ministrations. Restraint and caution are the key words in reconstructing form.

Chances are, you'll have to take the object apart to find out what went wrong with it. Regard the disassembling as a lab course in structural engineering. See what it feels like to work physically and conceptually with real material. Pay attention to what you're doing. Remember: you are a novice, so arrange all the screws, bolts, clips, et cetera in clockwise order. This will impart a feeling of self-discipline, increase your self-confidence, and make it easier for you to put the damn things back together again, long after you've forgotten what goes where. If there are a lot of parts, tag them with masking tape, number them, and put correspondingly numbered pieces of tape on the places from which they were removed. Keep going until you find out why the device broke. Usually the reason will be obvious: a part snapped, a gear slipped, a tube tinkles when you shake it. *There is always a reason for something not working.* Persistence will show you what it is. Talk to yourself as you work. Ask yourself what a certain part does for the overall operation of the device; then discuss the answer.

When you finally isolate a troublesome part, see if you have also uncovered the cause of the malfunction. Frequently, they are not the same. And if you want to prevent the trouble from happening again, you've got to solve the real problem, not its manifestation. Think it through. Play detective. This is the most intriguing aspect of repairing anything, and its resolution the most satisfying. Fix or replace the broken parts; then put everything back together and see if it works.

It probably will. But if it doesn't, put it aside until the next day; then try again. It will be a new adventure, undertaken by a wiser person, offering an even greater amount of satisfaction because of your investment in it. **—Lawrence S. Burns**

Lawrence Burns is on the staff of Harper's.

"I have had more trouble with myself than any other person I know."
—Dwight L. Moody
(1837-1899)

Books in Print lists 1,955 "How To" books, and nine "How Not To" titles.

"If you cannot catch a bird of paradise, better take a wet hen."
—Nikita Khrushchev
(1894-1971)

"It is vain to ask of the gods what a man is capable of supplying for himself."
—Epicurus
(342-270 B.C.)

RAPAROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12

SOURCES

□ If you want to be a success in America, the place to start is in a log cabin or a teeming city slum. Those who must begin their climb toward the top in a luxury high-rise or the big house on the hill are forever at a disadvantage, for head starts and pulled strings—common though they are in this country—are neither respectable nor respected.

For a profound understanding of how we define success in America, and of what part self-help plays in the definition, read *The American Idea of Success*, by Richard M. Huber (McGraw-Hill, $10). It's a big book, replete with lively, memorable examples and cogent threads of analysis, and it will make you think hard about what you're striving for, how you're going after it, and whether you're likely to find happiness at the end of the road.

□ *The Undiscovered Self*, by C. G. Jung (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $2.45), discusses why man usually comes out the loser when he's up against society—in other words, all the time. Writing at age eighty-three, the great psychiatrist not only explains that it is crucially important to maintain a firm sense of ourselves in the face of dwindling self-importance and ever-increasing anonymity, but also shows us how we can do it.

TOOLS: Play It Again

If you're interested in improving your musical abilities, imagine the following scenario: for just a few dollars, you hire a full orchestra, minus the instrument you play, to come into your living room and rehearse your favorite (or most troublesome) score over and over. And when you make mistakes, no one berates you; no one minds stopping in the middle of the piece and starting again. This fantasy can almost come true, thanks to a company called Music Minus One, which markets a music book and play-along or sing-along record set. Just put the record on the phonograph and accompany it, using the sheet music provided. That way, you can learn how the music or singing is supposed to sound, and you get an unlimited opportunity to practice at your leisure. More than 650 sets are available. They include arrangements for almost every instrument, and cover most kinds of music, from classical and rock, to country and jazz. Most of the sets are $6.98; a few, such as the ones for recorder, cost $13.96 because they include the instrument. Music Minus One sets can be found in music stores, or can be ordered from us. Tell us what instrument you'd like to play, and what kind of music you prefer (mention the composer if you have a specific piece in mind), and we'll match your request. If for some reason we can't fill your order, we'll promptly return your check.

HOW TO ORDER

Harper's will get you any item (including any book) for which we mention a price if you want to order through us. Send a letter to Tools for Living, specifying what item(s) you want, how many you want, and what color (if that's relevant). The cost of each item is its listed price plus postage and handling charges: 50 cents per book; as indicated for everything else. Please add up the total for all items you order (New York residents must also add appropriate sales tax) and enclose a check for the total amount payable to *Harper's Magazine*. If you prefer to charge your BankAmericard or Master Charge on orders over $15, please let us have your card number and its expiration date.

WRAPAROUND's

No-Nonsense, Sure-Fire Formula for a Fantastic Physique

Looking for a gimmick which, when rubbed on, swallowed, plugged in, or vibrated with, will take off pounds of "hideous, ugly fat"? Well, forget it. Our research has revealed that, aside from subjecting yourself to a professionally supervised diet, there are only two effort-free ways to lose weight; both of them start on the operating table and end with a seriously deflated bank account.

So much for bad news. The good news is that you probably don't have to lose weight after all. According to Ira Lieberman, who runs the body-building program for the New York City YMCA, most of us are not overstuffed, but underworked. He contends that an hour of exercise every other day will slim your body up beautifully. The only dietary change necessary is a slight increase in protein. Perform all of your exercises as you normally would, Lieberman advises, but do them while holding small dumbbells or barbells. For leg calisthenics, strap light weights to your feet. In a few weeks, you will notice improvement in your physique and health.

If for some reason exercising with weights is not feasible, Lieberman recommends adopting a program similar to the one Metropolitan Life Insurance advocates for its employees. When putting on socks or stockings, for instance, raise your knee up against your chest as you slip on the garment. When brushing your teeth, stand as erect as you can, pull your stomach in, and maintain that rigidity as you lean over the sink. Go up and down on your toes to firm up the calves. And whenever you sit down, sit as erect as possible; this will automatically tighten your stomach muscles.

Each time you walk through a doorway, stop, brace yourself against the doorjambs and, keeping your knees straight, rock forward as far as you can, leaving your feet flat on the floor (excellent for the calves and hamstrings). When you sit down to eat, place yourself snugly against the back of the chair, pull your stomach in, and lean forward as you eat. Brushing or combing your hair is a good opportunity to firm up your shoulder and back muscles; just keep your elbows well back and to the side. As you watch television, sit cross-legged on the floor, fling your arms up and back, and stretch. Repeat several times. Then sit erect on a chair and kick your legs slowly up and down, scissors fashion. (You can do this one while sitting at a desk, too.)

When you pick something up off the floor, don't bend at the waist. Instead, flex at the knees and keep your back straight. You'll feel it in your thighs. And as you sit on the bus or at your desk, keep your knees tightly together. This will put good tone in your thighs and buttocks.

Metropolitan Life also recommends a walking or jogging program that you can easily fit into your daily routine. Following it, you accumulate points by walking certain distances within a certain amount of time, the goal being to get thirty each week. For instance, if you walk a mile in less than fourteen minutes thirty seconds, you get two points; if it takes you longer than that you get one. The insurance company's scale, listing various distances and times, is printed below. If you determine how far it is to the grocery store, office, bus stop, church, etc., and then instead of taking the car, you walk and time the trip, you can use the scale to figure out how many points it was worth.

When you jog instead of walking, the additional effort it takes is worth extra points, one for each two minutes cut off the time listed in the scale.

Distance (in miles)	Time (in minutes)
½	7:15
⅝	9:00
¾	10:52
⅞	12:30
1	14:30
1⅛	16:39
1¼	18:08
1½	21:45
2	40:00

WRAPAROUND

ETWORKS:
o-op of Co-ops

It's lonely taking your slides round to posh art galleries, ven when the assistants praise our work while rebuffing you. Vith money tight, and reputaons scarce, the commercial diectors don't want to take on uch new talent, and the rejecons begin to pile up into a lank wall. I decided I'd rather in a co-op.

During the last four years f unacknowledged recession, ainters and sculptors have beun creating cooperative galeries. Artists run them, sharing xpenses, picking new members, upervising their own shows, arning reviews. Sidestepping the ommercial spaces, we've been ubbing elbows with each other ther than just competing.

Having a show is important, ven if you only sell enough to over the costs of paint and anvas. When my *Alphabet in e Spectrum of the Rainbow* ent up in the long, narrow asement of the West Broaday Gallery, I listened in on the rowsers. The yachtsmen walked , looked, and walked out. Kids ked my work, and spelled it ut; foreign artists asked if this as conceptual art (maybe); I yself got to see all 156 panels p on one wall. I learned more out my work than I did by oing it, and a period was losed. I think you have to grow y phases; a show seals off one hase, allowing you to move on.

I like the co-op meetings, o—group decisions on getting x exemptions, new lights, or xchange shows. The talk is rong, and the open democracy a lot more straightforward an the nervous jockeying that rtists go through uptown, as ey compete for the dealers' ttention.

This year artists in Chicago, lew York, Vancouver, Copenagen, and Amsterdam were ruck by the same idea, and is fall we've formed a loose mbrella organization, a cooprative of cooperative galleries. Ve're pooling purchases to get iscounts on canvas, paint, sculpral materials, printing, grants, nd insurance. Here in New York, we meet round-robin, so the members can talk with each other, trading gripes, gossip, or new techniques. And next spring we're going to have a fiesta of the co-ops—dancing in the Soho streets, lots of publicity, and our doors wide open to tourists on Sundays. Internationally, we'll be supporting the movement for a cosmic artists' union, and royalties for painters whenever a collector resells a painting or drawing for profit.

We feel that co-ops have come of age—there's no more need to apologize, as if being co-op were somehow less impressive than being commercial. Art exchanges information, not cash. If you'd like a map of our members, or know of a co-op we could add, we'd like to hear from you. Write to me c/o WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. **—Jonathan Price**

Jonathan Price is an artist, poet, and frequent contributor to WRAPAROUND.



SOURCES:
Foam Your Own

Michael Fellerman, a sculptor who lives in Silver Hollow in upstate New York, has built his own house and studio out of foam, as an experiment. His buildings, which look like gingerbread blobs, have lasted four years so far. Indications are that, if painted, they can survive quite a while longer.

The walls are six inches thick, and withstand heat and cold well. Plumbing and electricity can be included. Doors and windows can be hacked to size with a saw and sealed with foam. The house supports five adults (without golf shoes), and three feet of snow in the winter. How about foam for your new ski lodge?

If you're interested in making your own house, read *Woodstock Handmade Houses,* by Robert Haney and David Ballantine (Ballantine, $5.95).

SOURCES

□ *Public Works,* by Walter Szykitka (Links Books, $10), is a double-barreled demonstration of the power of self-help. In the first place, its history serves as a shining example. Having figured out that valuable lodes of information—much of it free—were to be found in government publications and miscellaneous other printed materials, Szykitka set himself the task of rounding it up, editing it, arranging it in broad basic categories, and providing an index that would make specific knowledge easily accessible. In the second place, the book—over 1,000 pages long—seems sure to help almost anyone help himself in the widest variety of circumstances imaginable. You can find out how to bathe a baby, finance your home, grow a tomato, or treat a fractured bone. Much of the text will amply reward random browsing. When you have a particular need to know, you will find the reward still greater.

□ An unusually successful young executive we know says he owes all his glittering achievements to a handbook he consults from time to time. It's a trilogy, actually: *Three-Upmanship* by Stephen Potter (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $4.95). Upmanship is a form of social judo—you use your opponent's own natural inclination to lose in order to advance yourself. The first book is called *The Theory and Practice of Gamesmanship, or, The Art of Winning Games Without Actually Cheating.* The second book is called *Lifemanship, or, The Art of Getting Away With It Without Being an Absolute Plonk.* The third book is called *One-Upmanship: Being Some Account of the Activities and Teaching of the Lifemanship Correspondence College of One-Upness and Gameslifemastery.* According to our friend, the most effective trick in the trilogy is a conversational ploy. If someone expatiates at length on an arcane and exalted topic you know nothing about, refrain from confessing your ignorance and instead one-up your interlocutor with the remark, "Yes, but not in the south."

□ *Living Your Dying,* by Stanley Keleman (Random House, $6.95), is a sensitive, almost poetic essay. Not morbid, nor even depressing, this book discusses the philosophical significance of the Big Sleep, the biological obligation of every animal to die. We'd all be better off, says the author, if we understand that "there may be no relationship between our *images* of dying and the *experience* of dying, between the *observation* of someone's death and the *feeling* of dying." This will probably be a widely read book.

TOOLS: Suave Lessons

Even if you've never gone into a restaurant and said, "Garson, I'll have a half-liter of pulley-fussy," you may feel the need of a bit more class. "The Wine Pronunciation Guide" is designed to help you up the ladder of social success. Two wine merchant linguists from the West Coast have recorded the names of 1,800 French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese wines on ninety-minute cassettes. Their tape comes with a twenty-four-page index, grouped by countries (and, in the case of France, by regions). To use it, you look up a wine in the index, find the number listed alongside it, then play the tape through until you hear that number spoken. The next pronunciation you hear will be the proper one. The tape and index set costs $12.50 (which includes postage), from us.

'URNABOUT AROUND

BRING IT BACK

One cold winter we asked our readers to tell us about their favorite things from the past, things that were really too good to have been discarded. The response confirmed our suspicion that obsolescence comes more from evolving life-styles than from superiority of invention; we all prefer the taste of homemade bread to that of the store-bought kind, but few of us now think we have the time to make it. TV dinners grace our fold-away kitchen tables; impossible-to-clean electric can openers inject bacteria into our precooked, tasteless food; electric clothes dryers waste the ever-abundant wind and solar energy. Against this onslaught of time-savers and other changes of marginal benefit, readers offer the following candidates for revival:

I don't know about you out there in *Harper's*-land, but if I could revive one thing, it would be the good ole kitchen table. The one covered with brightly colored oilcloth. The one laden with foods I don't even know how to cook—thin pancakes, tomato gravy, chicken pot pie, fried brains, sweetbreads, rivvel soup, browned-flour potato soup, fried mush, wilted lettuce, cottage cake, and gingerbread. The one not only filled on top, but filled around—by every member of the family eating together. The kitchen table where the problems of the day or of the family were discussed (or argued) by all family members; where advice was given by parents and sometimes heeded by children; where one meal was prepared, served, and eaten by all. The kitchen table was where everyone ate every meal, where we all talked and listened and learned from each other. It's where my memories go when I think of my childhood.

—Janice Munn Johnson
Dallas, Texas

The read-aloud time is one of my happiest memories. Each night my mother read my sister and me a chapter from a book, a poem, and a selection from the Bible. *David Copperfield* became an exciting experience; we could scarcely wait for the next installment. The same was true with a lot of other books, books I probably never would have read to myself.

—Jo Oshier
Trabuco Canyon, Calif.

I'd like to see the old 10-cent song sheet revived. I guess this goes back a piece, but the 10-cent song sheet was real popular with our family and friends. Singing together on the front porch swing or glider had an uncanny way of melting the problems of the day and cementing relationships. Since the song sheet included oldies as well as the latest hits, a favorite was seldom missed. **—Dorothy Peters**
Cleveland, Ohio

My Aunt Julia ironed handkerchiefs on the mangle. This iron, one her mother had had, was a most versatile tool. It was perfect for driving stakes to support tomato plants, for instance. Its day-to-day function was as a bookend on the kitchen sink counter, holding up cookbooks bulging with newspaper recipe clippings.

The best use for the iron, however, was as a cough syrup-making machine. I am now about to give you my Aunt Julia's formula for Purple Onion Cough Syrup, so get your recipe clipping scissors ready.

PURPLE ONION COUGH SYRUP

1. Get a couple of heavy, crockery bread-and-butter plates.
2. Get a purple onion, the kind you make purple onion sandwiches with.
3. Slice the onion.
4. Arrange the onion slices on one of the bread-and-butter plates with alternating layers of sugar. Lots of sugar.
5. Put the other bread-and-butter plate on top of the onion-slice stack.
6. Put the iron on top of the second bread-and-butter plate.
7. Let it sit for half a day.
8. Remove the iron, and carefully pour some of the magic elixir that has formed in the bottom plate into a spoon. It helps if you have an assistant hold the spoon, as this part is tricky.
9. Take the contents of the spoon orally. Guaranteed to cure anything that coughs.
10. Replace iron; the machine will keep right on making cough syrup for several days.

Purple Onion Cough Syrup tasted almost as good as the hot toddies Aunt Julia would make for colds, and worked as well on coughs as boiled milk did on intestinal disorders.

—Ned McDonough
Salt Lake City, Utah

Let's revive the shaving mug, brush, and soap.

Faces, thrust out on that desolate plain of reality every morning, need personally prepared, custom-made shaving cream.

—G. Peter Geist
Hood River, Oreg.

One of the simplest, cheapest, and most rewarding of the neglected crafts is breadmaking. With a little practice, anyone can do it, and there is nothing quite like the aroma of homemade bread wafting through the house. Children love to knead it and watch it rise. You get the added delight of consuming your creation.

To get the most flavor and nutrition out of the bread, use only stone-ground and unbleached flours. You won't believe the difference in taste between homemade and store-bought breads.

—Paki Stedwel
Lakeport, Calif

I am a home economist with a pedigree of degrees from NYU and Hunter. I am opting for raising my own children, cleaning my own house, cooking real food, and gradually retreating from kitchen automation. The blender blades are inaccessible to cleaning efforts, the dishwasher leaves a bit of hardened sauce without prewashing, anyway. So much of the touted household helper brigade doubles the actual work. Mother and child share rolling the crumbs for topping, we take turns mashing real potatoes, child watches the magic action of the yeast instead of *The Chan Clan*. The beginning-to-be-arthritic fingers flex kneading dough, the small limber fingers make puffy knots and swirls that are more satisfying than Play Doh. There is a pan to lick and an unbelievable aroma to greet Dad and older brother as they walk in the door. Ever smell the ozone off a hot TV set or a dying electric can opener?

Some days we go to the farmers' market. Buy carrots—with tops—"What's the flowers for on top, Mommy?" Two pounds for the price of a can. Other produce, too. Ever open green pea pods and taste fresh, raw sweet peas? We go home, I peel and she learns to slice on the cutting board, small fingers safely out of the way. I draw a Hero Medal with picture of crossed paring knives. No whining at the checkout of the super-neoned NCRed, beguilingly lit, and Mu

APAROUNDWRAPARO

ıked market. Worn, wooden oor, and the man gave her a rawberry for being a good girl ıd counting the pennies cor-ctly. Cooks as fast as the plas-: mush. Everyone eats the hole serving and asks for more. o moping at the table by five-· nine-year-old. Miracle!

Today, real food.

Tomorrow, the world.

I am trying to instill viable ılues in my children. Respect ır knowledge and accomplish-ent, an appreciation for sub-eties and the abilities of others. ly husband volunteers as black-nith in a local historic restora-on. My son and daughter learn keep tools oiled, maintain e bikes, take care of the toys. hey may be freaks among their rowaway, plastic generation. r they may be skilled leaders a world disenchanted with nspicuous waste and degener-ion of quality. In either event, ey have a chance to be self-re-ecting, fulfilled, capable people.

—Marilyn Platt Robinson
Manville, N.J.

t used to be true that if a new mily moved into a neighbor-od they would be greeted with stures of friendship—a plate-l of cookies, offers of help, ad-ce on which of the local places patronize. Today, friendship ıd helping hands have been placed by steel-bolted doors ıd averted eyes. **—C. B. Icard**
Dalton, Mass.

A phenomenon of the good old ays that I would revive is the onpolluting, cheerful, steadfast reetcar. In these times, when greater and greater proportion the labor force must be ab-rbed in service occupations, it ıould be a two-man car, with a nductor to call the streets and help ladies with small children ıd folding strollers aboard.

The streetcar was a forthright ehicle; it didn't dodge. You idn't have to look for a tin sign n a pole to learn where it might op. Those rails in the street told ou, and their degree of polish as an index to the brevity of our wait.

There was a whole symphony f sounds about a streetcar which distinguished it from all other street vehicles—the hum of the motors, the throbbing of the air compressor, the hiss of the brakes, the clicking over rail joints, switches, and crossings, the occasional squeal on an ungreased curve—not to mention the motorman's gong.

—Lewis D. Cannell
Vancouver, Wash.

I'd revive my Grandmother LeClaire's rug loom—a large wooden device that was kept in the "summer kitchen." No piece of worn-out clothing or linen was ever thrown away. Instead, this ingenious hand-and-foot-operated loom wove strips of torn cloth with heavy string to make rag rugs that were used in every room of the house. Small rag rugs lay in front of the kitchen stove, by the washstand, and in front of every door that opened to the outside. Especially long rag rugs were laid down on staircases and tacked into place. Nearly indestructible, they could be washed many times over or thrown over a clothesline to have the dirt beaten out of them with a rug beater (let's revive that, too).

Twenty years later, in one of grandma's rugs, I see the colors of an old favorite Sunday dress.

And I'd resurrect the "spider," too. In the main kitchen, after the dishes from each meal were washed, scalded, and dried with flour-sack tea towels, and the table was set for the next meal, the "spider" was stretched over the center of the table to protect the dishes from flies and dirt, and a clean tablecloth was laid over it. The spider was six curved metal legs extending from a fixed center, and indeed resembled a black metal spider.

Modern home builders must think that we never get muddy shoes, but we do, and so I'd like to revive the shoe scrapers that used to be installed on front and back porches. They weren't pretty; just dull, scrap-iron blades mounted vertically in an out-of-the-way corner of the porch, but they did a job on muddy shoes that the prettiest and most high-falutin welcome mat can't do.

—Jeanne L. Crabtree
Norman, Okla.

I remember the smell and the shadows. The sweet rancidity of burning kerosene, the flickering, and the dark corners. I remember a kerosene lamp sitting on a table in one corner of the room. I liked the lamp. Its light didn't intrude into the darkness of the other corners. I could hide in these corners and feel warm and secure with the thought that I could see my older brothers in the light better than they could see me. I'd watch them do their studies and listen to them quiz one another.

Each night, as in a ritual, they would place the lamp in the center of the large round table where they worked. Then, before lighting the lamp, they would clean its chimney and trim the wick. After they had lit the lamp and I had retreated into the shadows and I looked back at the light, it was as bright as any that I had seen. But I was just a kid then, and hadn't been away from home much, and we didn't have electric lights.

Now, less than twenty years later, I sit at my desk, surrounded by 200 incandescent watts and 15 more of the efficient fluorescent kind. Two hundred and fifteen watts of bright, white, instant electric light—no mess, no smell, and no shadows.

—Kingsford Cottage
Princeton, N.J.

Others may want to revive the old woodburning stove. But I recall winter mornings before the fire had been started. I remember canning days in August when jars and fruit boiled over a tremendous fire.

Therefore, instead of the stove, I'd revive the mincing knife. Ordinary knives have a handle at one end of the blade; the mincing knife had its handle above the blade. Curved to fit the contour of a wooden bowl, the mincing knife was an efficient tool for chopping vegetables.

I know that my modern blender can chop more quickly, but dare we compare the cleanup time? It takes forty or fifty seconds to wash and dry one mincing knife and one wooden bowl. It requires four or five minutes to wash one blender blade, one rubber gasket, one blender jar, and one lid. And thirty minutes are needed for washing the ceiling when I forget to put on the lid before starting the blender.

—Irene M. Eggers
San Diego, Calif.

I would revive the backyard clothesline. For the houseperson, it provides exercise, fresh air, a chance to share the out-of-doors with children, small animals, and birds; for the clothes, it provides a fresh smell rivaled only by the smell of baking bread, and a fresh look which comes only from direct sunshine.

—Polly Brown
Washington, D.C.

It seems to me people used to call each other "Jack" more often when they didn't know each other's names. Just informally, of course—never while experiencing Ezio Pinza at the old Met; but at rural gas stations and community auctions people called each other Jack. Men, that is. I don't know what women called each other, although "dearie" comes to mind, and that's affectionate and nice in its way, but for men it was "What'll it be, Jack?" and "Say, Jack, do I know you from someplace?" Much better than today's colloquial addressings. I have long hair. A lot of gas-station attendants and auction-goers call me "creep." I'd sooner be Jack, even though my name is George. Wouldn't you?

—George R. Androvette
Washington, N.J.

TOOLS FOR LIVING

NETWORKS: Tips for Teachers

Where can teachers get new ideas, fresh perspectives, a forum for dialogues on innovation? In Massachusetts, one excellent source is *Kaleidoscope,* an informed and imaginative semi-annual magazine published by the State Department of Education. We suspect that other states may publish similar periodicals. Those that don't ought to look at *Kaleidoscope.*

Kaleidoscope describes programs thoroughly, analyzing why they work, and how they were funded (if they were). It gives the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of participating teachers, pays special attention to projects that transcend the classroom, and, from time to time, runs features on outstanding programs outside Massachusetts.

For a free copy, write to Beverly Lydiard, Kaleidoscope, Division of Curriculum Services, 182 Tremont Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02111.

Honor Among Veterans

Nearly half a million veterans of the Vietnam war era have received less-than-honorable discharges for "offenses" such as bed-wetting, apathy, financial irresponsibility, homosexual behavior, or "character disorders." Although not confined in prison, many of these people are in effect serving life sentences because of discrimination against them by potential employers.

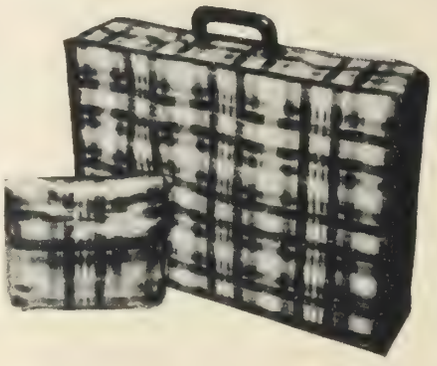
A recent survey conducted by Rep. John Seiberling of Ohio found that, of the 100 largest corporations in the country, 41 discriminated against veterans with a general discharge under honorable conditions (a step below honorable discharge), 61 discriminated against veterans with undesirable discharges, 62 discriminated against veterans with bad-conduct discharges, and 73 discriminated against veterans with dishonorable discharges. Since persons in most of these categories are not eligible for Veterans Administration benefits, their net punishment is heavy and prolonged. The American Civil Liberties Union Foundation is convinced that the only "crime" in most of these cases was an "inability to conform to military life." Accordingly, it has formed the Lawyers Military Defense Committee to represent veterans at hearings before review boards in Washington, D.C. Any veteran who thinks he has been unjustly branded with a bad-conduct discharge is invited to seek the committee's help. The committee, in turn, is looking for help from lawyers or anyone else who can work on the local level to prepare cases for presentation in Washington.

For more information, write to Susan H. Hewman, Lawyers Military Defense Committee of the American Civil Liberties Union Foundation, 1346 Connecticut Avenue, NW, Washington, D.C. 20036. Telephone: (202) 659-1138.

STARTING POINTS: My Birthday Present

Because I live in an isolated spot, and because my seventy-one years have taught me the beauty, value, and time involved in growing them, I am celebrating America's bicentennial by planting 200 trees on land which has been in the family since the United States government gave it to us for a home. To help ensure the trees' future, the planters will be mostly young people—even toddlers assisted by their parents. My part will be to furnish the land, the seedlings, and the dibbles.

—Sallie Daves
Addison, Ala.



TOOLS: A Case for All Cases

A complaint frequently voiced by vacationers is that they would have brought home gifts of clothes but had no easy way to carry them back. Well, get your travelers' checks ready, because the problem has been solved with the advent of the foldable canvas suitcase. When tucked into its carrying bag, this remarkably strong product is no larger than a portable radio; it can be carried inside your regular suitcase, and opened later into a three-quarter-size valise. It doubles your carrying capacity for the trip home, and will even fit into a handbag or briefcase. It's $7.95 from us.

NETWORKS: See Spot Run

It takes a lot of work to develop a winning pit-fighting dog. First, you have to select the right breed, such as the Staffordshire and American pit bullterriers, or better still, a mixed-breed dog, such as the Corvino. Then you need an inclined treadmill on which to run the dog uphill for a couple of hours every day for two years, to strengthen his legs, and you've got to hang weights from his lower jaw to build up his biting power. But, most important, you've got to round up sparring partners for him, to impart the proper bloodlust. A kitten suspended not quite out of reach will do until the dog is six months old; then you'll have to find puppies and other small dogs for him to practice on. Finally, when he's ready for the pit, you'll need a syringe, respiratory stimulants, and amphetamines to get him psyched up for a two- or three-hour match against another hopped-up dog. A real aficionado will buy an electric cattle prod to whip his dog into a fighting frenzy just prior to unleashing him.

It's hard to believe, but that's what a lot of people are doing to man's best friend. Instances of dogfighting are increasing steadily, and are said to be most common in California, Florida, Illinois, Texas, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Jersey, and New York. It's illegal everywhere, but fines are negligible (as low as $3), mostly because lawmakers never guessed that dogfighting would become a problem, and therefore failed to guard against it.

Fortunately, at least one organization is working to put an end to dogfighting. Now three years old, the American Dog Owners Association is lobbying in Washington and in state capitals for stringent laws, stiff fines and in some cases jail sentences. The group is also infiltrating the clandestine arenas of the "sport" in an attempt to identify participants and bring them to court.

Moreover, it is tackling the less spectacular but more common problem of dog abuse by breeders and purveyors. The ADOA has investigated hundreds of cases involving dogs who starved to death in delayed railroad cars, froze in airplane cargo holds, or suffocated in poorly ventilated shipping cartons. The group has already obtained agreement from several interstate carriers not to ship dogs when their health could be injured, and it has convinced several contest organizations not to give pets as prizes when shipment is required. Through their efforts, a few states have enacted laws making any deliberate, cruel treatment of animals a serious crime. But there is still an immense amount of work to be done, much of it expensive. Informants, lobbyists, investigators, and lawyers all have to be paid. The ADOA badly need

WRAPAROUNDWRAPA

oney, and letters from people ross the country documenting stances of inhumane treatment. nonymity is guaranteed. To nd contributions, or to get more formation, write to Duncan right, American Dog Owners sociation, P.O. Box 13918, cramento, California 95813.

ETWORKS:

w to Monger Power

The Industrial Areas Founda- n Training Institute, begun by e late Saul Alinsky, is to com- unity organizers what the Har- rd Business School is to junior ecutives. Located in Chicago, e IAF is probably the best ace in the country to learn w to develop community pow- and use it to maximum ben- it. If you and your group don't ve the time or money to go to icago for one of the IAF's o-week-to-fifteen-month pro- ams, the institute will send meone to you, provided you y expenses and a fee.

Given enough background in- rmation, the IAF will also offer advice through the mails over the phone, but the insti- te's forte is producing orga- zers at the Chicago facilities. According to the institute's di- ctor, Edward Chambers, "The ined organizer coming out of e IAF will be competent and epared to engage in effective ganization in almost any sec- r of society. Students will be ined to develop a passionate riosity which is a driving dy- mism in continuing to learn. there is any one symbol of the sic theme of the institute it is e question mark. The good or- nizer is ever-growing, ever- arning, ever-questioning, and er-curious, so that even in a oment of success his feeling of umph is almost equal to his eling of curiosity as to why he cceeded; conversely, with de- at, the feeling of dejection is most equaled by his curiosity to why he failed."

If you are involved in commu- ty work and would like to be- me more effective, the IAF is orth investigating. They can be ached at 528 North Michigan venue, Chicago, Illinois 60011 (312) 329-0430.

New England Blues

New England, the birthplace of American industrialism, agriculture, and commercial fishing, has fallen on disappointing times. As a group called the New England Union sees it: "New Englanders pay the highest prices in North America for food, fuel, transport, and service. New England agriculture lies nearly fallow after decades of neglect. New Englanders continue to lose jobs as industries transplant elsewhere. New England fishermen reap less and less from seas stripped bare by foreign trawlers."

The union is a fledgling group of dedicated people who think the answers to New England's troubles will be found only through hard work. Because regulating agencies and Congressional committees won't listen to sentimental whining, the group hopes to establish a network of corresponding volunteers, who will amass data that can't be ignored on gas, food, utility, and transportation costs.

People from all of the regions of the country are invited to contribute advice and information on their own ways of cutting the costs of living. To find out how to get involved, write to Mark Anderson, New England Union, P.O. Box 101, South Britain, Connecticut 06487.

TOOLS: Elementary Art

If you have a three- or four-year-old who has recently discovered painting, consider this way to avoid spending a lot of money on his or her new enthusiasm. Buy large containers of powdered paint in the primary colors and mix your own shades by adding water to a measured amount of powder. The paint can be stored in small baby-food jars, so that very little will be wasted.

As for the paper problem: find a wholesale paper company in your area and call to ask if they sell newsprint by the roll, or in large sheets. It will be porous and definitely not high grade, but adequate for children's pictures.

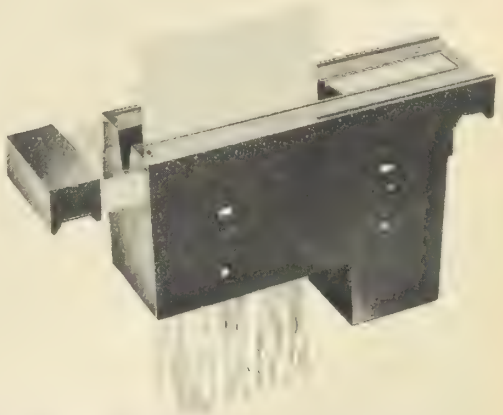
TOOLS: Cache and Carry

Even if you aren't a professional carpenter or mechanic, a belt tool holder can serve you in many tasks, especially when you're standing on top of a high ladder holding on with one hand, and you need to switch tools. The tool holder we like is made out of leather; it has enough pockets and loops to hold a great assortment of tools. You thread your belt through the holder and buckle it around your waist, load everything you need into it, and make your next repair job or building project a lot quicker. The tool holder is available in hardware and discount stores, or from us for $1.59 plus 30 cents for postage and handling.



Seize and Destroy

I often go down to a well-known office-supply store to check out their new items. Last time I was there I found a low-cost portable electric paper shredder, a lightweight machine that will turn any sheet of paper into spaghetti, while making a very low buzz. The machine looks like a cross between an ice-cream maker and a clothes wringer, and I read on a little sticker that it "will destroy any confidential, obsolete, or unimportant papers that are useless to you." The shredder is available through us for $85. It can also be found in better stationery stores.



Spring Planting

While pondering the price tags on the shelves in the wine store, my eye fell on Paul Masson Chablis in a beautiful carafe. I bought it even though it was more expensive than the regular bottle. The wine is one of the best homogenized American wines, and the carafe is a vase in which I am growing my spring crop of bulbs. If you want to try a garden in a bottle, just put a bulb in the neck of your carafe; add water till it touches the roots (put some charcoal in the water to keep it sweet); cover with a paper bag, and put it in your refrigerator or in a dry place outside for eight to twelve weeks. Then take it out and watch the green tips that will bloom in your window.

—Margot Moes-Hunt

ROUNDOWRA GAMEROUT

NETWORKS: Private Education

With eleven students, Communitas, in Washington, D.C., is probably the smallest college in the country. It is also one of the most unusual. We mention it not out of a conviction that there's anything wrong with conventional institutions, but because we recognize that some students cannot handle the pressures at more typical colleges and don't get anything out of a classroom approach.

A Communitas student designs his own program, then sets out on a year's odyssey. He is guided by a small staff at the college, but his real mentor is an expert selected from the student's field, who agrees to work with the student as an advisor through the year. Annual tuition is $1,690, of which $500 goes to the expert or "source person" working with the student, $400 back to the student to pay for his expenses, and the rest for institutional overhead. Though located in Washington, Communitas is sponsored by Roger Williams College in Rhode Island, and awards Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science degrees in association with the nationwide University Without Walls program.

Neil Seldman, who directs the school, says he himself will reply to all inquiries. And because he strongly believes in the precepts of self-designed, individualized education, he has volunteered to assist anyone thinking of setting up a similar program elsewhere. His address is Communitas, 1717 Eighteenth Street, NW, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Sanctuary

Children traveling to and from school by themselves are often easy prey for bullies, muggers, and bicycle thieves. To protect them, adults in a growing number of American cities and towns have devised a system. The setup varies somewhat from place to place but essentially it works like this:

School officials or members of local civic groups (or anybody else who's interested) recruit volunteers whose homes or businesses line the routes that schoolchildren use. Each volunteer posts a small red sign (or some other agreed-upon symbol) on a front window or door, which tells children they can come in for help when they're in trouble. Obviously, the group that organizes the program should monitor it to ensure that participants are reliable and trustworthy.

If you'd like to start a protective network like this in your own neighborhood (or find out if one already exists), call the local school, PTA, or Junior Chamber of Commerce.

TOOLS: Bubble Dance

What feels bouncy to the touch; pops when you poke, squeeze, or jump on it; and wraps anything breakable so that it becomes unbreakable? Bubble wrap. Made out of plastic sheeting with raised, air-filled bubbles, this wrapping is flexible enough to go around unlikely shapes and sturdy enough to keep most fragile possessions safe in the mail. Bubble wrap is reusable, but in our household it is never used twice, because we have a war dance on it and pop every bubble till our ears hurt. Any store that sells plastics should be able to sell it to you.

SLIMERICKS by Lawrence Burns, N.Y., N.Y.

If, as the government says, we're in a recession, then perhaps the masses will again come up with their own hard-times literature. *Harper's* nominates the slimerick. Modeled on the pithy, five-line limerick, the slimerick offers tales of economy with economy of scale to suit the times. The limerick's rhyme scheme, a-a-b-b-a, applies. Some examples:

Don't despair,	Oh, honey,	As inflation
Wall Street bear.	Save money.	Hits the nation,
Slump,	Delete	Pin
Jump,	Meat.	WIN
Don't you dare!	It's not funny.	On your frustration.

This month, readers are invited to write their own short limericks about the recession, food and fuel shortages, or a related theme. Send your entries on a postcard to "Slimerick," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked no later than February 9 and become the property of *Harper's*. Winning entries will be published in the April issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *The Century Collection of Civil War Art* (American Heritage)

Runners-up: *Watership Down*, by Richard Adams (Macmillan)

Winners of "Name Chains," the December game that asked readers to compose linkages of well-known names, are:

First Prize

Photography in America (Random House):

Vitamin B. B. King James Stuart Little John Adams Apple Betty White House of Lords-A-Leaping Lizards. —Bonnie Swett
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Runners-up

Old Glory: A Pictorial Report on the Grass Roots History Movement (Warner Paperback Library):

Jill St. John Wayne King Richard Benjamin Franklin D. Roosevelt Grier Garson Kanin Abel.
—L. R. Amsler
Novato, Calif.

Joe E. Lewis and Clark Kent State of the Union Made Marion Marlowe Thomas Wolfe Man Jack and Jill St. John Dean Jones Boys.
—Chuck Baker
Los Angeles, Calif.

Archie Bunker Hill Billy Jack Flash Gordon MacRae.
—Jack Richards
Carlisle, Pa.

Sandy Dennis James Stuart Little John Jay North Star of Bethlehem Steel Yard Blues. —Kevin Davis
Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Harold Lloyd George Nathan Hal Mary Martin Luther King Joh Sinclair Lewis Carroll Lawrence o Arabia. —Ann H. A. Carrol
San Francisco, Calif

Jackie O. Henry James Elton Joh Glenn Miller Barber of Seville.
—Carol Chas
Phoenix, Ariz

Billie Jean King George Sand Dennis James Earl Ray Floyd Lit tle John Simon Legree.
—Michael V. Milto
Jacksonville, Fla

Mister Wizard of Oz Nelson Edd Albert Gore Vidal Sassoon.
—David C. Zal
Minneapolis, Minn

Romeo and Juliet Overture 181 Revolution Per Minute Maid o Orleans. —Edward J. Reill
Philadelphia, P

Patty Duke of Earl Warren Burge King Richard Rodgers Morto Dean Martin and Lewis and Clar Clifford Irving Berlin.
—Randy Hayma
Tucson, Ari

Jacqueline Susann George Alle King Henry James Dean Marti Luther King David Clayton Thon as Jefferson Starship Enterprise.
—Barbara Pfa
Columbus, Ohi

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for game. Those who invent games published in the magazine will receive $50.

LETTERS

Future fantasy

A relative of mine, Mr. Mstislav eszinski, to whom Mr. Laqueur re- s in his article ["The Next Ten ars," December] is—as his friends ll know—an unusually reticent d modest man. Accordingly, he es not dare to approach you di- tly, but he has asked me to note his behalf that Mr. Laqueur's ticism of his performance as Sec- ary of State establishes a historic t: it took place at least two years ore the fact! Moreover, he is par- ularly sorry because he was plan- g to appoint Laqueur as his plan- g chief. ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI
New York, N. Y.

In reading Walter Laqueur's re- w of Professor S. F. Richardson's olarly *Things Fell Apart—1974-84: Ten Years That Shook The orld,* I was surprised to note that completely ignored a sizable part the world, notably the Western misphere other than the United tes, plus Australia and New Zea- d, fine examples of social progress, mocratic self-government, and non- rasive foreign policies.

Perhaps the reviewer's failure to at the "down-under" common- alths can be justified on the ground t they played virtually no role in ernational power politics during decade; but the omission of most the Western Hemisphere is an- er story—and one that the book's thor told well.

So why did the reviewer fail to ntion the complex web of personal bition, threats of force, intrigue, d economic pressures that led to birth of Pechiludor by the union Chile, Peru, and Ecuador early in 77? And why no mention of Ar- ntina's more-or-less peaceful ab- rption of Uruguay, Paraguay, and livia as a countermove to the new dean republic, which its post-Perón leaders maintained was a "standing threat" to its sovereignty?

Coming closer to home, why not even a word about the birth and rapid development of the *Mexico Irredenta* movement with its immediate goal of autonomy for the Spanish-speaking inhabitants of the vast territory "stolen" from the Aztec republic by the United States during the period 1836-1853? And, more ominous, the irredentists' scarcely concealed ultimate objective of Mexico's "reannexation" of the entire area? Were this to be accomplished it would neatly complement Mexico's establishment of a virtual protectorate (under a president appointed by the Mexican government and subject to removal by it) over the United Republic of Central America that was established in 1978.

And why did the reviewer ignore the persistent demand of the Panamanian jingoes, aided and abetted by Soviet and Mexican agents, that the United States "return" the Panama Canal and the entire Canal Zone to their "rightful owner," the Republic of Panama? ROGER C. HACKETT
Raleigh, N.C.

The undiscovered sea

Michael M. Mooney, in his review of books by Professors Morison and Parry [December], quotes the latter as stating, "The discovery of the sea was among the most significant events in the history of the world."

Quite true; but great as this was, it was only the discovery of the surface of the seas. It is quite incorrect to state, as Mr. Mooney does, that "the seas have been discovered." We know far more about the surface of the moon than we know about the underseas. Furthermore, it is incomprehensible that we cannot see the possible parallel between this earlier discovery and the potential which exists today with the undersea ship.

Within the year we have seen the final collapse of the Portuguese African Empire and the rise of the Arab states to a new position of economic dominance. Prior to the emergence of Europe, the Arab countries held the West in economic bondage by means of their control over the trade routes, and the discovery of the surface sea routes by the Portuguese was among the most significant events because it allowed Western civilization to escape from this economic stranglehold.

It does not, or should not, take a prophet to see the great possibilities today implicit in the undersea ship. It has been known for years that we must go into the seas for minerals—especially for oil. The development of the full potential of the undersea ship will undoubtedly have a far greater impact than did the development of the sailing ship. After all, the use of the sailing ship opened up only a fraction of the earth's surface, whereas the oceans cover three-fourths of the globe's surface. In addition, undersea ships are the only practical means for opening up the Arctic regions. ROBERT E. WALTERS
Springfield, Ohio

Cover line

The title "How Banks Destroy the Economy" on your January cover was placed above my name without my consent or knowledge. I feel that it misrepresents the content of the article and the style and substance of my work. I request that you print this letter as an apology to the many people who helped me in my work toward a serious book on a serious subject. MARTIN MAYER
New York, N.Y.

Harper's *takes full responsibility for the title, which happily enlarged the audience for Mr. Mayer's serious article on a serious subject.*

CLASSIFIED

LETTERS

Moongate?

In your December issue there is an article in "Commentary" ["They're Keeping It Hushed Up"] by Oliver Jensen. I just had to write to find out if this article was written with tongue in cheek or has some basis in fact. After Watergate, I'd believe just about anything.

ROBERT TODD
Ardmore, Pa.

OLIVER JENSEN REPLIES:

Was the astronaut correct that the whole business of landing on the moon was faked? Did the space ship in fact penetrate into a thickening blue substance and then run into, if not heaven, at least a solid wall of sky? Was what we all saw in the papers and on television a kind of science-fiction film which had been made at San Clemente as a backup in case something went wrong?

Since the astronaut (whose name I am honor-bound not to reveal) thinks that at least part of the story may be on some of the White House tapes, I've been waiting to see what turns up. But what would Judge Sirica do if he found such tapes? How far would he go?

I never did get far in my attempts to check the story out with NASA, and naturally they're mum at San Clemente. The present White House, as one might expect, follows the old Galileo line (once they explained who he was to President Ford), and so do the university astronomy departments. There's a half-tendency to believe at some Vatican embassies, and I understand the Russians are rather curious about it. However, I think that they are torn by a story which has elements of the old "good news, bad news" jokes. The good news, of course, would be that the imperialist U.S. moonmongers had been caught lying about the landing. But, ah, the bad news! How would Brezhnev explain things to the Young Godless League?

There are many questions here, including whether Mr. Todd has his tongue in his cheek, and I can't answer them.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: $1 per word. (10-word minimum. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to run six times; deduct 20¢ a word if ad is to run twelve times.)
All ads must be **prepaid** at the time you send your insertion. (If you are ordering more than one insertion, please send full amount to qualify for discount.) Replies to *Harper's* box numbers should be sent to the address below. You may now request the use of a *Harper's* box number. There is a $2 charge. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP Codes count as one word.
Copy must be received by the 8th of the second month prior to the issue date.

Harper's Magazine
Classified Advertising Department
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

TRAVEL

Visit areas off the tourist circuit. Stay in Japanese Inns. 18-day tour departs San Francisco April 5. S.E. Asia extension available. 31-day Summer Tour departs July 5. Shinbigan Tours Box 1144, San Rafael, Calif. 94902.

Learn to speak French, Spanish, German, Italian the natural way while visiting your chosen language's homeland. Write Living Language Tours, Box 207, Winnetka, Ill. 60093.

Britain the second, third, fourth time around. Only you can choose what you want to see now. Castles, villages and green countryside that sparked your imagination the first time you saw it. Places you've never seen at all. A good way to explore every nook and cranny of England, Scotland, and Wales is to travel by train. A $70 21-day BritRail Pass makes it possible. (10% surcharge after August 1.) We have other passes, too, for longer or shorter stays. Important: you must buy them here. For details, please write BritRail Travel International, Dept. 131A-2351, P.O. Box S, Staten Island, N.Y. 10305.

Australia. Authentic information is freely available *without charge* from the Australian Embassy in Washington, D.C. (202) 797-3000, and the Australian Consulate General in New York (212) 245-4000, San Francisco (415) 362-6160, Los Angeles (213) 380-4610, and Chicago (312) 329-1740.

Hemingway tours in nearby Venezuela! Write: Iguana Trails, Apartado 4, Maracaibo, Venezuela.

1973 Georgia to Maine hiker will make same trip possible for you. $400/mo. plus expenses. Allow six months. Harper's Box 212.

Worldwide freighter guide—$1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger-carrying freighters. TravLtips, 40-21 X Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

REAL ESTATE

Government lands . . . from $7.50/acre! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review," listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-HM, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Tobago, W.I.—Cottages, all sizes, locations, rates. Completely equipped. Tobago Cottage Owners Association, Box 194, Tobago.

You can still acquire public land free! Government Land Digest, Box 2217, Norman, Okla. 73069.

Canadian government lands—from $5/acre! Vacation paradises, farming, or investment opportunities! "Canadian Land Opportunities" includes complete information. Send $2 (money-back guarantee). Canadian International, Box 6586-HN, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Central Ontario—Choice 640-acre sportsmen's paradises still available—$20 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures, $2 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 64, Ontario, Canada.

North California Coast. Unspoiled 40 acres. Cabin, beach, airstrip. Quarter share, $20,000. Harper's Box 122.

RESORTS

Unspoiled St. Vincent. Inexpensive, fine cuisine, friendly staff, country charm, excellent swimming beach, pool. $15 p.p., two meals daily until Jan. 16, $22.50 until April 1. Sugar Mill Inn, P.O. Box 119, St. Vincent, W.I.

Marco Island, Florida. For rent Tradewinds Condominium, furnished, two bedrooms, two baths, kitchen. Available now. George Weiss, M.D., 3023 DeKalb Blvd., Norristown, Pa. 19403. (215) 279-1330.

Healthful vacationing—Fasting. Reducing. Rejuvenation. Wholesome foods. Organic gardens. Peaceful surroundings. Pool, boats, solariums. Beaches. Health classes. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita Springs, Fla. 33923-HA.

VACATIONS

Whitewater Float trips, Utah & Wyoming. Slickrock River Co., Box 10543, Denver, Colo. 80110.

Enjoy a new vacation experience—where you choose—rent-free. Write Viking Home Exchange, Box 3007, St. Paul, Minn. 55165.

Registered Guide of Afognak Island. Brown Bear, elk. Tents, outboards, walking. *Personal* replies answered. Black powder welcome. Ed Hendricks, Box 567, Kodiak, Alaska 99615.

Family seeks vacation house in tropical location from August to ?? Would swap homes. Dr. Mazade, 708 William Circle, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Southwest Safaris: Air tours of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and Arizona. Camping, hiking, riding, rafting. Geology, archaeology, history. The ultimate in creative holidays. Free Brochure. P.O. Box 945, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

Far North Wilderness Summer, Naturalists' and historians' paradise. River trips, Klondike goldfields, hiking, much more. Based at Sisters Island near Dawson City, Yukon, Canada. Small select groups. Experienced Yukoners your hosts. For detailed brochure: Far North Wilderness Summer, 218 East Buena Vista, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

Professors, teachers, administrators: cut summer vacation costs 50 percent more. *Available only if you act now!* Write: Educators' Co-op., c/o A. Golub, 7256 N. Bell, Chicago, Ill. 60645.

Vacation in Spain. 2-bdrm efficiency overlooking Mediterranean. No children or pets. D. Cool, 7421 Troy Manor Rd., Dayton, Ohio 45424.

GOURMETS

Gourmet lasagne recipe: Send self-addressed envelope, refu you don't agree. Box B-36, 63 Sant Lake, Middleton, Wisc. 5

STAMPS

Wow! 110 all different Germa Commemoratives, airmails, high big catalogue, bargain lists. A stamps from our approval which you may return with chases and cancel service at a Jamestown Stamp, Dept. A Jamestown, N.Y. 14701.

Free! Big bargain catalogu edition listing thousands of including U.S. & B.N.A. stamp ets, albums, accessories, and Also, fine stamps from our service which you may return purchases and cancel service time. Jamestown Stamp, I 25HM, Jamestown, N.Y. 147

MUSICAL INSTRUME

Playing the recorder is easy. alogue recorders, recorder m ginners' Pearwood Recorder, tion Book, $11.95. Amster Co., 1624-H Lavaca, Austin 78701.

Kits! Build dulcimers, guita laikas, thumb pianos, harp $2.95. Finished dulcimers fror 8665 West 13th Avenue, HM. Colo. 80215.

The Harpsichord quarterly. articles on buying, building, tuning. Photographs. Drawing views. Letters. $8 annually ($9). Box 4323-H, Denver, Col

TAPES

Tapes. Recorders. Sound eq Discounts! Catalogue $1. #33098, Washington, D.C. 2

Behavioral sciences tape Leading psychiatrists and ogists discuss psychotherapy phrenia, adolescents, drugs, sexuality, etc. on cassettes. alogue. Over 300 tapes for rental. BSTL, Dept. 808, 24 Ave., Leonia, N.J. 07605.

RECORDS

Show albums—rare, out-of-p 52-pg. list, 50¢. Broadway/H Recordings, Georgetown, Cor

Rare records for discrimina lectors. Over 40,000 LP's shows, soundtracks, classica lar, jazz, comedy, spoken. each, refundable! Roundsou Box 1053, Del Mar, Calif. 9

Free record catalogue. Ha albums, *low prices.* Superb classical, shows, soundtrac jazz/blues, and nostalgia. To Treasury House Records, P.O. Box 165, Bay Station, N.Y. 11235.

COLOR SLIDES

Listings, samples, $1. Visu 440 N.W. 130th St., Mia 33168.

MOTION PICTURE

Super 8mm, 16mm, 8mm s sound film classics. Free Niles, 1141-HP Mishawak Bend, Ind. 46615.

ART

Original photographs of fema lithographed on canvas. 18 Free brochure. Creative P.O. Box 3518, San Dieg 92103.

ard-winning collectors' series of plane prints. Full-color 9 x 12 litho- phs ready to frame. Illustrated alogue. Johns-Byrne Co., 161 West rrison, Chicago, Ill. 60605.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

utiful postcard album—world's st; holds 200 cards—$8.95 post- d. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write- l, 276 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass. 15.

etime metal Social Security plate h beautiful gold finish and dsome case. $2. Bayview Special- , Box 10973-HB, Baltimore, Md. 34.

SCHOOLS

vate-school placement service. dent's individual requirements mary consideration. 163 High eet, Middletown, Conn. 06457. ephone: (203) 346-5111.

puncture training, home-study pro- m and supplies. Hing, Box 219-W, ronto, Canada M6M 4Z2.

dy—Ski. Accredited private col- e. Write Colorado Alpine Campus, amboat Springs, Colo. 80477.

tures Lab: global, social-environ- ntal studies (BA). Box 120 Annex tion, Providence, R.I. 02901H.

n-residence degrees! Honorary de- es. Nationwide faculty. Catalogue, UNITED STATES UNIV. OF MERICA, Box 4552-HA, Washing- , D.C. 20017.

llege degree at home. Your choice subjects. Easy tuition plan. Free ormation. Elysion College, B.C. x 909, San Ysidro, Calif. 92173.

dy programs in France. Language, e arts, performing arts. For infor- tion: Paris American Academy, 9 e des Ursulines, Paris 5.

gh Mowing School—co-ed, grades 2. College preparatory, Rudolf iner/Waldorf approach. Weaving, amics, organic gardening, animal e, auto mechanics, eurythmy, paint- , drama, music, sculpture, driver , carpentry. 200 wooded acres. ll/write Mr. Pratt, Wilton, N. H. 86. (603) 654-2391.

rn a British degree in Philosophy, ts and Sciences. Catalogue $1 air- iled (refundable). Dept. H, Secre- y, Sussex College of Technology, ghfield, Dane Hill, Sussex Rh17 X England.

CATALOGUES

entennial products catalogue, free. ite: Box 681, Kainco, Dept. H, lifornia, Pa. 15419.

ee 32-page color catalogue—self- p handicraft gifts from 25 coun- es. SERRV Program, Church World rvice Center, Box 365-H, New ndsor, Md. 21776.

0-page catalogue. Low direct prices. amonds, jewelry, silks, clothing, nting, fishing, camping supplies. $1 undable. Herter's, Inc., Dept. C20, aseca, Minn. 56093.

BOOKS

mplete list of books by Rudolph iner. Anthroposophic Press, Inc., 3 Hungry Hollow, Spring Valley, Y. 10977.

y/Sell public & mail auctions— oks, prints, magazines, comics. ction catalogue, $1. Free O.P. arch service. Open 10-6:30. ECON- MY BOOKS, 1125-H King, Alex- dria, Va. 22314.

30% discount on new books. (Add 35¢ postage.) BOOKQUICK, B-2, Rose- land, N.J. 07068.

Book of Vles—Scythian classic. Sourcebook edition, 80 pages, $4. Vlessiana, Box 422, Dublin, Ohio 43017.

Publish your book! Join our success- ful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All sub- jects invited. Send for free manu- script report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press (Dept. HZN), 84 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10011.

Book searching—Prompt service. REGENT HOUSE, 108 Roselake, Los Angeles, Calif. 90026.

Fiction, mysteries, war, science. Free catalogue. Sunmount Books, Box 145-H, Willowdale, Ont. Canada.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Out of Print. Send wants. Bookdealer. Dept. JN, 39 N. Browning Ave., Tenafly, N.J. 07670.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Writing—Editing—Research. Confi- dential. Wordsmiths, Box 5882, Chi- cago, Ill. 60680.

Scholarly treatises, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Per- sonalized. Confidential. Professional team. RC Research, Box 120-A, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Literary help, any problem. Profes- sional writer. Harper's Box 201.

Books printed from well-typed manu- script! Biography Press, Rt. 1, Box 745, Aransas Pass, Texas 78336.

New Worlds seeks poetry for antholo- gy and 1975 contest. Send for de- tails. Include self-addressed stamped envelope. P.O. Box 556-H, Saddle- brook, N.J. 07662.

Manuscripts, reports, academic writ- ing, editing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Profession- al team at work. RC Research, Box 138-H, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Looking for a Publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, distributed. Send for Free Booklet, HP-2 Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th St., N.Y.C. 10001.

Poetry markets—Current, detailed list, $2.50. LYF-AC, Box 1872, Milwau- kee, Wisc. 53201.

All the law that writers should know by former judge listed WW in A. Marquis. Details free. A. L. I., Box 341, Piggott, Ark. 72454.

Poetry published free. Write: Young Publications, Box 166-H, Appala- chia, Va.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

The Berkeley Center—offering an in- tensive experience in individual pri- mal process. 1925 Walnut St., Berke- ley, Calif. 94704. (415) 548-3543.

PUBLICATIONS

Beat inflation—monthly newsletter, down to earth—saves you dollars ev- ery day. Send $10 now, year sub- scription. Money-back guarantee. Keith, Box 492, Mineola, N.Y. 11501.

Integrity: Gay Episcopal Forum. 10 issues/$5. Dr. Crew, 701 Orange, Fort Valley, Ga. 31030.

High times—only magazine dedicated solely to getting high. Dope articles, entertainment, information. Dope price index. A glossy quarterly. $2 for two recent issues. $10/12-issue subscription. High Times, Dept. HP, Box 386, Cooper Sta., N.Y.C. 10003.

Wind power systems information/ planning manual. $3. Wind Power, Box 233, Mankato, Minn. 56001. En- gineering consultation available.

Feminist books, posters, herstory, culture. Free catalogue: Times Change Press, Box 98-HB, Louisa, Va. 23093.

Sunday clothes, Midwest arts maga- zine, needs poetry, fiction, art, arti- cles on all phases of arts. Will print artist's prices on work if accepted; include SASE. Accepts display/classi- fied advertising; wide circulation in Midwest. Subscriptions $7.50/year, quarterly. Box 66, Hermosa, S.Dak. 57744.

Your personally autographed copy of *Island of the Iguanas*. $4.95. Ginio, 500 Springdale, Enterprise, Ala. 36330.

BOOKPLATES

Free catalogue. Many beautiful de- signs, Antioch Bookplates, Box 28-T, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Import-export opportunity, profitable worldwide, mail-order business from home, without capital or travel abroad. We ship plan for no risk examina- tion. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. A1022, Wood- land Hills, Calif. 91364.

Higher Income security and power: 256-page book, *Thinking Big*, reveals secrets that make men rich! $2. Tex- Value, Box 1183, El Campo, Texas 77437 B-4.

Make money clipping newspaper items. $2-$10 each. Free details. Clippings, Box 10344-H3B, Palo Alto, Calif. 94303.

How to cut costs of furniture, clothes, rent, and more by 50%. Ad executive reveals amazing secrets. $2. System- beater III, Iceberg Point, Lopez Is- land, Wash. 98261.

Import, mail-order opportunity. Earn $15,000 annually or owe nothing. Free one-year trial. Details: Northeast Im- ports, Box 121H2, Fremont, N.H. 03044.

Interested in owning a franchise?— business of your own, or full or part- time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 448, 1460 Hancock Center Chicago, Ill. 60611.

Earn money at home. Complete plan for home-operated business. For thoughtful person with inquiring mind. No direct selling. Send $5 to Cogent, Dept. 100, Box D, Lexington, Mass. 02173.

How to make money addressing, mail- ing letters. Offer details, 10¢. Lind- bloom, Dept HRP, 3636 Peterson, Chicago, Ill. 60659.

Make two to three times your cost on hundreds of products. $2 brings whole- sale catalogue. Wherry, Box 180, Western Springs, Ill. 60558.

How to make money writing short paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from begin- ners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right away. Send for free facts. BARRETT, Dept. C-77-X, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago 60660.

$2,000 monthly selling information by mail. Complete beginners' kit $1. Send stamped addressed envelope or $2. for information. Beasley's Com- mercial Co., Box 21, Woodworth, Wis. 53194.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Write your own résumé. Kit includes examples. $2.60. RESUME, Box 99234, Seattle, Wash. 98199.

Men! Women! Jobs on ships. Ameri- can, foreign. Guide, $3. Seafax, Dept. W-3, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

Teachers, administrators—Current school, college openings list in U.S., $5; Abroad, $5. Leading placement sources U.S., $3; Foreign, $4. EISR, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

Alaska pipeline jobs . . . free details. Wages, contractors, how to apply. Newzco, Box 444-G, National City, Calif. 92050.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

"Jobs in Alaska" handbook—How to work and live in Alaska. Latest pipe- line information. $3. JIA, Box 007, Norwich, Vt. 05055.

Overseas Jobs—now hiring, 103 coun- tries, all occupations, high pay. Free transportation, tax benefits. Latest computerized reports—$2. TRANS- WORLD, International Airport, Box 90302-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

Australia, New Zealand Want You! 50,000 jobs! Paid Transportation! Latest information and forms, $1. Austco, Box 3623-H, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Inventor wants Howard Hughes-type backer, with knowledge that wheel wasn't invented by a degree. Princi- pal only. No journalists. Contact by mail only M.M., 6821 California St., Apt. 2, San Francisco, Calif. 94121. Do it *now!*

Profitable investment, limited partner- ship, accepting new members. $1,000 minimum. Box 92, Buckingham, Pa. 18912.

LICENSED MOVERS

Morris Moving Vans. Since 1899. Ex- perienced and careful movers. Local and long distance to Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Canada. 475- 7537. #303. 91 East 7th Street, N.Y.C.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Wallpapers at wholesale. Wall Tex, Schumacher, Sanitas, United, Birge, Strahan, Styltex-Katzenback-Warren, Fashion-Imperials-Murals. All famous makes at lowest prices. We can sup- ply all brands. Send for free bro- chures and order forms. We pay UPS or postal charges. SHRIBER'S, 3220 Brighton Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15212. (412) 766-3220.

2' artificial marijuana plant, $2.25. Free catalogue. S-T Mail Order, Box 1885, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Burglar-proof your entire home with our amazing device. Only $10. Free details. HOMEGUARD, Box 10973, Baltimore, Md. 21234.

Cheap heat: build free-standing fire- place in two hours with simple tools and materials. Plan and instructions, $2. Great American Stove Co., P.O. 395, Westerly, R.I. 02891.

Can't Sleep? Read? . . . Mack's "Pillowsoft" Earplugs. Amazingly soundproof. Doctor Recommended. Guaranteed. $2.50. Harrington-A, 430 E. 66th St., N.Y.C. 10021.

"Juggle for Fun" . . . Learn fine art of juggling. Complete illustrated course with two sets of jugglers' balls. Entertain self, friends. Develops motor coordination/dexterity. Relatively easy. $5 complete (postpaid). Juggler's Vane, Box 7546, Tulsa, Okla. 75104.

Coors Beer leather belt—handmade—specify size. Send $12 plus $1 shipping KAR LEATHER, Dept. M, 2 Prince St., Alexandria, Va. 22314.

Movie posters, stills, and TV scripts, 50¢ for large catalogue. Flicks, Inc. Sublette, Kans. 67877.

Cross's new 12k soft-tip pen. Retail $18.50. Send $14.50. Pen Shop, 6501 Marsol, Room 647, Cleveland, Ohio 44124.

Pyramid hats—precision engineered—improve your mental potential with this universal energy transformer. $8.88 (plus 50¢ postage). Ark Enterprises, 1570 Steele St., Denver, Colo. 80206.

PERSONALS

Communal living information and utopian newspaper. Free. The Storefront Classroom, P.O. Box 1174, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Beautiful Mexican girls needing American boyfriends. Details, Photos, "Free" World, Box 3876-HAR, San Diego, Calif. 92103.

Having sexual problems? Masters and Johnson techniques. Trained therapist (212) 255-3044. Sexual Counseling Center, N.Y.C.

Snoring problem? For free information explaining the first and only guaranteed cure ever offered, write Crostronics, Box 8143, Corpus Christi, Texas 78412.

Penfriends. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927-H 15th St., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Nationwide introductions! Free information! "Identity," Box 315-HC, Royal Oak, Mich. 48068.

Interesting penfriends! 35¢ handles. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, Calif.

Men, spirits, and God. How to live in serenity, security, happiness, and freedom from fear and worry. $1. Veris Press, Dept. H., 407 Fillmore Street, Fillmore, Calif. 93015.

Learn professional astrology at home. Write World Astrological Services, Inc., Box 471, Murray, Ky. 42071.

Intensive and group therapy—Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd. Austin, Texas 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute. $2,000 for three-week intensive; subsequent groups are $10 each.

Make friends worldwide through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, Germany.

Borrow money from any bank with no repayment obligations. Details from The M.D. Armstrong Society, P.O. Box 17086, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

Single Booklovers gets the cultured, marriage-oriented acquainted. Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

Ocean Park Feeling Center. Primal-based process: three-week live-in intensive period. Six-month to year program. Weekly small group and individual sessions. 1307 University Ave, Berkeley, Calif. 94702 or call (415) 841-6649 or 339-2284.

1,200 lonely ladies Fotos/Details, $3. World's largest matrimonial catalogue: Box 737, Lauderdale 33302, or Box 12, Toronto 16, M4A 2M8

Hearing aids! Batteries! Repairs! Wholesale Discounters! AidMart, Drawer Z-5, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33731.

Sincerely interested in marriage? Let us help you find your mate. Social Introduction Service, Box 1547 Eugene, Oreg. 97401.

Date with dignity. Professional Matching Services. MATCH-O-MATIC INC., Box 6765, Ft. Worth, Texas 76115.

Single: Fine Art Lovers acquaints the elite. Box 157, Old Greenwich, Conn. 06870.

Handwriting analysis in depth. $10 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29 St., N.Y.C. 10016.

Dates galore! Meet exciting singles anywhere. Free application: DATELINE, Alpha, Ohio.

Japanese girls make wonderful wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only $1 brings application, photos, names, descriptions, questionnaire, etc. Japan International, Box 1181-HM, Newport Beach, Calif. 92663.

Financial wealth increased by a proven, step-by-step method. Send $2 for our booklet. P.O. Box 8071, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

"Meet your happiness," if you wish to get married. Confidential. Details, $1. Nationwide. Write M.Y.H., Dept. 111, P.O. Box 686, Oyster Bay, N.Y. 11771.

Moving to Cleveland? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. (216) 751-2155.

Instant memory—New way to remember. No memorization. Release "photographic" memory. Stop forgetting! Liberates extraordinary knowledge, talents, ESP. Free information. Institute of Advanced Thinking. Box 606-H, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

Attractive female exec., age 41, unattached (widowed), self-sustaining, no incumbency, seeking compatible individual who is understanding and has compassion for people. Must be intelligent, active exec. or professional (unattached) between 42 and 50, preferably living in greater N.Y. area. Send background: FR-SC, 1700 Broadway N.Y.C. 10019, 24th floor.

Play chess by mail! Information: CHESSNUTS, 25-HA Mount Vernon, Saugus, Mass. 01906.

Woman, 60s, reasonably personable and domesticated, well educated, bored with exclusively female companionship, would like to write to literate man who enjoys mehitabel and also Shropshire Lad, with view to establishing lasting (if belated) relationship. Harper's Box 121.

Compassionate psychologist seeking congenial, intelligent, Nordic, childfree, attractive woman in 30s, to share sunny California mountaintop home, travels. Please include photo. Harper's Box 209.

Personality profile. Self-scoring psychologists-adapted test reveals inner characteristics. Be happier by knowing yourself. $5. Bayview, Box 10973-HB, Baltimore, Md. 21234.

Financial wealth increased by a proven, step-by-step method. Send $2 for our booklet. P.O. Box 8071, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

American medical student needs money desperately to finish last year of school in Mexico. Please send $1. J. Westcott, AP 5-548, Guadalajara, Mexico.

How intelligent are you? Self-scoring test reveals IQ in 45 minutes! Send $2, guaranteed test. Box 1183, El Campo, Texas 77437 B-3.

Need counseling but not psychiatry? Free brochure explains how CONFIDE speeds help anywhere. No taboos, no platitudes. Also ask about our enlightened cassette on transvestism. Phone anytime: (914) 359-8860. CONFIDE—Personal Counseling Services, Inc., Box 56-HMD, Tappan, N.Y. 10983.

Medical student needs financial support. No loans or scholarships available. Send contributions, Box 105 Absecon, N. J. 08201. Receipt upon request.

Now protect your property from all kinds of lawsuits, liability, defamation, accident, or divorce suit! Send 25¢ for details to ELP Development, Dept 1A, 16755 Littlefield Lane, Los Gatos, Calif. 95030.

Biorhythm graphs—physical, emotional, intellectual. Send birth date, $5. Susie Brockman, Quarters 2669-B, Ft. Lewis, Wash. 98433.

A young bride—portrayed in private sensual costume. Professional photographer's erotic album of his wife. $10. Canon Design, 7471 Melrose Ave., Office 19, Designation 1, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046. Calif. res. add 6%.

Male, 25, teacher, desires correspondence with attractive female. Who knows what can happen? Harper's Box 208.

Pocketbook of passionate, beautiful Haiku. $2. Box 11, Guilford, Conn. 06437.

Astrological readings by R. Baldwin, M.A. Character, destiny, advice on specific questions if desired; $20. Send birth data including place and time to 209 W. 21st St., N.Y.C. 10011.

Attractive, intelligent woman, 29, desires stimulating employment. Will travel. $15,000+. Harper's Box 211.

Contraceptives for Men—by mail! Thirty top brands—Trojan, Nuform, Jade, and many more. Twelve assorted samples: $3. Deluxe sampler: $6. Free illustrated catalogue with every order. Plain package assures privacy. Fast and reliable service. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full. POPLAN, Box 2556, Dept. HAC-8a, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Bachelor, 30s, would like correspondence with people. P.O. Box 63, Fair Haven Station, New Haven, Conn. 06513.

Love, sex and drugs in Russia today. Aware young Russian émigré bares inside story. Remarkable revelations that will shock you right out of your chair. $5. Valerie, 2140 Shuttuck B-311 Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Sincerely interested in marriage? Let us help you find your mate. Social Introduction Service, Box 1547, Eugene, Oreg. 97401.

Unflappable divorcée of some 4 summers seeks mature gentleman (or roughneck) not requiring financial maintenance. Good figure, good dresser, attractive without wig. Can walk three miles in an hour. Keeps a good house without overdoing it. Deep East Texas background with all that that implies including a sense of humor. Harper's Box 210.

Woman needed to share adventure and responsibility associated with 12-month cruise of European ports in a 35-foot sailboat. Owner is male, 41, divorced, healthy, happy and curious. Call (609) 227-3248, 19:00 to 20:00 February Mondays.

College student needs airplane for nine months commuting. Make offer. Box 403, Baldwin Place, N.Y.

Help! Need donations. Pay cost to publish newsletter. JY, 202 Prairie St., Chippewa Falls, Wisc. 54729.

University psychologists have prepared pamphlet which describes research-proven techniques for controlling tension and anxiety without tranquilizers. $2. Behavioral Information Services, Box 6160, Norfolk, Va. 23508.

WRAPAROUND has a limited supply of the following books. Previous readers of these special-interest publications have found them to be interesting reading as well as useful tools. To order, fill out the coupon below and send it to WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. All orders must be prepaid.

Old Glory, edited by James Robertson. Warner Paperback Library, $4.95. Your town has origins. This is a splendid book about how to find and preserve and parade them. There is such a thing as cultural ecology. Savor your own peculiar community's weirdness. Savor some other people's.

Nomadic Furniture, by James Hennessey and Victor Papanek. Random House, Inc., $3.95. If you move your dwelling stuff more than once every four years, this lightweight book can save you the aggravation of feeling stupid while wrestling that heavy bed (couch, table, chest, bookshelf) down that narrow stairway to that overloaded car.

Yes, *Harper's* the following books do seem interesting and useful. Please send

_____ **Old Glory @ $4.95**
_____ **Nomadic Furniture @ $3.95**

Total Order $_____

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____STATE_____ZIP_____

(New York residents, please add appropriate sales tax.)

02049

Kissinger: An Undiplomatic Memoir by William Safire

R. Buckminster Fuller/Nadine Gordimer

Is There A Democratic Party? by R.M. Koster

March 1975 $1.00

Harper's

Magazine



SEIZING ARAB OIL

he case
r U.S. intervention:
hy, How, Where




Come to where the flavor is.
Come to Marlboro Country.
100's
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
Marlboro
100's
Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's
you get a lot to like.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

As your introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

The most complete and most scholarly dictionary of the English language for only $17.50

Publisher's list price: $90

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL: You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose

THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY is generally regarded as the final arbiter of the meaning, origin, history and usage of words in the English language. Until recently, it had been available only as a thirteen-volume set, priced at $350. Now, through the combination of an ingenious method of micrographic reproduction and a fine Bausch & Lomb optical lens, every single one of its 16,569 pages, fifty million words and close to two million illustrative quotations appears, in easily readable form, in the two volumes of *The Compact Edition*.

> The *New York Times* book critic Christopher Lehmann-Haupt has said of this edition: "It is something of a miracle. . . . *The Compact Edition* is easier to work with than the original with its 13 separate volumes."

Even more extraordinary, as a trial member of the Book-of-the-Month Club you may obtain *The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary* for only $17.50. And as long as you remain a member, you will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club *News*, a literary magazine announcing the coming Selection and describing other important books, most of which are available at substantial discounts — up to **40%** on more expensive volumes. All of these books **are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.**

If you continue after your trial membership, you will earn at least one Book-Dividend® Credit for every Selection or Alternate you buy. These Credits entitle you to obtain a wide variety of books, called Book-Dividends, at astonishing savings — *at least 70% of publishers' list prices.* Under this unique system, more than 100 Book-Dividends will be available to choose from every year, enabling you to acquire a well-rounded library at a small fraction of what you would otherwise have to pay.

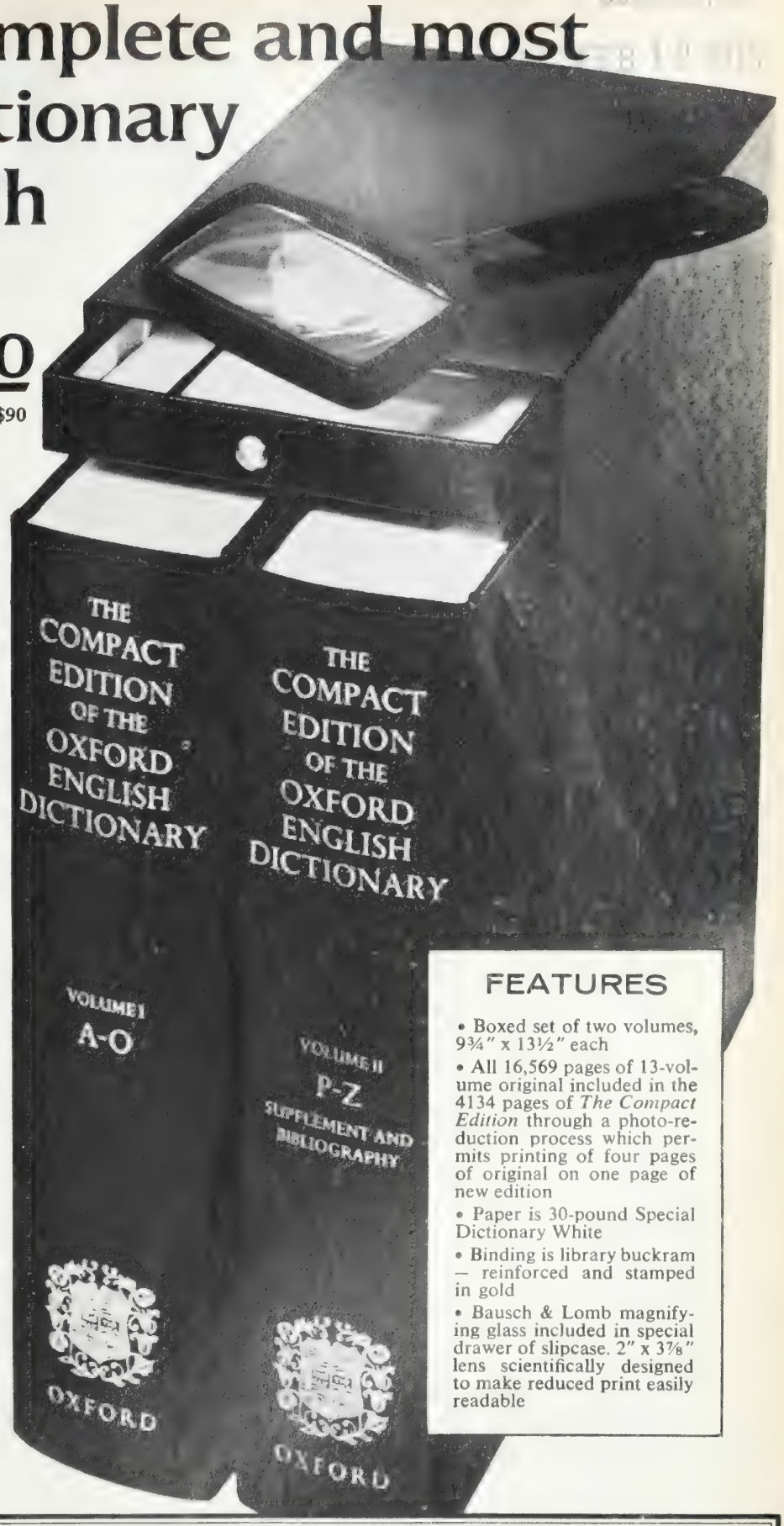
FACTS ABOUT MEMBERSHIP

You will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club *News*, a literary magazine published by the Club fifteen times a year. The *News* describes the coming Selection and scores of Alternates, and will be sent to you approximately every three and a half weeks.

If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically.

If you do not want the Selection — or you would like one of the Alternates, or no book at all — simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *News* and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.

• If, because of late mail delivery of the *News*, you should receive a Selection without having had 10 days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.



FEATURES

- Boxed set of two volumes, 9¾" x 13½" each
- All 16,569 pages of 13-volume original included in the 4134 pages of *The Compact Edition* through a photo-reduction process which permits printing of four pages of original on one page of new edition
- Paper is 30-pound Special Dictionary White
- Binding is library buckram — reinforced and stamped in gold
- Bausch & Lomb magnifying glass included in special drawer of slipcase. 2" x 3⅞" lens scientifically designed to make reduced print easily readable

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC. 5-A67-3
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, 17012

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me *The Compact Edition of the Oxford English Dictionary*, billing me $17.50 (in Canada $19 — publisher's price $99). I agree to buy at least four Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address 53

City .....

State ..... *Zip* .....

Harper's

MARCH 1975 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 250, NO. 1498

WRAPAROUND **3** **Waste: Cutting Back the Fat**

95 Making Connections **100** Game

98 Tools for Living **100** Information

William Safire **12** PUPPET AS PRINCE
A character analysis of Henry Kissinger by a former White House associate

R. M. Koster **18** SURPRISE PARTY
How the Democrats managed to forge a sort of unity

Horace Freeland Judson **32** FEARFUL OF SCIENCE
An inquiry into the future of biology

Miles Ignotus **45** SEIZING ARAB OIL
A blueprint for fast and effective action

Perry Deane Young **63** *Place:* GOODBYE, ASHEVILLE
Construction and destruction in a once-lovely Southern town

John Vachon **69** GOING HOME AGAIN
Photographs: Thomas Wolfe's Asheville

R. Buckminster Fuller **72** TIME PRESENT
A series of aphorisms on the structure of reality

Nadine Gordimer **77** A LION ON THE FREEWAY
A short story

BOOKS

Josephine Hendin **82** WHAT IS THOMAS PYNCHON TELLING US?

Marshall Cohen **91** THE ROAD TO SERFDOM

COMMENTARY

79 WHEN DID YOU STOP WANTING TO BE PRESIDENT?
Answers by Ronald Reagan, Theodore C. Sorensen, George Romney, Kevin H. White, Kevin Phillips, William S. Burroughs, and Eugene J. McCarthy

LETTERS

103 On the pride and shame of the cities

Cover photograph from UPI and Black Star

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Robert Shnayerson; **MANAGING EDITOR:** Lewis H. Lapham; **ART DIRECTOR:** Sheila Berger; **SENIOR EDITOR:** Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.; **COPY EDITOR:** Rhoda Koenig; **ASSOCIATE EDITORS:** Judith Appelbaum, Gwyneth Cravens, John Fischer; **WASHINGTON EDITOR:** Taylor Branch; **STAFF EDITORS:** Valerie Brooks, Lawrence S. Burns; **EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR:** Angela Santoro; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** George Crile, Timothy Dickinson, Annie Dillard, Barry Farrell (West Coast), Jim Hougan, Russell Lynes, George Plimpton, Marion K. Sanders, Earl Shorris, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; **BOOKLETTER EDITOR:** Suzanne Mantell

PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard; **ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER:** Griff Ellison; **CONTROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCTION MANAGER:** Louis Seeger; **REPRINTS/PERMISSIONS:** Lucy Mattimore

HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert Shnayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.97 one year; $17.94 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: $1.50 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.

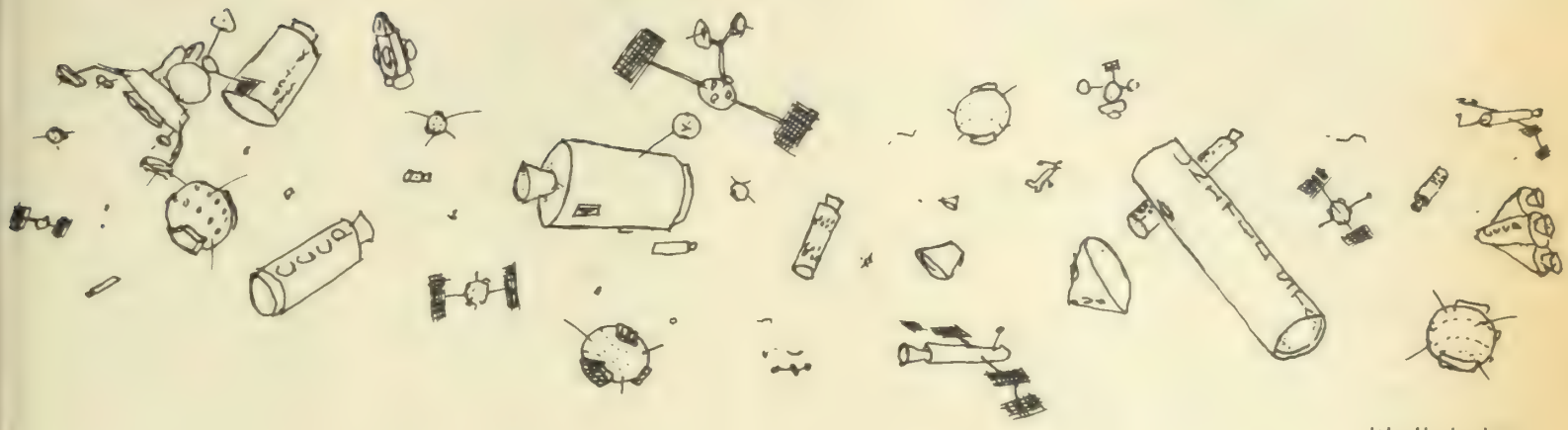
For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.

Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco. Copyright © 1975 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated.

Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

WRAPAROUND



John Hackenburg

WASTE: Cutting Back the Fat

No waste,
No life.

Wherever one sees waste,
Therein dwell the living.

Very young children perceive ne waste from their bodies as precious gift to their loved nes. When this gift is not ell received, as often happens, its rejection can deeply ound the giver, causing needess anxiety throughout his life. ome adults become so conused that they stop eliminatng what must be eliminated n order to live. They have earned, incorrectly, to hold n to waste.

As people grow older, they egin to see what is outside nem in the light of what is nside. Those who are generus are happy to see certain ubstances outside themselves nat were once within. They re glad to choose emptiness ver what appears to be subtantial; they are not interested n accumulating waste matters f various kinds.

Those who are in the habit f rejecting lesser substances re in a good position to oberve things of a finer nature n themselves. They are not asting energy, regardless of he amount they expend. They se coarse energy to eliminate what is not necessary in order to see the essential in themselves. These people seem to see intuitively into the nature of their existence, to move without effort, to adapt with ease.

But the situation of those who clutch at the superfluous is much different. While it is intelligent to be concerned with our environment and how it is affected by waste, those who become fixated on a minute section of the panorama to the exclusion of their own happiness are on a collision course with their own lives. As a result, they subject themselves to the needless waste of fine energies by expending huge amounts of coarse energies to retain waste.

This is a good example of the wrong use of energy. Most people limit the amount of energy available to them because they have enormous quantities tied up in believing that they have only a small amount of energy at their disposal. The more energy a person uses, the more it becomes available to him—except when he uses energy to hold on to something that does not exist, something that exists only in the imagination. Energy that goes into maintaining unnecessary tension is another example. Some people are convinced that if they don't feel a certain amount of tension they are not alive.

One obvious waster of energy is the complainer. He looks for trouble everywhere but in himself, and his improper use of energy affects everyone who comes into contact with him. He complains about the environment. Whose environment? He complains about other people. What about himself? Nothing is ever good enough for him. He never once looks for the source of his condition. Useless talking, nervous gestures, and tics are all indications of energy used in the wrong way. They show that something inside a person seeks an outlet. Some inner child of the past is screaming to be freed. Instead of focusing on these indications of disturbance, people ignore them, making their condition worse. Most people live like this all the time without knowing it. This situation does not prevent most people from leading ordinary, decent, if not enjoyable, lives.

People who worry, who plunge alternately into good and bad feelings, who continually anticipate something unpleasant and are thus continually afraid—these are spendthrifts of emotional energy. Usually these emotions manifest themselves as pictures or words on the screens of our minds. Words in the brain are commonly called thoughts. It is not difficult to see or hear in one's mind such thoughts as "I hate him" or "I wonder if she loves me," but it is hard to perceive the emotion that gives rise to such thoughts.

The fuel for reaching the source of these emotions lies where the emotions themselves lie—within. Ruthless self-observation can help one see all that is happening within him, and at the same time to see how he is affected by externals. It enables a person to notice where he places his attention. If he experiences tension in certain areas of his body, it is an indication of where his attention is fixed.

Tension, while a misuse of energy, is like a gate with a beacon that casts a narrow beam of light into the depths of one's hidden nature. Misused energy, if observed, can lead to discoveries as amazing as that of the ragpicker who, while examining a garbage heap, found a pearl beyond price. **—Michael Gibbons**

Michael Gibbons is a free-lance writer based in Boston.

WRAPAROUNDWRAPA

"Call up the vision gardens and order me a newer planet to live and work on. This old earth is too bilboed and shackled, too chained, too sacked and sandbagged, too beat, too filthy, too vile and poisonous, and too near death for me to dwell or grow on."
—Woody Guthrie (1912-1967)

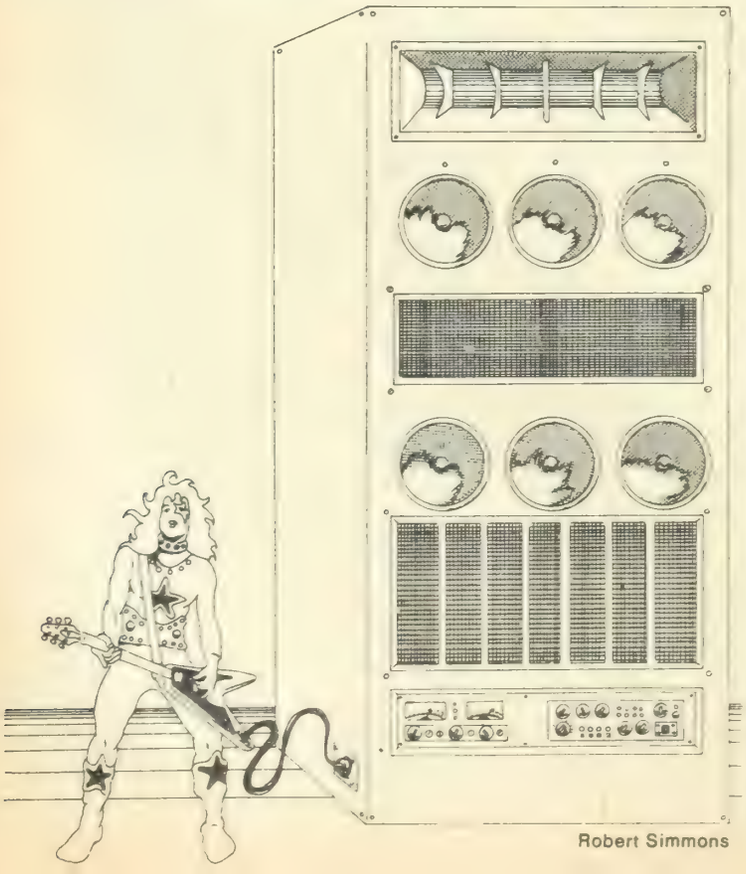
AS LONG AS YOU'RE UP, GET ME A...

National Science Foundation projects for 1975 include a $34,500 study to explore a public opinion trend formed by responses to the question, "Do you expect us to fight in another war within the next—years?" which was asked over 180 times between 1944 and the early 1960's. An $83,100 project will examine the cognitive structures of a reasonably large American city (Columbus, Ohio) to show how coherent cognitive structures emerge over time as information about the city develops. Some $66,000 will be spent on a study of the social attitudes and modes of adaptation taken by the Korean minority in Japan in comparison with those characterizing the Japanese majority on the one hand, and on the other, the former Pariah caste of Burakumin.

—Sen. William Proxmire
Press release, July 1, 1974

Marrying for Money

Americans spend $8 billion a year on weddings, not counting gifts for the new couple. According to the New York Times of May 31, 1974, the average-size, traditional wedding costs about $5,000, which breaks down into the following expenses: $3,240 for an open-bar cocktail reception for 130 guests; $300 for flowers; $300 for the bride's gown; $200 for the bride's mother's dress; $300 for a photographer; $350 for a band at the reception; $100 for invitations and stamps; $100 for party favors; and $50 for rental of the groom's suit. Other common costs include $150 for dolls for the bridesmaids, and $40 for an accordionist at the wedding dinner.



Robert Simmons

The Education Explosion

Between 1960 and 1970, undergraduate enrollment at the University of Arizona in Tucson climbed from 10,000 to nearly 20,000, creating a vast complex of new edifices that resembles an industrial park, or even a second Tucson. In neighboring California, the apotheosis of American excess, the state university system opened two more campuses during the Sixties—for a total of nine—and nearly doubled its undergraduate enrollment, to 105,335 in 1970. Across the continent, the University of Massachusetts overwhelmed the quiet town of Amherst, running four-lane highways through cow pastures. As undergraduate enrollment leaped from 5,331 in 1960 to roughly 18,000 in 1974, fast-food plastic nightmares jammed the roadsides, tract houses sprang up on swamps—suburbia without the urb. On a rolling meadow in the middle of the campus there stands an eleven-story combination office tower, campus center, and, of all outrages, a convention hotel, for which students paid part of the cost, through their general fees.

Sheer numbers produce a simplified picture but not necessarily a false one. The point is that American education is a mushrooming enterprise. The postwar baby boom accounts in part for its staggering growth (the number of American eighteen-year-olds grew 50 percent in the Sixties), but the chief impetus is the widespread parental belief that education is the prerequisite of success.

This belief is predicated on the confusion of education with training. It is part of the American myth that a liberal education promises a bright future—jobs, material goods, status—and that it is therefore part of the democratic birthright. Yet there is ample evidence to suggest that the liberal arts are not accessible to all, that humanity has no democracy of intelligence, and that a college education does not pave the path toward earning a good living. David Reisman and Christopher Jencks demonstrated in *The Academic Revolution* (1968) that social mobility through education is a delusion, especially but not only, for the already poor and excluded. Columbia sociologist Ivar Berg recently declared that by 1980 "40 percent of all college students will end up in jobs that could be adequately performed by high school graduates." It is time to question whether everyone should be force-fed the ritual of liberal arts simply because knowledge of *The Waste Land* is deemed socially valuable. I for one, don't think so.

Somehow we must end a system that forces people through institutions in which they do not belong. We must stop wasting our energy and our money. Education can teach us texture, gesture, sensibility, but we need training to prepare us for jobs. Train us, all of us, for what we can do. Reward us, with status if necessary, for the quality of our work. But let us not be a nation of false dreams, of illusions, of promises to each other that we cannot keep. Let's end the deliberate, puffery-burdened explosion of education and think about where we're going.

This is not an argument against liberal arts education. I'm a product of it and gladly so. But must everyone be like me? Do people with talents I don't have need the education I had? Is not pluralism, after all, also apart of America's mythology?

Some people fear that if my attitude were common the national mind would be more reactionary, more culturally backward than it is. An uneducated people, they say, cannot vote intelligently, cannot make important choices in the marketplace, cannot distinguish right from wrong. This is nonsense. The liberal arts have no monopoly on truth. Voting is, in large measure, a function of self-interest, and it's questionable whether liberal education can change

UNDOWRAPAROUNDOW

eople's minds about that. The lemands of the marketplace verwhelm even the intelligent nd well educated; access to xperts is what counts, and that akes money, which education won't provide. Moral judgment nay be a function of intelli- ence, but it also depends on he strength of a society's char- cter, the condition of its or- anized religion, the tenor of ts business and political life; ours are fairly corrupt, and still he American people know a coundrel when they see one, ven if it takes some time.

The real danger, I think, is hat the expectations of a new eneration of college graduates re not going to be met by our ystem as it now works. Those who want and need training re going to resent their educa- ions, to feel—and with good eason—that their time and heir money have been squan- ered.—**Robert Stuart Nathan**

obert Stuart Nathan is editor of uris Doctor *magazine.*

"Success to me is having ten oneydew melons and eating nly the top half of each one."
Barbra Streisand
Life, September 20, 1963

risons

I want to write about hu- nan waste in prisons—the ragedy of people tossed on he junk heap of life.

Listen. Twenty-six years go I spent some time in San Quentin for theft. Because of t, I may never see my son gain. Does the penalty fit the rime? Take the case of Terry Watkins. The kid was sent way to a boys' training school a fancy name for a reform chool) when he was nine. The only things he learned were how to outsmart the uards and how to become a etter crook. His teachers were he best the streets had to of- er. Trouble was, Terry didn't earn enough about not getting aught, because by the time he as twenty-nine, he'd been in nd out of more prisons than ou want to count.

Okay, let's talk about alternatives. Perhaps we should start by treating prisoners like human beings, instead of always reminding them that they are failures. If we expect failure all the time, we will get failure about that often.

Perhaps we should give prisoners realistic rewards for good behavior instead of always punishing them for breaking rules. Why can't we pay as much attention to the good in prisoners as we do the bad in them?

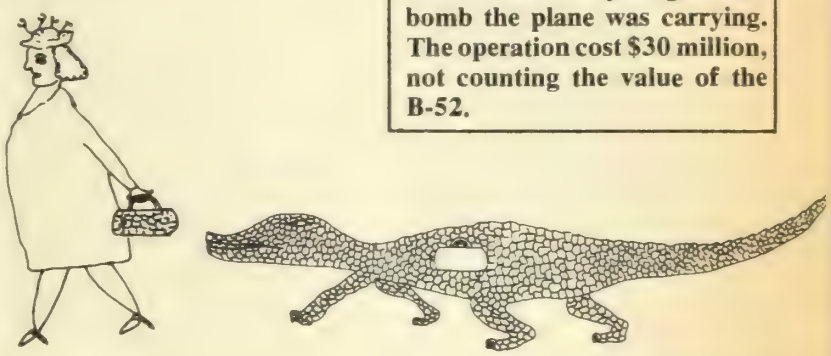
Why can't we avoid prison altogether for many offenders? This should be our mandate whenever it will not endanger the life, peace, and property of our citizens. The problems of most offenders could be dealt with in the community. Ten to twenty percent of them could be helped in special treatment facilities such as psychiatric clinics or hospitals. And when imprisonment is a necessity, why not create a normal atmosphere in which prisoners can learn to function responsibly and work their way to freedom? Prisoners are people who will return to your community after they have served their sentence. That's the best reason for helping them to live a normal life.

We also should begin thinking about establishing prison villages. These would be made up of men, women, and children who need to be isolated from society. I have seen miracles occur when convicts work together to help each other. Unfortunately, most people think it is much easier to just dump offenders into steel and concrete boxes and let them rot.

If none of this touches you, then let's talk money. In December 1974, *U.S. News & World Report* estimated the current costs of crime and imprisonment to be nearly $90 billion a year. Add to this $360 million in lost taxes, since prisoners do not earn wages. Top it off with annual welfare payments of $540 million to prisoners' families. What an extravagant investment in a judicial and corrections system that has an 80 percent failure rate! —**Lou Torok**

Lou Torok is the author of Straight Talk From Prison, *and is a director at the 7th Step Foundation.*

In 1966, after a B-52 bomber crashed off the coast of Palomares, Spain, the U.S. government used 2,200 men, eighteen ships, and a submarine to recover the twenty-megaton H-bomb the plane was carrying. The operation cost $30 million, not counting the value of the B-52.



Amalia Martelli

AGAINST OPULENCE

We stare at the face of the Big Hypocrisy and slowly but surely surround ourselves with the paraphernalia of death. Affluence and opulence are not viable statuses. They are not, not because they might not be able to bring about equity (indeed they could for a brief spell), but because they are incapable of congruity within the life of the biosphere. The wealth of the mind does not imply that such kind of affluence can be transferred to the material universe for the production of an opulent status of affairs. Life and opulence are not compatible inasmuch as life is a quest while opulence is a status. The state of opulence is halted life. —**Paolo Soleri**

The Bridge Between Matter and Spirit Is Matter Becoming Spirit, 1973



Bob Lascaro

"Hollywood impresses me as being ten million dollars' worth of intricate and ingenious machinery functioning elaborately to put skin on baloney." —George Jean Nathan (1882-1958)

Reason Not the Need

One thing you could say for the welfare, there was never a surplus of it. Now, you weren't going to get enough money passed out to you, all at once, to last you for a year, or five years, or even for six months. Can you hear them saying, Welcome to town, and here's money in this bowl on the table and you just get you some, enough to last awhile, pay that high rent, buy those potato chips, get you some new tennis, and when you get back on your feet, when your ship comes in, you can give us back what you don't use? But you could get money enough for one month passed out to you, according to the law, fairly, if you could prove you didn't just come here to get that particular money, if you could prove you had to have it, if you could prove you hadn't no daddy, if you could prove you were entitled to it. Then you could get it for that month. Then, next month you could get it again, provided you could prove all those things all over again. —**James Herndon**

The Way It Spozed to Be, 1968

APAROUNDWRAPARO

READERS

Once we accept the idea that we are involved in economic warfare, the answer to our economic ills becomes apparent. When we engage in military war, we draft soldiers, right? Now that we are in an economic war, we ought to draft consumers. We ought to draft people each month who will be required to buy cars, homes, appliances, furniture, food, clothing.

—D. R. Zukerman
Bronx, N.Y.

The Falling Leaves

Nature is, above all, profligate. Don't believe them when they tell you how economical and thrifty nature is, whose leaves return to the soil. Wouldn't it be cheaper to leave them on the tree in the first place? This deciduous business alone is a radical scheme, the brainchild of a deranged manic-depressive with limitless capital. Extravagance! Nature will try anything once.

—Annie Dillard
Pilgrim at Tinker Creek, 1974

Altogether, the nation has some 15 million junk cars, of which 3 million are rusting away in vacant lots and backyards, along highways and country roads. The average car contains 20 pounds of lead, 30 pounds of copper, 50 pounds of aluminum, 55 pounds of zinc, 500 pounds of cast iron, and 2,500 pounds of steel.

Manning a police car with two officers, twenty-four hours a day, may cost more than $175,000 a year, according to the National Commission on Productivity. Only 6 percent of the officers' time will be spent in crime-related activity.

In August of 1973, some 20,200 pounds of horse chow was flown from Addis Ababa, Ethiopia, to Moron Air Force Base, Spain, where it was used by Base Commander Colonel Gerald L. McKay to feed his personally owned horses.

—Sen. William Proxmire
Press release
January 22, 1974



Barbara Dalglish

"It is a fact that great eaters of flesh are in general more cruel and ferocious than other men; this observation holds good in all places and times; the barbarism of the English is well known."
—Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778)

WANT NOT

William L. Rathje is a different sort of garbage collector. He and a team of eighty-five students from the University of Arizona sorted through garbage from 380 Tucson households to find out what people waste. What he dug up destroys several myths: for example, the notion that middle-class families bear the brunt of inflation and are therefore consuming less food. Not so, says Dr. Rathje. The food intake of the middle class remained unchanged between 1973 and 1974, but lower-income groups are buying and eating much fewer high-protein foods.

Tucson seems to be particularly wasteful. In a single year, its 300,000 residents threw away $570,000 worth of beef, $1,326,000 of vegetables, and $750,000 worth of pastries. All this amounts to 9,500 tons of *edible* food with a value of about $10 million.

Rathje is an anthropologist; he is interested in what people actually do in relation to what they say they do. In Tucson, using nineteen census tracts which reflect the economic makeup of the city, Dr. Rathje has found that 60 percent of the garbage was large-quantity items, such as uncooked steak *(whole steaks)*, quarter-heads of lettuce, half-eaten apples, and similar items.

Ten percent of the food brought into the sample households ended up in the garbage. For a family that spends $200 a month for groceries, that's $240 a year wasted—enough, obviously, to help someone else buy food.

Dr. Rathje also found that middle-income families waste much more than lower-income families. In 20 percent of the lower-income homes, the teams found practically no waste. What existed was in the form of plate scrapings.

—Robert Powers

Robert Powers is a free-lance writer based in Idaho Springs, Colorado.

"Vice is the waste of life. Poverty, obedience, and celibacy are the canonical vices."
—George Bernard Shaw
(1856-1950)

"New York is a sucked or ange."
—Ralph Waldo Emerso
(1803-1882

From Soup to Shining Soup

A good many years ago, wrote a piece for *Harper'* called "How to Make Chicke Liver Pâté Once." In it, I out lined a culinary method whic had crept up on me, and which in brief, meant incorporatin any leftovers into the nex dish; e.g., I put that bit of las night's hamburger into m pâté. I was being funny the but it has just occurred to m that unknowingly I was als writing a premature antiwast tract, a serious classic year ahead of its time, and relevan to all of us who today ar struggling to make all sorts o ends meat.

Not everyone is as debonai and inventive as I was in thos old days, including me. Ca my perpetual-*plat* program b adapted to the Seventies Many of us who formerl owned only a floury Fanni Farmer have now acquire and digested a shelf-ful of eth nic cookbooks. This has give our leftovers more complexity pretension, and intransigence Back then, I had a little bit o hamburger. Today, I have leftover mixture of rice, pin nuts, and currants, delicatel but irrevocably seasoned wit mint and dill.

But there is hope—and sou I cut up a little leftover spa ghetti I happened to have added some chicken stock, an in no time I had a concoctio I didn't think any nutritionis would salt. A touch of yeste day's spinach supplied not onl iron but color as well. And i a triumph of culinary creativ ty and cheese-paring, I ga nished the soup with som small rice, pine-nut, and cu rant meatballs and scattere bread crumbs over the top.

However, there are othe changes since I first evolve my method, and one is the ac dition of a twelve-year-ol who, like all of his generatio

IOWRAPAROUNDOWRA

, rudely greedy and a finicky ater. He picked out all the its of spaghetti, ate them, and ft a faintly greenish mass eatly pushed to the side of ie soup plate. He wanted to now why the meatballs were rickly. I considered quietly inning the whole thing round in the blender and try- ig him again, but I know hen my juice is cooked.

What is to be done? We ave got to give up the luxuri- us and wasteful practice of ating our way from soup to uts and substitute the more conomical method of eating om soup to soup. To do so, am afraid ethnic cooking ust go. Leftovers must be ept simple and American: o many books spoil the roth. And I may have to void further waste by letting y son eat up every last crumb f the simple American food e really loves—pizza.

—Sylvia Wright

ylvia Wright is now at work on a ook about the island of Chios.

HE EXTINCTION F SPECIES

Waste, in the Darwinian ybernetic scheme, produces ot only progress, but also the onservation of what is. There no heredity without its tax f mutation; most mutations re bad; their production and limination are a kind of waste. he sentimentalist who seeks o eliminate the waste in a spe- ies by preserving all of the nutants and breeding equally f all genetic types ultimately rings about the extinction of ie entire species. It is a throw- g of good money after bad. t is the saving of pawns and sing the game.

—Garrett Hardin

Nature and Man's Fate, 1959

rodigality and atted Calves

The Wisconsin farmers who ublicly killed and buried bout 1,000 calves last year erformed a service to the na- on by dramatizing the seri- us economic plight of all cat- e producers. They did this because market prices for cattle were too low to pay the cost of trucking them to the slaughterhouse, and because feeding them was just pouring money down the drain.

We are probably going to see a tremendous decrease in production soon. Already pastures and feedlots are being emptied, and tens of thousands of calves are being knocked on the head. Farmers kill stock routinely whenever the cost of feeding and marketing animals is higher than their market value.

Someone should dramatize the enormous amounts of food thrown away by households and restaurants. Far more good food than farmers have destroyed is regularly scraped off the plates of overfed restaurant patrons. But the greatest waste of all is caused by unstable agricultural prices. Millions of acres go untilled every year because grain farmers fear that overproduction will bankrupt them, just as low prices are already draining the reserves of cattle, hog, and dairy producers and bankrupting them.

This year, because of the world food shortage, the government has encouraged farmers to plant from fence to fence. This will increase production only slightly because producers haven't been given any kind of insurance against the low prices that usually come with capacity crops. The United States wants a grain reserve, but it is not in the farmers' interest to acquire one; any surplus would be an albatross around their necks.

Whether consumers realize it or not, the National Farmers Organization's attempt to assure farmers a reasonable profit is for everyone's benefit. Give farmers a modest profit for their twelve-hour days and seven-day weeks, and they won't have to destroy their calves. The markets will again abound with slaughter animals, and we can start concentrating on the waste in our garbage pails. **–Orin Lee Staley**

Orin Staley is president of the National Farmers Organization.

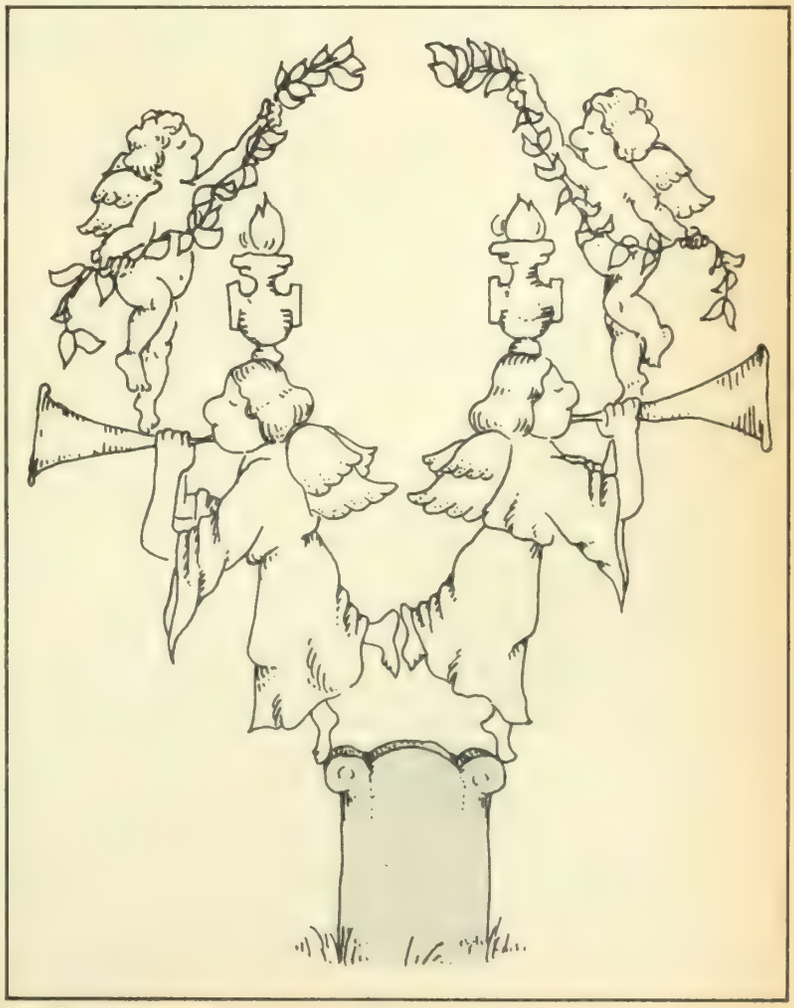
"I will issue such a stamp if you will develop a glue to put on the back that tastes like beer." —J. Edward Day
Postmaster General, in response to pretzel interests who wanted their product honored by a commemorative stamp;
Washington Evening Star, March 29, 1963

THE MALTHUSIAN DOCTRINE

A man who is born into a world already possessed, if he cannot get subsistence from his parents on whom he has a just demand, and if the society do not want his labour, has no claim of *right* to the smallest portion of food, and, in fact, has no business to be where he is. At nature's mighty feast there is no vacant cover for him. She tells him to be gone, and will quickly execute her own orders, if he do not work upon the compassion of some of her guests. If these guests get up and make room for him, other intruders immediately appear demanding the same favour. The report of a provision for all that come, fills the hall with numerous claimants. The order and harmony of the feast is disturbed, the plenty that before reigned is changed into scarcity; and the happiness of the guests is destroyed by the spectacle of misery and dependence in every part of the hall, and by the clamorous importunity of those, who are justly enraged at not finding the provision which they had been taught to expect. The guests learn too late their error, in counter-acting those strict orders to all intruders, issued by the great mistress of the feast, who, wishing that all guests should have plenty, and knowing she could not provide for unlimited numbers, humanely refused to admit fresh comers when her table was already full.

—Thomas Robert Malthus

An Essay on the Principle of Population, 1798



Nora Sheehan

AROUNDWRAPAROUN

$100 Billion Military Budget

The cost overrun for fifty-five major weapons systems this year is expected to total $26.3 billion.

Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger recently told our NATO allies that they must rid their military budgets of "white elephants" and "sacred cows." What's good for our allies may be better for us. With defense spending threatening to go above $100 billion a year, it is now more important than ever for the public and Congress to participate in an informed debate on how much the U.S. can and should spend on the military. Alternatives and options need to be fully explored before a huge defense budget is locked in. Hard choices among competing programs and priorities need to be made. The Center for Defense Information concludes that a fiscal 1976 Defense Department budget of $85 billion would provide a strong, but not excessive, military posture.

The Pentagon's budget, however, is filled with old-fashioned remnants of an era of affluent funding and military interventionism. Military policies and assumptions need to be modernized now that nonmilitary threats to the nation's security are more dangerous than many potential military threats; the declining usefulness of military power to cope with economic, social, and political problems is increasingly evident.

Without jeopardizing national defense, these options are available: cancel the B-1 bomber; build only one Trident submarine a year; stop spending on new ICBMs; don't start strategic cruise-missile programs; set a 10,000 strategic nuclear weapons ceiling (the U.S. could have 20,000 by 1985); withdraw many overseas tactical nuclear weapons; suspend obsolescent military treaties such as SEATO; cut troops in Korea and Thailand; keep Army divisions at thirteen; cancel or make substantial cost savings in the AWACS aircraft, SAM-D missile, XM-1 tank, and new tactical aircraft programs; end military aid to dictatorships; and make cuts in the very large ($26 billion a year) operation and maintenance overhead costs.

In addition, we ought to reconsider our commitments to project military power overseas. These commitments cost the U.S. about $50 billion a year ($30 billion for Europe and $20 billion for Asia), yet many of them contribute little or nothing to the defense of the United States and may actually increase the risk of the U.S. becoming involved in conflicts against our interests.

Through the kinds of actions suggested above, the fiscal 1976 defense budget can be kept to about $85 billion, still $2.5 billion more than the Defense Department received for fiscal 1975. It is time to demand that the Pentagon get in touch with the real world.

—Gene R. La Rocque

Gene La Rocque, Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy (Ret.), is director of the Center for Defense Information at 122 Maryland Avenue, NE, Washington, D.C. 20002. The CDI publishes a monthly bulletin, The Defense Monitor.

"Thank God, men cannot as yet fly, and lay waste the sky as well as the earth." —Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862)

READERS

The loss of human life, whether by accident or by actual combat, is obviously the greatest waste of any war. But a war involves other forms of waste. And the unit I was with in Vietnam certainly contributed its share. We were an artillery outfit in the middle of a combat zone, and yet every morning we were required to fire a reveille round—a rather expensive alarm clock at about $300.

We had a cease-fire between Christmas and the New Year. But on January 1, one second after midnight, we opened up with a $12,000 barrage. It was the most expensive New Year's Eve party I've ever attended, and the least enjoyable.

During the time I spent in Vietnam, the only confirmed kills we got were scored against our own infantry and against Vietnamese civilians. One time we got a fire mission on a suspected Vietcong. The air observer called down to us: "One Vietcong in the field!" (It was probably a poor farmer working his rice paddy, but we were starving for a kill and, besides, we didn't trust anybody wearing black pajamas.) We fired over fifty rounds on that poor, scared man! And we still didn't get him! The observer circled the area and called back on his radio: "End of mission. Enemy assumed dead." After a pause he added, "Anyway, I think he's dead. I don't see him anywhere."

—Tom R. Kovach
Nevis, Minn.

As Maine Goes

Geography may not be the parent of ideas, but surely it is an uncle. Maine lunges from the corner of the northeastern United States as if it were leaping to freedom in the North Atlantic. Every schoolchild recognizes the state for its geographic extremity; and the Yankees who live in Maine grow up with a consciousness that they are at the end of the line.

In the heyday years of mass production, mass consumption, and mass waste, Maine sent ambassadors to the industrial heartland, trying to catch the boom as it went by. But the smokestacks never came to Maine, and now that the trend is toward community production, careful consumption, and almost no waste, Maine finds herself in th vanguard. Instead of trying t catch up, she is leading th way.

Her remoteness has trad tionally been an incentive t self-sufficiency. Because takes so long to locate and ac quire the new, Maine make do. More than 80 percent o her homes are heated with oi however, and last winter shortage and the continuin price gouge has made Main take an official look at way to become less dependent o such shaky power sources.

With secession talk as a inspiration and self-sufficien cy as a goal, Maine's lawmak ers established an official O fice of Energy Resource (OER) a year ago, and th new legislature is considerin a plan designed by Robe A. G. Monks, the director o the OER. A classic Yanke combination of thrift and in genuity, the plan uses Main made methanol as a primar fuel source—if and when th lawmakers agree to encourag the fermentation of some 4. million tons of wood was now left annually on the state forest floor in the wake o pulp- and paper-company cu ting. The paper-makers us only the trunk of the tre yet there is enough clea burning methanol locked i the boughs and branches t heat all the state's homes an to power every vehicle. Th technology of the ferment tion process is as old and r liable as the recipe for bee With 87 percent of Maine co ered by timber, the methan potential escapes computatio

Finding replacement fue is but half the plan. If the le islature responds, it will al carry out OER proposals encourage fuel thrift by hel ing to finance efficient hon insulation, by imposing t penalties on what Monks ca inefficient automobiles, by im posing energy consumptio limits on new governme buildings (if any are built and by asking industry to rec cle the heat energy generat in the manufacturing proces

WRAPAROUNDOWRAPA

Setting Maine free means ing the tides that surge un- ttered from Kittery to Calais, rnessing the winds that ɔw more fiercely along this ast than any other, and tching the sun, which shines ɜt as brightly on Maine as does on Italy. If its 1 mil- ɔn citizens are thrifty enough conserve, and ingenious ough to create energy from ıat's now being wasted, aine may become the first ıte to make do with the en- gy it has.

Which means more than ɛrely becoming smug Yan- es. For once Maine folk ow they can make do, they ll look at the nuclear power ants planned (and built) ɔng the coast and wonder ıy their shoreline must be- me a super-nuclear plat- rm to feed the wasteful en- gy appetites of Boston, New ɔrk, Philadelphia, and be- nd. When Mainers know ɛir survival springs from f-sufficiency, they are not ing to allow their bays to be iled by radioactive systems ɛding out-of-state city folk. ıd that's when the beginning the end of waste will begin earnest. **—John N. Cole**

ın Cole is the editor of Maine Times.

Vhat the Rich re Doing with ıd Without

Recently I asked some of ɛ filthy rich for capital-pre- ving tips in these disappoint- g times. The responses were ɔst gratifying, and I am hap- to present them here.

Mrs. G. T. van D. of Ack- y, Massachusetts, has discov- ɛd a sensible way to stretch r trust fund. She writes: "I've ken to clipping my own cou- ns. I used to have a profes- nal seamstress come in to do Honestly, she had such a ıy with a pair of scissors, my nker always commented on w neat the edges were. Of urse, I still have a man con- rt all my debentures. Heav- s, I wouldn't fool around with ɔse things. I mean, I couldn't l a redemption at par from a nonpreferential exercise of a subordinated warrant to purchase subject to nondilution provisions if my life depended on it, which, fortunately, it doesn't, thanks to the professional help available to people like me at our larger commercial banking institutions at little or no cost."

Mr. and Mrs. L. Rutherford F. of Leaf Springs, Florida, took a long hard look at their portfolio and decided it was time to tighten their Gucci belts. "We'd planned to have Jeremy start at St. Barabbas's in the fall and get him off to a good start on a life of desperate tedium and pointless misery," Mr. F. writes, "but we figured if we had to spring for the tuition, it'd be ta-ta to Gstaad, the Mercedes, and Chico, our perverted houseboy. Just between you, me, and that musical lamppost with the barometer at Hammacher Schlemmer's, what we're going to do is insure the little tyke to the hilt and send him to Downward Bound for the summer. They have a very experienced man out there who teaches youngsters from better families how to shoot rapids in golf bags and lets them play with automatics. Poor fellow, he lost twenty-five last year."

Wall Street woes have been plaguing Mr. R.P.W. III, of Gabardine Park, New York.

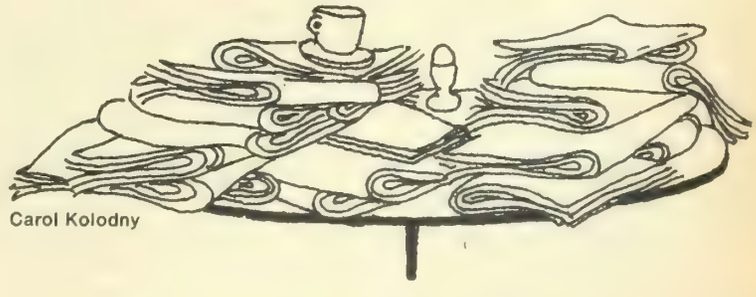
"I'm concentrating on entertainment expenses for my real economizing. For dinner parties, I just go down to Colonel Obolensky's and get a bucket of pheasant or send Bung out to Boeuf-le-Roi for steak tartare—you know that catchy jingle, 'Hold the capers, hold the shallots, anything to please your palates. So just go and tell your valets, come right away.' Also, I go easy on the vintage wines. No more Nuits-Saints-Georges or Montrachet. Frankly, I serve some frightful swill from California called Cottondirndl or Infidel or something. It's sort of brown and tastes surprisingly like corduroy, but I lace it with iodine and put it in unmarked decanters and pray that the guests are drunk, which these days they usually are, thank God."

Mrs. S. "Bitsy" C., heiress to an important adulterated milk fortune, came up with these suggestions for keeping the wolves from the servant's entrance. She writes: "For the first time, I'm on a budget. Of course, it *is* equal to the budget of Dahomey, but Mr. C. is very insistent about my cutting down on 'extras,' whatever the hell they are. I suppose he means what he's always calling 'all that prettying-up.' Lord, what a vulgar man. If he hadn't made forklifts of Monsieur Lucre turning sunny meadows into nasty strip mines, I wouldn't have given him glance one. Well, if he wants my skin to look like a cheap handbag, that's jake with me. I was going to have a face lift, but now I'm thinking of having my chin lowered instead. It's a surprisingly cheap operation. They put one of those tiny satchel charges just above your larynx, and it's all deductible, because later you can apply for a hefty write-off under the Model Jowls program, one of the many immoral loopholes available to persons of means under the current tax laws, which are, I must say, our most reliable 'penny-squeezer' in these tacky times!"

—H. B. Nichols

H. B. Nichols is the pseudonym of Grayson Dillingworth, formerly a senior partner in the firm of Smythe, Downey, and currently doing five to ten for padding his seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

"a kissproof world of plastic toilet seats, tampax and taxis
drugged store cowboys and Las Vegas virgins
disowned Indians and cinemad matrons
unroman senators and conscientious non-objectors
and all the other fatal shorn-up fragments of the immigrants dream come too true and mislaid
among the sunbathers." —Lawrence Ferlinghetti
A Coney Island of the Mind, 1968



Carol Kolodny

JUST A GIGOLO

The Kept Woman has certainly undergone a great decline—how many men have one of her kind today?—and the Kept Man has risen to fill her place. He performs, of course, a somewhat different function. One sees him all over Palm Beach at parties—never alone, always in a group, always impeccably tailored, yet always in some elusive way looking rather "extra."

—Stephen Birmingham
The Right People, 1968

Hard Rock

Elizabeth Taylor, the empress of consumption overkill, already owns everything in the world; as her ultimate vanity, the peak act of self-aggrandizement, she thus purchases the largest diamond boulder in existence, 69.42 carats, costing well over $1 million and which she is permitted to wear —according to insurance regulations ($66,000 a year in premiums)—only twenty times a year. **—Marcia Seligman**
The Eternal Bliss Machine 1973

OUNDWRAPAROUND

The Saver

My old friend Mosby is the most active campaigner against waste I have ever known, and for that reason I no longer see him.

Mosby is a conservative: he believes we are given a set amount of everything in our lives, and that no effort should be spent on any endeavor not highly valued. That may sound admirable in conversation; in practice it works out strangely.

Ask Mosby a question, and, if possible, he will nod his response. He knows his words are numbered. He will read only the books trusted friends recommend, fearful of wasting one of his selections on a worthless volume. He won't even walk unless he feels he must. Deep inside he knows that someday, right in the middle of going someplace important, he will be struck immobile, his life's allocation of steps used up.

As I said, strange.

When we were both young, still in school, he was quite a missionary. Once he charged onto the field before a football game to admonish our kicker about practicing field goals. We developed the habit of arriving precisely on time for all manner of events so he would never see anyone—from cellist to pitcher—warming up. "That man," he growled, when he accidentally arrived early enough at a basketball game to see a player practicing foul shots, "is using up his baskets."

As he grew older, Mosby mellowed, being content to run his own life and leave strangers alone. But he was always eager to take a hand in correcting the folly of a friend or relative. I have seen him stop his wife from sniffing at an obviously inferior rose, and I have watched him caution his son about eating between meals, explaining that a snack of cookies now would someday cost him an evening of veal *cordon bleu*.

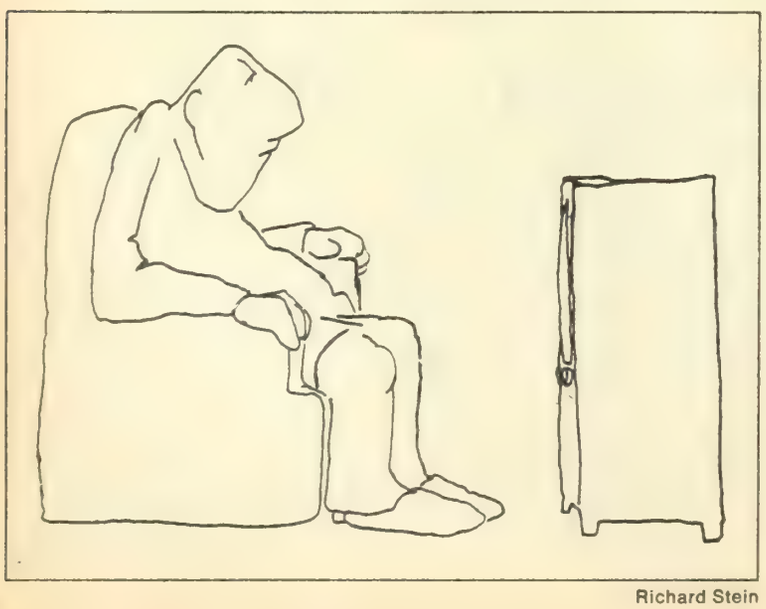
It was this very fervor that, after nearly thirty years of friendship, caused my break with Mosby. He was married and a father—I was still single—and he would occasionally stop by on his way home, less for companionship than to see if I were ready to be saved. One evening, as I was dressing to go out, he suddenly lost control. "You get just so many orgasms in life," he said, indulging an uncharacteristic flood of words, "and you can't continually waste them like this, night after night. Someday you're going to meet a woman you really love, and you'll be used up."

We stood there, staring at one another, Mosby shaking with anger and I stunned. Someone should have said something, but no words came.

Mosby left my house that night, and I have not seen him since. I'm sorry about that; I miss the silly old fool. I often wonder about him, as I am enjoying an extra drink or picking up a book that might or might not be brilliant. Or, more commonly, just pursuing a pleasant conversation wherever it may lead. Waste is one thing, but to be so concerned, to watch every step and every word is, well, madness. If I've said it once I've said it a thousand times, life is

—Skip Rozin

Skip Rozin is a free-lance writer based in New York.



Richard Stein

A Crash Course in Underconsumption

I arrive in New Delhi wearing a suit that is part of a $400 travel wardrobe provided by my generous parents. Before long, I realize the outfit equals the monthly income of the average Indian worker, so I exchange it for a simple cotton sari. Scantily clad men sit in yoga position on the congested downtown streets as they roast and weigh black-shelled peanuts. Their bony arms reach out to me and beg me to buy, but my stomach tightens from the dirt and the constant smell of cow dung. At noon, flocks of hefty businessmen parade the streets in expensive dark suits.

In Benares, I stay at the guest house of a wealthy merchant. My splendid room is illegally built directly over the street, where scrawny women and children spend the day selling stale cigarettes and the cold night asleep. I am aghast that my host can literally walk over their undernourished bodies to pass through the iron gate to his lavish home. Each morning I am called into the sequestered house and stuffed with rich food by his 300-pound wife. She spends the day lying on a hammock, eating fruit, nuts, and sweets and talking to friends on the telephone.

Since the merchant's car is being repaired, we travel in rickshaws pulled by skinny men. (I try bicycling alone, but the unmarked streets lead me in circles.) My back tens as the meek body tows us u hills. Payment for a one-mi ride is a mere rupee—abo 15 cents. I protest and pla another coin in the driver hand.

"Don't do that," my ho cries. "You'll spoil him, a he'll expect more from me ne time."

Outside Nagpur, I attend gathering of women at the as ram of Gandhi's disciple, V noba Bhave. We talk, me tate, and dine on simple fo served on plates made fro leaves. As I leave the ashra I notice a dog at the entranc Its ribs protrude; newbo puppies pull at the dog's ni ples, crying for nourishmer

Confused by the bitter co trasts I have seen, I search o the opulent Taj Mahal Ho in Bombay, walking arou hundreds of people who sle on the pavement leading to t resort. As I close my eyes the lawn surrounding the plu swimming pool, I feel co pletely free to ridicule the i difference of the obese rich the tragic poverty pervadi most of India. Then I pause question what I am doing.

It is easier to dwell on I dia's problems than to see o own. One of the reasons is th we tend to keep our poor o of sight. Imagine 500 hung people living on the sidewa in front of the Waldorf, a patrons stepping over th bodies to eat $20 lunches the Peacock Room. Our gu might force us all to try help. In my case, because my experiences in the Mid East, I can no longer stand doing nothing. I have be working to help people find future outside the ghetto. have gradually simplified n living accommodations a wardrobe, and given aw some clothes I didn't need. these small ways, I have c much of the fat out of my li and feel a lot better about b ing an American because of

—Janet Bark

Janet Barkas is author of The Ve table Passion: A History of the V etarian State of Mind *(Scribners)*

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE

The difference is the price



151. Pub Price **$8.95**

175. Pub Price **$6.95**

102. Pub Price **$4.95**

184. Pub Price **$4**

133. Pub Price **$4.95**

176. Pub Price **$5.95**

192. Pub Price **$7.95**

179. Pub Price **$4.95**

115. Pub Price **$6.90** (2-Vol. Set)

191. Pub Price **$3.95**

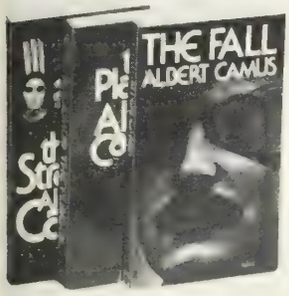
186. Pub Price **$3.95**

177. Pub Price **$7.90**

Any 3 books or sets for only $1 each

You simply agree to buy six more within the next year and as a member you'll immediately qualify for our Free Book Plan

Today, more than ever, fine paperbacks are the best values around in books, and the best way to buy them is by belonging to QPB. As a member, you will not only be informed about all the most exciting new books and the best of those already in print, but you will save 20% on all Main Selections and will immediately qualify for our Free Book Plan. It makes good sense to let Quality Paperback Book Service help you find the best paperbacks to read and to own. There's no other book service like it.



126. THE FALL, THE PLAGUE *and* THE STRANGER *by* ALBERT CAMUS. (3 Vols.) Pub prices total **$5.55**



132. CAT'S CRADLE, SLAUGHTER-HOUSE-FIVE *and* BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS *by* KURT VONNEGUT JR. Pub. prices total **$7.95**



171. Pub Price **$6.35** (3-Vol. Set)



119. Pub Price **$8.85**

HOW MEMBERSHIP WORKS

1. You will receive the *QPB Review* fifteen times a year—about every 3½ weeks. This informative catalog describes the Main Selection plus at least fifty Alternates. **The Main Selection is always offered at a 20% discount.**

2. If you want the Main Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more of the Alternates—or no book at all—just indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *Review* and return it by the date specified.

3. Free books. For every book or set you buy (exclusive of your three introductory choices for $1 each) you earn at least one Bonus Point, and the Bonus Points you accumulate entitle you to free books and sets. (You pay only shipping charges.)

4. Return privilege. If your *Review* is delayed in the mail and therefore you receive the Main Selection without having had ten days to notify us if you did not want it, you may return that Selection at our expense.

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057

5-QB67-3X

Please enroll me as a member of the Quality Paperback Book Service and send me the three books or sets whose numbers I've indicated in the boxes below. Bill me only $3 for all three, plus shipping. My only obligation is to purchase six more books or sets during the coming year, receiving a 20% discount on every Main Selection I take. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy the six additional books or sets. A moderate shipping charge is added to all shipments.

INDICATE BY NUMBER YOUR THREE BOOKS OR SETS ____ ____ ____

Mr. / Ms. _____ 5

(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City & State _____ Zip _____

20X

William Safire

PUPPET AS PRINCE

An inquiry into the ambitions of Henry Kissinger

"STRENGTH MEANS NOTHING," Richard Nixon told a group of Congressmen in 1972, a few months after he returned from the first Moscow summit, "unless there is a will to use it."

With pride, the President explained why he had made the decision to mine the harbor at Haiphong in response to a final thrust southward by North Vietnamese troops:

"If, for example, when I went to Moscow, late in May, at that time we had had Soviet tanks run by the North Vietnamese rumbling through the streets of Hue, and Saigon being shelled, we would not have been able to deal with the Soviets on the basis of equal respect. We wouldn't have been worth talking to . . . in a sense, and they would have known it."

Nixon wanted to impress the world with his will to use American strength; he was convinced that if world leaders believed in what Henry Kissinger called Nixon's "reputation for fierceness," he would not have to exercise his will and apply American strength. He hoped to avert world war by demonstrating a readiness to react to provocation unpredictably and sometimes savagely, thereby discouraging more provocation. This was the basis of his approach to what, in retrospect, can be identified as the four decisive moments of international crisis during the course of his administration: (1) the 1970 invasion of Cambodia by the North Vietnamese after Lon Nol's overthrow of Prince Sihanouk, which was countered by an American "incursion" presented in an unnecessarily bellicose television speech; (2) the Syrian invasion of Jordan in the same year, in which American threats to intervene were taken seriously, so that no intervention was necessary; (3) the 1972 pre-Moscow summit offensive by the North Vietnamese, which invited the mining of Haiphong harbor; and (4) the delay by the North Vietnamese after peace was supposed to have been at hand, which led to the Christmas 1972 bombing of Hanoi that brought an end to American troop involvement in the war, if not to the war itself.



Robert Pryor

In responding to all of these crises, Nixon achieved his purpose partly because he had the will to use American strength, and partly because his agent, Henry Kissinger, was able to impress upon world leaders and the world press that the American President deserved his "reputation for fierceness." The will was Nixon's; the interpreter and salesman of that will was Kissinger.

When recordings of the Nixon-Kissinger telephone conversations become available to historians, the relationship of Nixon-puppetmaster to Kissinger-marionette will become apparent. Mr. Nixon manipulated the strings of his agent's ego and ambition, sometimes thrusting Mr. Kissinger into the limelight of diplomacy, sometimes cruelly letting him go limp; there is no doubt as to who was the creative force and who was the sales agent.

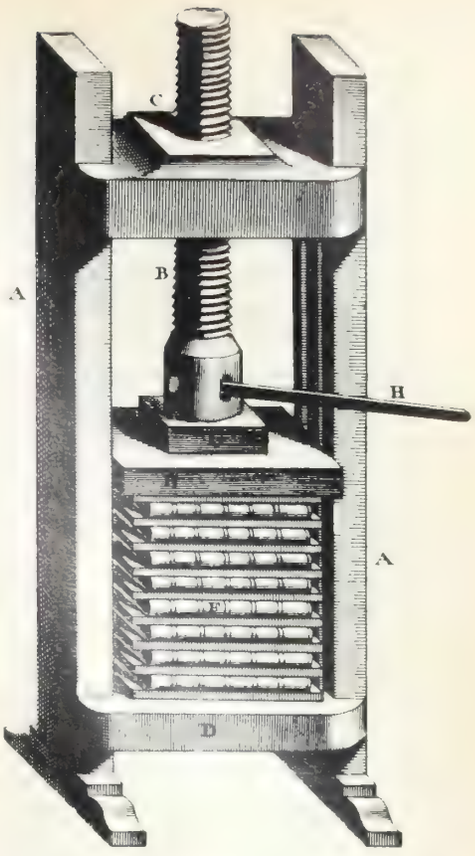
Now that Mr. Nixon has departed, the puppet aspires to the role of puppetmaster. It is Secretary Kissinger's own "reputation for fierceness" that now constitutes the force, and he uses President Ford to sell that fierce reputation to the world. Hence, the dutiful response "He reflects the President's views" from the Presidential press secretary whenever reporters seek White House verification of the latest saber-rattling from the Secretary of State. Nobody in Washington can tell how long President Ford will permit himself to be so obviously used; as the Kissinger transformation has shown, there comes a time when Pinocchio covets Geppetto's job.

OF THE FOUR MOMENTS of crisis that illuminated Nixon foreign policy, the most instructive—and perhaps most revealing of President Nixon's fashioning of Kissinger as a diplomatic tool—was the preparation for the first Moscow summit. In April 1972, as the North Vietnamese advanced in their last-ditch spring offensive, the road to Moscow was being paved with good intentions.

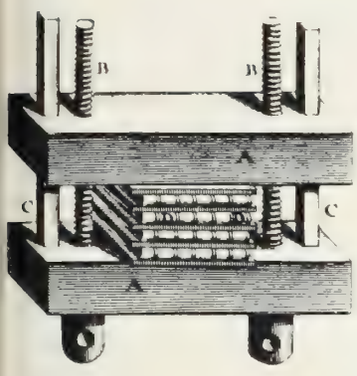
Copyright © 1975 by William Safire.

This article has been adapted from Before the Fall, *a chronicle of the Nixon administration, to be published this spring by Doubleday. Mr. Safire, formerly a speechwriter for President Nixon, is now a columnist for the* New York Times.

Start A Collector's Library With Three Free Editions...



Then you can continue to buy fine books at a price both modest and guaranteed against inflation . . .



Heritage volumes are sturdier and handsomer in every way than the average book, and are set in types chosen for easy readability. The bindings come in a variety of colors and materials, and often bear a bold imprint or design on the front; the spines are fashioned so that they enhance the books' appearance on your shelves. Like the bindings, the slipcases are varicolored, and put each book in a distinctive setting.

For four decades The Heritage Club has produced for its members fine editions of worthwhile books including the works of Twain, Mann, Whitman, Steinbeck, Maugham, Tolstoy, Dickens, Shelley, Shakespeare, Poe, Joyce, Melville, Dostoevsky, Homer, Chaucer, O'Neill, Longfellow, James, Plato, Camus — and many, many others.

These richly illustrated editions contain the work of the finest artists of our time, including Picasso, Norman Rockwell, Reginald Marsh, Grant Wood, Edward Wilson, Rockwell Kent, and Arthur Rackham.

Among the titles are *Pride and Prejudice, Bleak House, Lysistrata, Of Mice and Men, Ah, Wilderness!, The Art of Love, The Iliad, Gone with the Wind, The Brothers Karamazov, Death in Venice, The Jungle Books, Washington Square,* and hundreds of others — the books you've loved the best, the books most worth re-reading, the books you've always meant to read, the books you want to see your family grow up with.

When you enroll, you may select any three volumes from the list on the coupon — *free* — and they will be shipped immediately. Inspect them carefully. Feel the quality of the paper — note the richness of the binding — observe the beauty of the typography. See how the illustrations capture the essence of the text — how the Introduction adds to your understanding and enjoyment of the book.

These volumes are now selling in bookshops everywhere for prices up to $12.50 each. Only through membership in The Heritage Club can you acquire them at a uniform price of $9.85 each, *including all handling and postage charges.*

To join the Club, all you need do is select your three *free* volumes from the list on the coupon and they will be sent promptly. Then the following volumes will be sent to you at the rate of one a month for 12 months: *The Wind in the Willows, Wilde's Short Stories, Wuthering Heights, Treasure Island, A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court, Madame Bovary, Last of the Mohicans, Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, Anna Karenina, Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, Leaves of Grass,* and a Conrad trilogy, *Youth, Typhoon,* and *End of the Tether.*

In joining The Heritage Club you agree to accept these 12 books during the coming year and to send us $9.85 as payment for your first volume. Please choose your first volume from the list of twelve just above and write it in the space provided in the coupon.

This year, only 4,000 new members will be accepted by The Heritage Club. You have an unusual opportunity to be one of them — *if you act now!*



The illustrations on this page, depicting ancient tools of the bookmaker's craft, are taken from the celebrated Diderot *Encyclopedia*, published in France circa 1750.

The Heritage Press

ESTABLISHED 1937

Avon, Connecticut 06001

Please send me the three *free* volumes I have checked below and enroll me as a member of The Heritage Club. I agree to subscribe to the new Series of twelve books and to pay for each when received. I understand the price will not be increased during my year's membership.

- ☐ Tom Sawyer
- ☐ Jude the Obscure
- ☐ Moby Dick
- ☐ Poe's Tales of Mystery
- ☐ The Art of Love
- ☐ Huckleberry Finn
- ☐ Flowers of Evil
- ☐ The Rubaiyat
- ☐ Daisy Miller
- ☐ Lysistrata
- ☐ Kenilworth
- ☐ White Fang

or ☐ A three-volume Shakespeare — His Complete Plays

☐ I enclose check or money order for $9.85 to pay for my first Series volume, as written here:

_____

☐ I prefer to pay through the credit card indicated:

American Express ☐
Master Charge ☐
Bank Americard ☐

Expiration Date _____

Card Number _____

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State, Zip _____

1a

"Linkage"—the strategy demanding that progress on one front must be related to, or linked with, progress elsewhere—was to be practiced by Nixon in a way that made a model of a DNA molecule look simple.

The President and his national-security adviser planned the approach to the wide-ranging negotiations. Some of the agreements—oceanography, space cooperation—were important in themselves, but hardly the stuff of summits; however, they added to the "heft" of the conference. On strategic arms limitations, last-minute work was needed to resolve impasses, but even this could have been done through diplomatic channels, just as pressure to slow down Soviet arms shipments to the North Vietnamese might have been applied by withholding desired trade agreements. Nixon and Kissinger were determined that this should be a summit of substance, "meticulously" (a favorite Kissinger word) prepared on both sides by serious men aware of the potential of the moment and the danger of letting it slip away.

Nixon believed that toughness of mind was the first requirement in any dealings with the Soviets; he understood that they respected power, lived in an atmosphere of power, and welcomed philosophical subtleties only after the power lines were laid. When speechwriter Ray Price and I asked Henry Kissinger for guidance on the tone of the remarks for the President at the Moscow summit, Kissinger replied: "Tough. None of your goddamn peacenik-y toasts. This is not like in China, swearing eternal friendship. Tough." Price, a man not ordinarily given to oral argument, snapped back: "We were writing hawkish speeches for Nixon when you were turning out dovish statements for Rockefeller, remember?" Both Henry and I looked at Ray with surprise. With a diplomatic touch, Henry said that the tone of the toasts should contain numerous reminders about comradeship and bravery in World War II.

Henry was working on a speech of his own, to be given by him privately to the Soviet leaders at the preparatory meeting from April 18 to 22, a month before the summit. He wanted to get across what he liked to call his "conceptual framework"; Nixon wanted him to convey an understanding of Nixon's implacable resolve, which would strengthen the President's hand at the meeting of leaders. And both wanted to make clear that everything had much to do with everything else—that linkage lived. The moment seemed auspicious for détente. The relative equality of military strength, the Sino-Soviet split, Nixon's recent journey to China, the economic dissolution of the "post-war world"—all these seemed to imply the possibility of meaningful talk. Making some necessary diplomatic cuts, I will quote from the fourth and final draft of Kissinger's opening statement to the Soviet leaders. Henry confirmed to me it is substantially what he actually said. It is a useful study of what Kissinger thought Nixon wanted Brezhnev to know before the two leaders met. I take no delight in using classified material, but the Soviets heard Kissinger's appraisal in early 1972, and it will do no harm for Americans to review it now. In retrospect it can be read as if Kissinger intended deliberate irony, but at the time he hoped to enhance Nixon's reputation for fierceness, he couldn't foresee the fumbling weakness later revealed in the taped conversations with Haldeman and Dean.

"You and we have many problems," Kissinger began, "but we do have the advantage, at the present time, of being able to deal with each other from positions of essential equality. . . .

"You have known President Nixon for more than a decade, and he is aware that you have raised questions about his attitudes, orientation, and predictability. Some of your public statements have tried to analyze his behavior in terms of 'forces' influencing him. The President combines concern for long-term evolution with detailed interest in concrete day-to-day decisions. The evolution he sees—and wants to contribute to—is one of a world of several interacting major powers, competitive but respectful of each other's interests. This view of the world corresponds to the President's personal background and upbringing.

"At the same time, he can be tough and even ruthless in dealing with specific problems. You probably recognize that the President is bound to see the present situation in Vietnam not only in its local context but as a renewed effort by outside powers to intervene in our domestic political processes. Moreover, as President he is bound to be keenly sensitive to the fact that our last President was forced to vacate his office because of the effects of the Vietnam war. President Nixon will not permit three Presidents in a row to leave office under abnormal circumstances."

The President's adviser characterized the Soviet-supported offensive as an attempt to "win the war and drive the President out of office." Henry went on:

"It may seem that what he is doing [mining Haiphong Harbor] to prevent this from occurring is 'unpredictable.' It is in fact quite consistent with his fighting instincts when issues of principle and vital interest are at stake. His reaction should have been expected.

"But I have also found," Dr. Kissinger continued, "that, once a matter is settled, the President is prepared to proceed with matters that are in the common interest with those who were on the opposite side in a dispute. This is true in his domestic as well as foreign policies. We would say that he does not 'bear grudges.' The President can look beyond the issues of the moment to the broader evolution and the wider interests. He is conciliatory because he recognizes that only those agreements are kept which nations wish to keep.

"Of course, it is also characteristic of the President to be patient and tenacious. His political biography testifies to that. He will accept a setback or a detour—and wait until he can rechart his course. When he has done this, he has shown unusual consistency, even when he makes the most radical moves—which his position enables him to do."

THIS WAS straight-from-the-shoulder talk; the references to the U.S. political scene were of questionable propriety, since continuance in office should hardly be the reason for a U.S. leader's reaction to a foreign power's military offensive.

Dr. Kissinger then went into a brief discussion of the American relationship with China. The Soviets were most concerned, we knew, with the timing of Nixon's actions toward China, coinciding as they did with the deterioration of Soviet relations with Peking. Because that happened to be the case, Kissinger held, that was no cause to assume it was the only basis of American-Chinese dealings, and in any event there could

ıot be any collusion against the So-
iet Union by the Americans and
Chinese in the world of today.

Having modestly reminded the So-
iets of the brilliant exploitation of
heir weakness by American diplo-
ıacy, Kissinger then laid stress on
he North Vietnamese invasion in
hat early spring of 1972 and began
ammering home the linkage:

"Any agreement in so central an
rea as that of strategic arms depends
eavily on the general political rela-
ionship between us. The President
rongly feels that arms-control agree-
ıents serve little purpose if existing
rms are used for aggression or pres-
ure.

"Bilateral relations and trade.
Here we have broad long-term oppor-
ınities to develop cooperative rela-
ons. We are currently engaged in a
hole series of negotiations ranging
rom trade issues to scientific and
uter space cooperation.

"Both of us stand to gain," Kissin-
er told Brezhnev. "But we must be
ealistic: a lasting and productive set
f relationships, with perhaps hun-
reds or thousands of our people
orking with each other and perhaps
illions of dollars of business activ-
y, can only be achieved in a healthy
olitical environment. The President
ants to be candid with you: he can-
ot make commitments, say, for cred-
s or tariff concessions, if these
ıeasures do not command wide sup-
ort among our public and in the
ongress. And this depends critically
ı the state of our political relations.

"Moreover, we must make sure
ıat once commitments have been
ıtered into they will not soon be
ıdermined by renewed crises and
eterioration of our relations. I say
ıis not because we want you to 'pay
price' for economic and other rela-
ons with us or because we expect
ou to sacrifice important political
ıd security interests for the sake of
ade relations. I say it as an objec-
ve fact of political life."

Kissinger's speech to Brezhnev was
ell received; on the subject of Viet-
ım, Henry had even more to offer.
had worked on the President's
ase-fire-in-place speech the previous
ctober—one neither the President
r Kissinger had any hopes of the
orth Vietnamese accepting—and
ere had been a phrase of art that I
ıd objected to at the time as too
zzy, but Henry had insisted that it
left just as it was: that the armies
of Indochina "must remain within their national frontiers." The North Vietnamese, who thought of all of Vietnam as one country, could interpret that as a hint that we could permit them to leave some of their army in South Vietnam. In Moscow, at the President's direction, Kissinger made the proposal more specific, tying it in with a demand that the North Vietnamese drop their insistence on the overthrow of Presiden Thieu. The basic deal offered in Moscow—we let the North Vietnamese troops stay south, they let Thieu stay as President—turned out to be the deal made in the end.

Kissinger reported back to the President on the substance of the Soviet response to his remarks (Kosygin did not reveal how much wheat the Soviets wanted to buy, but, as Ambassador Dobrynin said privately later, that would not have been smart bargaining), and he included some favorite Brezhnev folk stories for the President's use in speeches. The Soviet leader had surprised Kissinger with his American political habit of "pressing the flesh"—punching an arm, squeezing, backpatting—which Brezhnev dropped for a more dignified pose when the American President arrived. Nixon had been prepared for a backslapper on the basis of his aides' reports, but Brezhnev crossed him up, exhibiting a wit and dignity that was most impressive: when Kissinger brought along the entire contingent of National Security Council staffers to the final preparatory meeting so that everybody could tell grandchildren they had met the Soviet leader, Brezhnev took note of the increased size of the delegation, and deftly countered Henry's harping on U.S. troop withdrawals as evidence of our good faith in Southeast Asia: "For people who talk so much about your withdrawals," said Brezhnev, "you bring your reinforcements up very quietly."

Kissinger's most important contribution to the summit, as to the China trip, was in its laborious preparation —never before had a bilateral conference been so well prepared for the turning of each page. With the major exception of the SALT negotiations, Kissinger's job was largely completed before the summit took place; as in the China experience, when the time drew near for departure, the President retired into isolation and Kis-



The most incredibly authentic car model kit by Pocher d'Italia reproduces in exact 1/8 scale the classic Rolls Royce Phantom II Sedanca Coupe. 26½" long. You build it with nuts, bolts and screws. No painting, no special tools needed. Doors, hood and trunk open. Steering, crankshaft, connecting rods, gears, fan, generator operate. Windows open. Headlights turn on. 2,199 separate parts of brass, stainless steel, copper, rubber and high impact plastic. For complete details on this and 3 other classic car kits from $100, send for free full-color brochure.

Deluxe Classics, Dept. H3
5900 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 2760
Los Angeles, California 90036

Please send me your free full-color brochure

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State/Zip _____

singer felt brushed aside. In 1969 Henry would have assented to this Presidential prerogative without a pout; in 1972, however, he was a superstar in his own right and resented the slight.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE after Kissinger's return from preparatory discussions, I was writing the President's opening toast for the first night of the Moscow summit at the end of the state dinner in Granovit Hall. Henry glanced at my four-page draft and said, "You need two more pages." I said no, Haldeman told me 1,000 words tops, and Kissinger exploded: "Foreign policy decided by flacks!" I glared at him, since I was not ashamed of my own public-relations background, and Henry hastily added, "I don't mean you, Bill. I mean them." He pointed down the West Wing hall toward Haldeman, Chapin, and Ziegler. "The President was telling me just the other day," he said puckishly, "how much he liked your work." This was a staff joke about one-upmanship, a standard routine of Presidential aides, not meant to be taken seriously. He called Haldeman to ask him to ask the President to change to 1,500 words, because that was how long Dobrynin told him that Podgorny would go; that Henry had to deal with Haldeman and could not go directly to Nixon irritated him immensely. The President was putting him down again. "A week ago," Kissinger said with passion, "he would have done anything I asked, he was on his knees—God! And now I have to talk to Haldeman."

I couldn't help wondering if jealousies like these surrounded the General Secretary in the Politburo. Well, we would be in the Kremlin soon enough; once abroad, the President's men dropped their rivalries and served him better than any outside observer could imagine.

The pettiness of White House intrigue might not be expected to occupy a mind filled with grand designs, Nobel-worthy strokes to end an arms race and get the world into the habit of peace. But Kissinger jockeyed for power around the President, using everyone he could to serve his ends, for two reasons: first, intrigue was instinctive to him, an exercise he often went through without thinking; second, his power was an amalgam of the reach of his mind and the authority bestowed upon him by the President, and to lose even the appearance of power, he felt, weakened his ability to execute his grand designs.

After his "foreign policy decided by flacks" outburst, Henry mollified me with a thought well-directed to himself: "You are not ambitious to *be* something, you are ambitious to *do* something, and that makes all the difference in a man."

The carryings-on of Henry Kissinger were tolerated by President Nixon because he, too, was a man who wanted to *do* something, and saw in Kissinger a unique tool to help him do it. James Reston once wrote in the *New York Times,* "Henry Kissinger has got beyond the news—he is going to be left to the psychological novelists."

Kissinger's maneuvering in this period between the Peking and Moscow summits was played on the world stage in full view of his appreciative audience. Richard Nixon's manipulation of Kissinger, on the other hand, his periodic inflation and deflation of Kissinger's ego, were totally hidden from the public. Nixon, who constantly thought of himself not as he was but as he wished to be, could use Kissinger as a marionette, and then place himself in his own marionette's hands; the President understood in his assistant the needs he refused to examine in himself. (Reston is right; perhaps all this is better left to the psychological novelists.)

On May 17, 1972, the President must have done something soothing because Henry was in a much better mood as he went over some preparatory material with writers Ray Price, John Andrews, and me. "We want to get away from hyperbole," he said. "The Chinese are beside themselves with the possibility of great power collusion. So say we have a common interest in making peace, and don't use the 'new era' stuff. Friendly, not sentimental." Price asked him what had become of the "tough" tone, and Kissinger said: "Look, for three years we tried to interest the Russians in Vietnam. The first time they showed any signs of interest was when their ships were threatened in Haiphong."

Henry was a happy man. "Taking Hanoi off the front page is like a military defeat for them. China did that last year. Russia this year. Now Hanoi has been made to look like a parochial problem." Smiling, he shook his head in mock self-pity: "And all the President says is that he wishes Gromyko was working for him."

He discussed the contrast between the ways in which the Russians and the Chinese prepared for the "Nixon arrival": Brezhnev had proudly shown Kissinger the Presidential quarters, something the Chinese would never do, since the Chinese have always felt culturally superior, the Russians culturally inferior. The Russians of a century ago hired Germans or Frenchmen to handle their foreign relations, Henry reminded us, and not until 1880 was there a Czarist foreign minister born in Russia; before 1820 Russian foreign ministry archives were written in French.

Brezhnev had shown Kissinger the antique urns on pedestals set up along the corridors of Nixon's Kremlin apartment. Only one was uncovered, beautifully polished—all the rest were covered with shrouds to keep off the dust. "We will take off the shrouds two hours before he gets here," Brezhnev told Kissinger. "It reminded me of my grandmother," Kissinger told us later. "The house had to be cleaned spick-and-span on Thursday, and everything covered up so it would be right for Friday night." He laughed again and then became serious. "But never forget," he said in a statement I never forgot, "that feelings of inferiority can lead to bluster and to arrogance."

NEGOTIATIONS AT THE 1972 Moscow summit involved considerable bluster—in the privacy of his dacha, Leonid Brezhnev shouted about the "barbaric" action of the Americans in mining Haiphong—but Henry merely told us how Nixon and Brezhnev worked well together in shaping a historic breakthrough. At press backgrounders as well as at more private talks with reporters and columnists, the national-security adviser would, in Nixon's words, "get out the line" about the pact being a great step forward toward international stability.

On the way back from Moscow, we stopped in Warsaw and Henry was euphoric. After the Polish state dinner, he and I walked out of the Malinovsky Palace about 11:00 P.M.,

llowed by his Secret Service guards dozen paces back, to stroll through econstructed downtown Warsaw. As e walked through the dark new-old reets saying little, Henry reflected n the events of the past couple of eeks; where the world was, where e and I were walking; and he said what struck me as honest affec- on, "Not bad for a couple of Jewish oys, huh?"

We talked about the book he would o someday, and the one I would do irly soon—"Yours will be better," e assured me, "because you only ave to be 90 percent right." I re- alled another walk we had taken, ound the pitch-and-put golf course Key Biscayne in January 1970, orking on the first State of the orld message, when he had said out his relationship with Secretary State Bill Rogers: "It's like the rabs and the Israelis. I'll win all the attles, and he'll win the war. He nly has to beat me once." He remem- ered, and said it had not changed uch—one wrong step, and he was nished, all the vultures would eat m up. But, Kissinger added, it was l worth it, even the backbiting, be- use what he and Nixon were doing ally counted for something, and if ey had not happened to be there at is time, who knows who would have issed the chances the President and were not missing?

We could not know that a combi- tion of Russian shrewdness, erratic op conditions, and bureaucratic in- titude would make the forthcom- g grain deal appear scandalous; or at during that time we were in Mos- w a small group of workers for the mmittee to Reelect the President as planting listening devices on the lephones of Democrats in their Wa- rgate headquarters; or that, in the ming year, the Soviet press would in the odd position of denouncing merican impeach-Nixon demands as med against the policy of détente at Nixon and Brezhnev had brought out.

"Been one hell of a week, Henry," said, as we came to the replica of old square in Warsaw where a few embers of the American party were ooping it up in a nightclub. "What es the President do for an encore?"

Henry didn't hesitate a second. Make peace in Vietnam," he said.

And so he did. After the North ietnamese declined negotiations, the ll to use American strength was again demonstrated in the Christmas bombing of Hanoi. But, in that episode, Henry's too-anguished public appearance weighed against his ambition to be Nixon's second-term Secretary of State. I mentioned to Henry in January 1973 that other White House aides did not like the way he was letting word go out to influential columnists that Dr. Kissinger was not wholeheartedly with Mr. Nixon on the bombing, when in fact the national-security adviser had urged that decision. Henry confirmed that he had indeed "canvassed for the bombing" and insisted he had nothing to do with reports to the contrary. He reassured Haldeman and the President on that, but they did not wholly believe him; if the Watergate scandal hadn't engulfed the administration, Nixon probably would have forced Kissinger to resign. The puppet had begun to tug at his own strings.

Until February 1973, Mr. Nixon had been using Dr. Kissinger as his agent; afterward, with the ascendant Secretary of State Kissinger running American foreign policy, the American "will to use strength" was in doubt. Arms accord foundered at a pitiable second Moscow summit, and the Middle East situation deteriorated steadily.

In Vladivostok, in 1974, with a new President, Henry Kissinger began a new reputation for "the will to use strength," which he had learned at Mr. Nixon's knee. The idea was to present the world with a new President who could carry on that will—proven by his treatment of Henry Kissinger as the indispensable man, who, in himself, constituted much of the American strength. I do not have the Kissinger notes for his conversations with Mr. Brezhnev about Mr. Ford, but on the basis of his 1972 speech in Moscow one can assume a presentation along the lines of "Richard Nixon did not choose Gerald Ford because he was made of sugar candy."

The greatest danger to the alliance of Kissinger and Ford is, of course, public acknowledgment of the new President's undue dependence on his adviser; if what had been the predecessor's tool were to be seen as the successor's brain, instability would soon set in.

To counter this, Dr. Kissinger has had to undo what he helped create in the past: the importance of the Nixon-Brezhnev relationship. In Vladivostok, Kissinger passed the word to the press corps that Nixon never "looked Brezhnev in the eye"; that the Soviets had always mistrusted Nixon; that the former President's inflexibility hindered negotiation. This was the making of an unperson on a grand scale. Henry enlisted Ford's press secretary, Ron Nessen, in the media-washing, causing that unsuspecting young man to say, straight-faced, of the Ford-Brezhnev agreement to agree: "It was something that Nixon couldn't do in three years, but Ford did it in three months. I don't know what it was—they hit it off."

The first press reaction was disbelief, even outrage, at such a transparent distortion of history; but Secretary Kissinger is the man with the information, the source upon which background-hungry newsmen depend. It was the expendable press secretary, not the Secretary of State, who was embarrassed at the response to this heavy-handed dropping of the wreckers' ball on last year's statue. Dr. Kissinger continues to privately maintain to his trusted writing friends that the latest SALT initiative was not begun until President Ford took office, and that the "breakthrough" heretofore placed in Moscow in 1972, in fact took place in Vladivostock in 1974. Smoothly, subtly, the trap is baited; irate newsmen will jump on press secretaries and other Presidential assistants who denigrate the years of effort by Kissinger and the other fellow Henry brought along, President What's-his-name. Thus Henry gets the credit for unwavering loyalty to Ford, while he takes the credit for all that Nixon accomplished.

Henry Kissinger's ability to shape the attitude of much of the American press and of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee is part of his strength; his skill in making President Ford his Pinocchio (after years of watching Geppetto at work, using Kissinger as a Pinocchio) is the greatest part of his strength. In months to come, we can expect to feel the application of Kissinger strength, despite urgings by his friends not to go too far, because Henry Kissinger learned a lesson from a master: "Strength means nothing, unless there is a will to use it." □

R. M. Koster

SURPRISE PARTY

Inside the Kansas City love feast that may (unbelievably!) unite the warring Democrats



The site

THERE'S NOTHING PHONY about downtown Kansas City. Weary, businesslike hotels with no *luxe*, no disdain for smoky, sweaty all-night meetings. Stolid restaurants with no tuxedoed headwaiters to tip. Drab streets chary of neon.

On a cold night, when the wind stabs across the low skyline, you can —if you've the nose for it—get a strong whiff of suffering. The pain of all the plains kids, hillbillies, and Deep South blacks who brought dreams there for smashing. The anxiety of a whole nation that suspects the movie called America may no longer have a happy ending. It makes a good cut for the cocaine of politics.

The hall is what I'd call *intime*, no more than half the size of what we had in Atlantic City or Miami, about two-thirds as big as the Stockyards Hall in Chicago and without those vaulted galleries. It is also shabby, proof against sleekness and false optimism. When they marched the flags in there Friday afternoon, December 6, 1974, "Fanfare for the Common Man" actually sounded fitting and unpretentious.

The podium was low, the delegation phones jury-rigged on plywood, and the lighting effects no more elaborate than what you see at a junior-college play. Everything worked, and that was that. We Democrats had finally discovered low-key good taste —partly, of course, because the party is too broke to indulge its *nouveau-riche* propensities.

We'll need a bigger town and a bigger hall for '76, but I hope we go someplace like Kansas City. No resort enclaves and no sparkling domes: a place where we can get our business done without being too insulated from the people.

The delegates

WE HAD AT LEAST one thing in common: everyone out there was a politics junkie. You have to be hooked on politics to go to the Midwest in midwinter for the Midterm Conference on Party Organization and Policy.

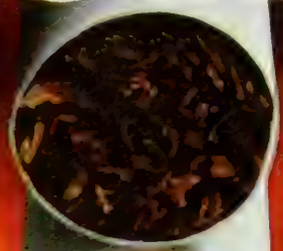
"To be on the wire is life, the rest is waiting," said Karl Wallenda, on returning to the high wire just after a member of his troupe had fallen fatally. Such sentiments might have been voiced with even greater propriety by my fellow delegates H. Humphrey and G. McGovern. Both have taken falls that would scare Evel Knievel, but there was Hubert, prowling the floor with his fixed hyena grin, salivating after another nomination, set to gobble it should the fiercer predators destroy themselves clawing for it; and there was George, setting the moral tone of the conference with a fine strident speech on Friday, getting the sort of warm reception advanced to crippled newsboys but, by Saturday, acting distressingly like a candidate with a suite at the Muehlebach and the aces of his primary-campaign staff, Rick Stearns, working the floor. To be on the wire is life.

John Bailey left a hospital bed to attend. Dick Daley not only attended he starred: Bela Lugosi playing Santa Claus and winning an Oscar. And National Committee colleagues who had told me as late as October they weren't going, who had heard me say I wasn't going either, showed up on the floor glowing like horseplayers at Churchill Downs. Politics is a grand substitute for reality; it gives you the impression of being alive.

The delegates came in every ideological shade and every psychological profile, from the fragile Chinese girl who challenged Chairman Robert Strauss to open up the conference for a debate on public policy, to the hulking, blond Wallace *Jugend* leader who stalked the lobby of the Holiday Inn in a calf-length leather coat looking like the ghost of Baldur von Schirach. The California delegation wrangled for two hours over the procedures for choosing their honorary chairman. The Illinois delegation showed discipline the Coldstream Guards might have envied, wheeling right and left in unison at Daley's

R. M. Koster, whose novel The Prince *was nominated for a National Book Award in 1973, has been a Democratic National Committeeman for eight years. A member of the charter commission, he was a delegate to the Midterm Conference on Party Organization and Policy and to the last three Democratic National Conventions. His new novel will be published by Harper's Magazine Press this year.*

DORAL'S THEORY OF EVOLUTION:



CIRCA 1900

Cigarettes looked like this, plain end, no filter, often had a harsh taste.

CIRCA 1955

Fiber filters like this became popular. They were often added to the same old tobacco.

CIRCA 1975

The advanced state of the art today: Rich tobacco, custom-blended for a modern, chambered filter, lower in 'tar' and even better in taste. This cigarette is Doral.

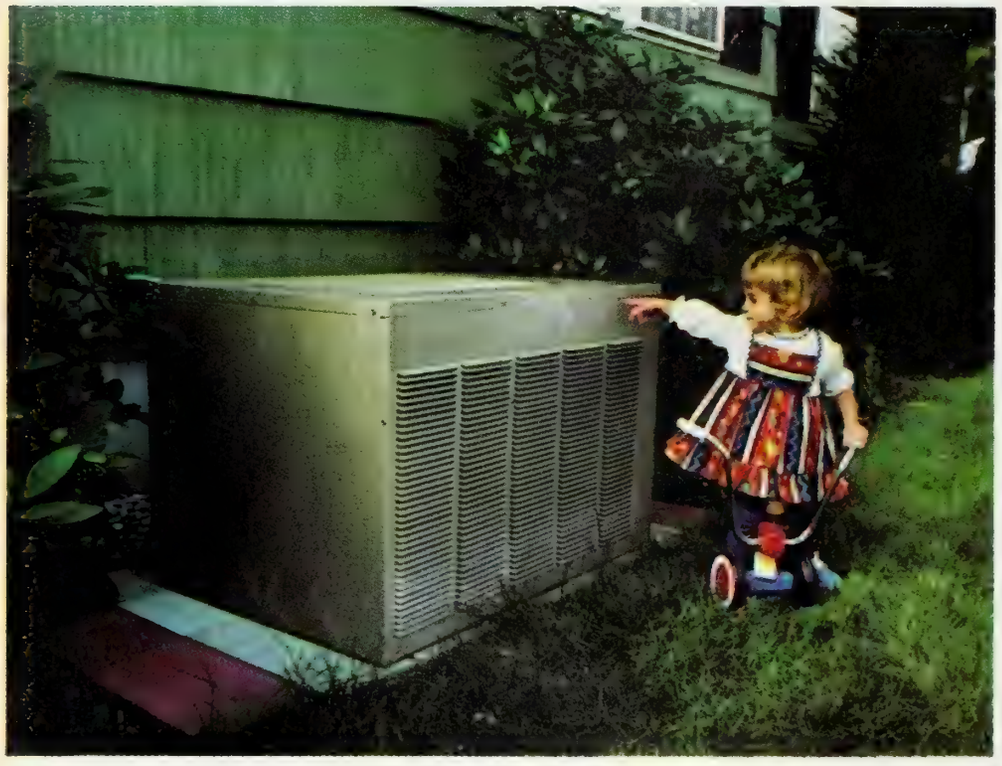


Doral: The advanced state of the art—lower in 'tar' and even better in taste.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER, MENTHOL: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

What appliance makers are doing to reduce your power consumption



One prominent manufacturer is now using rotary compressors for their new residential air conditioning systems. They estimate electricity savings of as much as 26 per cent compared to their previous systems.

A new type of ignition system which does away with all pilot lights is now offered in a well-known make of gas range. The manufacturer estimates typical gas savings at about 30%.





Little appliances can save power, too. Example: a new kind of electric clock draws so little current it doesn't even register in the home electric meter. New small motors of more efficient design are saving power in a variety of electric housewares.

A major refrigerator-freezer line is now on the market which reduces cold losses so effectively that it uses much less electricity than other models. For example, a 17-cu-ft model can save up to 43%. Over the average life span of a refrigerator (16 years) the total savings would be about $410—enough to pay for a brand-new refrigerator at today's prices.

As a major supplier of steels to the appliance industry, we have developed several new products to meet their needs, and have devoted a great deal of our time and expertise in helping appliance makers to get the most out of each kind of steel they use. Living as close to them as we do, we are confident that they will continue to chip away at the power consumption of their products.

Bethlehem BETHLEHEM STEEL

A VOLVO DISCOVERY: RAIN FALLS ON REAR WINDOWS, TOO.

Volvo was the first wagon maker with the foresight to provide its rear window with a wiper and washer as standard equipment.

Volvo has also discovered that everyone doesn't buy a wagon to be fashionable. Many people buy wagons to carry things.

So we didn't design Volvo's cargo area low and sleek to accommodate a styling trend. We designed it high and practical, to accommodate things like a six-foot sofa and two chairs (with the rear seat down). Or three six-foot people and 12 two-suiters (with the rear seat up).

Volvo's rear area not only holds a lot, it comes with a lot. It has its own heating and ventilation vents, its own three-point seat belts, electric rear window defogger, carpeting, tinted glass and childproof door locks.

And Volvo's back door swings up out of your way, instead of out into your stomach. Or down into your knee caps.

It doesn't take a college degree to appreciate the thinking behind our wagon. So we leave you to consider this. If the rear end of your car isn't as well thought-out as Volvo's, what other part might not be?

VOLVO

The wagon for people who think

© 1974 VOLVO OF AMERICA CORPORATION. OVERSEAS DELIVERY AVAILABLE.



er. We had only one movie star, rren Beatty, but Bella Abzug was re, the Wife of Bath herself with huge hat and huger energy, and bara Jordan, as magnificent in ce and presence as Price singing sca.

They came with a mélange of mo-s, for in politics public and pri-e urges intertwine, lusts and val- mingle, community concern and -gratification are wedded unholi- The most diabolical egomaniac eved he had the best interests of ty and country at heart. The saint-t altruist knew—though the wledge may not have crept above pelvis—that the body politic is a tastic lay. The credential-holder, '76 hopeful, and the precinct mitteecreature had each come to the collective, and to advance own ambitions; to unify the par-nd to put those goddamn liberals conservatives) in their place; to with the swarm and merge his to it, and to expand that same ngy ego and get it stroked; and, ays, to be where the action was, lay the power game, to feel alive. t our motives may have been con-ictory, that we may have been ware of most of them, must not eld against us. Politics, a blend ve and war, is no more rational either. That's why it's so much

The candidates

O ONE GOT NOMINATED, but that doesn't mean people weren't try- Besides Humphrey, who will be ndidate for President till someone es a stake through his heart, and overn, who may yet do the de- thing and bench himself, and ace, who did not enter the hall received delegates next door at otel, there were at least five can-tes for the 1976 Democratic idential nomination present and ing.

ov. Jimmy Carter of Georgia was ing flat out. By day he steamed t the hall with aides and group-n tow, meeting and greeting. By he zipped from one delegation us to another, speaking out. Day night he projected vigor and seriousness: JFK with magno- That's his act, and he did it well. Charles Rangel declared Carter most impressive candidate he's seen yet. That's right: HARLEM SOLON LIKES PEACH STATE GOV. The conference was a big plus for Jimmy C.

Sen. Henry Jackson, whom Jimmy the Greek still makes the front-runner, lost ground. He ran a hospitality suite with miniskirted staffers. He gave away marvelous Washington State apples in the hall. He sat regally in a basement trailer, granting group audiences to delegates. He made a progress through the hall, clustered with cameramen. But Scoop is joined to George Meany at the hip, and George Meany got hurt in Kansas City. Then, to make things worse, Jackson developed foot-in-mouth, telling Dave Broder over coast-to-coast TV that he'd had nothing to do with the celebrated Saturday (December 7) compromise, wherein the minorities were mollified with a pound of Meany's ego. That was a confession of political impotence, and Jackson realized it as soon as he'd said it. If he was telling the truth, it means that he is of such slight stature in the party that no one bothered to consult him in the most important deal since '68.

Lloyd Bentsen had two bars in his hospitality suite, gave away steak-sandwich lunches, and threw a cocktail party to which half the people in town were invited and the other half admitted without hassle. No Democrat need suffer thirst or hunger while Bentsen is running; not since 1960 has anyone so blatantly well-heeled aspired to the Democratic nomination, and in 1960 that well-heeled aspirant went all the way.

Mo Udall gave away plastic shopping bags suitable for carrying Jackson apples and Bentsen beef up to the conference floor—a clever move by a candidate short on funds. His great height, his craggy features, and his raconteur's gift evoke Abe Lincoln, as do his fine ironic wit and his refusal to take himself too seriously. Such candidates are at once refreshing and disturbing. One feels that if he remains Mo Udall he can't win, that should he win he won't be Mo Udall anymore. With the usual megalomaniac you at least know what to expect.

The most decorous candidate was Terry Sanford, chairman of the charter commission and former Governor of North Carolina. All Sanford did was run the difficult Saturday session with exemplary cool, giving all who cared to learn lesson after lesson in grace under pressure. Watching Sanford and his parliamentarian, Hugh Cannon, direct the Conference reminded me of Koussevitzky and his concertmaster, Richard Bergin, directing the Boston Symphony. Besides controlling himself and the delegates, Sanford provided the indispensable appearance of fairness, as well as the substance of it, more often than is usual when Democrats gather.

Failed feudalism

CONFECTORS OF trashy movies are fond of assembling fictional bands of distrustful strangers in the shadow of doom—on, say, a capsized ocean liner or a pilotless jumbo jet. The members of such collectives have little in common save terror or greed, and these primal drives are insufficient to weld them to unity, to keep them from blundering about futilely or from murdering each other, unless a leader of uncommon charm and ruthlessness is present. So has it gone in recent years with the diverse elements that comprise the Democratic party. A strong President or surefire candidate, who is at once God the Father and the Godfather, forms the party in his own image and imposes order on its various segments. Since late 1967 no such figure has existed. The Democrats' chief pastime has been internecine strife, and not all the sages of Byzantium could tell you what the party stood for.

Or think of an exotic feudal realm knit loosely by some ancient, vague traditions; strained by present, palpable conflicts; and filled with personages of vast pomp and self-importance: Gubernatorial dukes, Congressional earls and barons, big-city lord mayors, union guild leaders, minority-group clan chieftains, women's-movement abbesses, law-establishment privy councilors, finance-establishment court usurers, intellectual-establishment lords spiritual, technology-establishment alchemists, media-establishment sorcerers, state-committee knights and ladies of the shire. Peace, order, and success in the crusade against the heathen depend on the weight of the anointed monarch's word and sword. When the throne is empty, or held by a weakling, all falls to chaos. Nobles war among themselves over a crown now turned to pasteboard. Or

bicker endlessly on points of precedence and dogma. Or join the heathen with their men-at-arms. Or shut themselves up in strong castles, and the realm be damned.

In short, the Democratic party has had no national existence, except as temporarily kissed into being by a prince: by Franklin Roosevelt in the 1930s, by Harry Truman after he won in '48, by John Kennedy while he was running, by Lyndon Johnson until the war cost him his power.

Just as some Americans were once happy with thirteen sovereign states, some Democrats were happy with fifty-odd sovereign parties. Others were not. Still others wanted a national party with a national program and a national existence whether or not it held the White House. (In part these others sought a structural solution to problems of policy, for Roosevelt's coalition began splitting in 1948 over civil rights, kept on splitting as the interests of big labor came more and more to coincide with those of big business, and split right down the middle over the Vietnam war.) These distressed Democrats—the most conspicuous was Rep. Donald Fraser of Minnesota—devised a remedy: the party would have a written charter, which would establish the degree and rank of each party segment and compel all to assemble regularly to define party doctrine.

With the support of George McGovern, Fraser & Co. put a draft charter through the rules committee of the 1972 convention. Then, once he'd been nominated, McGovern vetoed bringing the draft to the convention floor: George Meany didn't like the charter, and McGovern hoped to win George Meany's heart. So Fraser offered, and the convention passed, a resolution ordering the formation of a charter commission and mandating the Democratic party to meet in conference in 1974 to adopt a charter from the commission's draft and discuss issues: a Democratic Conference on Party Organization and Policy.

1787 or 1789?

IN 1787 THE Constitutional Convention met at Philadelphia and founded a great republic. Two years later the Estates-General met at Versailles and wrecked the greatest monarchy on earth. Sometimes these meetings work, sometimes they don't.

The British have no written constitution. If they began drafting one now, people might reasonably suspect their system bankrupt. On the other hand, although institutions like the New England town meeting and the Virginia House of Burgesses established democracy in America, our written Constitution has been decisive in maintaining it.

The Democratic party, founded by Jefferson, became the oldest continuing political party in the world without holding one midterm conference or ever adopting a charter. Still, it was not farfetched to speculate that the party needed the conference and the charter to stay in business. In any case, we were stuck with both by convention mandate.

The charter commission met in Washington in March 1973; in Fort Collins, Colorado, in July; in Atlanta in November; back in Washington the following March; and, finally, in Kansas City in August 1974. Our chairman was fair, able, and good-humored. Our membership was experienced, serious, and dedicated to the well-being of the party. Our aim was to write a charter which the conference could ratify without strife, and our efforts were, to a great extent, successful. But we weren't philosophers, and our instincts were to choose up sides and try to win the votes.

Worse, the commission became a battleground for testing who had clout. Al Barkan, Meany's political commissar, had people on the commission; he disciplined them with an iron hand, and staked his and his boss's prestige on every comma. I don't mean to accuse Barkan of being interested in political science: the reformers had slighted him and Meany in 1972, and crushing them on the charter commission was Barkan's way of getting even and ensuring they'd never become uppity again. For their part, the reformers—blacks, women's-movement activists, liberal labor—also had points to prove. Our deliberations became infused with the passions of old resentments and future ambitions. We refought the campaigns of '68 and '72 in the dry wasteland of party structure; we maneuvered along points of procedure for advantage in the campaign of '76.

Not too bitterly, however. A sort of Geneva Convention, a tacit agreement to eschew atrocities, was in effect until our final meeting. And made the touchiest part of the d a demilitarized zone. This was ticle Ten, which set guidelines to sure an open party, with full part pation in the processes for select convention delegates.

We Democrats had been fight over this for at least a decade—a not entirely without reason, for d gate selection is one of those sp where process and power meet. example, the Georgia Democra party used to do it like this: the G ernor picked the state chairman, a the state chairman picked the d gates. That process gave Gov. Les Maddox a good deal to say ab who represented Georgia at the convention, and since Lester M dox was not about to visit Chic in the company of nigras, it left black Democrats of Georgia with voice at all. The process that de mines who participates at natio conventions goes a long way tow determining who has power, power is what politics is about.

THE SYSTEMATIC EXCLUSION whole segments of the Democra electorate from the nomination p cess came up at Atlantic City 1964 with a challenge to the Mis sippi party; it was the only cl that marred the coronation of L don Johnson. By '68 it had beco a tempest, raising so much ugly p licity that the party had to tak look at its selection processes. A c mission was formed under Geo McGovern, a mild and decent cl who the regulars figured would p fy the reformers without doing a thing radical. The regulars ne knew what hit them. The McGov Commission turned the selection p cesses 180 degrees left: the 19 convention brought in unpreceden numbers of blacks, women, and p viously excluded groups, but left hosts of regulars—Dick Daley, example, and a lot of Meany peo —to the unspeakable joy of John Connally and the other organizers Democrats for Nixon. By the end that convention, every Democ knew something had to be done restore balance, but the blacks the women didn't care to give what they'd gained, while the Dal and Meanys wanted what they'd h and a little vengeance, too.

A new commission was formed

er the chairpersonship of Barbara likulski, a Baltimore councilwoman. s eighty-seven members wrangled or a year on the brink of disaster, ien came up with a compromise hich few liked but most could stom-ch and which will govern the selec-on of delegates to the '76 conven-on. We members of the charter ommission addressed the same uestion in salutary cowardice. What-ver we wrote wouldn't take effect ll 1980, so we adopted the Mikulski ommission language as our Article en, then went on to badger each her elsewhere.

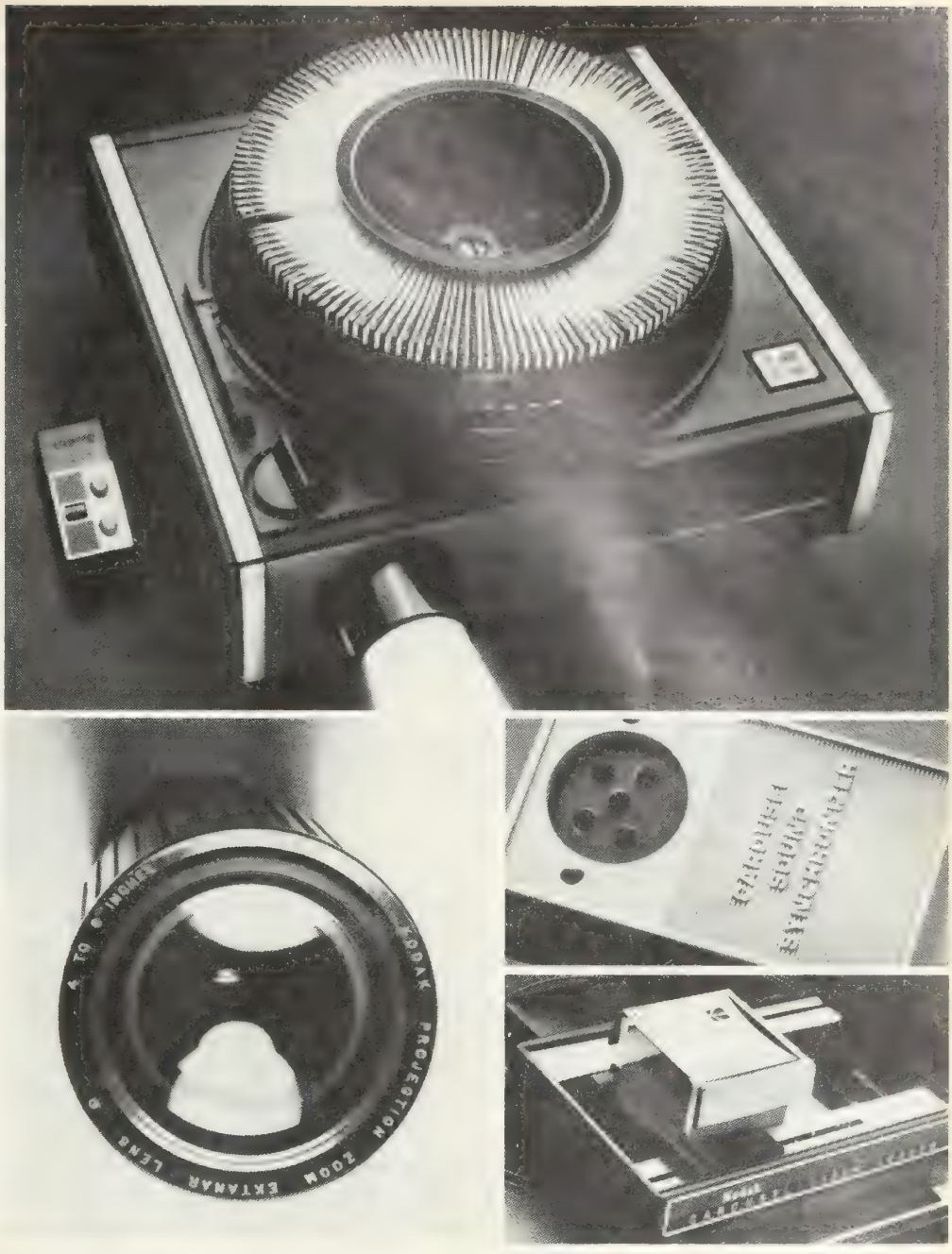
But the liberals won too many votes our March '74 meeting. The con-rvatives panicked and turned their aucus over to Al Barkan's satraps, nd Barkan believes in overkill. When Barkan rep began savaging Article en, the blacks and women activists alked out, along with some sympa-hetic liberals, and the meeting broke p with maximum acrimony. We ere back to Chicago 1968: the emocratic party, as embodied by its harter commission, again resem-ed one of those bands of fanatics ho wandered about medieval Eu-pe mutilating themselves in public.

Article Ten, which had been a de-ilitarized zone, was now (in Robert rauss's apt phrase) "a political inefield." The party would have to oss it in December, and many oubted it could make it in one piece. he conference would meet, but no he knew if it would found or founder.

Strauss Agonistes

ROBERT STRAUSS calls himself a winner, which is his way of knowledging that he is not con-rned with ideology or particularly ueamish about how he gets re-lts. *Time* magazine calls him a agmatist. Others have been less eu-hemistic. At heart, though, Strauss ust be a romantic. He wants to nify the Democrats, and no one has ken up such a perilous and doubt-l quest since Parsifal set out after e Grail.

Strauss, moreover, unlike Parsifal, obviously hungry for power—a ality that makes him interesting d, in the end, admirable. The will power isn't man's noblest urge, pecially when he expresses it by aking a fist and yelling, "I've got e votes!" But when power is used



Beautiful. In more ways than one.

Chances are, there's a handsome Kodak Carousel projector that has all the features you could want just as it is. Whether it's automatic focus, automatic timing, or remote control.

It's also nice to know that other options are available to increase its versatility. Everything from special-purpose lenses, a stack loader, slide clips, to special "presentation aids" that let you synchronize a taped narrative and music with your slides.

So go to your photo dealer's, discuss your needs, and see the Kodak Carousel projector in action. The Carousel custom 840H projector shown is less than $227. Other Kodak Carousel projectors, from less than $85.

Kodak Carousel projectors. Kodak

Prices are subject to change without notice.

to serve the welfare of a great collective, we can applaud. Besides that, suffering redeems, and Robert Strauss suffered out in Kansas City.

"Strauss runs this committee like Legree ran his plantation!" a black delegate remarked to me on Wednesday, December 4, at the meeting of the Rules and Amendments Committee. My friend was wrong. It was a tough committee, the cream of the pros. Not even the charter preamble could slip by it without scrutiny. (Joe Crangle of New York proposed God be inserted; there was a vote, and God won by a close margin.) Strauss didn't push it around, he only wished he could. It's not that he's a bully by nature; it's that every square inch of Democratic party politics is a potential disaster area, and whenever anything goes wrong, Bob Strauss looks bad. Strauss can't bear to look bad, not for a minute. He's a winner, remember; he's said so himself time and again. He tries to control everything, and that's rarely possible and never easy. For example, he drew up a set of conference rules the Supreme Soviet might not have stood for, then spent weeks agonizing over whether they'd get passed.

He had, besides, two other agonies in progress. One was the policy part of the conference, when the delegates were supposed to thrash out party positions on the issues. That was in the '72 convention mandate, but Strauss clearly felt the business of obeying the mandate could be pushed too far. Discussing issues was how we wrecked the '68 convention, blew the election, and put Nixon in power. He may have been right.

The party is going to have to stand for something, and it is going to have to seek its policies at the grass roots; but in the gaseous atmosphere of a mass meeting even moderates are liable to become temporary extremists, taking positions they may not believe in but will die defending, and there were plenty of convention delegates who made no pretense of moderation. The problem was that Strauss wanted to nail the conference shut, and that was as good a recipe for disaster as letting delegates yap.

The mandate said policy? All right, there would be policy seminars on Friday. But no debating issues in the hall. That was final. Then even steady people like John Gilligan said that wasn't enough, so at the last minute Strauss backed off a step. He would bring Carl Albert, Tip O'Neill, and Robert Byrd out to Kansas City and let them propose an economic program to the conference. But there wasn't going to be any debate. No sirree! The delegates could vote it up or down. By that time, people were circulating petitions to open the conference up for a whole day's debate on all kinds of issues. The delegates had paid their own way to the conference; they wanted to participate. So at the very last minute Strauss backed off another step and allowed an hour's debate on the economic statement.

That worked. A little steam blew off, but the lid stayed on. The rules passed. The economic program passed. Strauss made it through the Friday session without getting hurt once. But all the while he suffered; he was in agony all the time.

It's an aesthetic pleasure to watch a nerveless gent like Terry Sanford, who called his signals on the line of scrimmage and never seemed to doubt Hugh Cannon would pick up the blitz, but for excitement I prefer Bob Strauss. Strauss wanted every detail programmed in advance, tried to leave nothing to chance or improvisation, then ended up scrambling for his life as the play broke down around him. When the rules passed, his face sagged with relief, as though a specialist had just told him, "Mr. Strauss, your biopsy is negative." Twenty-four hours later he found himself boxed in by those same rules and had to scramble around them. Strauss is a winner, but doesn't send spectators to the exits midway in the fourth quarter. And for a last-minute desperation score there was nothing like the resolution of Strauss's main agony, Article Ten.

Honor (read ego) at stake

THOSE WHO CAN TAKE politics or leave it alone—the non-addict population, in other words—may reasonably wonder how anyone could get worked up over a charter article that doesn't take effect until 1980. There are enough crises in the world to make it fearfully possible that we'll be living in caves by then, if we're alive at all. Should we somehow bumble through the next six years, the charter remains amendable: the 1976 convention will have the power to change anything in it by a simple majority. If my reader concluded that the two wings of the Democratic party—Meany-Barkan labor on the one side and the minority groups on the other—were acting like two dogs who fight over a bone with no meat on it, I wouldn't blame him. He would be right. But such struggles are not entirely pointless. They at least serve to establish which is the tougher dog. And that sort of information is of interest to politicians. Obtaining it is, in fact, one of the chief aims of the professsion.

"Find quarrel in a straw when honor's at the stake," said Hamlet. Symbol can mean as much as substance to a prince or other politician when his honor (read ego) is threatened. Al Barkan decided to wreck the Mikulski Commission's compromise at the charter commission's final meeting in August 1974. Bob Strauss gave him aid and comfort. Strauss owed his election as national chairman largely to Barkan, and the AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education (COPE), which Barkan controls, has been one of the biggest, meanest dogs in the Democratic kennel for forty years.

Only Barkan was pleased by the resulting debacle. He wanted to amputate the left wing of the party. Honor (ego) had required this ever since the 1972 convention. But Strauss could scarcely spare a single feather. The 1968 and 1972 elections proved that the party cannot fly on one wing, no matter which wing it is, and Strauss's honor is staked on a winning party. If Strauss merits any blame for letting the fight start, he deserves much of the credit for stopping it before it reached the floor of the conference and tore the party up. And sympathy, too; he deserves that—as does anyone caught in the middle of a dogfight.

Strauss's first effort involved getting Meany, who is more amenable to reason than Barkan, to accept a draft Article Ten which included the Mikulski principle of affirmative action to keep state parties open, without the Mikulski mention of "particular concern for minorities, women, young people, and Native Americans." Meany was to sell it to labor leaders on November 18; on the same day Strauss would sell it to the Democratic Governors, who were meeting at Hilton Head, South Carolina. That would present the conference with a *fait accompli* which would

New Times.

Think of us as the Mighty Mouse of magazines.



erman we are not.
ut that doesn't mean NEW TIMES isn't
ng evil in the chops, fighting for the little
stripping the pants off phonies and gener-
shaking hell out of the establishment.
ike Mighty Mouse, we are small but power-
isty. Out of all proportion to our size, we
e waves. Strike fear in evil hearts. Give the
ble to fat cats. Shake the rafters. The
se that Roars, that's us.

e recent roars.

very two weeks, NEW TIMES comes along
a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.
here was our story on "The Ten Dumbest



gressmen," with NEW TIMES' nomination
King of Dumb. You should have heard the
ams on that one, including a well-attended
s conference called by the King himself.
re was "Prescription Payola," about doc-
who are willing to risk your life for a color
There was "Southie Is My Home Town," a
at the people of South Boston you didn't
in any of the other media. (After a century
etting the shaft, maybe they had reasons
coming off as brawling racists.)
n "The Little Camera that Couldn't," NEW
ES dissected Polaroid's SX-70, as a symbol
consumer economy gone wild. In "A Wal-
Is a Wallace Is a Wallace," we looked un-
eath the new moderate George and
d—guess what—the same old George. In
ppy Days Are Here Again," we saw the
depression as upbeat—a chance for new
tyles and the whole Whole Earth thing. In
n and the Art of the Perfect Backhand," we
you how to trust your body and ignore your
ennis instructor
"The Gourmet Freeze-Out" ripped the foil
he big restaurant rip-off that's serving up
mass-produced frozen dishes as expensive house specialties. "The Consulting Con Game" laid bare a cushy professorial racket. "They Shoot Ten-Year Olds, Don't They?" was a heartwarming look at New York's shootin' cops with their 007 license to kill just about anybody they want to. "That Championship Season" stripped the cover-up from the sex scandal that decimated Notre Dame's football team

Is NEW TIMES mad all the time?

Golly, no. Don't get the idea we do nothing but dredge up embarrassing facts and tweak important noses. NEW TIMES is *the magazine of what's happening* and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and movies and all manner of rare new ideas. For instance, we reported on Erhard Seminars Training (est), one of the most fascinating of the new life therapies. We got inside the world of bisexuality. We published our *own* medical research on pot—"Attention: Smoking Grass May Be Good for Your Health."

And of course we continue to report on the



eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County who were damned if they'd let their houses be torn down for lack of city plumbing

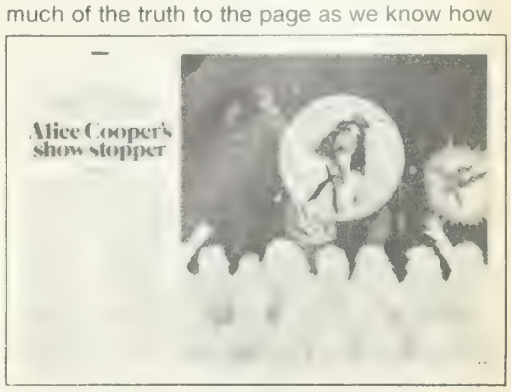
Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands, crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

We're plugged into *now*.

Whether you like it or not, you're living in a time of shattering transitions. Nobody knows where the world is heading and if they claim to, they lie!

NEW TIMES—more than any other magazine on the American scene, we think—is plugged into this difficult, exhilarating age. Do we understand what's going on? Do we know The Answers? Hell, we consider ourselves lucky when we know The Questions.

But we don't lie. We don't pretend impossible knowledge. Our minds and eyes are open and our promise to you is firm: we'll pin as much of the truth to the page as we know how



Does NEW TIMES sound like your kind of magazine? If you've read this far, you're probably NEW TIMES' kind of person

You can have 18 issues of *the magazine of what's happening* for only $4.97. That's $3.33 less than the regular subscription price—$8.53 less than the newsstand price. The attached order card will do the trick. Or write to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2948, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Join us. Start to roar a little

NEW TIMES

The Mouse that Roars

salve Meany's and Barkan's honor and leave the left a Hobson's choice between humiliation and the onus of opposing party unity.

The effort failed. At Meany's meeting, six of fourteen labor leaders refused to support a draft composed without the minorities' participation. Meanwhile, at Hilton Head, the Governors refused to buy it either. John Gilligan, who had served on the Mikulski Commission and helped draft its compromise, pushed to have the Mikulski language included verbatim in Article Ten, and the Governors adopted that proposal unanimously. It was a *fait accompli*—at least it looked like one at the time—but not the one George Meany wanted. It needs no special gift to imagine the rage of the octogenarian Pope of the U.S. labor movement, rebuffed on the same day by six of fourteen top unionists, and by thirty-one Governors whom he had just spent a good part of $2 million to elect. But if Strauss felt similarly snubbed he didn't show it. He got behind the Governors' proposal, though he went out to Kansas City justifiably worried that the delegates loyal to Meany might walk out.

THE FIRST THING Strauss learned when he got there was the women and the blacks were walking out. The Hilton Head proposal, too strong for Meany, was now too weak for them. There was a clause in it stipulating that, when delegations were contested, the burden of proof was on the challengers to show that the state party had not taken affirmative action to ensure full participation. That clause had to come out.

What will they want next? Strauss must have asked himself, but, as he settled in, things looked a little better. Hilton Head had become the center position; no one could call Bob Strauss a racist or a sexist for backing it. Thirty-one Governors were behind Hilton Head; they'd written it after all. Many liberal leaders were behind it. Dick Daley and the Southern conservatives had bought it. Meany would buy it, too, though he might grumble. One thing was sure: Meany's people would never walk if they thought the far-left crazies might walk first. They seemed the only ones who really might walk out, and if so, good riddance.

On Thursday night, December 5, Strauss met with the black leaders. Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary said he wouldn't be able to control the black caucus unless the burden-of-proof clause were deleted, but Strauss discounted that: black leaders were always using arguments like that for leverage. Mayor Thomas Bradley of Los Angeles said that if the women walked out, he'd walk out with them, but Strauss couldn't believe a bunch of women could take Tom Bradley out of the Democratic party. It was time to call bluffs:

"Walk if you want," Strauss told them. "If you want to ride, I'll give you bicycles."

"We *will* walk!" the blacks answered, and the trouble was they weren't bluffing.

Let's have another round of sympathy for Robert Strauss. He was trying to hold the center. Wherever he thinks it is, he tries to hold it. But to most everybody at the conference, the center of the world was in his or her own head.

Strauss held firm all day Friday and into Saturday, assuring Meany, Daley, and the right that there would be no more compromises. And the Governors held firm, reminding the black leaders and the left how far they'd come since August and advising them to swallow Hilton Head whole. And the right and left held firm: one would walk out if the burden-of-proof clause were deleted, the other if the clause stayed in. And in the hall we delegates were sifting rumors and setting lines for the floor fight all of us yearned for just a little—because you don't get in the hall unless you have a taste for battle—but none of us really wanted, because we'd had too much blood over the last six years and no victories at all that weren't Pyrrhic.

Meanwhile, we were also passing the charter, article by article, with sometimes sharp but always decorous debate. Voice vote and roll call. This amendment up, another down. There would be no mandatory policy conferences (one for the right). There would be a judicial council to put party affairs under the rule of law (one for the left). The majority ruled. The minority accepted. Nobody bled. Together we the Democrats were founding the first national party in the nation's history—but it would all dissolve unless the impasse on Article Ten were broken.

Article Nine passed a little after four o'clock, and Terry Sanford neatly moved to Article Eleven, and while we were on that, upstairs in a caucus room the black leaders were still telling the Governors they would walk out, and the Governors were still telling the black leaders a walkout would be foolish: the burden-of-proof clause wasn't that important; it wouldn't apply until 1980. Then Reuben Askew of Florida walked into the meeting.

"Well," he said, with what must have been feigned innocence, "if it's not important, why can't we Governors delete it?"

The blacks went for that like piranhas. Within twenty minutes the Governors had caved in: they would accept deletion.

What Askew and the other Governors had done was to recognize reality through all those clouds of symbol. The days are long over when George Meany, or any other union chief, can deliver labor in a bloc, and while COPE has the biggest bankroll available to Democrats, new campaign-spending laws are going to take big bankrolls largely out of our elections. The blacks vote in a bloc for Democrats, or else they just stay home, and what they do means the difference in a lot of races. If they wanted a symbolic victory that badly, the Governors would let them have it.

And Strauss? There he'd stood, holding firm behind the Governors' proposal, and suddenly the Governors weren't behind it any more. The center had shifted, and he could shift with it, but could he shift Meany and Daley? Just breaking the news to them would be agony enough, and he was in time trouble. Downstairs we delegates had passed Eleven and were on Twelve. There were no more articles after that. Ten would be before us in a matter of minutes, and the rules said the Saturday session couldn't recess until every article had been considered. If he'd quit then and there, if he'd said, "The party be damned!" and gone back to making money in Dallas, who could have blamed him?

But quitting isn't one of Strauss's defects. At five o'clock he took over the podium from Sanford and announced that the black caucus, the women's caucus, and the Latino caucus would meet upstairs. Then, as the members of those caucuses began moving toward the doors, he glanced briefly about the hall and said, "Well, I guess we don't have a quorum. We

n't do business till we have one, s / in an hour."

He needed time to swing a compromise. The rules said no time-outs, he scrambled around the rules and stopped the clock.

Unity

THAT WAS THE HOUR of decision for the conference, but good taste stayed with us. As in Greek drama, the violence took place offstage. Most of the delegates who weren't caucusing dashed for the nearest bar, leaving the hall serene and all but empty. Faith Owens, the Alabama National Committeewoman, came by wearing a SEXISM IS A SOCIAL DISEASE button that, she joked, Wilbur Mills had sent her. Alan Baron, the sharpest of the young pros, who had coached the liberals brilliantly on the Mikulski and Carter commissions, declared that, whatever happened, the conference was a success: we might lose organized labor, but we'd brought in God. Delegates lounged about, or put feet up on the chairs in front of them and dozed. A chap from Maryland worked the *Star* crossword. A Texan flirted with the Kentucky delegation's page. Upstairs Bob Strauss was calling the final play that had to go the distance. The blacks had victory in their grasp and weren't letting go. Daley was walking out. But if the one would agree to let a salving phrase or two in the clause—not burden of proof—stay in the charter, the other might stay in the hall, and if Daley stayed, so might Meany. Strauss called the play. Then, with the help of Gilligan and Wendell Anderson, he persuaded the players to run it. The blacks proved wise enough to eschew overkill. Daley, who is running for a sixth term, proved wise enough to know he needs black support, and no doubt he relished the chance to be a healer for once: he not only accepted; he would have Cecil Partee, a black State Senator from Illinois, speak for it. Meany's people would speak against it, but they proved wise enough not to walk out. Somehow a number of people, who have at times comported themselves like certifiable egomaniacs, were persuaded that if everyone didn't win something, no one could win anything at all. And in the end, even we delegates got a chance to show we'd learned. The compromise required a new amendment, and the rules stipulated that amendments had to be filed by Friday night. That meant a motion to suspend the rules, which needed a two-thirds majority of the conference.

That was the moment, then, when we came to unity. Later on, when the compromise amendment had been introduced, people from all factions of the party rose to support it, and there were only a few voices of dissent, but that was all happy anticlimax. The moment of truth, when the party proved its unity, came on the motion to suspend the rules.

We did it by standing. I stood, and in front of me Don Fraser and Minnesota were standing, and on my right Nebraska was standing, and behind me Maryland and Florida were standing, and on my left Dick Daley was standing, beaming up toward the podium, clapping his hands, with his whole delegation standing, too. We all must have looked around like that and seen, suddenly, at the same instant, that everyone was on his feet, for a great, spontaneous whoop of triumph came from the whole conference. Not triumph for one faction or another. Triumph for all of us, triumph of each of us over his own partiality and divisive instincts, triumph of "we" over "me," the only kind of victory that counts.

We the Democrats hadn't had unity at a mass gathering since 1964, and even then we, and the country with us, had begun our mad dance down the dark mountain into discord. It was a good moment for us, and good, I think, too, for the whole country. We don't yet have a public policy to meet the country's problems, but now that we've reformed ourselves and forged a coalition encompassing the best of old and new, we can work one out; and whatever our past divisions we have always had a certain attitude in common. Show a Republican a critical problem, from racism to recession, and he will likely say, "Yes, it's horrid, but it can't be helped." Most Democrats will say, "Let's do something!"

The Democrats staged no Roman holiday in Kansas City, no wild beast shows, no mob scenes, no bloody acts. We found no superstar candidate, no charismatic genius in our midst. But we founded a national party and brought it to unity, and that, in a year of political and economic breakdown, was what we and America needed. □

WINE TALK

by Austin, Nichols

At Château Bouscaut, they do not believe in putting young wine in old casks.

Château Bouscaut is one of the few châteaux in its classification that matures each vintage exclusively in new casks of Limousin oak. The Limousin is rare and costly, but it helps impart to the wine an unmistakable flavor and a better balance. Also, Bordeaux lore has it that the wine "falls bright" sooner and "lives" longer when aged in new oak.

At Austin, Nichols, long years of wine-tasting have taught us to respect these, the finer points of wine-making. For we have learned that attention to detail makes the difference between just "good" wine and an unusually supple, soft red Graves such as Château Bouscaut.

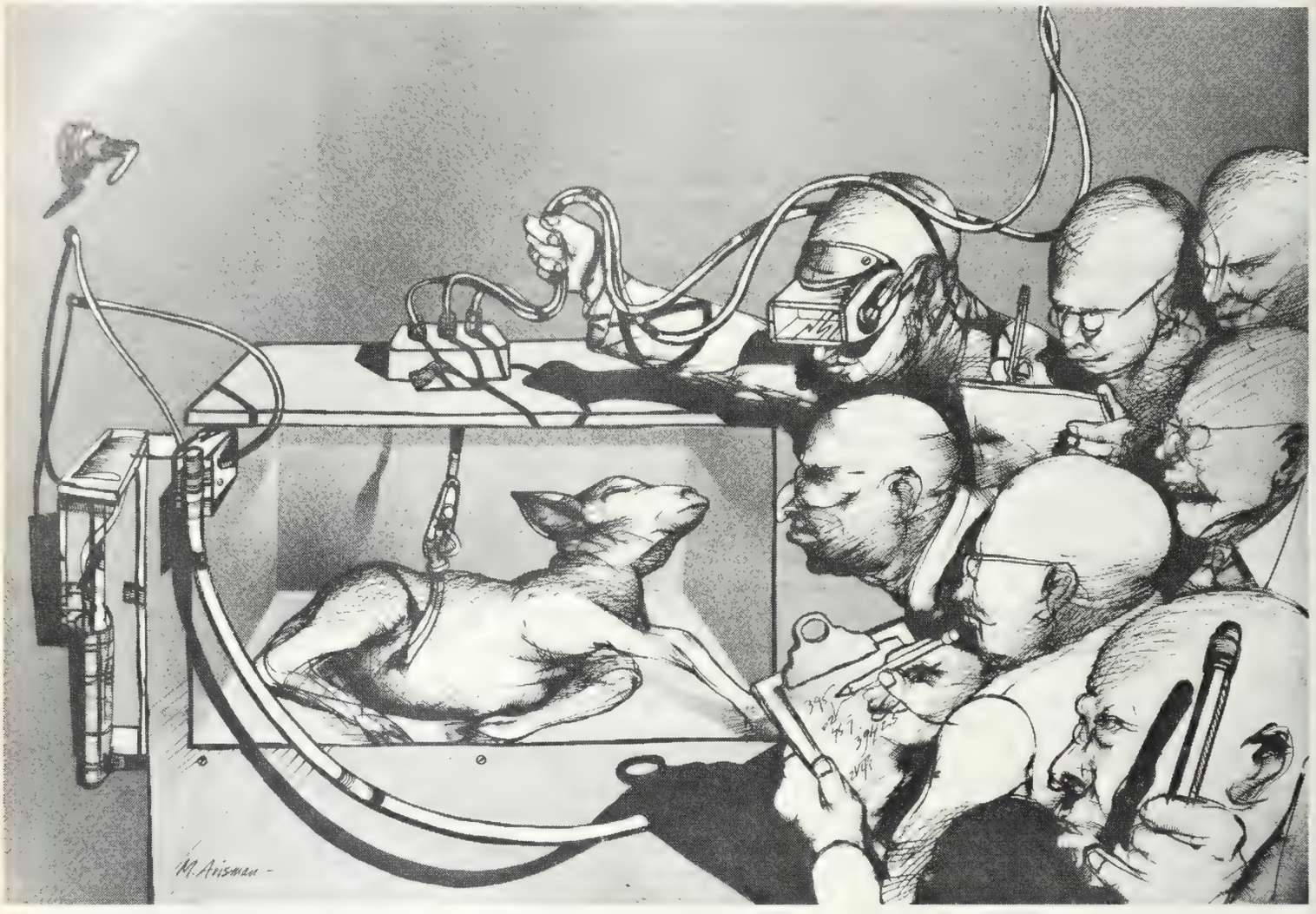
Aging in new oak is part of what makes Château Bouscaut red a truly superior product. And careful selections like Bouscaut are what makes Austin, Nichols the world's foremost importer of fine Bordeaux wines.



Horace Freeland Judson

FEARFUL OF SCIENCE

After Copernicus, after Darwin, after Freud comes molecular biology. Is nothing sacred?



Marshall Arisman

WHAT ARE WE AFRAID OF?
A great lot has been written, in the past few years, about the powers and dangers soon to be thrust on us by science, in particular by the new biology. Coursing somewhat ahead of the actual accomplishments so far, journalists and even biologists have extrapolated a future when man himself, body and mind, will be a designed and manufactured product. He is to be conceived when the naked, artificially matured oocyte meets the centrifuged and incubated spermatozoon in a piece of laboratory glassware, and from that moment (by conventional epithet a "joyless" moment, ignoring the sweaty palms and the glint behind the spectacles of the peering scientist) to the day, seventy years and nine months later, when the life-support machines are turned off, he will be deprived of a creative or controlling part in the manufacturing process—the worker dissociated from the product in the ultimate alienation. Is that really where science is taking us? Can any step in that direction be justified? Are there not some lines of research that are so repugnant, or so dangerous, that they ought to be stopped? Who shall keep watch over what the scientists are doing?

We are now into the third or fourth cycle of alarms about all this; the subject is intrinsically sensational, as can be seen from the examples that recur. What do you think, then, of choosing the sex of your children-to-be? Of growing human embryos outside the body and experimenting with them? Of genetic screening, to skim the trash out of the gene pool by determining who shall be permitted to breed? Of cloning, or the multiplication of large numbers of genetically identical individuals—what one entirely serious writer has described as the "asexual reproduction of 10,000 Mao Tse-tungs"? Of genetic engineering, or the creation of posthuman creatures with new or magnified bodily or mental strengths—what another serious writer has called "parahumans, or 'modified men' . . . chimeras (part animal) or cyborg-androids (part prosthetes)"?

Biology today presents issues of the gravest import. While genuinely new ethical problems are rare, one or two of these issues may be unprecedented, even though much of that vision of man's synthetic future is solemn nonsense. Yet such fears have found audience not just in the general educated public but among scientists, too—those cyborg-androids graced the pages of *The New England Journal of Medicine*, and the

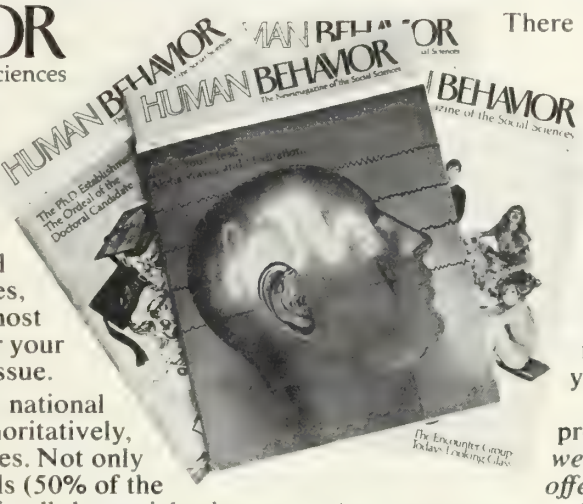
Horace Judson, former European arts and sciences correspondent for Time *magazine, is the author of* Heroin Addiction in Britain *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). He is finishing a book on molecular biology.*

Would you like answers to these questions?

What is the real psychodrama aboard a hijacked plane?
Are therapists making parents the "scapegoats" for their children's problems?
What causes "All-American" boys to become murderers in Vietnam?
How are concentration camp survivors passing on their trauma to their children?
Who is the most likely candidate to become an unwed mother?
What occupations have the greatest difficulty adjusting to unemployment?
What is the "truth" about bullfighters discovered on a Spanish psychiatrist's couch?
How do some therapists use "one-up-manship" to keep their patients down?
Why does the incidence of depression decrease during periods of violence and rioting?
Why do some therapists have sexual relations with their patients?
How do drug using college students compare academically with "straight" students?
How can your gifted child be "turned off" in kindergarten?
How can gun users who are potential murderers be identified?

HUMAN BEHAVIOR
The Newsmagazine of the Social Sciences

reports on the answers being discovered by today's social scientists to these and many other intriguing questions about that most fascinating subject of all... people. If you would like to find out a little more about your wife, girl friend, boss, children, friends, enemies, the society in which you live, and most importantly...yourself, send today for your complimentary copy of the current issue.



HUMAN BEHAVIOR is the first national magazine to report exclusively, authoritatively, and *interestingly,* on the social sciences. Not only is it essential reading for professionals (50% of the subscribers have advanced degrees) in all the social sciences, especially psychologists and psychiatrists, sociologists, educators, social workers, political scientists, and counselors, but it is *fascinating* reading for the non-professional. It presents the "cream" of the discoveries being made in human research in an attractive and inviting, brief, **easy-to-read** format distinguished by excellent graphics and the use of full color.

HUMAN BEHAVIOR was conceived and is produced by Western Psychological Services, one of the nation's largest and oldest publishers of professional psychological and educational tests and textbooks, where the editors long felt the need for such a magazine. Clearly they were not alone, for the most consistent comment from new subscribers is "It's just what I've wanted. Why wasn't a magazine like this published before now?"

Each issue features the Human Behavior Reports presenting coverage of current developments in various departments such as:

- **Learning**
- **Violence**
- **Work**
- **Politics**
- **Sex**
- **Addictions**
- **Minorities**
- **Folkways**
- **Public Welfare**
- **Therapy**
- **The Media**
- **Social Behavior**
- **Crime**
- **Feminism**
- **The Family**
- **Population**
- **Communication**
- **The Campus**

In addition there are major feature stories on subjects like encounter groups, alpha waves and meditation, the ordeal of the Ph.D. candidate, the psychology of astrology, the new athlete and his psychological needs, and the latest authoritative findings on marijuana. Each issue also includes a *personal* and *intimate* profile of one of the people at the forefront of social science knowledge and research. Some recent profiles have been on B. F. Skinner (written by his daughter, also a psychologist), Arthur Jensen, S. I. Hayakawa, Thomas Szasz, and Masters and Johnson.

There is nowhere near enough space on this page to tell about all the fascinating information you will find in each issue of **HUMAN BEHAVIOR. Find out for yourself by taking advantage of our offer to send you a complimentary copy of the current issue with absolutely no obligation on your part.** We are confident that once you see HUMAN BEHAVIOR you will understand why it is one of the fastest growing and most talked about new magazines in the country...it is the *one* magazine you will *really* look forward to receiving. Simply send us the completed coupon provided. *But be sure to do it now, while we are still able to make this complimentary offer.* We will enter your charter subscription (you can save up to $8.20 on 12 issues). **You need not pay now** and if you are not completely satisfied with your first copy which will be promptly sent to you, just write cancel on your bill and keep your copy with our compliments with no further obligation. As you can see, **you have nothing to lose and you will be fascinated by what you learn.**

Send for your Complimentary Copy Now!

Human Behavior Magazine
P. O. Box 2810
Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me my FREE COPY OF HUMAN BEHAVIOR MAGAZINE and enter my subscription as indicated below. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied with my first issue, I can simply write "Cancel" on the bill and return it to you. My first issue is mine to keep free – with no further obligation.

☐ Introductory subscription of five additional issues at only **$7.20** (a **$1.80 saving** off the newsstand price).
☐ Eleven additional issues at only **$9.80** (an **$8.20 saving** off the newsstand price).
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Please bill me later.
Please bill my: ☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge

Card no. _____

Expiration date _____

Dr. / Mr. / Ms. _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Add $2.00 for Canada and Foreign.
4-147 For new subscribers only.

multiple Maos (one imagined them as in the Ripley cartoon of one's childhood, marching five abreast, endlessly) appeared in *Science*. The subject is sadly confused by the failure to distinguish between research findings that are imminent or remotely prospective, between the consequent dangers that are real or simply silly, between ethical questions that are new or the old grown urgent. Moreover, discussion of the new biology borrows heat but little light from problems of medical ethics—abortion at the woman's will, the suppression of newborn monstrosities, suicide in extreme illness, experimentation with human subjects—in which the correct terms are ancient ones of civil liberties and social welfare. "Our ethical predicament is genuinely new," a biologist wrote to me recently. The discussion of it is in terrible disarray.

WHY ARE WE AFRAID? Our detestation, perfectly appropriate, for the uses to which certain discoveries might be put, is amplified and generalized by some powerful underlying reasons for fear. We are desperate for the primary gifts of technology; but, as the very hinge of the gate of fear, we identify science with technology, although they are not merely separable but in important respects are antithetical; and then we flinch, most of us, from embracing an understanding of science. The error of identifying science with technology is widely cited as a defense of scientists, as though they were not to be held responsible for the uses that others make of their discoveries. But the error runs much deeper. It's not that we've got the wrong culprit—we may well have got the right culprit—but we have arraigned him for the wrong crime, and so we design the wrong sorts of institutions to control him, while abandoning useful institutions that already exist. I shall come back to the institutions.

A part, also, of the charge of anxiety that is carried by modern biology must surely come from the feeling that this is the second time around, that last time the ethical choices were muffed, and so the bomb was built. And—putting aside the argument about whether humane men, knowing what the builders thought they knew, perhaps had to build the bomb—its brute presence has caused an irreducible background level of distrust of scientists which is felt, I think, by scientists, too: the generation that created molecular biology was in school when physics was the master science, and grew up not so much in the shadow of the bomb but of the decisions to participate in making the bomb—in wartime, in secrecy, as industrialized, government-contracted science, and all the ambiguous rest of it.

But what in particular have we reason to be afraid of? As fables told by travelers, reports from the future demand checking. Yet there is the logical paradox that a breakthrough, a really new idea, cannot be known before it is known. Many of the biological possibilities scientists play with may not be so likely, or so close, as they allow us to think: the most interesting predictions cannot, after all, be affirmed or denied. Yet when we scrutinize the lines of biological research that have been publicized, we can identify three sorts of possible dangers. Some discoveries that seem useful, or at least harmless, could have unforeseen consequences if applied on a large scale; the archetype is the sorcerer's apprentice. At the other extreme, some research is leading directly and deliberately to new things we may think should not be done at all, not even as experiments. The archetype is Dr. Frankenstein. Still other recent biological research, in a broad middle that seems much more typical of the ethical ambivalence of science, is fascinating in itself and is potentially of the highest value—say, in food production or in medicine—yet is unacceptable if applied to people in other more radical ways. The archetype is Prospero.

The mischief that can be done by the biologist as sorcerer's apprentice is exemplified to most people, no doubt, by DDT. But surely the relevant lesson of DDT is that, when the tap was at last turned down, it was done at the urging of scientists in alliance with publicists. The campaign got started late, however, when an axis of chemical manufacturers, industrialized farming corporations, and governments had become entrenched. Such institutional couplings seem psychopathic in their heedless intelligence and energy. The hope of prevention comes from scientists warning us early enough to intercept the couplings.

Listen and you will hear the s
cerer's apprentice whistling his tu
in several of the world's liveliest b
logical laboratories, the ones wh
they're investigating the reprod
tive process, including methods
choosing the sex of offspring. T
research cannot possibly be turn
off. It is inextricably linked wi
what is now the central problem
biology—namely, embryology, t
differentiation of cell types and fun
tions in the developing organism.
has ties with immunology, and
course with birth control. Anim
breeders want sex choice: it wou
be immensely profitable, for exa
ple, to be able to get females eve
time in a breed of dairy cows. T
hot idea just now is sperm sortin
Advances in sperm sorting were a
nounced last spring from Berlin, wi
rabbits, and from New York, wi
mice. Press reports speculated abo
people. But the inaccuracy of pr
posed methods, the danger of da
age to sperm and so to offspring, a
the expense and inconvenience
artificial insemination, all will ma
sperm sorting impractical for wid
spread use by people.

Some choice of sex is already b
ing exercised through amniocentesi
the technique in which a needle
used to puncture a pregnant woman
belly, press into the womb an
through the sac itself, and pick u
and bring out a few cells floating i
the waters. Amniocentesis is no
regularly used to detect abnorma
ties such as mongolism which can b
read from the chromosomes of th
fetal cells. But amniocentesis is a
elaborate, hospital procedure, pe
formed fairly late, and entailing
risk to the infant if the mother d
cides to keep it. Sex choice by amni
centesis is practically as well as eth
cally limited to the detection an
abortion of male children of wome
who may be carriers of sex-linke
hereditary diseases such as muscul
dystrophy or hemophilia.

No highly accurate technique fo
sex choice exists that does not requi
late abortion or artificial insemin
tion. Biologists looking for the lin
of breakthrough speculate that
may come with new techniques fo
finding out the sex of the embry
much earlier, and without invadin
the womb—ideally, a blood tes
"Here's your scenario for se
choice," a knowledgeable friend pr
posed one day. "Suppose you cou

ntify fetal cells in the mother's od very early. A few drops of od from the earlobe. No possible k to anything. Almost as early as e begins to wonder whether she's gnant. You type the fetal cells for ngolism, for other abnormalities, d for sex. Then you offer her a pill take home—not the morning-after l but the two-week-after pill. It's to her."

But another scientist told me, inding a few cells in a peripheral od drop implies a few million in ten liters of maternal blood. That ny is too much for a little embryo shed. *Caveat!*" In fact, there is no earch in this area that claims detion of fetal cells in the mother's od before the fourteenth week of gnancy. Further, the accuracy of h sex-typing is by no means pert, and the difficulty may be worse n technical: in women who have d a child, fetal cells apparently tinue to circulate. Success through s or any other method looks sevl jumps away—not one or two rs but ten or twenty before sex ice could be cheaply, safely, wideavailable.

The scheme for an early blood , followed by a pill, sharpens the ical question to this: with any h ideally safe method of choosing , can we suppose that it is the per and ethical practice of med- to be treating no disease, no ical defect, but doing something te different, satisfying a desire? is objection—essentially, that med- is not an industry manufactur- consumer products, and that chil- n are not products—has been put h force and persuasiveness, for mple, by Paul Ramsey, a theolon at Princeton.

Are such objections absolute? One noticed practical consequence of king the choice of sex of offspring ilable to everyone—as a consumer ice, indeed—might be extremely uable. All discussions of the conuences of unrestricted sex choice in with the assumption that boys uld be chosen more often than s. Even a very mild preference for s would quickly produce an imance: it has been calculated that very family had a boy as their first d and after that made no more ices, the eventual ratio would be percent female, 70 percent male. sociological consequences of h an imbalance have fascinated commentators. Some foresee immense social strains, increased homosexuality and prostitution, increased aggression and crime (since the preference for boys is especially marked in lower-class families, or so that argument is stated), a great retreat from the fluidity of gender roles now permitted the young, a reversal of the emancipation of women—in short, a return of the frontier mentality.

THESE CONSEQUENCES are conjectural. Almost nobody has mentioned a simple, astonishing fact: even a single generation of marked, worldwide preference for boys over girls will produce, in the very next generation, a marked, worldwide reduction in population. This is no conjecture. A stable, self-perpetuating population is not correctly described as one child for every adult, plus enough to compensate for immature deaths and a stable average age of death, but rather as one *female* child for every *woman,* plus enough to compensate for deaths of immature girls. One science writer recently suggested that the promise of boys to every family in India might induce them to limit family size by birth control—failing to see that no further control would be needed. Now, there is no way that we are going to avoid appalling disorder as the population crisis persists in the next thirty years. Choosing population reduction by the entirely voluntary (if indirect) means of sex choice, and thus preventing the miseries of famine, shortage, and economic collapse that are otherwise inevitable—at the price of whatever disorders may accompany an unbalanced sex ratio—seems to me an extraordinary opportunity. It would provide the only conceivable alternative to universal compulsory birth control, which otherwise, I believe, must soon be imposed.

The most immediate candidate for Frankenstein's monster—the experiment that ought not to be performed at all—has been the fertilization of human eggs outside the body and the implantation of the embryo in a woman's womb to grow. On July 15, 1974, at the annual meeting of the British Medical Association, Douglas Bevis, professor of obstetrics and gynecology at Leeds University Hospital, announced that three babies had successfully been conceived this way, implanted, and born; the three children, he said, were between a year and eighteen months old and, so far as he knew were normal.

Again, accurate perception of the ethical issues requires a grasp of exactly what is being done. The original and most difficult problem was to learn to fertilize human eggs outside the body. The first trustworthy report that this feat had been accomplished came from Robert G. Edwards, an embryologist at the University of Cambridge, and Patrick Steptoe, a gynecologist in Lancashire. The basic procedure is to stimulate the woman with hormones to produce several eggs in a single menstrual cycle. Under general anesthesia, two small slits are cut in her abdomen. A thin telescope is inserted through one slit, and through the other a miniature vacuum-cleaner tube. The bulging follicles of the ripe eggs are spotted and punctured, and three or four eggs collected. This is "minor surgery . . . a procedure that can be done repeatedly," Edwards has explained. "The ova are then fertilized with the husband's sperm, and within five days or so they have grown in the laboratory to more than thirty-two cells"—that is, beyond the moment when the embryo would normally lodge in the uterine wall.

Scientists responded hesitantly at first. There was considerable curiosity about the details of the conditions and events around the moment of conception. Soon a feeling of distaste and objection began to spread, helped no little by Edwards's bumptious confidence. A biologist of eminence, who knows Edwards and dislikes the work with human embryos, told me a while ago that "Edwards only wants to be a Christiaan Barnard." There are also technical difficulties in the fine hormonal adjustment of the uterus to receive the embryo. Professor Bevis's three claimed successes were suspected to be not his implanted embryos at all, but the result of normal pregnancies following the fertility treatment that produced the multiple ovulations.

Look ahead, however. The success of embryo transfer is a prerequisite —one of many—for cloning in mammals. A clone is a genetic starburst: a set of cells or of individuals all descended from a single cell, in other words from only one parent instead of the two enjoyed by normal plants and animals. Every member

of a clone carries exactly the same genetic material, not reshuffled and redealt through their parents' sexual mating. In a series of experiments in the 1960s, John Gurdon, a cell biologist then at Oxford, learned how to clone a frog. He found that he could take the fertilized egg of a frog, lift out the nucleus (which contains almost all the genetic information), and replace it with the nucleus drawn from another cell taken from the gut of a tadpole of the same species. The donor gut cell was already clearly differentiated from other cells of the tadpole, meaning that it was specialized in function, identifiably gut and not skin, brain, heart. Yet, in a small percentage of his tries, Gurdon was able to make the switch so gently that the egg began to divide, redivide, and grow, not into a large piece of gut but into a tadpole whose cells started their own process of differentiation into the various types: skin, brain, heart, gut. Gurdon's work had great and precise scientific significance, which Edwards's did not: Gurdon proved for the first time what biologists have long believed and would be dismayed to have to give up, that the specialized cells of a grown animal retain the full library of genetic instructions that direct the building of that individual, so that the great differences between the various types of cells must be explained by control mechanisms that determine which pages of the genetic library get read. It was only incidentally the case that Gurdon could make, with a lot of donor cells from the same tadpole gut, a lot of identical copies of the donor tadpole. This was cloning. The rush of publicity followed: multiple Maos, multiple Raquel Welches, multiple Maria Callases, and myriad identical soldiers for the ant-heap world aborning.

Severe difficulties must be overcome before cloning can be done with mammals and humans. Mammalian eggs are a hundredth the size of frogs' eggs, so that the manipulations necessary have not proved possible—or not yet. Gurdon, even with his frogs, succeeded about once in every 100 tries. The few mouse embryos that have lived at all have grown with gross deformities and have spontaneously aborted. Though biologists have by no means tested all the methods they can imagine, mammalian cloning may well prove impossible.

Should these lines of research be pursued with human eggs? In vitro fertilization and embryo transfer, as both the active field and the prerequisite to cloning, have stimulated the most searching questions. But the arguments have been exceptionally varied and confused, deaf men shouting past each other. The defense that Edwards, Bevis, and others have offered publicly for this line of research has been narrow: essentially, that this is legitimate investigation of reproductive biology, indispensable for birth control on the one hand and treatment of infertility on the other, with a more remote possibility that it can contribute to efforts to prevent genetic defects. Edwards demands that his work be considered humanitarian.

The charge that Edwards's work is unethical has been made on several grounds. Many people, including many scientists, find the work repugnant: they discovered when they first heard about in vitro fertilization that they hold the conviction —primary, irreducible, unadorned with reasons—that human embryos are not to be brought into being at will, in a Petri dish, as objects, manipulated, washed down the sink. Something about the sanctity of human life, even human life that is just starting, won't go away. We cannot, after all, consider the problem of abortion closed just because we have reformed the law. Others justify their revulsion. In December 1972, in London, the Ciba Foundation held a symposium on artificial insemination and embryo transfer, which Edwards, Bevis, and Steptoe attended. There an anthropologist from Paris, Massimo Piatelli-Palmarini, asserted that, by using artificial insemination or embryo transfer,

> *it is a different kind of man we obtain, at least from a social and evolutionary perspective. If the desire of a relatively disadvantaged sterile woman for a child is fulfilled in this way, the notion that we have of a human being is likely to change. I fully subscribe to the Kantian criterion that every human being should be treated as an end in himself. . . . Test tubes can produce viable organisms, but the machinery itself is an obstacle to the accomplishment of the very operation it triggers.*

Other scientists, reluctant perhaps to sound too lofty, have raised n rower issues. The first of these is t use to which embryos may be p Max Perutz, a British molecular bi ogist and Nobel Prize winner, w attended the Ciba symposium, sa to me recently that he fears that t next step will be to try embryologic experiments on the fertilized eggs their jars. Exactly this is envisag in a recent American working pape "Laboratory embryos may somed also be useful for assisting [*sic*] t mutagenic and teratogenetic hazar of new drugs and chemicals"—th is, whether a drug causes mutatio or monstrosities. Will we really easier in our minds to know that t pharmaceutical companies—perha the German drug-maker that launch thalidomide—will one day be testi out hundreds of new drugs on tho sands of human embryos in vario stages of development? Perutz thin it ought to be prevented now.

THE POSSIBILITY OF defective h man children as a result of ferti ization outside the body is a horr that haunts most scientists. In a co versation with James Watson, in h laboratories at Harvard in the fall 1973, he said, "What I have mai tained all along is that if I were doctor I wouldn't want to get i volved with the in vitro thing, an implant an embryo, unless I had th right, well, basically, to terminate monster which developed out of i Because, for better or for worse whatever the cause, people woul think that you were responsible fo the monster." Watson also pointe out that after the first success, ther would be great pressure from steril couples. "If you were childless be cause of blocked tubes, you'd be ter ribly anxious for some doctor to per fect the technique. Against that there's an opposition, the antiabor tion lobby and a number like tha who don't want to meddle with God' will; but in the long run that's muc less powerful than a group of peopl who want to have children. And onc you *can* do it, you're going to do it!' Thus, another potential coupling of technique to a powerful interest i using it. But Watson also put word to a more general fear about science that when we learn to do something it will inexorably find widespread use. He went on, "And if you do the in vitro thing, you can mess around

with the next step, which is cloning. And I just don't see any advantage in it. I can see an enormous amount of antiscientific feeling developing. I think it would be a great step for the scientific community just to admit that there are some types of biology that maybe shouldn't be done."

A biologist with whom I talked about these issues objected to the confusion between science and medicine that he finds typical of discussions of applications of the new biology. "Physicians and biologists share a jargon, but not an ethic," he said. "*They* are taught in class the techniques of handling human bodies (and minds). *We* learn by apprenticeship many parts of the physiology of the body; but by custom, law, and taste, we cannot, we will not, touch a person. I think this is an essential distinction. A physician about to experiment on a person does not, by so acting, become a scientist, just a bad physician. Also, physicians are held in awe by the public, and are not necessarily subject to review by their peers. So, for each ethical case, please consider whether it would even be possible for a scientist to attempt it."

The most pressing statement of the ethical case against these experiments was made by Paul Ramsey in two articles in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in June 1972. Ramsey wrote: "I must judge that in vitro fertilization constitutes unethical medical experimentation on possible future human beings, and therefore it is subject to absolute moral prohibition. I ask that my exact language be noted: I said, unethical experimentation on *possible future human beings.*"

Edwards has not replied. He and his colleagues and competitors, behind their unctuous language, display a stubborn incomprehension of what is being said to them. In a discussion at the Ciba symposium the following exchange took place:

BEVIS: *How can any society that accepts termination of pregnancy quibble about giving life to a fetus? We are not creating life. If we can kill the fetus—and this seems to be expected and accepted—why can we not "put it together"?*

PERUTZ: *If you kill a fetus nothing happens, there will be no child, but if you "put together" a child, you might produce an unhappy individual. The responsibility is of a different kind.*

BEVIS: *But there can also be great changes in the mother and often in the father.*

With neat irony, success may do what passionate reason could not. Within a week of Bevis's announcement that he had brought to term three embryos fertilized in vitro, the Medical Research Council, the British equivalent of the U.S. National Institutes of Health for the allocation of funds, requested British laboratories to stop further research with human embryos to permit an unhurried reexamination of the ethical problems, including most importantly the problem of the children that might be born as the result. As for Bevis, he has declared that he is quitting embryo transfer because the publicity has made further work impossible; one British Sunday paper had offered him £30,000 to let them at the "British test-tube baby."

ARE WE NOW to be afraid that cloning is next? Ramsey warned that "incipiently and intrinsically" the kind of reasoning that can justify in vitro fertilization already in principle embraces much other manipulation of the embryo. But our ethical fiber will be stiffened, surely, by two other categories of reasons why cloning will never be widespread. The first is the genuine difficulty of cloning mammals to adulthood. We must not be seduced by all the other breakthroughs that have been achieved by science and technology into supposing that science can necessarily achieve every result we can imagine. In all logic, it would be better to recall that science is getting harder both conceptually and technically, as in high-energy physics, so that each genuine breakthrough achieved may bring us closer to the limits of the possible. Second, besides the difficulty of cloning mammals, is its total impracticality. Consider livestock. Neoclassical genetics has already brought about something remarkably like identity among the best flocks and herds for the short list of most desirable characteristics. Mass cloning of livestock could do proportionately little more to raise the average quality of the best flocks and herds we have; but it would put them in immediate danger of extinction. Eliminating all genetic differ-

Cut it out. And save a child.

Since 1932, Save the Children Federation has been helping children round the world to have better lives. Because of people like you. Educated, involved, and in touch with your own hearts. If you haven't already, won't you please fill out the coupon and mail it today.



I wish to contribute $15 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl:
☐ **Where the need is most urgent** ☐ Africa ☐ Appalachia (U.S.) ☐ Bangladesh
☐ Chicano (U.S.) ☐ Europe ☐ Indian (U.S.) ☐ Inner Cities (U.S.) ☐ Israel ☐ Korea
☐ Latin America ☐ Middle East ☐ Southern Black (U.S.) ☐ Vietnam
Enclosed is my first payment: ☐ $180 annually ☐ $90 semi-annually ☐ $45 quarterly
☐ $15 monthly ☐ Instead, enclosed is my contribution of $_____.
☐ Please send me more information.

NAME _____ TEL. NO. _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
(Contributions are income tax deductible)

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 H 3/5

ences among individuals would leave each animal in the clone identically susceptible to the first serious danger, say, the first potent new virus, that arose. The danger is prohibitive. To counter such objections, where is the coupling of an interest or an institution to the technology which could lead to cloning people on any but the smallest, try-it-once scale?

Some biologists are beginning to experiment with artificial placentas for animal embryos, because there is a lot to be learned in the attempts. The requirements are so great they cannot even be defined yet, except to say that they may include the total vocabulary and grammar of embryology reduced to a computer program. If the multiple breakthroughs were achieved, cloning humans in jars would be closer—at monstrous and certain risk to the first hundreds while the problems of embryology were solved all over again for humans. Even then, the attraction of the idea is not visible. Would even the most fanatical among the women's movement, in pursuit of physiological equality with men, be so rash as to abandon the citadel of their physiological superiority? Consider only the cost: a natural mother works her passage. What would cloning be used to produce? Soldiers? The war would have to be twenty years away. Einsteins? But mathematical geniuses and violinists, we know, are the offspring of Jewish mothers—and you can't get them from a jar. To speak more formally, a future that includes cloning of humans, more than a very few, can be imagined, but I assert that no road goes there. The economic, cultural, and political discontinuities prohibit it. The fears are fantasies. Why are they so strong?

There remains the broad middle category of discoveries ruled by Prospero's wand: those that could be used either beneficially or maliciously. No doubt they include most of science, but the research that's interesting here comes under the head of genetic engineering, if that term be rightly understood. At present the term covers too much and says too little. For example, a recent book on the ethics of medicine and science treated "genetic counseling and genetic engineering" as if they were much the same, and similarly bracketed "genetic engineering, especially positive eugenics." Such usage seems a willful confounding of two different applications of different kinds of biology.

Genetic counseling consists of advice or reassurance given by a geneticist to couples who want to know whether they are particularly at risk of having a defective child. The scope of genetic counseling at present is limited. The list of defects caused by the doubling, in a fetus, of single recessive genes received from both parents, and where it is possible to tell that a parent is a carrier, is short and growing only slowly. Most of these diseases are rare. There are also the few defects, like mongolism, which are detectable after amniocentesis. For most other conditions, even when the couple has already had one child with a serious abnormality, all the counselor can now say is that the chances of the next child being defective are about the same as in the general population—which is, in fact, as bad as 5 percent, or one birth in twenty. Nonetheless, if we were willing through more widespread and more directive use of genetic counseling to discourage a certain very small proportion of marriages—those that would mate carriers of defects where tests can detect them—between one generation and the next we could reduce markedly the overt incidence of diseases such as phenylketonuria and other inborn errors of metabolism, and sickle-cell anemia, though the number of carriers would consequently increase and the counseling would continue to be needed for future generations. Such use of genetic counseling, sometimes called negative eugenics, need not be coercive. Its value was settled, if ever it was in question, by P. B. Medawar.

> *In all cultures marriages are already prohibited for genetic reasons—the prohibition, for example, of certain degrees of inbreeding (the exact degree varies from one culture or religion to another). It is difficult to see why the prohibition should have arisen to some extent independently in different cultures unless it grew out of the common observation that abnormalities are more common in the children of marriages between close relatives than in children generally. Thus the prohibition of marriage for genetic reasons has an immemorial authority behind it. As to the violation of human dignity entailed by performing tests on engaged couples that are no more complex or offensive than blood tests, let me say only this: if anyone thinks or has ever thought that religion, wealth, or color are matters that may properly be taken into account when deciding whether or not a certain marriage is a suitable one, then let him not dare to suggest that the genetic welfare of human beings should not be given equal weight.*
>
> *I think myself that engaged couples should themselves decide, and I am pretty certain that they would be guided by the thought of the welfare of their future children. . . . The contribution of science is to have enlarged beyond all former bounds the evidence we must take into account before forming our opinions.*

Positive eugenics would have a different object from the interception of identifiable, deleterious gene pairings. It would aim to breed men to an ideal type, or several, as for 5,000 years we have bred bulls or dogs. For geneticists, though, the difference between eliminating a single deleterious gene and promoting a general quality —such as intelligence, cheerfulness, or beauty—is absolute. Most geneticists would agree with the quiet observation of their colleague at the University of Edinburgh, Anne McLaren (who herself cites another paper of Medawar's); she wrote:

> *The principles of selective breeding have been known for centuries but no serious attempt has ever been made to apply them to our own species. . . . Medawar concluded on genetic grounds that the goal of positive eugenics could never be achieved, since "the human genetic system does not lend itself to improvement by selective inbreeding." We are genetically very diverse and our well-being depends on this diversity.*

More could be said; but positive eugenics is a myth about the powers of science that the scientists themselves have abandoned; it's time the rest of us gave it up, too.

GENETIC ENGINEERING, to be a useful term at all, must mean something beyond modern-day neoclassical genetics, however powerful. Since nobody has tidied this corner, I propose that genetic engineering be defined as the useful change of

e cellular machinery of a higher ganism, and so of the organism's ructure or performance, by modi- ing the genetic material—the DNA -of the cells through methods other an sexual fertilization. Genetic en- neering may involve the somatic lls, affecting the present organism, the germ cells, so showing up in e next generation, or both. The finition puts cloning just outside e line, which seems right. Genetic ngineering can be done on the rel- ively large scale of the entire cell. or example, Henry Harris, a cell ologist at Oxford, has developed a chnique called cell fusion; some ex- erimenters are fusing somatic cells om people with cells from mice, nd growing the results like bacteria a nutritious soup, to try to locate hich human genes lie on which romosomes. In another line of ex- eriments, two very early mouse em- ryos are fused, implanted in recep- ve females, and grown like clones produce new creatures with four arents and compound characteris- cs. These are the chimeras. All have en monstrosities that quickly died. r one can imagine that genetic en- ineering could be done through mi- rosurgery, *molecular* surgery on romosomes, adding or deleting NA at exactly the right place; the alpels and sutures would be the nes appropriate to work at that ale, the enzymes that slice and lice, nick, and knit up and repair NA in the cell. This is all entirely eculative. Nobody knows in any etail how a chromosome is con- ructed or how it functions. Such odifications of higher organisms re decades away, or may prove im- ossible.

One scheme for genetic engineer- ng which has attracted wide inter- st is the cure of certain genetic de- ciencies in man. These are chiefly ne inborn errors of metabolism, here the insertion of a single func- oning gene into the correct cells of n infant could enable it to manufac- ure an essential enzyme it has been issing. The problems of gene ther- py are difficult enough for scientists explain to each other. Finding the ght gene. Getting hold of it. Finding ne vehicle to get it into the cells. inding the right target cells. Getting ne gene past the body's skillful de- enses against invasion, and past the ells' own still-subtler defenses. All ne while avoiding contaminants. At last making sure the new genetic material has the right conditions and neighbors within the cell in order to function. At every step ensuring that no harm is done the patient. A start has been made on one or two of these; others now appear intractable. Decades before gene therapy could ever be ready to treat genetic defects, they could be all but eliminated by a program of genetic counseling.

The first productive use of genetic engineering will probably be with plants. To see the promise, recall the problems of the green revolution. The new varieties of grain introduced in the 1950s and '60s were not themselves the product of genetic engineering; they were the highest achievement of neoclassical genetics. The new grains have drawbacks—the worst being the enormous quantities of fertilizer they require. Synthetic fertilizers are made from nitrogen, manufactured at great cost, particularly in energy. Such costs penalize first the countries of the green revolution. But some crops—peas, soybeans, alfalfa, clover, and the other legumes—provide their own nitrogen: in their roots live bacteria that fix the nitrogen for them. Early last June, at a symposium in Pullman, Washington, on nitrogen fixation, Johanna Döbereiner, a biologist working in Brazil, said she has found several kinds of tropical grasses that grow in symbiosis with nitrogen-fixing bacteria of a new kind in their roots. Could such bacteria be persuaded to live with one of the new high-yield, tropical-climate grains by modifying the genetic makeup of the bacteria or the grains? Cereals that could provide their own fertilizer are beyond doubt the biggest prize of all in the gift of the new biology—far bigger in terms of lives to be saved than even the conquest of cancer or a cow that can digest sawdust.

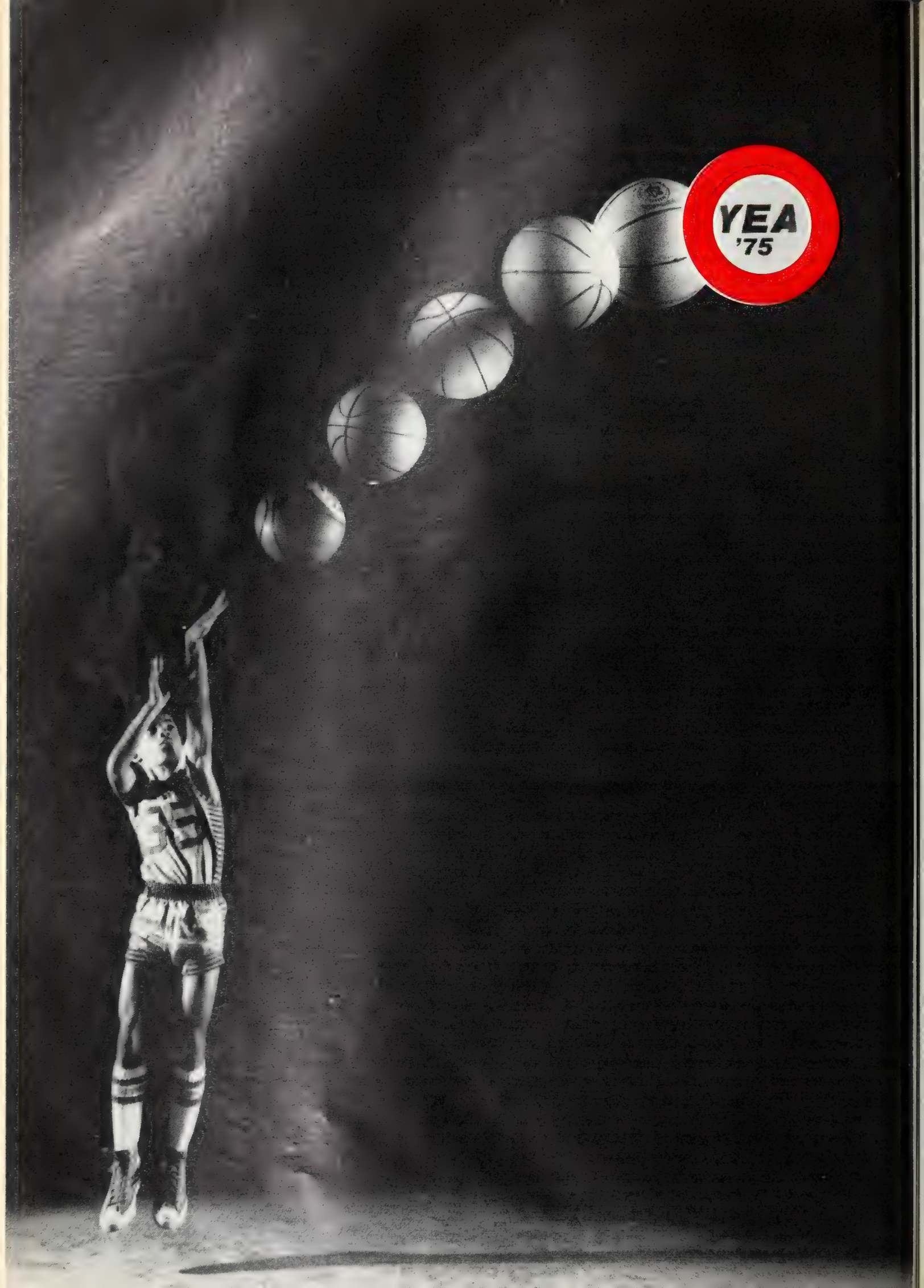
AGAIN: what are we afraid of? The fear has been growing a long time. We have been told, so often, of the shock of the Copernican revolution to man's pride, but, more than that, there was the shock to his confidence that reality conforms to the firm message of his senses; and then the humiliation of the Darwinian revolution to man's pride, but, more than that, to his sense of the inviolability of his own form—we've been told of these historical events so often that we dismiss them. They happen fresh to every child of six and ten and twelve—the lesson that one must distrust the shapes of the world.

The revolution is not over. It is gaining momentum, and it has been carried within. When we say that the most difficult intellectual task of the first part of our century was to come to terms with the psychoanalytical postulate of the unconscious—dethroning man even in the self—we forget sometimes that Freud was to psychology what we now say Franklin Roosevelt was to political economy, namely, a conservative, saving all he could of the old order. The unconscious was called into being to preserve the possibility of consciousness. The most radical attack on psychoanalysis is not to deny the reality of the unconscious but, precisely, the reality of the conscious. It is an indication of our confusion that B. F. Skinner is thought by some behaviorists to be a man of the right; to others, Skinner is a man of the far left. The most difficult intellectual task of the last part of our century is to understand and come to terms with the ways in which the individual is given his form and content—even to his unconscious—by societal forces, from without. The self itself is a dying metaphor, no more than a knot in a tangle, an intersection in the social network, a phantasm shaped by fields of force that compress it into life—the plasma pinched at the heart of a controlled fusion.

Now the revolution moves, with the new biology, to the container from the thing contained: from the self, to the crucible in which it smokes. Subject for a meditation: plasma. Germ plasm. Say it over: Om. Germ plasm. Cyborg-androids. Chimeras. A scientist, and old friend, said to me: "If we accept that man is not noble, not really a discrete entity, but rather a kind of pliable, malleable creature whose very structure can be modified to suit the ends of others, then our own self-image must begin to change. Instead of a collection of possibly exalted individuals, we become a glob."

For the best of motives, allowing our children to grow up to perceive our thumbprints in their clay must change man's aims as we change his shape: in a work of art, formal cause and final cause are one. I think we are afraid of the plasticity of man. □

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)


YEA
'75

Year of Energy Action

Must a good job be a long shot, too?

He's just a kid having fun, shooting from the outside.

But he wants to be on the *inside* when he grows up. Where the good jobs are.

In a high-paying trade or profession.

Until recently, the outlook for jobs for minority groups was slowly improving. But then came all those layoffs because the economy stopped growing.

The same thing is happening to other social progress. In a sagging economy, it stops.

Which is why every person of conscience has a stake in seeing 1975 become the Year of Energy Action. Because energy problems are pivotal in America's economic troubles.

This country depends too heavily on oil from abroad. From countries that quadrupled their prices in just one year.

What's needed is to develop more energy right here at home. That means cutting the red tape that's been tying up offshore drilling for oil and gas, mining of America's abundant coal, and construction of nuclear power plants.

Some of these actions may require setting back environmental timetables a little. But what's the alternative? As the government's Project Independence report points out, cutting energy waste cannot by itself resolve America's energy problems. Only by developing new U.S. energy supplies can this country get growing again.

And resume the march toward social progress. Toward better shots at the good jobs.

Mobil®

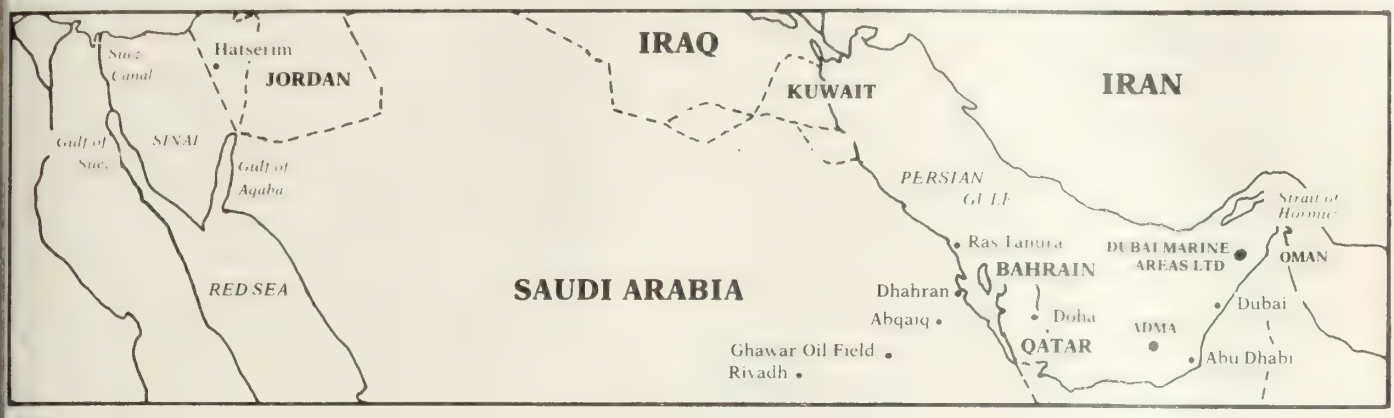
© 1975 Mobil Oil Corporation



Guess what Scotch is about to be served.

CHIVAS REGAL • 12 YEARS OLD WORLDWIDE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

SEIZING ARAB OIL



How the U.S. can break the oil cartel's stranglehold on the world

by Miles Ignotus

AFTER MORE THAN A YEAR of extraordinary passivity, the United States and the other oil-consuming nations of the West have slowly —very slowly—begun debating ways to break the oil cartel's power. So far, they have pursued a futile policy of appeasement. Instead of mounting an economic counteroffensive against the price-rigging of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC), the victims have talked only of accommodation. Instead of a forcible reaction to protect national interests—vital national interests—they have talked about cooperation. In response, the oil cartel has predictably raised prices again, twice.

Meanwhile, economic growth in formerly developing countries, from Brazil to Taiwan, has stopped. India and the rest of the hopelessly poor have been driven into even deeper poverty. Virtually every industrialized oil importer is in deep recession, with its threat of social instability and, in turn, political disarray. Although the price of oil is not the sole cause of these troubles, it is by far the single major factor propelling inflation, unbalancing the balance of payments, and disrupting capital markets. The policy of appeasement has failed, again.

In the 1930s the craven men of Munich displayed not only an almost complacent defeatism, but also a constant need to justify German demands. Similarly, the modern appeasers have constantly tried to justify Arab oil extortion. When OPEC members began accumulating billions of dollars in unearned reserves, we were told that this was merely fair compensation for past "exploitation"—as if men who for years had been receiving huge royalties (for a product they had neither made nor found) could be said to have been exploited. When OPEC prices brought worldwide economic growth to an end, it was said that growth had been too rapid in any case—as if we had any other way to relieve poverty, and as if the military dictators and megalomaniac kings of OPEC had been chosen to oversee the ecological balance of the planet.

Many Western intellectuals have put forward an even sillier equation: OPEC = Third World = Good. To be sure, the oil cartel is bringing about a massive redistribution of the world's wealth, but it is a rather peculiar redistribution: Indian peasants buying kerosene are subsidizing the super-rich, while Americans are buying smaller cars because sheiks want bigger jets.

Just as men persisted in seeing moderation in Hitler's policies when there was none, so we have persisted in seeing painless solutions to the problem of OPEC. The first of these was private "recycling." The bankers said that the massive transfer of funds to OPEC, which most of the recipients could not possibly spend, would not drain the monetary system of its liquidity, nor would it destroy the equilibrium on which the world economy depends. The bankers assured us they would take care of the problem: surplus OPEC funds would flow into their banks as deposits, and the bankers would re-lend the money to the oil consumers, who would pay OPEC, which would deposit the money, thus closing the circle.

All this depended on the willingness of government bank regulators to overlook private bank practices that were essentially unsound—borrowing from the few to lend to the many, and borrowing short-term money to lend it long. And so the regulators overlooked, and the banks recycled, until the banking failures began. By then some of the world's largest banks had shouldered commitments (notably loans to Italy and Japan) that may yet destroy them.

The economists, with their trained inability to understand the real world, had an even simpler solution. Paper money (dollars, marks, etcetera) would flow to OPEC, whose members would have to spend it, lend it, or bury it in the sand. If they spent it, we would get the oil

Miles Ignotus is the pseudonym of a Washington-based professor and defense consultant with intimate links to high-level U.S. policy makers.

and pay for it with our exports, a workable exchange even if at unfair prices. If they lent the paper money we would borrow it and thereby get the oil in exchange for bonds and deposits, the sophisticated IOUs of modern finance. If they buried it in the sand, we would get the oil, and they would get slowly rotting and quickly depreciating paper.

Missing from this classroom version of the world were institutions such as the gold and Eurodollar markets, where vast infusions of Arab money could destabilize small currencies overnight, and undermine the credibility of even the largest. Above all, the economists overlooked a fourth alternative: Arabs who did not want to spend the money *or* lend it *or* bury it in the sand could simply avoid earning it—by reducing the output of oil. At present, the world is being denied more than 3 million barrels of oil per day, mainly owing to production cuts in Kuwait and Libya.

As to the political effects of all this, even the most informed pessimists may be too optimistic. For example, Italy's endemic unemployment of 5 to 7 percent represents the men who have failed to leave the rural South and are trapped in its decaying economy. Socially and politically, Italy could survive such unemployment for centuries. But when inflated oil prices increased Italy's unemployment, the extra percentage points forecast an ominous future. Behind those numbers are men who did have the initiative to seek work in the North, and who now have the initiative to destroy the fragile institutions of the Italian republic.

From bad to worse

THOSE WHO MAKE IT their business to understate the depredations of OPEC invariably point out that Italy and the rest were unstable anyway; if one speaks of global economic consequences, they reply that the poor were starving already, and inflation did not begin with oil. All these arguments are valid, and they are all irrelevant. What matters is that OPEC's price-rigging has made all these troubles—from the malaise of Italian politics to the muddle of world economics—far graver than they were before October 1973. This alone is important.

The real enigma is the behavior of the poor countries that have no oil. After all, the tax that OPEC has imposed on all oil-consumers is hideously regressive and the incidence of suffering very different: Indian peasants are paying exactly as much for their oil as Swiss bankers are, and the man who will no longer be able to afford fertilizer and fuel to grow food for his family is suffering far more than the American who can no longer afford to visit Yellowstone in his eight-cylinder car. And yet, leaders of the poor



countries have praised OPEC and given it their support at the United Nations.

There are two very different explanations for this anomaly. The first is that the actions of OPEC are only a prelude to a much broader rearrangement of the world economy. This vision is embodied in the proposals for a "new economic world order," recently blessed at the U.N. General Assembly by the usual automatic majority. Schemes are now circulating according to which raw materials produced by the poor would be indexed at 400 percent of present prices (almost matching that of oil), while all industrial goods would be indexed at present prices. In short, the high price of oil would be balanced by equally high prices for other raw materials produced by poor countries. Only industrialized nations would continue to pay high prices while selling their own products cheaply.

Wheat and other cereals have been excluded from the magic circle, since they are exported primarily by rich, white countries. But this is not enough to make the scheme workable, let alone fair. If not the poorest of the poor, India is certainly the most important, and it is not primarily a raw-material exporter. No conceivable way could be found to make Indian tea and Bengali jute sufficiently expensive to balance the price of oil. In reality, the distribution of raw materials simply does not correspond with the distribution of poverty: rich Canada has a great deal, and Bangladesh has virtually none. Hence, no workable or just scheme of global redistribution can be hinged on raw-material cartels, and the argument that OPEC is merely leading the way is false, mere propaganda.

The second explanation suggests why the leaders of the poor should have acquiesced in peddling the first explanation, hollow as it is. The truth is that the voices praising OPEC do not belong to the poor but to those who control their lives—narrow, self-appointed ruling groups (elections have become a rarity in Africa and Asia) fond of shiny black cars and numbered Swiss accounts. Westernizing, yet fiercely anti-Western, these dictatorial elites see in OPEC a force that can humiliate the West, and perhaps even destroy its prosperity. Those who eat three ample meals a day in Dacca or Bamako instruct their nephews serving as delegates to the U.N. to applaud when the Kuwaitis say that the price of oil is low, and that the recent 500 percent increase was only fair. It is doubtful whether those who are starving because of the shortage of oil-based fertilizer have been asked for their opinions. Their rulers value the license of unfettered sovereignty and anti-Westernism far more than mere food for hungry people.

With the oil-price crisis compounding every human misery, the time for action has surely come. For in the end it does not matter whether the latest solution, Dr. Kissinger's governmental

"The scenario: an Arab embargo or supply cut, an atmosphere or crisis, probably in the aftermath of a short but bloody war. Then we go in."



Photographs by Mark Riboud/Magnum

"recycling," would actually work or not. If the OPEC countries lend back a portion of their huge unearned revenues to those they deem credit-worthy, such as the United States and Western Germany, and if the countries so privileged re-lend funds to other countries which are denied direct loans, such as Italy, the only result would be a massive and ruinous transfer of capital* and, of course, of power.

IF WE DO MAKE Dr. Kissinger's recycling scheme work, we will have created the engine of our own impoverishment. Oil payments to the Arab members of OPEC amounted to $8.5 billion in 1972, and are projected at $65.4 billion for 1975, and $101 billion for 1980—an increase of just under 200 percent in eight years. And the transfers to OPEC are not just a matter of paper money. Right now, the Kuwaitis could easily buy British Leyland Motors, the largest industrial combine in Britain. Built up through the work of tens of thousands of English workers over a period of more than seventy years, BLM would then be acquired by a single family in Kuwait with only six days' worth of oil production.

Why should we countenance the transfer of hundreds of billions of dollars' worth of real estate and industry to the ownership of reverse colonialists? In the West such property may be owned by the rich, but at least our rich are taxed and regulated. And even the top 5 percent of our home-grown rich cannot be compared to the handful of families that control such a large portion of OPEC revenues.

If at last we resolve that OPEC must be broken, the question remains: how? The nonviolent methods have been discussed so much that mere mention suffices:

☐ *Financial denial:* Western nations in solidarity refuse OPEC deposits unless they are long-term, evenly distributed, and at low interest —or possibly under any circumstances.

☐ *Ownership denial:* OPEC money is forced to remain paper money since no transfer of real assets is allowed.

☐ *Market manipulation:* Conservation and substitution are used to cut the demand for oil, thus depressing prices once a surplus develops.

Some of these nonviolent strategies are more plausible than others, but all would in fact be utterly ineffectual. As long as OPEC controls oil supply, it will prevail: it can deny supply in the face of financial denial; withhold supply so long as purchases of Western real estate and industry are forbidden; and cut supply pro rata to offset any contrived decline in demand. As the Saudi oil minister has already explained: "If you cut demand hoping to depress prices, we will cut supply even more so as to raise prices still further." In theory again, we could cut demand to the point where the market share of OPEC producers who do need the cash is affected. To do this we must cut demand by more than the low-population, cash-surplus OPEC producers can cut supply; by the time that demand level is reached, half our industry will be without fuel, and half our work force unemployed. Nor is there any hope that enough "new" oil will be found to solve the supply problem. The finds in the North Sea, Alaska, offshore Vietnam, offshore China, and the promising structures being explored elsewhere are all useful. But their combined output—when fully developed—will not amount to half of Saudi Arabia's. And this assumes high rates of output: when it comes to reserves, all the oil found worldwide since 1965 is equivalent to a tenth of the Saudi reserves already fully proven. Even if vast new oil fields were found, it would still take five to seven years to bring them into production—and there is absolutely no reason to expect major new discoveries.

The fallacy of all the nonviolent strategies is fundamental: to break OPEC by economic means, we must break its power to control supply—and this power can always defeat the strategies first. Moreover, there are some minor practical difficulties. For the financial strategy: the Swiss would never play, but would instead launder all the money that OPEC would ever want to deposit. For the ownership-denial strategy: Japan and the gold market would never play, while OPEC investors might just want to buy all the gold in the world, plus every Japanese factory and scenic inn. Finally, for the market-manipulation strategy: for every producer willing to sell a few cargoes under the table, there is likely to be a consumer willing to buy two, in order to keep the factories running and the workers off the streets.

The use of war

THERE REMAINS ONLY FORCE. The only feasible countervailing power to OPEC's control of oil is power itself—military power. But the lack of any other alternative does not, of course, mean that the use of force is ipso facto feasible. First, the essential question: could we start a war on OPEC just because the price of oil is too high? Surely the answer is no. And it would probably remain so even if OPEC raises prices again, citing the rising prices of caviar, Cadillacs, and fighter-bombers.

That, however, is not the end of the story. Fortunately for us, while all members of OPEC are extortionists, some (the Arabs), are also

* Internal World Bank estimates project the unexpended reserves of Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates, Kuwait, Libya, and Qatar at $453 billion by 1980 and over $1,000 billion by 1985.



British Columbia, Canada.

These pictures are just a sample of what is waiting for you in British Columbia. 1. One of many intriguing shops that can be found throughout the Province. 2. Long Beach on Vancouver Island, 11 miles of unbroken beach on the Pacific Ocean. 3. The Williams Lake Stampede. Dozens of rodeos take place all summer long in British Columbia's cattle country. 4. An outdoor restaurant in Gastown, the original settlement of British Columbia's largest city, Vancouver. For more pictures and lots more information write: British Columbia Department of Travel Industry, 1019 Wharf Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8W 2Z2. Or see your local travel agent.







For the time of your life.

Miles Ignotus

SEIZING ARAB OIL

blackmailers. Sooner or later, their demands on Israel will become excessive; the Israelis will then refuse to concede further territory without reciprocal concessions. Then there will be war, and then, at whatever cost, the Israelis will prevail again. The last Arab-Israeli war ended with the Arab armies in disarray and both Cairo and Damascus in danger. The next war is likely to end with the same result, but sooner. This time, the massive surprise of October 1973 cannot possibly be repeated, and the contest in the air will no longer feature a pre-Vietnam Israeli air force with dumb bombs and few electronic countermeasures facing post-Vietnam Arab air defenses. The Arabs may have more and better missiles, but the Israelis now have smart bombs. With Israeli fighter-bombers now making one pass instead of five or six to hit each target, Arab air defenses would have to improve by 500 to 600 percent to retain their power undiminished. Eventually the Russians will no doubt supply better guns and better missiles, but fivefold improvements would require totally new technologies, and many years to mature. Meantime, it is back to 1967 for the Israeli air force. The Arabs know this, otherwise Syrians would have opened fire in 1974. But the Israelis know this also, and they will resist Arab demands: hence war, and an embargo.

When the price problem did not exist, and Persian Gulf crude was changing hands at $1.80 per barrel or less, an Arab oil embargo was a danger to be feared, and Israel was pressured to make concessions. Now an embargo is no longer a threat but an opportunity. Some, captive to the old politics, fail to make the connection, repeating endlessly that war in the Middle East must be averted at all costs, for if Israel loses, then catastrophe, and if Israel wins, an embargo follows. There they stop. Their advice, of course, is to comply with blackmail by blackmailing Israel into further concessions. But if this dishonorable deed is done, the result will only ensure the continuation of supply at present prices, and the damage these prices are causing is altogether more fundamental than any short-term embargo could inflict. This, then, is the scenario: an Arab embargo or supply cut, an atmosphere of crisis, most probably in the aftermath of a short but bloody war. Then we go in.

The first question is where. The goal is not just to seize some oil (say, in accessible Nigeria or Venezuela) but to break OPEC. Thus force must be used selectively to occupy large and concentrated oil reserves, which can be produced rapidly in order to end the artificial scarcity of oil and thus cut the price. Faced with armed consumers occupying vast oil fields whose full output can eventually bring the price down to 50 cents per barrel, most of the producers would see virtue in agreeing to a price four or five times as high, but still six times lower than present prices. This being the ultimate goal, there is only one feasible target: Saudi Arabia.

Oddly enough, some have suggested that Libya would make an ideal target. It is true that Libya is a good deal more open to attack, but in fact an invasion of Libya would be worse than useless. Far from having enough oil to make OPEC vulnerable to market pressures, Libya's oil would not even suffice to cover current needs. Hence the rest of OPEC could defeat any invasion of Libya by simply cutting off



il production for as long as it would take to orce a withdrawal.

WITH ROUGHLY 200 BILLION BARRELS of published, proven reserves (they could be substantially higher), Saudi oil fields are now being worked at a rate of just over 8.5 million barrels a day, for an annual output of just over billion barrels. In other words, at present rates f production Saudi oil would last for more han sixty years. By contrast, oil fields in most ther parts of the world are developed much aster, with output/reserve ratios of 1:10, or at ost 1:20. Producing Saudi oil fields at Texan ates would mean producing almost 55 million arrels of oil a day, enough to supply current orldwide needs almost twice over. It would ake huge investments and several years to install the required capacity, but in order to reak OPEC we need not go to such heroic engths. It would suffice to increase output by a ittle, and then by a little more, each time eroding the remaining market shares, until a compromise is reached. If none is forthcoming, then he time will have come for large output increases to flood the market.

In short, if the use of military force is to be mited and therefore efficient, the real leverage nust come from market pressures, and only the audi oil fields can provide the means. Fortuately, those fields are not only prolific but are lso concentrated in a small area, a fraction of audi territory. Even better, the areas involved re scarcely settled except for the oil workers, ome 20,000 in all, American technicians included. If Vietnam was full of trees and brave nen, and the national interest was almost invisible, here there are no trees, very few men, nd a clear objective. There could be serious isks in the operation, but at least there would e no sense of futility with 200 billion barrels of il underfoot—oil that would restore jobs to the nemployed and supply the wherewithal for a radual program of substitution.

Now for the problems. There are many, starting with the pure logistics. For one thing, the egion is remote and not open to the oceans. Except for staging and refueling points in Israel—itself almost 1,000 miles away (Hatserim o Dhahran)—there would be no friendly bases within easy reach. The Israelis owe a great deal o the United States, and it is inconceivable that hey would deny airfield facilities, even if the peration entailed serious risks for them. It would have to be a long-distance operation and a large one. The Saudi forces that could resist an occupation are small and deficient in training. For all the best efforts of our own advisers and weapons salesmen, the Saudis do not yet have a serious military force: 36,000 soldiers scattered over a vast land. But the scale of the



operation is set by the nature of the target itself: some hundreds of wellheads, dozens of miles of pipeline, several loading jetties, and much else besides will have to be secured, reactivated, and thereafter patrolled. Moreover, to deter sabotage and counterintervention (of which more below), it will be necessary to have a sizable force, diversified in composition.

The first wave should include the combat echelons of one Marine division: 14,000 men, with one or two battalions amphibious-landed and the rest simply to be unloaded from aboard ship. The Marines could be gathered quietly in the Pacific, but by the time their shipping sailed past Singapore across the Straits of Malacca, the threat would become pretty obvious, even to the *New York Times*. At twenty knots, the passage from the straits to the gulf would take almost a week, too long. Though some resistance and sabotage are unavoidable, the less of it the better. An effort must therefore be made to minimize warning time.

Hence the need for a preliminary airlift wave: the combat echelons of the 82nd Airborne Division, sent with its nine infantry battalions but without its too-heavy armor or armored cavalry battalion. Instead, the division should be equipped with two additional battalions of helicopter-borne "air cavalry" detached from other divisions, as well as extra antitank missiles and many Jeeps fitted with recoil-less rifles. If the Marines of the first wave are due to arrive in and around Dhahran on the shores of the gulf at day D, and if warning is given by their transit at Singapore by D-7, the 82nd Airborne must arrive on D-3, to restore surprise by arriving three days before the Marines are expected. Flown out of the U.S. without fanfare, briefly staged and refueled in Israel, the 82nd's heavy C-5 and C-141 jet transports would fly straight across Saudi Arabia to Dhahran, escorted all the way by air-refueled Phantom fighters, also based on Israeli fields or aboard carriers in the Arabian Sea. One or two paratroop battalions would jump to seize the Dhahran airfield, and to take up positions around the U.S. residents' housing a few miles away. Once the airfield was secured, the paratroopers would signal other aircraft waiting overhead to fly in the rest of the troops. As the troops landed and began to spread out, the empty aircraft would be reloaded with the families of American and other foreign oil technicians who would be evacuated to Israel and the U.S.

Immediate targets of the advance force would include the Ras Tanura jetties as well as storage tanks: it would be ridiculous to have to airlift oil into Saudi Arabia. The air cavalry battalions, powerful and highly mobile, could secure some of the installations of the Ghawar oil field (the largest by far), which is seventy miles at its northern extremity from Dhahran. They could also seize the entire nearby Abqaiq field.

The Marines would arrive seventy-two hours later to consolidate the base and expand the coverage. Having vehicles including some armor, they would complete the occupation of Ghawar and other Saudi oil fields. Having small boats and more helicopters, they could also occupy the non-Saudi offshore oil fields near Doha, Adma, and Dubai, as well as patrol to the north toward oil-rich Kuwait, and dangerous Iraq beyond it. Very soon after the Marines landed, on D+1 at most, a second Army division would arrive, the First Cavalry, with its infantry, armor, and helicopter-cavalry. This too would come by air, staged by way of Israel, except for its battle tanks, for which air transport is inefficient. The tanks would be loaded aboard fast landing ships and fast freighters, and off-loaded with heavy derricks. Finally, on D+3 or D+4, the expedition would be reinforced with more Marines, the combat echelons of a second division. This would arrive entirely logistic loaded, for an "administrative" landing: no storming of beaches here.

By then the occupation force would have its own air power. Some fighters would be flown into Dhahran from Israel as soon as the airfield was seized; the two Marine divisions would come with their organic air "wings," no mean force: eight Phantom fighter squadrons, two reconnaissance squadrons, and another eight "attack" squadrons, with light and not-so-light bombers. Not that any bombing is planned; the mission is to deter others. At this point, the basic force would be in place, with resupply coming by air or by ship, depending on bulk, weight, and urgency. With some 40,000 men by now mobile on the ground and in the air, the physical occupation of all the major oil fields on- and off-shore would be complete.

Tactics

SO MUCH FOR LOGISTICS. Now the strategy and tactics, starting with "industrial" tactics. Much has been said about the dangers of preemptive sabotage. Alarmists have conjured up visions of oil fields burning till the year 2000. Not so. The world's supply of oil field firefighting talent is to be found in Texas. Given all the other resources available in the U.S., the chances are that fire and damage could be handled quickly. Assuming fairly extensive but unsystematic sabotage, preinvasion output levels could be resumed in one to two months so long as certain essential items (e.g., segments of scarce large-diameter pipe) are sea-lifted with the first Marine convoys and plenty of skilled manpower is flown in.

The difference between the operating cost of the Saudi oil barrel and the OPEC price is the

ifference between 10 to 30 cents and $11. Multiplied by the output of more than 8.5 million barrels a day, this means that one month's production could pay for $2.5 billion worth of killed manpower and equipment: enough to repair or replace every damaged wellhead, every interrupted feeder line, and every sabotaged gas separator, as well as to replace as much large-diameter pipe as could possibly be needed.

Of course, if the Saudis did to their oil fields what the departing Germans did to the Romanian oil fields at Ploeşti in August 1944, it could take longer to restore full production and begin adding to it. It took the Russians almost three months to restore production at Ploeşti. Still, a well-organized rehabilitation task force would be better prepared than the chaotic hordes of Marshal Rodion Malinovsky, and the Saudis are not Germans. Even if they were, they would not have enough time to do a thorough job. In making advance preparations for sabotage, the Saudis face severe limits: there are too many underpaid and radical non-Saudi oil workers; if *plastique* charges were pre-set to demolish oil facilities, they would be apt to go off whether there was an invasion or not.

As for postinvasion sabotage, if the oil workers cannot be trusted to work reliably—at higher postinvasion wages—they should be replaced. No labor force is more mobile: from Texas and from Europe, all the labor that could possibly be needed would come, at the right pay. The local oil workers know this, and they also know that if they are expelled from Saudi fields, their next available employer is going to be hundreds of miles to the north, at much lower Iraqi wages.

Initially, squads will patrol the installations in constant crisscross patterns, covering every wellhead every few minutes, protecting repair squads from those who might try to stop them. Helicopter teams will circle overhead, ready to descend at the first hint of trouble. Given the vast stretches of open desert around the heavily guarded oil fields, infiltration will be utterly impossible during the day and perhaps no less so at night, since the clear desert sky allows almost perfect visibility with modern night-vision devices. Pipelines, highly vulnerable in theory, can be kept under total surveillance by helicopters and small ground-support teams. The Israeli experience has proven quite conclusively that guerrilla tactics are simply ineffectual in desert areas, there being no ground cover for concealment. The whole of the Negev and Sinai are secured by a few Bedouin guards and a handful of soldiers; once consolidated, the oil fields can be reliably secured by a handful of battalions, a fraction of the total force.

Even discounting the effect of sabotage, there would still be a problem of short-term oil supply. Aside from the temporary cutoff in Saudi production that must be expected between D+7 and D+60 (or at the very most D+90) it is virtually certain that radical Arab oil producers (Iraq, Libya, possibly Algeria) would cut off production in sympathy. The shortfall could range from 3.5 million barrels a day to 4.5 million. It is probable that nonradical Arab oil producers would partially deny oil to the U.S. and other consumer countries that did not dissociate themselves from its deed; this could mean an additional shortfall of up to 2.5 million barrels a day. It is *possible*, but unlikely, that at least some non-Arab oil exporters would also reduce output in sympathy with a fellow OPEC member.

"Many say we need not do it, since we can afford to pay the economic price of extortion. But the moral, political, and social price is too high."

Nevertheless, the problem is manageable. Ninety-day stocks are being built up in all the industrialized countries, and oil shipped on D+8 will still be at sea for many destinations on D+90. By then, if not sooner, the smoke will have thoroughly cleared, and OPEC members will be faced with U.S. control of Saudi oil reserves, which, if worked to the full, could put all of them out of business for fifteen years. At this stage, reason is likely to prevail, and production is likely to be restored. But if the risk seems high, something can be done to reduce it: in Kuwait, Abu Dhabi, Dubai, and Qatar there is a production capacity of 6.6 million barrels a day, a good deal of it now shut in for "conservation" (read price-rigging). If Arab or even non-Arab oil solidarity strikes are in the cards, battalion-sized detachments can be sent to seize much of this capacity for the immediate purpose of short-term supply (rather than reserves for price leverage). The seizure of Kuwaiti capacity, however, would require a division and entail a serious strategic problem, of which more below.

Next, the minor tactics. One or perhaps two Saudi brigades and some U.S.-made Hawk missile batteries will be in the target area. Prior to getting there, the airlifted elements would have to cross 975 miles of unfriendly airspace in large, vulnerable transports. But opposition would be thin. The twenty-four-jet Jordanian air force can be grounded, and the Israel-Dhahran air route would be totally out of range for Egyptian, Iraqi, or Syrian fighters—an important consideration, these being very large, if poorly trained, air forces. In the October war, the Israelis scored fifty dogfight kills for every one of their own shot down. But relative superiority is not enough: not a single transport must be exposed to risk.

Hence ample fighter cover will be needed against the six fighter squadrons of the Saudis, and any chance arrival of Egyptians, Jordanians, Iraqis, or Syrians. This will require perhaps six squadrons of air-refueled Phantoms and tankers out of Israel, readily supported, if necessary, by more Phantoms, this time Israeli (flying outer patrol tracks, to avoid misidenti-

fication and fratricide). Finally, for the Hawk missile batteries so shortsightedly supplied, there are different remedies, and prudence demands that all be used: active and passive electronic countermeasures. (Those who designed the missiles are not unfamiliar with their weak points.)

On the ground, the tactics must stress mobility and avoidance. In the first stages, every available truck—and Cadillac—found on the ground must be commandeered to give mobility. Otherwise troops that had crossed thousands of miles by air would be totally immobile on the ground. Speed is of the essence to secure the oil fields, as well as U.S. civilians for rapid evacuations. Lastly, avoidance: Saudi troops, if prudent, will avoid combat, and they must not be needlessly provoked. Very quickly it will become entirely obvious that the oil fields alone are to be occupied in one small corner of Saudi Arabia. Between them and most of the inhabited areas of the country, there are vast distances (except for Riyadh, only 400 miles away by road) and broad deserts, easily turned into buffer zones by air interdiction, here effective and totally unhampered since there are neither trees nor village targets: any military traffic would simply be stopped by air patrols.

NOW FOR THE REAL PROBLEMS, the strategic. What options are open to the Russians? They could not hope to anticipate the first American move. Nor is it imaginable that the ruling Saudis would invite their presence: the Saudis know that with Americans some compromise might well be possible, but with Russians the Saudi leadership, fiercely Islamic and fiercely anti-Communist, would not last long. An invitation to the Russians would merely ensure the overthrow of the ruling family. And that is not a figure of speech. It would mean defenestration and mutilation by the mob, as when the Hashemites of Iraq were overthrown. If the Russians landed forces in Iraq, Russian policy would thereafter be captive to Iraqi hyperactivism, or at least the landed troops would be. Still, the move would have a ready payoff. Even if their troops did nothing, the Russians would score a major political victory, since they could then claim to have deterred an imperialist attack on Iraq—an oil producer like Saudi Arabia, but one whose leaders (it could then be said) had been prudent enough to seek the friendship of the U.S.S.R and to sign a treaty of mutual defense.

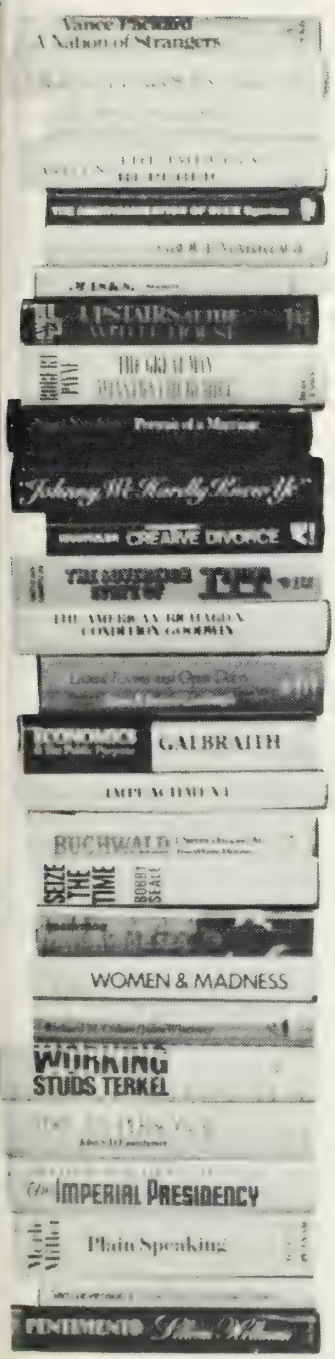
If still more reckless, the Russians could encourage and support an Iraqi move south into Kuwait. This would deprive the West of Kuwait's 2.8 million barrels of oil a day, a serious loss if only in the short term. It would also make Iraq, Russia's chosen client, a more important client. But it would risk Iraqi-American armed clashes, entailing the further risk of direct U.S.-Soviet conflict.

Direct Russian counterintervention need barely be considered. The rules of nuclear parity are no mere paper rules to be changed at will. They reflect the harsh and looming danger of annihilation. Americans may open fire on Saudis, and Russians may open fire on Czechs with near-impunity; at a much higher level of risk, each side can attack the clients of the other. If Iraq were attacked, for example, the Russians would be forced to react because there is a public Russian commitment to Iraqi defense, both in policy and on paper—the Treaty of Friendship and Cooperation of April 1972. But for the Russians to counterintervene directly, by blocking American forces or opening fire on them, is another matter altogether. Neither side could afford to lose the local battle, and the potential loser would then have to transform it into a regional war; neither side can afford to lose a regional war, and the potential loser would have to use tactical nuclear weapons—beyond that one need not go.

Some suggest that the Russians could use their naval forces for "interposition." This notion is fanciful. The U.S. Navy would send at least four aircraft carriers, twenty frigates and destroyers, and ten nuclear submarines into the area. Russian mining could only serve as a delaying tactic. Russian warships could not physically block the Strait of Hormuz at the entrance to the gulf. To prevent passage, they would have to shoot, and shooting at American warships would mean jumping on the escalator to destruction.

The essence of the Russian question is not technical but political. Before one considers the balance of superpower forces in place, one must consider the balance of interests between Americans and Russians. Under conditions of nuclear parity, it is primarily "resolve" that settles the issue, and resolve is not a matter of machismo but a reflection of the true value to each party of the interests in dispute. The control of Saudi oil is a vital national and all-Western interest for the United States. By contrast, its denial would merely be a desirable bonus for the Soviet Union. Hence the risks that each side can accept, and must anticipate that the other side will accept, are not evenly weighted. To seize the oil the United States must seize some tracts of desert. To deny the oil, the Russians must kill American troops. This, neither the collection of tired bureaucrats in the Kremlin (who agonized over the low-risk Czech invasion for months) nor even another Stalin could possibly do, for escalation to catastrophe could follow. As against this, there are the rewards of inaction, already high: even if the Russians do nothing at all, their prestige and influence would immediately increase all over the Middle East, and beyond.

IF YOU LOVE BOOKS, BUT...



...hate wasting precious time buying and starting bad ones, the Editors of *Harper's Magazine* invite you to become a *Charter Member* of THE BOOKSERVICE.

THE BOOKSERVICE is a totally new concept designed to help you get more enjoyment out of your reading, save valuable time by discovering which books to avoid, and save money on every book you buy from now on without any book club rigmarole.

HOW? As a Charter Member of THE BOOKSERVICE you'll receive our innovative biweekly—the *Bookletter*.

Published to arrive every other Monday, the *Bookletter* takes you on a trip through the world of publishing with far more than book reviews to guide you. You'll read reviews, pro and con, of all the best sellers . . . original essays . . . flashback reviews of books published some time ago and wrongly forgotten . . . books of the month to avoid . . . chatter, gossip, and small talk about authors, editors, publishers . . . and much, much, more.

Plus . . . you'll have the unique opportunity to save at least 25% and up to 40% on any hard cover book, regardless of author, publisher, or price, as long as the title is in print, and is not a text or reference book. (You'll save on reference books too, but not as much.)

FOR EXAMPLE:

	Published At	Your Price
ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN by Woodward & Bernstein	8.95	6.90
TIMES TO REMEMBER by Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy	12.50	9.35
MANAGEMENT by Peter Drucker	12.50	9.35
WORKING by Studs Terkel	10.00	7.50
WATERSHIP DOWN by Richard Adams	6.95	5.21
GO EAST, YOUNG MAN by William O. Douglas	10.00	7.50

So, even if you buy, on an average, only five books a year, you'll still pay for THE BOOKSERVICE MEMBERSHIP just by saving on your book purchases.

BUT PLEASE NOTE: THE BOOKSERVICE is emphatically not a book club. You join nothing. You are never obligated to buy a single book. But, we're sure you'll agree, it's nice to know that the discount service is there when you feel you need it.

So, if you are the reader we think you are, THE BOOKSERVICE is a good bet for you. And we're willing to bet two issues that you'll agree.

If you return the coupon below, right away, you'll receive the following benefits of Charter Membership:

1) Free Examination. Read your first two issues of the *Bookletter* at our expense. If you don't like them, write "cancel" across your bill, send it back to us, and that's that.

2) Guaranteed Membership Rates. For the life of your Charter membership, you will be offered rates lower than those offered to latecomers. And that's true regardless of ever-increasing costs for paper and postage.

3) Full refund. Should you decide to cancel your BOOKSERVICE Membership — at any time and for any reason—you receive a full (not pro-rated) refund for the entire six months.

There are the hows and the whys of THE BOOKSERVICE. Twenty-four entertaining and informative issues of the *Bookletter* and a hard to beat for savings or convenience, book buying service—one year—all for just **$10 a year,** billed semi-annually.

Yes, please enter my Charter Membership to THE BOOKSERVICE and bill me every six months for only $5. (Latecomers will pay $15 a year.) This entitles me to full discount book-buying privileges and a year of the *Bookletter* (issued every other Monday, 24 times a year). **950**

☐ Please send bill for $5 now (and $5 six months from now)
☐ I prefer to enclose $5 (fully refundable)

name _____
(please print)
address _____
city _____
state _____ zip _____

A Service of Harper's Magazine Company

THE BOOKSERVICE

381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302

Let the Russians have the influence, and let us have the oil.

So far no mention of Iran. With a large army of 175,000 men, well-equipped and heavy in tanks even if poorly trained and worse led, with an air force that includes 100 Phantoms, with more coming, and with a navy already not insignificant, Iran could in theory do a great deal to oppose intervention. The risk must not be discounted, but there are offsetting factors. At a minor level, there is the fact that Iranian airpower is largely by the grace of American technicians serving on contract, most of whom could depart on vacation just before D day. On a high political plane, there is another factor. Even though a sharp cut in oil prices would seriously damage the Shah's dreams of grandeur, Iran and the Shah would nevertheless remain dependent on the United States. With a common border to the north, with its client Iraq to the west and its semiclient Afghanistan to the east, the Soviet Union already embraces Iran far too closely for comfort. Reluctantly and privately, the Shah would most probably accept an American action he cannot prevent, for the alternative would be war with Iran's only protector.

One way to cope with the Iranian problem is to combine it with the planning dilemma of Kuwait. On the one hand, it might be wise to send a composite Marine/armor division (after wave two, D+3) into Kuwait to deter Iraqi intervention. But if the Iraqis descended across Kuwait toward the main zone of operations some 300 miles to the south, real fighting could take place, entailing risk of Russian involvement in support of its junior partner. Also, the acquisition of Kuwaiti oil capacity—even if damaged—would alleviate the short-term supply problem. On the other hand, if Kuwait is left unoccupied, a buffer zone, it will be easier to avoid clashes with Iraqis and reduce the risk of direct conflict with Russians. There is also a severe tactical problem: while the Kuwaiti army of 10,200 men can be brushed aside, Kuwait does contain more than a million people in a small area. By contrast, the population in the main zone of operations, even if extended to Abu Dhabi, Dubai, and Qatar, amounts to less than 300,000, widely scattered.

Why not then discreetly ask whether the Iranians might be willing to "protect" Kuwait —and, incidentally, appropriate their oil. This oil would largely offset Iranians' loss of revenue on their own output as prices decline. To be sure, if the Iranians move into Kuwait the Russians may be tempted to invade northern Iran, but this would be a high-risk operation for the Russians, since Iran is already a protected area of the other superpower, the U.S. Still, this is a danger that cannot be dismissed, and that would be reduced by Iranian tranquility before, during, and after the occupation.

Afterward

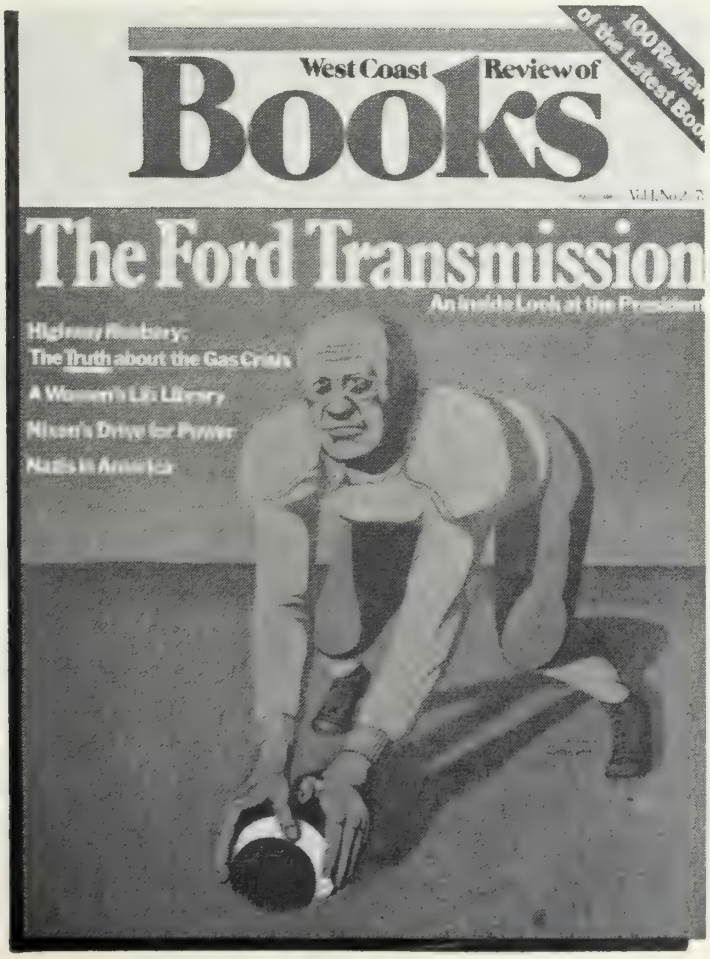
NEXT, THE PROBLEM OF management, that is politics. Clearly, the operation would not be conducted to serve the interests of ARAMCO which is American-owned but has long been subservient to the Saudis. To maximize output and avoid commercial entanglement, we should throw open the oil fields to any and every operating company, American or not, large or small so long as it is ready to come in quickly, repair and lift the oil, fast. Each company would receive the acreage it could begin to work immediately. Each would be compensated at cost plus a generous fee for every barrel lifted, every well dug, and every facility repaired. Assuming maximum inefficiency and a great deal of petty graft, the oil would cost an average 30 cents per barrel—in other words, less than 3 percent of present prices.

But the oil should not be sold at cost, for many reasons. First, all measures of energy substitution being taken worldwide would be discouraged, and eventually stopped. Second, to reach a compromise with the uninvaded members of OPEC, some reasonable revenues must be left to them in bargaining for their early resumption of full output (the short-term supply problem again), in exchange for a guarantee that Saudi oil will not be used to bring the price down to near nullity. Finally, oil cannot be sold at cost because there is a wider political purpose to be pursued.

If oil raised at an average cost of 30 cents were sold, at say, $2 per barrel, each day of output would at first generate profits of $14 million. When output reached the OPEC-compromise level, profits could rise to as much as $30 million per day. Now these profits should not be appropriated by the world's richest country, whose compensation, in secure supplies at low cost, would already be ample. Instead, the profits should be handed out to the poor on conditions. An International Oil and Aid Organization would be created to lift the oil, allocate funds for investment, give some money for the Saudis et al. to pay for essential imports, and then distribute the rest of the money to those of *its members* whose annual per capita income is less than, say $500. In other words, any poor country in the world would immediately be entitled to a share in the oil profits *if* it joined the IOAO, and so politically endorsed the *fait accompli*.

This would provide the poor with a vastly greater flow of aid funds than all current aid programs combined—in fact, almost five times as much, once full output is reached, even if all eligible recipients join. In view of what was said earlier about the regimes of the Third World, it can be safely assumed that the Indian

Sorry, New York. We're the West Coast Review of Books.



Somehow, with the flood of new books published every day, there has to be a way to make sense of them all, a way to judge books by more than the cover. Without having to wade through a critic's high self-esteem [or his acid abhorrence of an intellectual rival].

Well, now there is a way. The West Coast Review of Books.

Let's face it, books are a form of entertainment, sometimes in spite of their educational value.

We think a book review should be entertaining, too. It should tell you what's good and what's not so good. And why.

Why a reviewer doesn't like it may be the reason you'll love it. In each issue of our new magazine, we review more than 100 books. There's an indexed 16-page section filled with capsule reviews of the latest books.

That means you can get a fix on a book in a minute without having to swallow a long dissertation about life and the Pursuit of the Holy Grail.

We've also got a magazine full of feature articles, surveying trends in books, profiling writers, and generally relishing in all the good books we can find. Plus a mind-twisting crossword, columns, news of the book business and more.

There's nothing quite like the West Coast Review of Books. Partly it's because we refuse to treat any books as sacred cows.

But mostly it's because we're in the West. The West Coast Review of Books. Written and edited by Westerners for Westerners. [And if you've been to Los Angeles lately you know that doesn't just mean rodeos and scenic landscape.]

So if you live in the Western States and read books, get the West Coast Review of Books. It's made for you.

You may find it at your favorite bookstore or newsstand, but we've been selling out the first issues. Subscribe to twelve issues [two years] for only $7.50. Easier, and cheaper.

Rush your check now. But if you don't live in the 11 Western States [or Texas, Alaska, or Western Canada], there's a catch. We're only the West. We can only take subscriptions from Westerners.

Sorry, New York. We're the West Coast Review of Books.

West Coast Review of Books
6311 Yucca Street
Hollywood, Calif. 90028.

Yes sir! Give me the special rate of $7.50 for 12 issues. I enclose payment.

Name .....

Address .....

City. State Zip .....

government for one would prefer to let millions of its people starve rather than associate itself with the IOAO. But already for Bangladesh matters are less certain: throughout 1974, this poorest of the poor nations, which is fervently Muslim to boot, failed to extract more than $100 million from all the Arab oil producers combined—truly a case of crumbs to the starving. The IOAO, with $10 billion or so eventually available to it, would do much better than that—and all for a symbolic association.

The IOAO would obviously use similar tactics with the oil workers. The Saudi regime, not exactly the most progressive in the world, did not allow ARAMCO to pay its workers lavishly, lest sheiks lose their low-paid servants. The IOAO would not have to defer to the Saudi version of the housemaid problem; it could announce a 50 percent wage increase.

Will the world condemn America? Some of it will, and will mean it. Others, including some Europeans and unfortunate Japanese, will condemn, cry, and partake of lower oil prices with a sigh of relief. Certainly the image of the Soviet Union will improve in contrast and the United States will lose "influence and prestige in the Third World." But what influence? What prestige? And what would the spectacle of American acquiescence in the political blackmail of the kings and dictators of Araby do to American prestige? The weak respect power more than do the strong, who know its limitations.

The crucial factor, however, is domestic opinion. First, there is the why in the *raison d'état*. The American people instinctively felt that in Indochina the national interest was not at stake and only the commitment itself made for further commitment. Not so here. All would understand, all those affected by inflation and unemployment, that is.

Second, performance. All agree that had the U.S. done well *militarily* in Vietnam, public opposition would have been limited to the tiny minority of those who oppose war, or their own country, in all circumstances. The first group is certainly entitled to its elevated conceptions, but the vast majority of the people think otherwise. A neat and rapid operation *is* possible in Saudi Arabia owing to the terrain and the men, mostly absent. Moreover, the four required divisions are fit, trained, well-equipped, and battle-ready. On that score we need have no anxieties.

Third, duration. Americans were wearied by a war that was not only unsuccessful but also far too long. This operation will not be over in a day. It will last for years, though surely not until the last drop of Saudi oil is exhausted. Instead, the American-controlled distribution office of the IOAO would allocate oil to consumers at the new low prices, but demand that they finance serious substitution efforts with some appropriate share of the vast savings on cheaper oil. Given rigid controls, diplomatic pressure, and their own caution, strong substitution policies are sure to follow in Europe, Japan, and wherever possible. And it is much easier to build nuclear power stations, hot rock generators, solar arrays, and windmills when the balance of payments is no longer in deficit, inflation has been curbed, and recession a memory—all of which $2 oil could ensure.

Hence an occupation of ten years and probably much less would suffice. Once the dust of the invasion settled, once every evidence of *permanent* intent became apparent, the remaining members of OPEC would see reason, and accept a binding commitment to maintain supplies at agreed prices in exchange for American withdrawal. From their point of view, the great danger is that Saudi oil could be used to bring the price down not to $2 but to $1.50, then $1.40, then $1.30 . . . and so on.

IN A SOBER ASSESSMENT, mindful of all the political costs and all the strategic risks, it can be done. It must be done. For if we do not do it, Project Independence will in fact be Project Isolation, with a somewhat impoverished America surrounded by a world turned into a slum. Almost everywhere, this would be an authoritarian slum, the product of utter hopelessness among the poor and mass unemployment among the former rich, all of us being forced to finance the executive jets of the sheiks and the fighter bombers of the dictators.

If we will not do it, future generations will see through our protestations of moral restraint and recognize craven passivity. Many of those who took the United States into the jungles of Vietnam to look for the national interest are now saying that we need not do it, since we can comply with political blackmail (by blackmailing Israel in turn), and since we can afford to pay the economic extortion. True, we can do both. But the price—moral, political, and social—would be far too high. We would no longer be able to look each other in the face. Many who saw prudence and reason in bombing an ally of the Soviet Union and even blockading its ports, are now saying that we cannot do it, for behind the Arabs stand the Russians, and the Russians would not let us. That, it has been argued, is false. And since no one denies that the dependence of the Western world on Arab oil is absolute, if *their* analysis were correct, it would mean that we are living at the mercy of the Arabs, that is to say, as Prof. Robert W. Tucker has pointed out, of the Russians. And if *that* is true, we no longer need a foreign policy establishment, and we might as well disband the armed forces unless we double or triple their strength: there is no sense in paying $85 billion a year for impotence. □

GOODBYE,



A native returns to the man-made ruins of Thomas Wolfe's hometown

by Perry Deane Young

MY RETURN TO THE SMALL CITY of Asheville, North Carolina, where I was born and ved until I was eighteen years old, was a shat-ring experience. I can only compare it to what German refugee might feel going back in 974 to a town he left in the 1930s. It looked as my hometown had been destroyed in some rrible miscalculation of the war and subse-uently rebuilt in the same gaudy new glass, ncrete, and steel molds found in practically very other town and city in America. Every ndmark of my childhood that had survived as in a new setting so foreign to me that all arlier meaning was lost. That place so vital to y memories no longer exists.

And mine was a magical place. Others may lk of their hometowns as narrow, inhibiting laces, but Asheville was my first connection to better life than I was born to—a life of music nd literature, of interesting people, exotic laces.

The town is situated on a rolling plateau, at ie confluence of the French Broad and the Swan-anoa Rivers, in between the high Blue Ridge lountains to the east and the Great Smoky lountains to the west. The steep, dark moun-tains, with their coves and gorges, offered an omnipresent backdrop of mystery; frequent mists lent romance to everyday scenes; and at dusk and dawn there was no telling where the mountains began and ended or how many crea-tures might be wandering in the densely wood-ed wilderness preserves.

For most of its first hundred years, Asheville was an isolated village of a few hundred people living in low wooden houses clustered around the Buncombe County Courthouse. (Our Con-gressman gave the language the word *buncombe* —bunkum—after a colleague asked him why he had talked so long when he had nothing to say. "I was speaking to Buncombe," he re-plied.) The courthouse was the first reason for the village, but the reason for Asheville's growth from a population of less than 3,000 in the 1870s to a small city of more than 50,000 in the 1920s was the setting itself.

After the Civil War, several German physi-cians had called Asheville's climate the best for the cure of tuberculosis, so when the Swannanoa Tunnel opened the town to rail traffic in 1879, thousands of patients, lured by brochures, came to live in sumptuous English manor houses and

Perry Deane Young is the author of Two of the Missing/A Reminiscence of Some Friends in the War *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan). The book, an expansion of a December 1972* Harper's *article, focused on the lives of Sean Flynn and Dana Stone, two young photographers who were captured in Cambodia in 1970.*

Perry Deane Young

GOODBYE, ASHEVILLE

French châteaux built by the doctors. By the late 1800s Asheville began to attract the healthy and rich. Among them was young George Vanderbilt, who had boasted that he would one day build the most magnificent estate in America. He could have bought any land he wanted, but after taking in the view from the old Battery Park Hotel in Asheville, he promptly bought more than his eyes could see—more than 120,000 acres, beyond and including Mount Pisgah, the highest mountain visible from town.

Vanderbilt's Biltmore (inspired by the Château de Blois) was designed by the fashionable architect Richard Morris Hunt; its grounds were laid out by Frederick Law Olmstead. Still the largest private house in America, Biltmore is now open to the public—turn right at the McDonald's by the railroad tracks, pay your $4.50, and drive on in. Another rich man built a replica of Gunston Hall, another built a medieval fortress (complete with battered towers), and still others built half-timbered Tudor mansions and severe German castles.

Meanwhile, other, more economy-minded visitors built spacious mountain lodges with big bay windows and wide porches where guests could sit and rock and gaze at the mountains. In my childhood, several of the main streets in Asheville were still lined with these lovely old houses in colorful, landscaped gardens.

BY THE 1920S, Asheville was a real boomtown. The tunnel under Beaucatcher Mountain was built then, and a city hall and a new courthouse —enormous, ugly buildings—were erected for a projected metropolis of 250,000.

When the crash came, Asheville was one of the hardest-hit towns in the country. My father and hundreds of others were left with boxes full of worthless deeds. The mayor, unable to face the hopeless indebtedness of the city, killed himself. The population now is still less than 60,000 despite the expansion of the city limits. Until about 1959, when I left Asheville, there was virtually no major construction. The old and historic buildings had been preserved more because of the owners' timidity about investing in change than out of appreciation of the past.

Black Thursday, 1929, has additional significance to anyone born in Asheville. Six days before the day the stock market crashed, Charles Scribner's Sons published Thomas Wolfe's first novel, *Look Homeward, Angel.*

The picturesque Altamont of Wolfe's book was Asheville, his hometown. He left a portrait of Asheville almost photographic in detail which, over the years, soulful Wolfe buffs have used to trace the author's footsteps through the town's streets. Wolfe's characterizations resulted in rave reviews in the local newspaper, but also in lawsuits and family bitterness. His response was to stay away, writing voluminous letters to hi mother about how he missed Asheville, an voluminous novels, such as *You Can't Go Hom Again,* about the town and his life in exile.

Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald started visitin Asheville at about the same time. When Fit gerald found that the local library had neve stocked Wolfe's books, he bought them himse and put them on the shelves. Fitzgerald love the town, and mentions it in most of his novel Zelda put her trust in a doctor in Asheville wh felt that faith in Jesus Christ, exercise, an long hikes cured mental illness. The hospita where she stayed was close to our house; whe I was eight, Zelda died in a fire there.

Our town attracted musical as well as literar talent. Paderewski played there; my pian teacher and her best friend had been with th Metropolitan Opera before their retirement; an a famous flutist and conductor who had wo the Pulitzer Prize for his symphonic settings o several Appalachian folk songs lived out hi last days over a flower shop downtown.

A lost childhoo

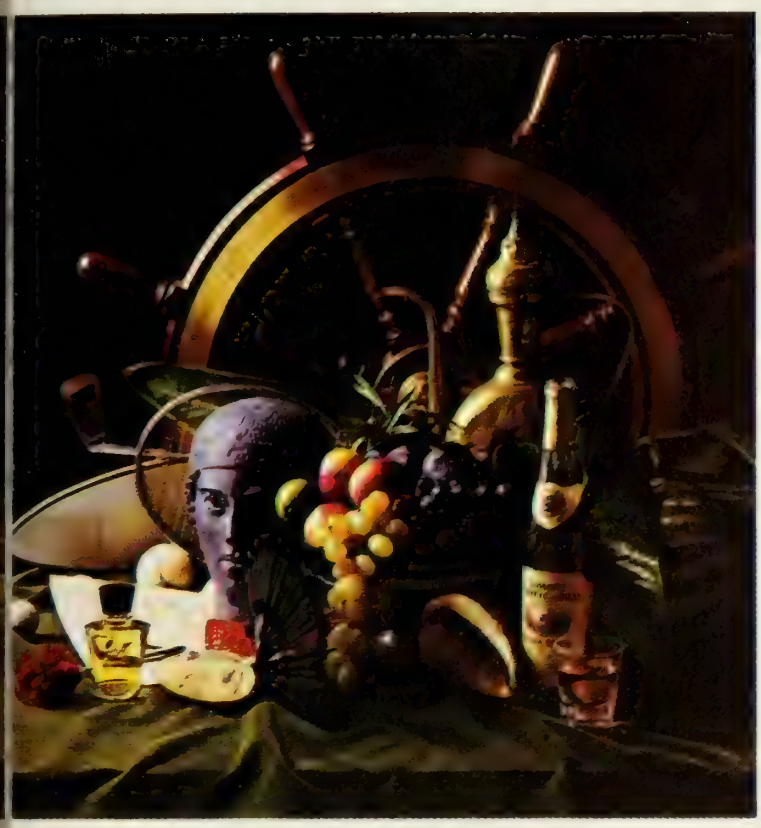
MY FAMILY LIVED in a big old drafty hous on a hilltop farm at the north edge of town We raised acres of broccoli, eggplant, cauli flower, spinach, beans, mustard greens, turnips peppers, and corn. My old man eventuall bought a truck, but he never used a tractor o any other mechanized equipment on the farm there are photographs of me riding on one o his mule-drawn wagons. I was his thirteenth child, and he would laugh and call me "quits" when he took me along to deliver vegetables o play checkers and get his hair cut at a place o Lexington Avenue, an open market street a enchanting as the rue Mouffetard in Paris.

Suppers in our house included numerous kins men, field hands, and a wonderful assortment o hermits who would stop by our place on thei way to sell the bundles of ginseng root and bal sam extract they had collected in the mountains My mother willingly fixed any sort of game m father and his hunting friends brought in— squirrels, rabbits, quail, pheasant, deer, bear coon, possum; once we even had mud turtles

My mother had finished one year of college but she still fervently believed in the near-ani mistic mysteries told and retold by the moun tain people. An old conjurewoman read her lif in a cup of herb tea when she was fifteen, an even today she refuses to divulge the part relat ing to me, because all the rest has come to pass

Hollywood presents *The Last Picture Sho* and *American Graffiti* as stories of an Americar childhood. They seem shallow and drab com pared to the wonder and excitement I knew a a boy in Asheville. The one movie that migh

You're invited to cruise hrough the best of the last 4,000 years. 1975 included.

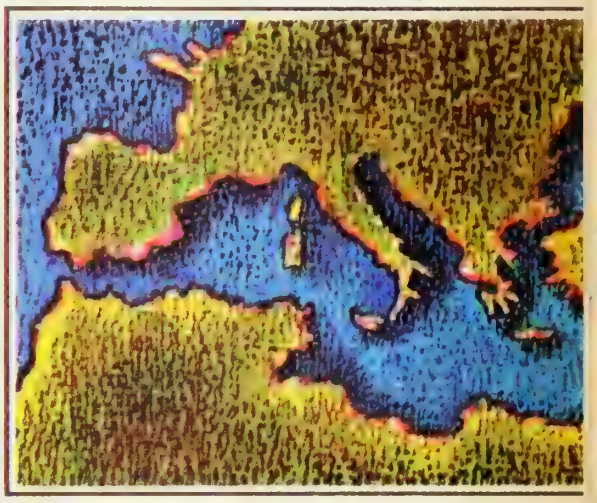


Welcome to Homer's birthplace. To the Holy ty of Jerusalem. To the Valley of the Kings. To ev. Istanbul. Venice. The Greek Islands. And o of the most stunning cruise ships in the editerranean.

Welcome to the Carras experience. Two or ree weeks of luxurious adventure. Of complete edom of choice. On any of six remarkable uises during the Summer and Fall of 1975. oard the m.v. Daphne (and later in 1976 the v. Danae). You can rediscover historic aritime capitals from Lisbon and Marseille to hens, Beirut and Alexandria. Fly to the heart Russia. Plunge into an exotic search for the ysteries of the Byzantine Empire.

Or do nothing but lie in the sun. Lounge in ir spacious cabins (up to 323 square feet). Enjoy ir 24-hour room service. Our closed circuit evision. Our continental boutiques. Our auty centers. Our international cuisine. Our mous lecturers and local guides who will join each cruise to thoroughly acquaint you with the ports you will be visiting. And, all our pleasures from nightclubs to swimming pools.

Our ships are expressly designed to pamper approximately half as many guests as could normally be accommodated within their length. You'll find them not only incredibly spacious, but serviced by a crew trained to anticipate your every wish.



In fact, ask yourself what it would be like to have a sumptuous private yacht able to take you to any pleasure in the entire Mediterranean. And come prepared to find the answer.

Please send me your complete color brochure about Delian cruises, prices and sailing dates starting July 26, 1975.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Mr. Lynwood E. Ashby, Delian Cruises, Rockefeller Center, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, New York 10020, (212) 757-0761.

H2

Carras

m.v. Daphne and m.v. Danae each of 17,000 gross tons will sail under the flag of Greece.

The drier liqueur

B&B is the drier liqueur…made with exquisite Benedictine, blended with superb cognac in the Abbey at Fecamp, France.



86 Proof

After coffee enjoy

B AND B®

BENEDICTINE BRANDY



B&B Stinger
3 parts B&B Liqueur, 1 part White Creme de Menthe. Shake with ice, strain, serve in cocktail glass or on the rocks.



B&B Frappe
Fill cocktail glass with crushed ice and B&B Liqueur, serve with short straws.



B&B Tea
Pour 1½ oz. B&B Liqueur into brewed tea in 8 oz. glass. Top with whipped cream.



B&B Straight

Julius WILE SONS & CO INC
NEW YORK

ıve been made about an Asheville childhood ›uld not be filmed there. I have heard that the ›uld-be producers felt the town simply did not ok like the one in *Look Homeward, Angel.*

I knew many things had changed: our farm as condemned in the mid-1950s because the ty kept dumping raw sewage in the irrigation ater; a school bus garage and parking lot now ›vered the area where our house and green›uses had been; the Appalachian Develop›ent Highway plowed over the cliff and pas›re; the same road took the lovely hill of dog›ood trees around the cottage where O. Henry ›nce lived; an older expressway downtown had ›pped off most of the Lexington Avenue mar›et and taken the house where Wolfe was born; housing development was creeping across the luff where Sidney Lanier had camped out.

But, there were still the mountains. Or, so I ›ought.

It was when I heard that the city council had ›ted to cut Beaucatcher Mountain in two in rder to widen the narrow tunnel underneath ıat I decided I had to go home again. The pro›gonist of *Look Homeward, Angel,* like every ther Asheville boy, takes his girlfriend on a icnic on Beaucatcher. It was the eastern wall f the town, a gentle backdrop that changed ith the seasons.

About ten years ago, with the careless plan›ing that has always characterized Asheville, vo four-lane roads had been built right up to ither end of the tunnel. It was inevitable that ›meday something would have to be done about ıe bottleneck that had been created. And so, nce widening the tunnel would be too expen›ve, the issue was decided solely on the ques›on of economy. When I questioned people bout the open cut, everybody said they would ıther see the mountain instead of a hole. But, ıey said, "What can you do? Just try driving ıat road during rush hour."

The man actually charged with the job of ›aring down the mountain was Frank Hutchi›on, regional engineer for the North Carolina)epartment of Transportation. "After a few ears, I don't think people will even notice," e said. "The side of that mountain is going to e plastered with houses anyway." (Indeed, sev›ral of the hills I remembered as green already esemble those around Los Angeles.) Speaking f a similar situation when a local television sta›ion built a tower on top of Mount Pisgah, he ecalled, "There was a lot of hullabaloo raised ıen about 'the beauty of the mountains,' but ow you don't ever hear anything about it."

With a last glimpse toward the mountain, I ›ooked back on the town itself. Four banks had rected enormous new buildings, completely hanging the character of the town's main quares. (When I commented on the precious ttle amount of green space left in the town, one city official said, "Look at downtown Charlotte. There's no green space there at all.")

The merchants' escape from downtown—whole blocks of stores have been abandoned—to suburban shopping centers happened in Asheville a decade later than in most small towns. But, it followed a similar pattern. Haphazard planning had not provided for an increase in parking places. Property owners were unwilling to compromise, so no places were made available for parking garages until after the land could be sold for nothing else.

I visited the old Battery Park Hotel, which I remembered as bustling and elegant, famous for its many notable guests and their parties. A new owner had tried to renovate the hotel, but financial difficulties had forced him to abandon the project. The wide terraces were now littered with debris; many windows were broken, their shades flapping out; a rusted padlock held two sagging screen doors closed across the front entrance.

"Every landmark of my childhood that had survived was in a new setting so foreign to me that all earlier meaning was lost."

THE MAJOR SOURCE of what I call destruction, and what Asheville officials call progress, is Urban Renewal funds, which were poured into the city in the mid-1960s. The Civic Urban Renewal Project has demolished more than 150 structures in a seventy-six-acre "renewal area." Some very usable structures were destroyed, to be replaced mostly by the gaudiest of "modern" buildings—some of flimsy glass and steel, others of heavy bunker style.

The Urban Renewal people were not satisfied with their demolition of the old David Millard Junior High School—a sturdy, adequate structure; they also leveled the hill under it. So far, the lot has had no takers; every way you look there are more like it, some "cleared for development" fifteen years ago.

Will King of the Asheville Housing Authority told me everybody was "very pleased" with this demolition area. "It's a beginning point to salvage the downtown area."

"In other words, you had to destroy it in order to save it?"

"Yes," he said.

Not by coincidence, the Asheville Chamber of Commerce has discovered the city's major problem, which is directly related to the destruction of these familiar landmarks. Two years in succession, the Chamber officials agreed that the major problem of Asheville had to do with the "quality of life." And so they voted to stage a "Quality '76" campaign for the national Bicentennial celebration.

Neither of the retired businessmen named as codirectors could tell me—or a group of volunteer firemen assembled to publicize the program—what they meant by the quality of life. Although they did recognize that it was a spir-

itual thing having to do with the appearance of the town, they were only concerned with planting grass and shrubs around factories and giving new coats of paint to old buildings. Listening to these men, I felt that they would never understand that the quality of life had to do with those huge sections of town that had been leveled for development. What had been destroyed could never be put back.

There is no way now that anyone can ever experience what I knew so casually—strolling down pleasant, treelined streets where Thomas Wolfe, F. Scott Fitzgerald, O. Henry, and Sidney Lanier once walked. On the square in Asheville, there was once a pawnshop, and a cleaners where you could get hats blocked; there was an open-air fruit store and a pharmacy that stayed open late and delivered anywhere in town. All these were pushed aside for one enormous burnt-umber glass-and-steel bank building, and for a second bank that, when completed, will match the first. There is no way I can take anyone to the square and say: "This is my hometown." It's just not the same place.

Thomas Wolfe, however, has finally come home to Asheville. Or, rather, the town has at last realized that his name is good for business. The city manager told me, "Tom's done a lot for Asheville. It's getting so every time you go to a convention and you say you're from Asheville, somebody will say: 'Oh, Asheville! That's where Thomas Wolfe was from!'" The cheap frame boardinghouse (Dixieland in *Look Homeward, Angel*) he described with such loathing was recently named a National Historic Site. Urban Renewal bulldozers have scooped away the street and sidewalk in front of the house and left a raw embankment beside the yard.

Directly across what used to be Spruce Street and obscuring the view of what will soon no longer be Beaucatcher Mountain, a sheer brick-and-glass hotel has been built and named the Landmark, after the Wolfe Memorial. The hotel's owner, Earl Crawford, Jr., used to sit and talk with Wolfe's sister, Mabel, about Tom and the family. "Oh yes," he says, "I've been a Thomas Wolfe buff for years."

Crawford, a developer of hotels in the Caribbean, opened the hotel for business last summer even though much of it was not finished. He had planned to put a copy of *Look Homeward, Angel* in every room, and he said that Scribner's might let him quote from Wolfe's descriptions of the mountains in his promotion of the hotel. The publishers did, however, stop him from naming the restaurants and bars in the hotel after chapters in Wolfe's books. He had planned to name the first-floor bar Piggy Logan's Circus, after a chapter in *You Can't Go Home Again,* but it was called Beaucatcher Lounge when I went back to Asheville. I had a Thomas Wolfe (a roast-beef sandwich), and a friend had a Scott Fitzgerald (ham and eggs with French fries).

This hotel with the ominous name did not last long after its first summer season; the empty building stands there, blocking the view, a dark reminder of earlier days of boom and bust in Asheville.

Constant change

WOLFE'S FEELING ABOUT all this might have ranged from outrage to amusement, but he certainly would not have been surprised. Fifty years before I went back and found my home-town changed almost beyond recognition, Wolfe had gone back to the same place and found the very same thing. Where his father's tombstone shop had been, there was a new sixteen-story skyscraper; where the fountain, grass, and trees had been on the square, there were new slabs of concrete. "A spirit of drunken waste and wild destructiveness was everywhere apparent. The fairest places in the town were being mutilated at untold cost," he wrote in *You Can't Go Home Again.*

> *In the center of town, there had been a beautiful green hill, opulent with rich lawns and lordly trees, with beds of flowers and banks of honeysuckle, and on top of it there had been an immense, rambling, old wooden hotel. From its windows one could look out upon the vast panorama of mountain ranges in the smoky distance. . . . It had been one of the pleasantest places in town, but now it was gone. An army of men and shovels had advanced upon this beautiful green hill and had leveled it down to an ugly flat of clay, and had paved it with a desolate horror of white concrete, and had built stores and garages and office buildings and parking spaces —all raw and new—and were now putting up a new hotel beneath the very spot where the old one had stood. It was to be a structure of sixteen stories, of steel and concrete and pressed brick. It was being stamped out of the same mold, as if by some gigantic biscuit-cutter of hotels that had produced a thousand others like it all over the country.*

The new hotel whose construction he regarded with horror in 1924 was the same old Battery Park Hotel whose abandonment I mourned just fifty years later. This was the painful lesson I learned by going home again: change, radical and senseless change, is far more characteristic of our culture than any of those mellow scenes in my memory.

Looking back through the familiar maze of cheaply built motels and hamburger stands, I had to admit that this place no longer had any connection with my past. I might just as well visit Atlanta or Charlotte or Jacksonville or Hartford. I feel no obligation to ever return. □

The Biltmore estate

GOING HOME AGAIN

Photographed by John Vachon

The old Asheville of Thomas Wolfe and Scott Fitzgerald is not entirely gone. Some of its remains appear on this and the following pages. Today the only tenants of these houses once filled with life are the ghosts of Thomas Wolfe and the Gant family he wrote about in the book *Homeward, Angel.*



"This terrific orgy of books brought him no comfort, peace, or wisdom of the mind and heart."



"Behind any of a million shabby houses he believed there was strange buried life, subtle and shattered romance, something dark and unknown."



Thomas Wolfe's Dixieland, 48 Spruce Street



"A stone, a leaf, a unfound door . O lost, and by th wind grieved, ghost, come bac again."





R. Buckminster Fuller

TIME PRESENT

R. Buckminster Fuller, the distinguished natural philosopher, perceives human societies and nature as Whole Systems, which, all together, form the grand coordinate Whole System of the universe. He has expressed these provocative perceptions in his writings and in his designs of the Dymaxion structures and the geodesic dome. In the 1920s Fuller pioneered the concept of ecology and in the 1950s the concept of Spaceship Earth: he sees our planet as a Whole System well equipped for a journey of indeterminate length—if humanity makes correct and sparing use of that equipment. In his new book, Synergetics: Explorations in the Geometry of Thinking *(Macmillan, April), Fuller explores his own as well as classic and post-Einsteinian perceptions of the nature of life in the universe. Below is a selection of excerpts from* Synergetics.

DEFINITION: SYNERGY

Synergy means behavior of whole systems unpredicted by the behavior of their parts taken separately.

The words *synergy (syn-ergy)* and *energy (energy)* are companions. Energy studies are familiar. Energy relates to differentiating out subfunctions of nature, studying objects isolated out of the whole complex of Universe—for instance, studying soil minerals without consideration of hydraulics or of plant genetics. But synergy represents the integrated behaviors, instead of all the differentiated behavior, of nature's galaxy systems and galaxy of galaxies.

Because synergy alone explains the eternally regenerative integrity of Universe, because *synergy* is the only word having its unique meaning, and because decades of querying university audiences around the world have disclosed only a small percentage familiar with the word *synergy*, we may conclude that society does not understand nature.

Four triangles out of two

By conventional arithmetic, one triangle plus one triangle equals two triangles. But in associations as left helix and right helix, they form a six-edged tetrahedron of *four* triangular faces. This illustrates an interference of two events impinging at the ends of their actions to give us something very fundamental: a tetrahedron, a system, a division of Universe into inside and outside. We get the two other triangles from the rest of the Universe because we are not out of this world. This is the complementation of the Universe that shows up time and again in the way structures are made and in the way crystals grow. As separate actions, the two actions and resultants were very unstable, but when associated as positive and negative helices, they complement one another as a stable structure.

Our two triangles now add up as *one plus one equals four*. The two make the tetrahedron the four-triangular-sided polyhedron. This is not a trick; this is the way atoms themselves behave. This is a demonstration of synergy.

SYNERGETICS

Discovery

Discoveries are uniquely regenerative to the explorer and are most powerful on those rare occasions when a generalized principle is discovered. When mind discovers a generalized principle permeating whole fields of special-case experiences, the discovered relationship is awesomely and elatingly beautiful to the discoverer personally, not only because to the best of his knowledge it has been heretofore unknown, but also because of the intuitively sensed potential of its effect upon knowledge and the consequently improved advantages accruing to humanity's survival and growth struggle in Universe. The stimulation is not that of the discoverer of a diamond, which is a physical entity that may be monopolized or exploited only to the owner's advantage. It is the realization that the newly discovered principle will provide

Copyright © 1975 by R. Buckminster Fuller and E. J. Applewhite.

spontaneous, commonsense logic engendering universal cooperation where, in many areas, only confusion and controversy had hitherto prevailed.

The climate of invention

In the competitive world of moneymaking, discoveries are looked upon as exploitable and monopolizable claims to be operated as private properties of big business. As a consequence, the world has come to think of both discoveries and patents as monopolized property. This popular viewpoint developed during the last century, when both corporations and government, supported by courts, have required individuals working for them to assign to them the patent rights on any discoveries or inventions made while in their employ.

So now the major portions of extant inventions belong to corporations and governments. Invention and discovery, however, are inherently individual functions of the minds of individual humans. Corporations are legal fabrications; they cannot invent and discover.

Coincidental nature of discoveries

What often seems to the individual to be an invention, and seems also to be an invention to everyone he knows, time and again turns out to have been previously discovered when patent applications are filed and the search for prior patents begins. Sometimes dozens, sometimes hundreds of patents covering the same idea will be found to have been issued or applied for. This simultaneity of inventing manifests a forward-rolling wave of logical exploration of which the trends are generated by the omni-integrating discoveries and the subsequent inventions of new ways to employ the discoveries at an accelerating rate, which is continually changing the metaphysical environment of exploratory and inventive stimulation.

CONCEPTUALITY

The greatest of all the faculties is the ability of the imagination to formulate conceptually. Conceptuality is subjective; realization is objective. Conceptuality is metaphysical and weightless; reality is physical.

Definition requires conceptuality. All local systems are conceptual. Conceptual totality is inherently prohibited. There is systematic conceptuality within the totality, but it is always cosmically partial.

The artist was right all the time. Nature is conceptual. This is the difference between visibility and invisibility. The invisible does not mean nonconceptual. Conceptuality is independent of visibility or invisibility. You can have conceptuality, or an understanding of the principles, independent of size, which makes it possible to conceive of events as they occur at magnitudes that would be subvisible or supravisible. Conceptuality operates experimentally, independent of size. Size alone can come to zero, not conceptuality.

SIZE

Conceptuality operates independent of size. Whether referring to the size of an object in respect to other objects or the sizes of any one object's subdivisions, *size* emerges exclusively as a cyclic-frequency concept, uniquely differentiating out each special-case experience.

Size is a measure of three kinds of energetic experience: a measure of relative magnitude of separate linear, areal, and volumetric rates of change, each one having a differently rated change velocity.

Size and time are synonymous. Frequency and size are the same phenomenon.

TIME

Time is experience. Time can be *expressed* only in relative magnitude ratios of relevant experiences. Time can be *defined* only in terms of the relative frequency of reoccurrence of relative angular changes of the observer's environment, the relative frequency-of-occurrence rate being referenced to any constantly recycling behavior of any chosen subsystem of Universe, e.g., a clock.

"Time is not the fourth dimension, and should not be so identified. Time is only a relative observation."



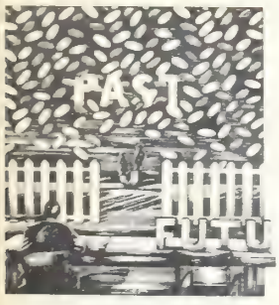
Newton said that time was a very specific phenomenon, assuming that there was a specific and finite time that permeated Universe and that everything observable in Universe was occurring at the same time. It was Einstein who discerned that time might be relative to the individual observer. A majority of academic people and the vast majority of nonscientists are still using the classical Newtonian scientific conceptioning of "instant Universe." While the



Paul Spina

speed of light (approximately 700 million miles per hour) is very fast in relation to automobiles, it is very slow in relation to the "no time at all" of society's obsolete instant-Universe thinking. It was part of the classical scientist's concept of instant Universe that Universe is a system in which all parts affect one another *simultaneously* in varying degrees. Contemporary science as yet assumes that all local systems in physical Universe are instantly and simultaneously affecting one another in widely ranging degrees of influence. (And the degrees of influence are governed by relative proximity.)

Minimal consciousness evokes a nonsimultaneous sequence, ergo *time*. Time is not the fourth dimension and should not be so identified. Time is only a relative observation, a set of local sequences of experience after-image formulation lags of the brain. Time is not a function of space. We can discuss time as if there were no time. It exists in weightless, metaphysical conceptuality. There is a metaphysical timeless time. Instantaneity would eliminate otherness, time, and self-and-other-awareness. Instantaneity and eternity are both timeless: they are the same.



No-time-at-all

Intellect is top speed, which is instantaneous, being vastly faster than the speed of light and all radiation. Seven hundred million miles an hour is very slow in comparison to 700 million miles a minute and infinitely slower than 700 hundred million miles in no-time-at-all—which is the rate at which intellect operates, being able to jump instantly to consideration of stars that are operating millions of years ago and thousands of light-years away.

The top speed of radiation is simply the minimum operational lag before making the cosmic leap to the eternal no-speed, where the instantaneity spontaneous to a child's conceptioning is normal and eternal. Not that it is ever lost. None of the differentiation of the generalized principles is lost. Many principles as yet undiscovered are nonetheless operative. Understanding is exquisitely total. Understanding includes a large increment of intuition to account for the as-yet-undiscovered but nonetheless operative generalized principles.



Motion is not relative to *standing still*. Motion is relative to eternity, which is no-time-at-all. No-time-at-all is inherent in the generalized principles which, to be valid, must have no exceptions and be eternal, thus eternally true. The beginning of awareness, of intellect, is otherness. The whole complex of different and nonintercontradictory, all-interaccommodative, generalized principles is eternal: complexity is eternal.

Newton's norm, as disclosed in his first phrase of his first law of motion, was "at rest." Newton's stars were "fixed." The planets and the moons of the planets, as well as comets, were in motion because hurled into motion by explosion from "fixed" stars.

Eternal instantaneity

The norm of Einstein is absolute speed instead of "at rest"—what we called instantaneous in our innocence of yesterday. We get to lesser and lesser lags, and we then approach eternal instantaneity—no lag at all. We have now learned, however, from our generalizations of the great complexity of the interactions of principles, that as we are disembarrassed of our local exclusively physical chemistry, our local information-sensing devices, what will be realized is an eternal and instantaneous awareness of all the potentials that ever existed. All the great metaphysical integrity of the individual, which is potential in the complex of interactions of the generalized principles, will always and only coexist eternally. I am saying that the arrival rate of intellect vs. the top speed of radiation manifests the minimum lag short of no lag at all, i.e., "eternal."

Intuition derives from the approximate instantaneity of intellect, which is much faster than any physical phenomenon like the brain lags. Intuition is the absolute-velocity insistence of the intellect upon the laggingly reflexed brain to call its attention to significance of various special-case, brain-registered, experience relationships. Intuition is intellect coming instantly in at highest speed into dominance over lower-speed, lagging brain reflexing.

NONSIMULTANEITY

Thought discovers that we divide Universe into an "outwardness and inwardness," so thinking is the first subdivision of Universe, because Universe, we discovered, was finite. Thinking is a nonsimultaneously recallable aggregate of inherently finite experiences and finite experience furniture—such as photons of light. One of the most important observations about our thought is the discovery that experiences are

My name is Tony Jones. I just quit my job as Associate Editor of Harper's Magazine because I had an offer I couldn't refuse.

u see, for some time now I've been hoping to start an tirely new kind of publication. Now the opportunity is re—*if* I can persuade you to help me make the most of

, not by subscribing. I need writers. Researchers. Editors. quirements: You are on your own.

d by you, I mean *you*. The new publication I'm asking u to help get started will be produced by its readers. you, I hope.

a matter of fact, the whole idea hinges on whether or t you contribute. Let me give you some background: as proud to work on Harper's Magazine, and I worked rd on it, but Harper's and other top magazines are mmitted to publishing the "best" writers in the world. is is understandable. And I agree we need this kind of rce.

t this policy locks out communication of another, and my opinion just as necessary, sort—different, honest, lependent messages from the great numbers of intelli- nt and involved men and women who don't happen to writers who know editors.

want to offer a variety of communications from real ople about just about anything. Short and pithy. Or ger if it plays that way. I'd have more by-lines than y other publication in the world. *If* my readers really l contribute.

a real sense, this communication would be a collection points of view. A swatch of our consciousness. An on- ng biopsy of our civilization.

hen I announced my intention to Russell Barnard, the blisher of Harper's, he pledged that if I could actually velop the kind of magazine I wanted, he would pub- it.

I've decided to revive the famous HARPER'S WEEK- , a national newspaper that flourished concurrently h the monthly Harper's Magazine from 1857 to 1916.

e people who ran that old weekly had the temerity to l it "a journal of civilization." Well, that is exactly at I have in mind for the new Harper's Weekly.

want *you*, its reader, to write for it. I want you to write out your point of view from where you are. If you are businessman and you want to talk about business, go ead. If you are a housewife and you want to write about effects of permissiveness on children, I think you are hly qualified. If you are a doctor who wants to pick a pen and write a piece on your secret desire to be- me a hod carrier, I think it would be interesting.

you see it? A magazine containing people's thoughts l shouts. A kind of extended variant of the Op-Ed ge of The New York Times, the letters to the editors of times, hubbubby, and reflective of our civilization.

nkly, many "experts" say Harper's Weekly doesn't e a chance. Reason? That you won't believe that I really mean what I say about *you* writing for it or researching for it.

Friend, I not only mean it, I mean it so much that *my* main worry about this enterprise is that you *won't* contribute.

I believe we need more exchange. We need more men and women of letters. People who can sit down and think something through and then write about it—not necessarily for posterity but to get the rest of us *thinking*.

Look, I'm also going to go out and buttonhole a person I think we should hear from who may not be a subscriber. And ask him to write. And I'm thinking of challenging some young artists to see if they can do as well with cartoons as old Thomas Nast did. I reserve rights like that. But once again, reader friend, the nub of the magazine will be your contributions, clips, original writing, or responses to other writing.

I've always felt it was a distinctly American trait that we *had* something to say. All of us. And that we couldn't be scared off or even bored off from saying it.

That when it came right down to it, we stood up and spoke our minds and left it at: "That's my opinion, bub."

I believe this is still true. And I love it about us. As for the reading, I believe we have a genuine and unfulfilled hunger to talk to each other.

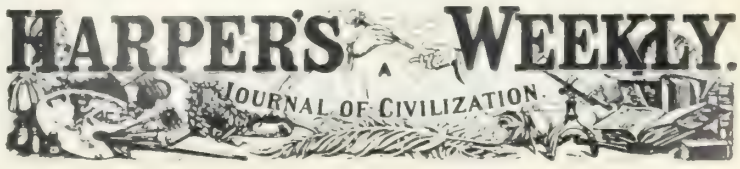
O.K. If you're interested, you can help us in any of 3 ways.

1. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan a wide variety of publications such as your local newspaper, specialized newsletters, professional, literary and political journals. Clip and send us items you think deserve attention. For each item we use, you'll receive a credit line and a research fee of $10.

2. *Write for us,* especially about things in your immediate experience that deserve sharing. Published contributions will carry your name and hometown, and you will receive an honorarium of $25.

3. *Support Harper's Weekly.* Take a subscription. 24 issues for $6. Try to get all your friends to do the same. Harper's Weekly. "A Journal of Civilization." Or an inquiry into whether or not *personal accountability* is still a real force in us.

As I have said (perhaps ad nauseam) it all depends on you. We really need your opinion (and your pledge to work with us). It will have a vital effect on our future or non-future. Please respond. Whether you subscribe or not, please return the card to us with your name and address so that we can consider your ideas and get back to you. Thank you.



nonsimultaneous. Nonsimultaneity is a fundamental characteristic, and if experiences are nonsimultaneous, you cannot have simultaneous reconsideration.

All the words of all the vocabularies could be said to represent all the formalized attempts of men to communicate all their experiences. So we could set out to examine all the dictionaries of the world. We can pick up any one dictionary and discover that it is a nice finite package. We can open one page, but we cannot look at all the words at once. If we cannot look at all the words even on one page, we certainly cannot look at all the words of a whole dictionary at once. It does not make the dictionary infinite because we cannot look at all the words at once or think about all the words at once. The inability to think about everything at once does not mean that experience or consideration of experience is infinite. It is perplexing that one of the most persistent contemplations of human beings has been predicated on a static concept of Universe, the kind of Universe as a fixed, static picture, which we try to do when people ask where the outwardness of Universe ends. Humans try to get a finite unit package. We have a monological propensity for the *thing*, the *key*, the *building block* of Universe. What we discover here is that it is not possible to think about all Universe at once. It is nonsimultaneously conceptual. This in no way mitigates against its finiteness and thinkableness.

The parents tell the child he cannot have both the sun and the moon in the picture at the same time. The child says that you can. The child has the ability to coordinate nonsimultaneity. The parents have lost the ability to coordinate nonsimultaneity. One of our great limitations is our tendency to look only at the static picture, the one confrontation. We want one-picture answers; we want key pictures. But we are now discovering that they are not available.

We can think about all the experiences progressively and successively. And we can coordinate our thoughts about our experiences. Our very ability to think is such a propensity for the coordination of the reconsiderations of relationships. We do not have to be simultaneous to be interconnected. We can telephone across the international date line from Sunday back to Saturday.

We have had a tendency in our thinking to say that what is finite is statically conceptual as a one-unit glimpse, so we have been seemingly frustrated in trying to understand Universe which is an omnidirectional experience, and so we feel there ought to be an outwardness of this sphere. That is a static concept. We are not dealing with such a sphere at all, because we have all these nonsimultaneous reports, and all we have is the interconnectedness of the nonsimultaneity. One of Einstein's most intellectual discoveries was this nonsimultaneity, which he apparently could have come upon by virtue of his experience in examining the thoughts of inventors and their patent claims regarding timekeeping devices, watches, and clocks.

The speed-of-light measurements plus Planck's quantum mechanics and Einstein's relativity showed that Universe is an aggregate of nonsimultaneous events. Their experiments showed that as each of the nonsimultaneous events lost their energy, they lost it to newly occurring events. Thus energy always became 100 percent accounted for.

LIFE

Life is the eternal present in the temporal. Life is the *now* event with reaction *past* and resultant *future*. Each individual life is a special-case articulation of the infinite variety of "scenarios" to be realized within the multidegrees of freedom and vast range of frequencies of actions that are accommodated by the generalized laws governing Universe. With death, the individual probably loses nothing but gains the insight and knowledge of all others as well.

SYMMETRY

Definition

It has been customarily said by the public journals, assuming they echo public opinion that "the scientists wrest order out of chaos." But the scientists who have made the great discoveries have been trying their best to tell the public that, as scientists, they have never found chaos to be anything other than the superficial confusion of innately a priori human ignorance at birth—an ignorance that is often burdened by the biases of others to remain gropingly unenlightened throughout its life. What the scientists have always found by physical experiment was an a priori orderliness of nature, or Universe always operating at an elegance level that made the discovering scientists' own working hypotheses seem crude by comparison. The discovered reality made the scientists' exploratory work seem relatively disorderly.

story by Nadine Gordimer

A LION ON THE FREEWAY

Open up!
Open up!

What hammered on the door of sleep?

Who's that?

Anyone who lives within a mile of the zoo
ars lions on summer nights. A tourist could
fooled. Africa; already; at last; even though
went to bed in yet another metropole.
Just before light, when it's supposed to be
kest, the body's at its lowest ebb, and in the
spital on the hill old people die at last—the
ht opens, a Black Hole between stars, and
m it comes a deep panting. Very distant and
nce very close, right in the ear, for the sound
breath is always intimate. It grows and grows,
per, faster, more rasping, until a great groan,
ising groan lifts out of the curved bars of the
e and hangs above the whole city—
And then drops back, sinks away, becomes
ting again.
Wait for it; it will fall so quiet, hardly more
n a faint roughness snagging the air in the
's chambers. Just when it seems to have sunk
ween strophe and antistrophe, a breath is
en and it gasps once; pauses, sustaining the
ht as a singer holds a note. And begins once
re. The panting reaches up up up down down
wn to that direful groan—

Open up!
Open up!

Open your legs.

In the geriatric wards, where lights are burn-
, they take the tubes out of noses and the
ne drip needles out of arms and draw the
ets to cover faces. I pull the sheet over my head. I can smell my own breath trapped there. It's very late; it's much too early to be awake. Sometimes the rubber tires of the milk truck rolled over our sleep. You turned. . . .

Roar is not the word. Children learn not to hear for themselves, doing exercises in the selection of verbs at primary school: "Complete these sentences: The cat ——s. The dog ——s. The lion ——s." Whoever decided that had never listened to the real thing. The verb is onomatopoeically incorrect, just as the heraldic beasts drawn by thirteenth- and fourteenth-century engravers at second hand from the observations of early explorers are anatomically wrong. Roar is not the word for the sound of great chaps sucking in and out the small hours.

The zoo lions do not utter during the day. They yawn; wait for their ready-slaughtered kill to be tossed at them; keep their unused claws sheathed in huge harmless pads on which top-heavy, untidy heads rest (the visualized lion is always a maned male), gazing through lid-slats with what zoo visitors think of in sentimental prurience as yearning.

Or we were near the Baltic, and the leviathan hooted from a night fog at sea. But would I dare open my mouth now? Could I trust my breath to be sweet, these stale nights?

It's only on warm summer nights that the lions are restless. What they're seeing when they gaze during the day is nothing, their eyes are open but they don't see us—you can tell that when the lens of the pupil suddenly shutters at the close swoop of one of the popcorn-begging pigeons through the bars of the cage. Otherwise

Nadine Gordimer, a South African writer, is the author of Not for Publication, and Other Stories *(Viking).*

Nadine Gordimer

A LION ON THE FREEWAY

the eye remains blank, registering nothing. The lions were born in the zoo (for a few brief weeks the cubs on show to the public, children may hold them in their arms). They know nothing but the zoo; they are not expressing our yearnings. It's only on certain nights that their muscles flex and they begin to pant, their flanks heave as if they had been running through the dark night while other creatures shrank from their path, their jaws hang tense and wet as saliva flows as if in response to a scent of prey, at last they heave up their too-big heads, heavy heads, and out it comes. Out over the suburbs. A dreadful straining of the bowels to deliver itself: a groan that hangs above the houses in a low-lying cloud of smog and anguish.

O Jack, O Jack, O Jack, oh—I heard it once through a hotel wall. Was alone and listened. Covers drawn over my head and knees drawn up to my fists. Eyes strained wide open in the dark. Sleep again!—my command. *Sleep again.*

It must be because of the new freeway that they are not heard so often lately. It passes its five-lane lasso close by, drawing in the valley between the zoo and the houses on the ridge. There is traffic there very late, too early. Trucks. Tankers, getting a start before daylight. The rising spray of rubber spinning friction on tarmac is part of the quality of city silence; after a time you don't hear much beyond it. But sometimes —perhaps because of a breeze. Even on a still summer night there must be some sort of breeze opening up toward morning. Not enough to stir the curtains: a current of air has brought, small, clear, and distant, right into the ear, the sound of panting.

Or perhaps neat whisky after dinner. The rule is don't drink after dinner. A metabolic switch trips in the brain: open up.

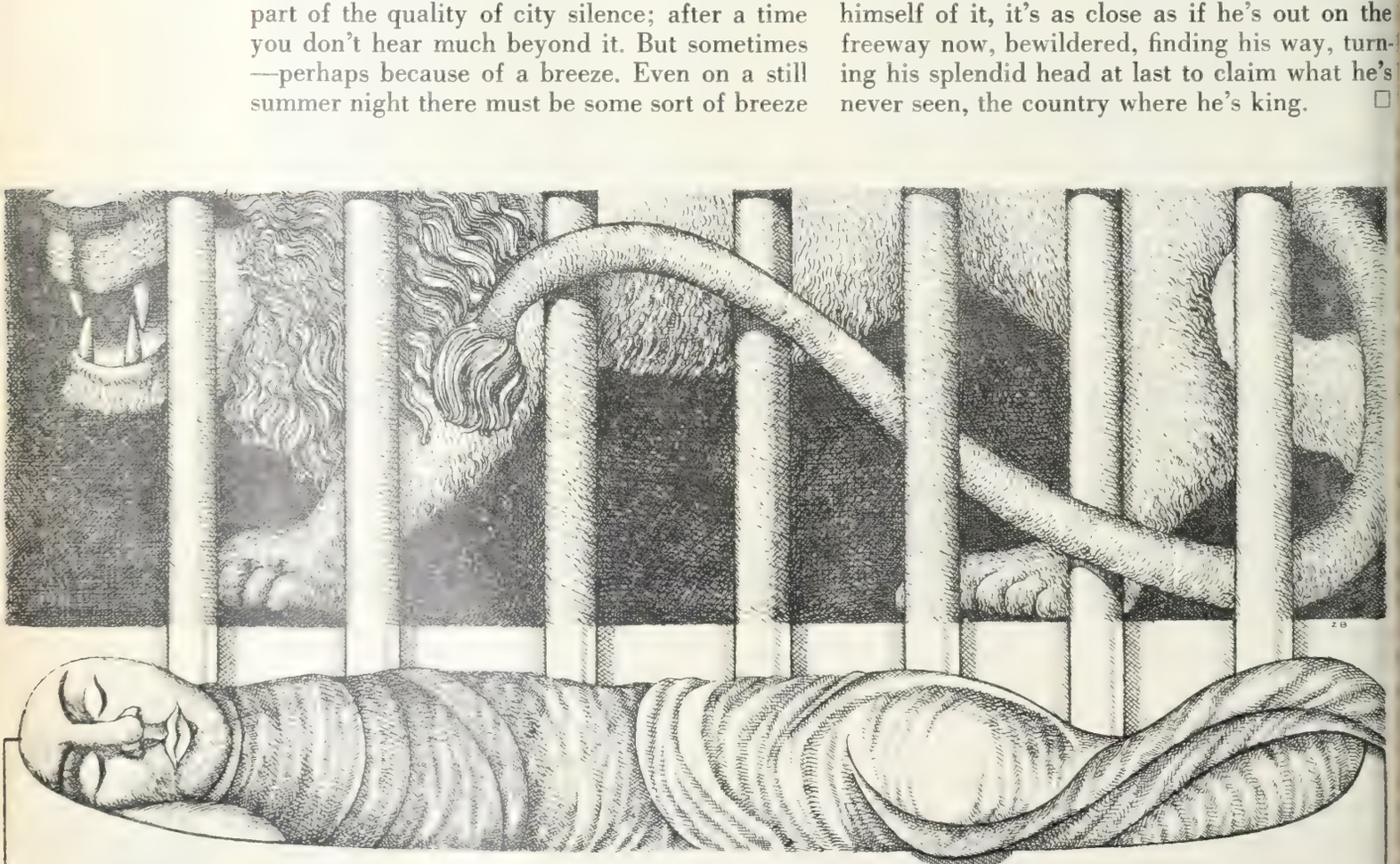
Who's that?

A truck of potatoes going through traffic lights quaked us sixteen flights up.

Slack with sleep, I was impaled in the early hours. You grew like a tree and lifted the pavements; everything rose, cracked, and split free.

Who's that?

Or something read in the paper . . . Yes. Last night—this night—in the City Late, front page, there were the black strikers in the streets, dockers with sticks and knobkerries. A thick, prancing, black centipede with thousands of waving legs advancing. The panting grows louder, it could be in the garden or under the window; there comes that pause, that slump of breath. Wait for it; waiting for it. Prance, advance, over the carefully tended please keep off the grass. They went all through a city not far from this one, their steps are so rhythmical, waving sticks (no spears anymore, no guns yet), they can cover any distance, in time. Shops and houses closed against them while they passed. And the cry that came from them as they approached—that groan straining, the rut of freedom bending the bars of the cage, he's delivered himself of it, it's as close as if he's out on the freeway now, bewildered, finding his way, turning his splendid head at last to claim what he's never seen, the country where he's king. □



Zevi Blum

COMMENTARY

WHEN DID YOU STOP WANTING TO BE PRESIDENT?

An unscientific poll of interested parties

never started. Now, more than er, I believe the job must "seek the an." Aspiration to the Presidency the stuff of boyhood dreams for a of youngsters (and I hope it conues to be), but an adult must have other perspective.

If, at a time in history, growing mbers of people express belief at a particular person holds the ght set of principles to be President, ents will find a way of setting themves in motion which he must acpt or pass by.

But the man who sets out to acire the Presidency—with singlended drive, zeal, yearning, and anning—may forget that it is the b's symbolic inspiration for the ople, not the actual power, that is portant. Unfortunately, that has ppened more than once in this cenry. The Framers of the Constitution resaw the President as another citin, a human being first, who also d a blend of abilities to inspire his llow citizens to cherish liberty and ability to understand what they nted accomplished.

Americans like to be inspired by eir Presidents. The Watergate saga minished the inspirational quality the job, but I have no doubt it ll recover.

I am concerned, though. We need lower our expectations for miracleorking on the part of our Presints. Ever since FDR appeared to ll off some genuine miracles durg the Depression (with delayed ws he didn't foresee), we have me to expect the President and the deral government to instantly solve st about any human problem that mes along.

Governments tend not to solve oblems, only rearrange them, and t instantly at that. As our symbolic ader, the President is the first one catch the wrath of those most dispointed. He should set the right ample, both personally and in the conduct of his duties, but he can't be an emperor, a philosopher-king, or a magician. The sooner we let that be known, the sooner we'll have public confidence in the position go up again.

—Ronald Reagan

Ronald Reagan, former Republican Governor of California, is a member of the new Presidential commission studying the CIA's alleged misconduct.

I stopped on March 22, 1973, about 6:30 A.M. Sudden Watergate disillusionment? Fear of executive burdens in my old age? No—this was the hour my daughter Juliet was born, when my privacy became more cherished than ever.

Actually, I gave up wanting to be President at the age of four, when I decided I would be a fireman instead. (I have also given up from time to time wanting to sing at the Metropolitan, pitch for the Washington Senators, and sell seashells at the seashore.)

But my experiences since age four have not caused me to want the job actively again. The qualities usually required to be a good President, I observed during my years in the White House, are not beyond the reach of any reasonably intelligent, energetic citizen experienced in public affairs. But the qualities usually required to *become* President—the willingness to compromise one's privacy, preferences, and precision of commitment—are generally gained only by long and successful pursuit of the political profession.

That is not my profession, though I honor it. We should all stop begrudging the fact that only politicians are considered for the Presidency and start being grateful for their willingness to undergo that ordeal (the race, not the job).

I hope that public financing and other campaign reforms will over the years make it less of an ordeal—at least by the time Juliet or one of her brothers is thirty-five.

—Theodore C. Sorensen

Theodore Sorensen, a New York attorney, was counsel to President Kennedy. His latest book is Watchmen in the Night: Presidential Accountability After Watergate *(MIT Press).*

I aspired, and though I achieved not, I was satisfied.

—George Romney

George Romney has no regrets.

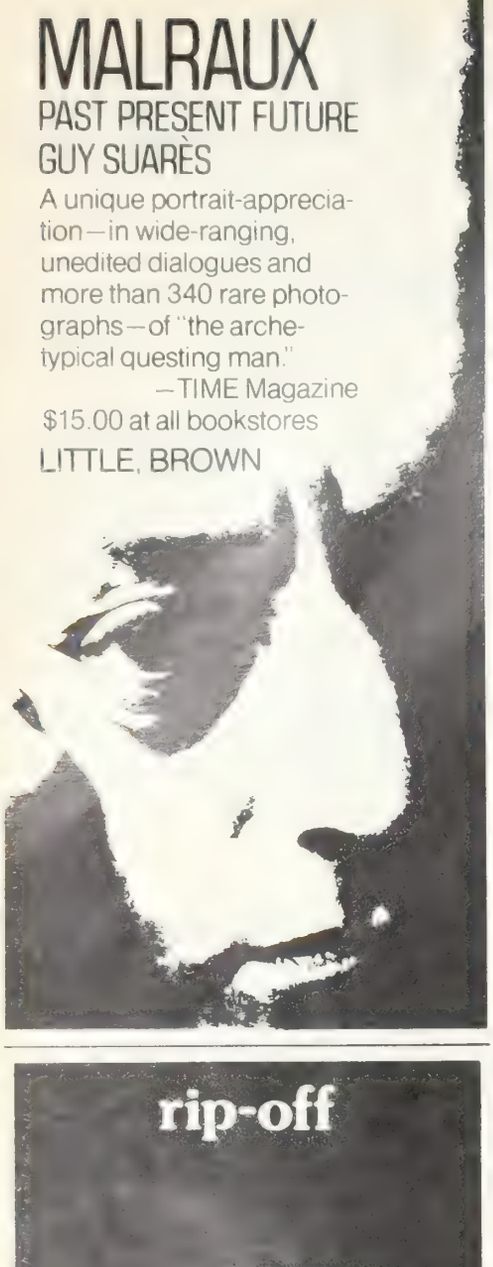
The sad truth about the political events of the Seventies is that they have had an impact, negative and overwhelming, on our collective sense of institutional well-being. They threaten an erosion of faith in the political process, a belief in the corruption of politics, diminished public interest and private involvement in public life, and temporary blindness where there is a need for a cogent and healing vision of the future.

Yet, despite this litany of regret, there is a value to our sadness. For these same events have helped all Americans remember who we are and how much we depend upon the integrity of the institutions that we support and which, in turn, support us.

I believe the Presidency will withstand the tests of the times, and it will survive them without significant alteration. I take exception to the notion that our constitutional system is in need of basic revision or that abusive application of power is necessarily an indictment of the power structure. Certainly the abuses we have witnessed are unconscionable, but one fundamental reality remains: every major public executive, wheth-

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

MALRAUX
PAST PRESENT FUTURE
GUY SUARÈS
A unique portrait-appreciation—in wide-ranging, unedited dialogues and more than 340 rare photographs—of "the archetypical questing man."
—TIME Magazine
$15.00 at all bookstores
LITTLE, BROWN



er he or she is a mayor or a Governor or a President, carries responsibilities and faces challenges far beyond the scope of the power inherent in these offices.

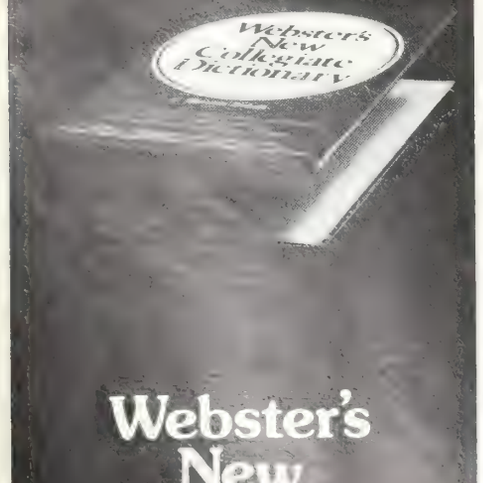
Healthy restraints upon the Presidency are unquestionably desirable. But the effect of restructuring must be a restoration of public trust in the office of the President and not an abdication of Presidential authority. The central problem is not power, but rather how accountability for that power can be guaranteed. Reducing the scope of a political office is not a panacea for irresponsible use of that office.

There is no fail-safe mechanism against abuse in high public office. What is needed, therefore, is a review of our standards for the selection of the men and women we place in these offices. If there is any lesson of the trying months past, it is simply that awesome responsibility demands unusual character, and that the quality of our national leadership will determine our success as a democracy.

—Kevin H. White

Kevin White, the Democratic mayor of Boston, takes a professional interest in national politics.

rip-off



Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary

It's where the words live.

MERRIAM-WEBSTER

My fascination with the Presidency goes back to age eight or nine when I memorized the names of chief executives from Washington through Truman and subjected various aunts and grandparents to the recitation. Slightly older, I bought rubbery bubble gum to get a set of brass coins with the heads of John Quincy Adams, Millard Fillmore, et al.

Boys in those days looked up to Presidents, and probably thought about being President. But that was a long time ago. I ain't lookin' up any more.

Nobody's enthusiasm wanes overnight. Ole Lyndon started the ball rolling with his surgical scar, phony rat-control bill, monogrammed underwear, and monogrammed female relations. Then Richard Nixon took over the task. I left his administration in early 1970 in displeasure with a plastic empire run by Haldeman-Ehrlichman soap salesmen. It was no fun writing critical columns in 1970 and 1971 when people were not yet ready to hear what twerps were running the White House. Now we've got Gerald Ford, who pops his own English muffins and focuses a different but just as painful embarrassment on the office.

The Presidency will take awhile t recover from all this, and the institu tion itself may be greatly changed The whole process may be watched best from a distance.

—Kevin Phillip

Kevin Phillips is the author of The Emergi Republican Majority *(Arlington House).*

Both in this life or any previous in carnations I have been able to chec out, I never wanted to be Presiden This innate decision was confirme when I became literate and saw th President pawing babies and spou ing bullshit. I attended Los Alamo Ranch School, where they later mad the atom bomb, and bombs burstin in air over Hiroshima gave proo through the night that our flag wa already there. Then came the Teapo Dome scandal under President Hard ing, and I remember the unspeak able Gaston Means, infamous privat eye and go-between in that miasm of graft, walking into a hotel roo full of bourbon-drinking, cigar-smok ing lobbyists and fixers, with a laun dry hamper.

"Fill it up boys, and we talk bus ness."

I do not mean to imply that m youthful idealism was repelled b this spectacle. I had by then learne to take a broad general view o things. My political ambitions wer simply of a humbler and less con spicuous caliber. I hoped at one tim to become commissioner of sewer for St. Louis County—$300 a month with the possibility of getting one shitty paws deep into a slush fund—and to this end I attended a softba game where such sinecures were a signed to the deserving and the fo tunate. Everybody I met said, "No I'm old So-and-so, running for suc and such, and anything you do fo me I'll appreciate."

My boyish dreams fanned by th heady atmosphere and three mint ju leps, I saw myself already in posse sion of the coveted post, which calle for a token appearance twice a wee to sign a few letters at the Old Cou House; while I'm there might as we put it on the sheriff for some mar juana he has confiscated, and he better play ball or I will route sewer through his front yard. An then across the street to the Cou House Café for a coffee with som

ther lazy bastards in the same line of usiness, and we wallow in corrupion like contented alligators.

I never wanted to be a front man ke Harding or Nixon—taking the ap, shaking hands, and making peeches all day, family reunions nce a year. Who in his right mind ould want a job like that? As comissioner of sewers I would not be alled upon to pet babies, make peeches, shake hands, have lunch ith the queen; in fact, the fewer oters who knew of my existence, the etter. Let kings and Presidents keep he limelight. I prefer a whiff of coal as as the sewers rupture for miles round—I have made a deal on the iping which has bought me a 30,000 home, and there is talk in he press of sex cults and orgies carried out in the stink of what made hem possible. Fluttering from the oof of my ranch-style house, over my int and marijuana, Old Glory floats azily in the tainted breeze.

But there were sullen mutters of evolt from the peasantry: "Is this he American way of life?" I thought o, and I didn't want it changed, sitting there in my garden, smoking he sheriff's reefers, coal gas on the ind sweet in my nostrils as the smell f oil to an oil man or the smell of ullshit to a cattle baron. I sure did sweet thing with those pipes, and 'm covered, too. What I got on the Governor wouldn't look good on the ront page, would it, now? And I have ny special police to deal with vanlalism and sabotage, all of them andsome youths, languid and vious as reptiles, described in the ress as no more than minions, lackys, and bodyguards to His Majesty he Sultan of Sewers.

The thoughts of youth are long, ong thoughts. Then I met the guberatorial candidate, and he looked at ne as if trying to focus my image hrough a telescope and said, "Anyhing I do for you I'll depreciate." And I felt the dream slipping away rom me, receding into the past, dim, erky, far away—the discrete gold etters on a glass door: William S. Burroughs, Commissioner of Sanation. Somehow I had not intersected. I was not one of them. Perhaps I was simply the wrong shape. Some of ny classmates, plump, cynical, unthletic boys with narrow shoulders nd broad hips, made the grade and went on to banner headlines concerning $200,000 of the taxpayers' money and a nonexistent bridge or highway, I forget which. It was a long time ago. I have never aspired to political office since. The Sultan of Sewers lies buried in a distant 1930s softball game.

What would you do if you were in the President's place? You would be inexorably pressured by the forces and the individuals that made you President, and by your own desire to be President in the first place; so you would wind up doing just what they all have done. It's enough to stop any sane man from wanting to be President. —William S. Burroughs

William Burroughs is the author of Naked Lunch, The Soft Machine, *and most recently,* Exterminator! *(Viking).*

In my case the question is not the one you ask, but rather this: "When will you start wanting to be President of the United States?"

You may recall that in 1968 my critics, especially the liberal critics, said that I did not want the Presidency enough, and that for that reason I should not be elected.

My defense, which they would not accept, was that whereas I did not "want" to be President of the United States, I was willing to be President, and that "willing" is a stronger commitment than "wanting." There were in 1968 any number of politicians who wanted the Presidency more than I did, but who were unwilling to take the risks of campaigning against an incumbent President.

The electorate should be suspicious of Presidential candidates who want the Presidency too much or too soon. No one who says that he or she has wanted to be President of the United States since the age of ten or twelve should be elected. At that age, a more proper and becoming ambition is to be a firefighter, a figure-skating champion, or a major-league baseball player.

Voters should also be wary of candidates who, on first seeing the White House, said, "That is the house in which I want to live."

If things continue to go as they have been in recent years, and the office of the Presidency is conceived and operated as it has been, I may not only be willing to be President, but I may even want the office in 1976. —Eugene J. McCarthy

Eugene McCarthy recently decided to stop being ambiguous and to start running.

GET ABOUT 100 lbs. OF TOMATOES FROM 4 PLANTS



JAPANESE TOMATO RING

Yields an astounding crop in small space!

If you love tomatoes you'll have the time of your life and save money as you reap a bumper crop of ripe, healthy red beauties from a 5 ft. circle with this proven, rewarding technique from the orient.

Send $1 check or money order today for illustrated booklet with simple plans of the Tomato Ring plus interesting tomato facts and unusual tomato recipes.

Send $1 check or money order

TOMATOES! TOMATOES!
SHERRELL HOUSE
Box 76711, Atlanta, Ga. 30328

use your zip code

WRITERS! ATTENTION!
Learn how to keep track and know where your manuscripts are at all times. Use copyrighted "Manuscript Record Book." For all Free Lancers. Invaluable for beginners. Write today for free descriptive literature.
CHAMBERLAIN BOOKS
Lynnville, Indiana 47619

Up Date Your Fireplace With . . .
REICHMAN EQUIPMENT



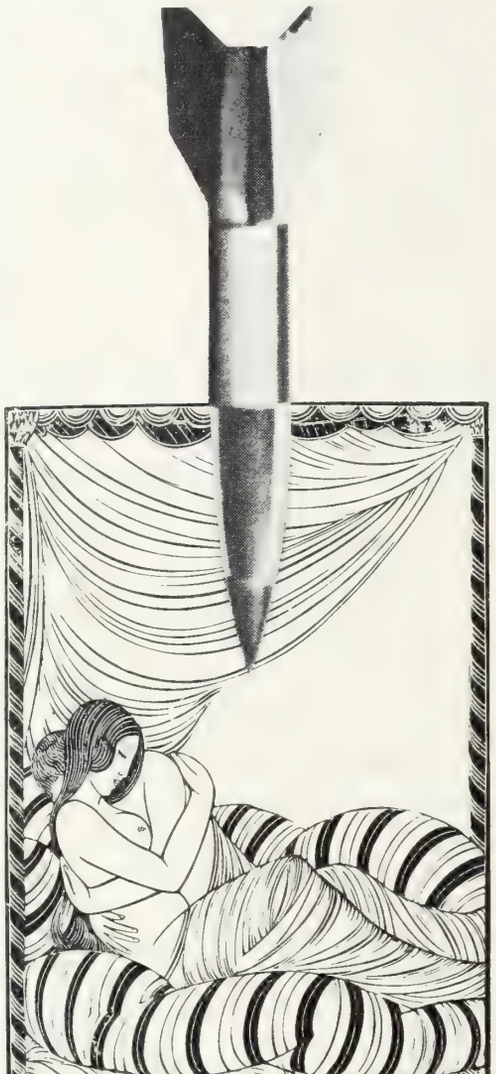
Save fuel costs, bring your fireplace back to life with Reichman equipment. Standard and custom-made screens to fit any opening with matching hand-forged tools and accessories. At better stores, check for the Reichman trade-mark and accept no substitutes. Write for folder and enclose 25c to cover costs. Custom Wrought Products Greentown, Pa. 18426

BOOKS

WHAT IS THOMAS PYNCHON TELLING US?

by Josephine Hendin

V. Lippincott, $5.95; paper, $1.25 (Bantam).
Gravity's Rainbow. Viking, $15; paper, $4.95.



THOMAS PYNCHON KNOWS the high cost of living better than anybody except the devil. Pynchon is the evil genius of our time, the man with the quickest eye for what makes this an age of rapacity and sexual hate. He is the American Goya whose dazzling canvases are lit from hell, whose message is: Death Rules.

The dream of this age is the dream of vulnerability conquered. Pynchon's first novel put life together as a diabolic pact in which you could trade your soul for insurance against hell on earth. At twenty-five he dared to say that what his generation required was salvation from death *and* life. His novel *V.* showed the way to eternal experience without anger, pain, or fear. Published in 1963, it was set in 1955 because the Cold War was an unbeatable image for the standoff between Eros and Thanatos in suburban marriages, in New York games of musical blankets, for the deadlock whose linear representation was the symmetrical letter V. Pynchon saw the freeze as an emotional necessity. He wrote about people who knew that love could not diminish suffering because it was love that produced half the anguish there was. He knew what the world wanted was not another Christ but an end to the daily passion play.

Pynchon's symbol for human salvation was not the cross, but the partridge in the pear tree: the bird lives off the pears; his droppings fertilize the tree so it can make more pears; the bird makes more droppings. Nature is a Newtonian motion machine powered by crap. Among people, too, salvation is symbiosis. The prime mover shows you how to keep it going without upsetting the bird! Pynchon's Christmas present to his generation was the God who was a birdbrain machine.

Technology is commonly blamed as the source of all our woes, our short-circuited relations, our IBM-ized lives. But many people envy machines. Pynchon loves and hates his messiah machine in *V.*, Benny Profane, a man whose nightmare is that his "clock-heart" and "sponge" brain will be disassembled on the rubble-strewn streets, but whose grace is his ability to be a perpetual-motion man who rolls on too fast to lose his heart or let anyone touch the controls of his mind. The profane Christ is the one who won't get crucified.

Profane's world is no vale of tears. His nativity is one Christmas Eve in the Sailor's Grave Bar, the hip world where every man's a drunken sailor, and women are interchangeable quick lays. Everyone's waiting for Suck Hour, the moment when Chow Down calls the sailors to custom beer taps made of foam rubber in the shape of large breasts. There were seven taps and an average of 250 sailors diving to be given suck by a beer-breast. There's very little nourishment in Pynchon's world. His wise man controls his thirsts. Profane does not really want to turn on anything, even a beer tap. He wants a woman who will not love him but be a really self-contained machine: "Any problems with her you could look up in a maintenance manual. Remove and replace was all." He gets an erection thinking about the sex money can buy while reading the want ads, and notices his erection traces a line in the *Times*. But he waits until it subsides so he can choose the agency where it comes to rest. He wants the least exciting job. He has the peace that passeth understanding.

Josephine Hendin teaches at the New School for Social Research and is the author of The World of Flannery O'Connor.

If you think every American kid is protected against polio, you're dead wrong.

Remember the braces?

The iron lungs?

The wheel chairs?

They may not be part of your day-to-day life as they once were. But the *threat* of polio is.

That's because about a third of the kids in this nation haven't been immunized.

A third!

And that's suburban kids as well as city kids.

Here's more potentially dangerous news. There are also thousands of kids unprotected against measles, German measles, diphtheria, tetanus and whooping cough.

Why?

Some parents start out with the right protective measures, but they don't follow through.

Then there's the fact that a lot of parents are too young to remember those dreadful things we mentioned earlier.

Then there's one of mankind's oldest curses: complacency.

But what's more important than the reasons for the situation is the way to right it.

And that's for every parent of every child to check with the family doctor, or with the local health department.

To make sure every child is immunized.

As soon as possible.



If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.
The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Every few weeks, there's a little something new at your Post Office.



Bicentennial



Chautauqua Centennial





Goya

Universal Postal Union
1874-1974 10c US

At least sixteen times this year, something special will happen at your Post Office. A special stamp.

A recent one celebrated Kentucky's First Settlement.

In 1774, Kentucky was no-man's-land. King George III forbade anyone to settle there. And the Indians not only fought and forced each other off the land, they forced everyone else off too. Including Daniel Boone. But a group led by James Harrod formed Kentucky's First Settlement in what is now called Harrodsburg.

This stamp gives you a small picture of the exciting story that lies behind every stamp. And there are more terrific stamps: one on The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, and a beautiful Currier & Ives Christmas Masterpiece.

At the Post Office we issue special commemoratives like these every few weeks. And they make a great American collection. But since each stamp is a limited edition, none will be available for very long.

So stop by your Post Office often. It's the place to discover the fun of stamp collecting.

Stamp Collecting. For the fun of it.

Your Postal Service

Copyright 1974, U.S. Postal Service

Folk Art



D. W. Griffith



ISTORY PRODUCED this human Yo-Yo. The profane light began with Victorians' penetration of dark-s. Pynchon's favorite explorer, dolphin, went to Africa to civilize natives and discovered the can-al in himself, the need to murder beauty whose sexual pull made want to mutilate her. In a spec-ular scene he flees to the South e and finds, while digging a hole plant the British flag and reassert arctic respectability, an African der monkey all tail, clutch, and g. The heat of sex is connected h the ice of death. Does one lead the other because intimacy kills? lizing he will never escape the tructiveness in himself, the ex-rer embodies civilization's crucial stion: how to keep the monkey your back?

The history of male striving for con-l can be written in excrement, as rman O. Brown implied. Pynchon te it in his wacky sewer scenes ere evil is the devil you can't flush further away. Three of *V.*'s char-ers descend into the urban colon. Victorian priest preaches in the ers of New York because he sees ple as rats trying to become sanc-ed. He and his generation could l believe rats had souls. A middle-d man goes through the sewer king for clues to his mother, V., ause life is possible for him only the endless romantic quest that ps him too busy to notice the nch. Young Profane is on the er patrol just to earn the money women and food. He embraces meaninglessness as a value. He kes the directionless flow of crap life.

V. herself is female serenity, the an, eternal balance of emotional trol. She absorbs the force of war, all male thrusts, as erotic curios, l returns them when as mother abandons, as protectress she cor-ts, as lover she murders, as trans-tite priest she damns. She is the tructive, indestructible objet d'art o mutilates her body to adorn it h golden feet and a glass eye. She lways young, always fascinatingly utiful. One man dreams of her tatically as a young machine: "At 76, skin radiant with the bloom some new plastic, both eyes glass, t now containing photoelectric cells nected by silver electrodes to op-nerves. . . . Perhaps even a com-x system of pressure transducers located in a marvelous vagina of polyethylene, all leading to a single silver cable which fed pleasure volt-ages direct to the correct register of the digital machine in her skull." She is Profane's woman, the girl who has lost her virginity to the gear shift of her MG, whose great love is her car or its human equivalent, Profane. V. is a self-contained autoerotic ma-chine. V. is the crucial pivot, the pro-fane fulcrum on which you can sur-vive forever. V. is vulnerability con-quered.

Life is best as a machine! The de-gree to which men and women want each other to be ever-ready erotic tools, needing neither tenderness nor love, is one sign of sexual hate. Pyn-chon is saying that men control their destructiveness through Profane-like passivity and disengagement; that women conquer their vulnerability to men, life, and death by becoming virtual automatons who cannot feel a thing. "Keep cool, but care," some-one advises. The only way to contain your destructiveness is to deadlock the two, to be the partridge and pear tree locked in endless, profane life, forever content.

O TREES OF LIFE, when will your winter come?" asked Rilke. For Pynchon winter came somewhere be-tween *V.* and *Gravity's Rainbow*. Pynchon stopped playing the V. game, stopped telling us how to survive. He broke the balance of *V.*, released the deadlock between destructiveness and control, melted the Cold War into an open battle in which the rats sur-faced, and violence broke free for a war between life and death. Death won. Pynchon became the devil, the fantasist whose rainbow has its or-igin in gravity, the spirit of the down. *Gravity's Rainbow* is death's fantasy that life exists.

World War II is an irresistible image for death's primrose path of heroes and villains who kill each oth-er off. Pynchon's psychopolitical fan-tasy of war, for all its stunning his-torical detail, is an apolitical circus in which national differences do not matter, and allies and enemies are more dangerous to themselves than to each other. The combat unit for Pynchon is the whole Age of Aquar-ius encapsulated in the microcosm PISES, the Psychological Intelligence Schemes for Expediting Surrender. In that psychological warfare unit,



HEATHER HONEY.
A BEAUTIFUL IDEA FOR A LIQUEUR.

For over 700 years we've been taking the sweetest, most natural thing on earth and making it part of a fine liqueur. Imported Irish Mist.®

We use just a touch of pure heather honey. So it doesn't sweeten, it mellows Irish Mist's deep rich taste.

Discover what a beautiful idea it is.

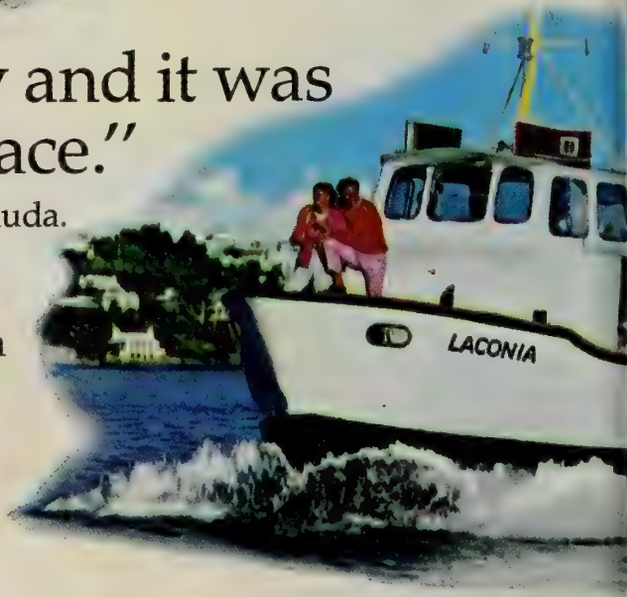
Antique jeweled bee, James Robinson, Inc., N.Y.

Imported Irish Mist® Liqueur. 80 proof.
©1974 Heublein, Inc., Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.



"We went to Horseshoe Bay and it was almost like a honeymoon place."

Dinah Tarbell on the Tarbells' first visit to Bermuda.



"We'd walk into little coves and go exploring in the shady rocks...It was beautifully secluded."

"I think Bermuda is a place to just be yourself and enjoy beautiful thoughts."



"The pipers at Fort Hamilton are gorgeous. They are really a sight. And they do it just for fun. Just because they love the history and tradition of it."

Bermuda

Unspoiled. Unhurried. Uncommo

See your travel agent or write Bermuda, Dept. **219.**
610 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10020 or 711 Statler Office Bldg., Boston, Mass.

is never clear whose surrender is
ng plotted because everyone is
sy devouring each other.
Why is the world so full of hate?
w did death beat out life? Pyn-
on embeds his question in a West-
n in which the fastest gun in Lon-
n is Tyrone Slothrop, an Amer-
n officer who is the ultimate lady-
ler. The places where he has gone
bed with his pickups are exactly
spots where the V-2 rockets fall.
e psychological warfare unit knows
s because Slothrop, who is a mem-
of it, keeps a map, charting with
d stars the places where he has
ored. Yes, he is exactly the sort of
n who would do this. Roger Mex-
, a statistician, charts the bomb
es. His map and Slothrop's are
ngruent. Is it the bomb that excites
throp or sex that draws destruc-
eness on the girls? Which came
t, the bloodsurge or the blood-
h? Will anyone stop the deadliest
n in London?
America's good guys are the en-
neers who claim to have all the
swers. Pynchon makes his points
out the quality of emotional life
this culture through their "prac-
al" expertise. Pointsman, a Pav-
ian, believes there is a point, a
ticular switch in the brain, that
ns on sex or death. If only he
uld find the mystery stimulus that
ntrols the switch, he could turn off
ath and win the Nobel Prize! He
uld end the war between the sexes!
intsman salivates as he devises
ys of checking out Slothrop's erec-
ns through a system of spies, se-
tresses, and voyeurs, longing like
creep he is to kill Slothrop's one
husiasm and eventually to castrate
n. Slothrop begins to suspect his
his is no longer his own. Paranoia
es as Pointsman's stimuli leave
throp less and less able to tell
asure from pain, dominance from
mission. "Paranoia, even Go-ya
uldn't draw ya!" sings Pynchon.
t Pynchon drew it in this fantasy:
are all dead and have been for
rs. The devil is tricking us into
ieving we are alive.
Pointsman's intelligence creates
dels of human reality as off/on
tches that emit the gases of the
ve. Pynchon's harshness toward
intsman is the mark of his total
ection of his own belief in the
ht tactic, the balance point he ex-
res in *V.* which can prevent hu-
n relations from toppling into
death. What Pynchon now hates is his own will to find the point outside in space—in spaciness—from which you can move the earth, or keep the life cycle going.

Mathematics increasingly allows for pointlessness, contingency, probability. Pynchon's anti-Pointsman is Roger Mexico, who tells the Pavlovian there is no explanation for the identical graphs for Slothrop's pickups and the bomb sites. "Bombs are not dogs. No link. No memory. No conditioning." Mexico seems to be happy with the discrete, chancy droppings of the bomb. Gödel's theorem showed the existence of unprovable assumptions in mathematic systems, in effect incorporating chance by institutionalizing it. Mexico is Chance, Inc. He is desperately clinging to meaninglessness to avoid the obvious fact in his life: his intense sexual passion for an unloving woman will be the death of him. Contingency, probability are ways of clouding what Pynchon sees as a fact: sex and death are the same; slaughter is a certainty. As Rilke wrote to a friend, "The future is stationary, dear Herr Kappus, but we are moving in infinite space."

POINTS AND POINTLESSNESS, meaning and meaninglessness are opposite sides of the same delusion, diversions into the traps of control or chance and away from the fact that life is uncontrollable. For Pynchon, only physicists give clear unequivocal statements that death has his undisputed hegemony in the universe, that life moves from order to disintegration, from differentiated structures to dispersed, undifferentiated matter, according to the second law of thermodynamics. Pynchon's law of human entropy orchestrates the life of the nation, the couple, the family, the individual into a symphony of death centuries in the unrolling, its pattern inaudible to any one listener because a lifetime unfolds only the most minuscule movement tricked out by the devil as the song of life.

What could look more like life than sex with an irresistible blonde who makes you feel like a leading man? Katje, sent by Pointsman to check out Slothrop's performance, makes him feel like a hero. He suspects she's out for more than she lets on, but he is, too. He hopes she knows



Brother Timothy's
Napa Valley Notebook

FIRST OF A SERIES

Napa Valley Zinfandel

One favorite controversy among viticulturists—professional and otherwise—is the origin of the unique Zinfandel grape.

This is one of the most popular California wine grapes. However, the quality of its fruit varies widely depending on where it is grown. We have found the climate and soils of the Napa Valley produce a superior Zinfandel.

Our Napa Valley Zinfandel is a fruity, deep red wine with a spicy, berry-like flavor. There is unexpected softness in the first sip, followed by a rich and satisfying deep aftertaste.

Part of the pleasure of serving wine is talking about it. I believe you'll enjoy introducing The Christian Brothers Zinfandel on any occasion, from picnics to formal dinners. And though it doesn't settle the controversy, you can say Zinfandel is a grape we love in the Napa Valley.

Brother Timothy F.S.C.

CELLARMASTER, THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS
NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc
San Francisco, California.

the secret that will unlock his humanity and make him feel some emotion. "His face above her unmoved, full of careful technique—is it for her? His desperate hope. . . . She will move him, she will not be mounted by a plastic shell. . . . Her breathing has grown more hoarse, over a threshold into sound. . . . Thinking she might be close to coming he reaches a hand into her hair, tries to still her head, needing to see her face; there is suddenly a struggle, vicious and real—she will not surrender her face —and out of nowhere she does begin to come and so does Slothrop." The hope for a woman who will connect, who will be your connection to life is betrayed by the recognition that the woman is as plastic as you are. What looks like the movements of love is really the dance of death.

Detached sex is depressing, but involved sex is death. Pynchon sees women who are in touch with their feelings as only in touch with evil. Greta Erdmann, an actress whose life is an Expressionist s-m movie, is Pynchon's vision of woman as lover, mother, a "total" woman who demanded to be gangbanged by the entire cast dressed in monster costumes after a filming, whose daughter is fathered by one of these beasts, who commits a series of child-murders, who raises her daughter for s-m incest with her and eventually murders her. Slothrop only dimly realizes in his affair with her that he craves cruelty, too, and is not the good guy he thought he was. She looks into a mirror one day and ecstatically sees the face of the devil. But Slothrop dreams of her as the Earth Mother, the genetrix at the bottom of an industry-poisoned river, her womb breeding all manner of monsters. Who fathered the mutants?

The devil of male industriousness, the polluted orgasms of industry, the male mind that creates structures, forms, controls that kill life, Pynchon's devil is a formalist; his evil is his ability to rape nature with elegance, with all the classiness of Thomas Pynchon's symmetrical alignments. Impersonal, scientific intelligence did Slothrop in; one of its devil geniuses was Kekulé, the pioneer of synthetic chemistry who dreamed of *his* baby, the benzene ring with an X-ray vision that revealed all the hidden structures of life. He dreamed of it as the great serpent that surrounds the world, its tail in its mouth, symbolizing the world as a closed thing, cyclical, eternally returning, inviolate. But he was only looking for the weak link, the vulnerable point where he could strike. His vision began the system that produced the plastic man Slothrop, the system that substituted for the eternal return the movement from death to death transfigured, the development of synthetic polymers whose origin and structure reflect gravity. In human terms this vision is expressed in Nazi "love," the homosexual sadism of Blicero, the German rocket man, toward young Gottfried, who, looking innocently at his "master," hears, "Can you feel in your body how strongly I have infected you with my dying? Fathers are the carriers of the virus of Death, and sons are the infected."

The history of death is the history of parental love. Slothrop is granted a buffoon's revelation of creation when he throws up in a barroom toilet and drops his harmonica into his slop. He dives in after it, only to get heaped with the excrement of others and flushed into a wasteland where he sees the souls of babies waiting to be born. They look like the remains of basket cases from the Great W
You are your parents' droppings,
remains of their discontent! Sloth
emerges from the wasteland with
realizing the extent to which he
made of excrement. But Pynch
knows, he knows it all. He tells y
how this culture turns life into pl
tic shit.

IN 1925 RILKE WROTE that "Dum
life from America" is replaci
"the cared-for animate houses, win
apples" of Europe. Pynchon goes f
ther, claiming that what America w
manufacturing best were plastic *p
ple*. Imipolex G, the polymer wh
every fiber is capable of erection,
the sexiest cloth there is, the myst
stimulus that conditioned Infant
rone's erections. Were they measu
against the foolproof factory-tes
polymer's? Slothrop's real father s
out his baby boy to a stimulus-
sponse experiment in return for
money to send him to college. P
chon is telling you that you
geared to excitement by syntheti
cast into your programming too so
to know what is happening, too
norant to realize that your fathe
love for your human possibilities w
so meager he was willing to pl
ticize you so that, alive or dead, y
would get through Harvard.

Slothrop's love-hate affair with t
V-2 rocket is the paradigm of
conditioning, of your conditionir
The rocket outstrips sound; the no
of its coming rises only after it h
already exploded. Before you kn
what has hit you, you are dead. T
is Pynchon's most powerful symb
for the subliminal takeover of yo
mind. Every Infant Tyrone gets bla
ed by the violence of his paren
war with each other, by their rage
ward him, by the anger of the Gre
Mother and the Blicero-Father w
divide your physical and mental p
between them.

The American Oedipal situation
the place where you lose your
lence, your attraction to everythi
your enthusiasm for life. This is
game where the mother who wo
like to kill, and the father w
controls, team up against
son who has to outwit them bo
Pynchon believes "Perilous Pop"
the antagonist of every Western,
ery comic strip. He is "every typi
American teen-ager's own father, t
ing episode after episode to kill

Which came first—intelligence or brain?

Intelligence CAME FIRST

A Study of Man & His Mind, E. Lester Smith, ed.

■ A panel of British scientists, led by Dr. Smith, F.R.S., tackles the question of precedence and this new book is their answer. Throughout evolution, function has preceded development of a specialized organ to exercise the function. Was intelligence an exception? In deciding not—and why—the panel has produced a challenging, even startling book that may help explain some of man's incredible behavior. 200pp. Cloth $8.50. Softbound $2.95.

A NEW QUEST BOOK... FROM ALL BOOKSTORES

or postpaid promptly from Quest Books Dept. HM, 306 West Geneva Road, Wheaton, IL 60187

The Theosophical Publishing House WHEATON, IL LONDON MADRAS



They all play better because of each other.

In grade schools, high schools, music schools, more and more pupils are gathering in groups to look at music together.

And since we at Steinway have always considered ourselves music makers (rather than cabinetmakers), we have supported group techniques enthusiastically.

Most piano enthusiasts are made, not born. And group teaching techniques show promise of making more piano players and fewer piano drop-outs. The interaction of a group, its effect on the individual pupil, is moving the study of piano away from "taking lessons" and into greater satisfaction of music education.

Today, in America, music is a pervasive influence. And we believe that most people who love music, given the opportunity and encouragement, can learn to *make* music.

Through group instruction, which we have supported in word and deed from its beginnings, we may blot forever from the land the old cry, "I wish I'd learned to play the piano."

Steinway & Sons

son. And the kid knows it. Imagine that. So far he's managed to escape his father's daily little death plots—but nobody has said he has to keep escaping." Pop and his gang may not kill you, but they kill everything that makes life worth living. They steal the Radiant Hour from the day, steal life itself. Can anyone get it back?

Pynchon's rescue team is a catalogue of the kinds of people he feels this culture is producing, people bent on contemporary bliss: Myrtle the Miraculous is a wonder woman who hates people but adores the perfection of efficient machines. Marcel, the mechanical chess player, is the ideal male, a robot tactician. Maximilian forsakes these fake humans, gets beyond male and female by allying himself with rhythms, all rhythms up to and including the cosmic. He's a fragmentation freak. Slothrop is the "glozing neuter" who cannot recognize himself as a man or a machine and whose fate is simply to run down ignorantly in the dimness of his vision. None of them finds the Radiant Hour.

The American street is full of people looking for the Great Glow in the gold-star night with a pickup. Pynchon's *Platz* is full of antigravity forces—people popping pills, morning-glory seeds, the "winerush" that rockets upward, making "the woman screaming, the knife in your hand, your head down a toilet all unreal." The sensory trip is the new dope. If you take it you see the profane light.

TRUE RADIANCE BEGINS with Byron the Bulb, the bright boy light bulb whose immortal beam screams "You're dead" in neon. His real name is Thomas Pynchon, the writer who staked his immortality on being the man who illuminated the death at the heart of all experience. What happened to Pynchon between *V.*, the wildly sophisticated survival manual, and *Gravity's Rainbow,* the brilliant analysis of how you died? What happened to a writer who was not profane enough to take his own advice: "Keep cool, but care?" What challenged Pynchon's balanced gravity? Pynchon does not say. As his publisher put it with terrific rightness, he keeps a "low profile."

But Pynchon offered a cautionary tale in *V.*, in the saga of Fausto Majistral, who started out to be a priest and a poet. He married a woman he loved and had a daughter. He lost his faith, his work, his mind in an intimacy so disastrous it could only be described as world war. He wrote to his daughter, born, like Pynchon, in 1938: "The bombs arrived with you, child." The birth of a child, like the profane nativity in *V.*, is death, the baby twisting out of the antarctic birth canal like a devil of need who shows up your love as a sham, your limitations as awesome. At the bottom of Fausto's mind is the memory of *his* father who was wrecked by war, of *his* mother who wanted to jump with her baby Fausto into the sea. Is death the willingness to breed life?

For Pynchon had the clarity, the guts to see that what makes people kill and hate is not a lover's rejection but a beloved's responsiveness. Given a choice between exaltation or sensory amusement, people prefer the limited kick. What they cannot transcend is their gravity, the depression that has an umbilical force binding them back to the stern down of Father Death and pained Mother Greta. Pynchon goes still further. He makes the most radical possible statement of the refusal to give up depression in Blicero's hatred of the lover whose youth and devotion are a challenge to his own. "O Gottfried, of course . . . you are beautiful to me but I'm dying. . . . I want to get through it as honestly as I can, and your immortality rips at my heart—can't you see why I might want to destroy that, oh, that stupid clarity in your eyes. . . . When I see you so open, so ready to take my sickness in and shelter it, shelter it inside your own little ignorant love."

Love is a great reminder of limitations, of what you are not. The man who needs to dominate, control, and crush spends his life hating his fin powers and trying to limit love. B cero ties Gottfried up, puts him in dog collar, forces on him a cycle contempt and humiliation to bind Gottfried's feeling. Pynchon box in love to the s-m connection, whe Blicero is your will to power a Gottfried your ability to love, ea tying the other in knots. Through t novel Blicero is constructing the timate death-box, the V-2 rocket ted out for Gottfried, who will ent its nose cone wrapped in an Imipol G shroud. Gottfried soaring on h love for Blicero goes arching towa his death, while Blicero dives straig into the flames of the rocket launc Blicero is faithful to his gravity!

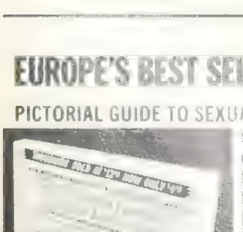
Pynchon affirms the loneliness u to death, forces this *Liebestod* in a statement that there is no unic even in death. Blicero does not d with Gottfried, but rather makes su each of them dies alone. The Radia Hour for Pynchon is the hour death, the fires of the V-2 that li erate Gottfried and Blicero from t box of their own personalities, t shut trap of dominance and submi sion, into the molecular flow. What r diance Blicero and Gottfried achie in their flaming deaths is the spark of illuminated filth, dirt gleaming i the streaked glow of the rainbow th is not the sign of God's covena with Noah, but the mark of Py chon's covenant with death.

PYNCHON SOLD HIS SOUL to th devil for his own inviolability, h irrefutable alignment of all huma endeavor on the axis of death. He the artist of man's limitations, th best voice of a generation whos great discovery was exactly the finit nature of all human reality. Pyncho did his bit to limit life further b boxing experience into one either or: the mechanical symbiosis of or no life at all. But Pynchon we still further in affirming limitation a the sole purpose of existence. Give our destructiveness, our need to kil to sully life, our mission on earth Pynchon concludes, must be to ce ebrate the devil. "Our mission is t promote death."

Kepler conceptualized gravity a the Holy Ghost for "physical an metaphysical reasons." It was God' love, he thought, that swept the plan ets around the sun and kept them i place and in harmony. Pynchon con

EUROPE'S BEST SELLING SEX MANUAL!

PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE. A step-by-step specific course through clear, concise full-color photographs of how to engage in the many forms of physical love and sexual intercourse. Turn dull, confused routine "quickie" sex into exciting sexual episodes, which continue to improve each time and provide greater degrees of pleasure than you ever thought possible. Thousands sold at $12.95. Now available in soft cover for just $4.95. 223 pages. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.



Send $4.95 to: Adam & Eve ©
Dept. HAZ-1, 105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514



The possible dream.

s.s. Veendam to the West Indies. 10 and 11-day cruises, 5 ports. April through November. From $595.

Sure you can take a vacation this year—and it just could be the best one you've ever had. For one sensible rate with no hidden costs, we'll give you the luxury and fun you thought you might have to miss. A beautiful, roomy cabin—and almost certainly an ocean view. A shipful of superb food, dazzling entertainment, and service that make you feel you're the only passenger aboard—all with no gratuities required. Plus five of the nicest islands in the whole wide blue Caribbean. Sure you can do it. See your travel agent or mail the coupon.

(Rates per person, double occupancy, subject to availability. Minimum rates may not be available on all above listed sailings. The s.s. Veendam is registered in the Netherlands Antilles.)

From New York's new Passenger Ship Terminal.

10-day cruises, Friday departures. To San Juan, St. Thomas, St. Bart's, St. Maarten, Bermuda. April 25, May 16, June 6: $595 to $1050. June 27, July 18, August 8: $630 to $1115. August 29, September 19, October 10, 31, November 21: $595 to $1050.

11-day cruises, Monday departures. To San Juan, St. Maarten, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Thomas. May 5, 26, June 16: $655 to $1155. July 7, 28, August 18: $695 to $1225. September 8, 29, October 20, November 10: $655 to $1155.

No fuel surcharges or price increases after you book.

Holland America Cruises,
Two Pennsylvania Plaza,
N.Y., N.Y. 10001.
Tel: (212) 760-3880
or toll-free at (800) 221-6657.

You may never want to get off.

Holland America Cruises

Please send me information on Veendam West Indies Cruises from New York. 133-VW-3

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My travel agent is _____

ceptualized gravity as a parabolic rainbow also for physical and metaphysical reasons. The rainbow is Death's hate, Death's grimace, the tragic mask of the heavens pulled down forever in one inviolable affirmation of depression. And in his myth of himself as death incarnate, Pynchon transcends his limitations, puts himself beyond the pale of human pain and cruelty. He allies himself with the ultimate aggressor, the impersonal force of the entropy god. In the throes of his pessimism, by *force* of his pessimism, Pynchon still pursues his own invulnerability.

The dream of vulnerability conquered is the dream of the age. Pynchon has an unbeatable sensitivity to the evil the dream contains, an analytic brilliance at extracting the villainy behind every smile, a stunning accuracy about everything wrong with emotional life in this culture now. He got caught between the dream and his hatred for it. His pain, his vulnerability, his great and ruined expectations keep breaking through his fierce intellectual hardness. Pynchon's own refusal to stop demanding that life be perfect caring or perfect emotionlessness, his inability to stop making conditions that life cannot fulfill, his own bottomless pain, weld into a pessimism so unassailable it becomes an argument against pessimism. Pynchon's indictment of every human impulse is his crucifixion on the modern dream. It is so intense it has a cautionary force against gravity. Pynchon's most eloquent moral is himself.

Pynchon is the devil who went beyond the grave to anatomize the remains of the modern soul. Like Death himself he is the ultimate collector, putting together the emotional, cultural, and historical life of his generation with a brilliance and depth that outstrips in scope what Thomas Mann did for the prewar world in *The Magic Mountain,* that equals James Joyce's compendium of his time in *Ulysses.* He plays Beethoven to Rilke's Schubert, developing from Rilke's encapsulated emotional statements operative definitions about the nature of science, thought, and civilization. Pynchon is quite simply the genius of his generation. He is the Antichrist who offered up his own destructiveness to illuminate yours. Pynchon is the one man who realized that the moralist of our time would have to be the devil. □

THE ROAD FROM SERFDOM

by Marshall Cohen

Anarchy, State and Utopia, by Robert Nozick. Basic Books, $12.95.

IT IS STILL POSSIBLE to make a great reputation in philosophy, as Socrates did, without publishing. Robert Nozick's ability to demolish the most carefully formulated philosophical theses gained him this kind of reputation while he was a graduate student at Princeton in the early Sixties. When his relatively few papers showed that he could defend his own philosophical claims with equal ingenuity, he was appointed professor of philosophy at Harvard soon after turning thirty. His eagerly awaited first book will interest anyone who wishes to observe a first-rate philosophical mind at work. In my opinion, no contemporary philosopher possesses a more imaginative mind, broader interests, or greater dialectical abilities than Robert Nozick.

All these qualities are displayed in *Anarchy, State and Utopia,* in which Nozick manages to discuss everything from the nature of scientific explanation and the meaning of envy to the cases for vegetarianism and for private property. Even those, whether philosophical anarchists or pragmatic liberals, who reject his conclusions about the state and the nature of justice will find the deepest kind of instruction in testing their views against his arguments.

In calling Nozick a libertarian, I associate him with such writers as the economists Friedrich von Hayek, Milton Friedman, and Lord Robbins. Nozick is—from a philosophical and moral point of view, at least—a more sophisticated writer than any of them. But he shares with them a fear of the state, a commitment to liberty, a respect for private property, and a belief in the efficiency and justice of a market economy that mainstream liberals and defenders of the welfare state often describe pejoratively as "libertarian."

Nozick assumes from the start that men are endowed with certain rights, which are very much the ones Jo Locke supposed them to possess the state of nature. No one ought harm another "in his life, heal liberty or possessions," Locke clared, and in the state of nature m have a right to "order their actic and dispose of their possessions they [see] fit." Locke recogniz however, that in the anarchistic st of nature people will inevital "transgress these bonds, invadi other's rights and . . . doing hurt one another." For this reason, he lieved that a civil government, what we now call a state, was need to protect those rights and mitig those hurts. Nozick agrees with Loc but he has also observed the brea taking wickedness of which the st is capable. Consequently, he has c siderable sympathy for the an chists' contention that in exercis its monopoly of force the state nec sarily violates the very rights Loc expected it to protect. It does so only when it punishes those w challenge its monopoly of force also when it requires some men pay for the protection of others.

Despite his sympathy for the archist view, Nozick in the end jects it. He maintains that in the st of nature itself a state or a stateli "protective" agency would inevital arise. Furthermore, it could arise an invisible-hand process that ne not violate anyone's rights. T state would limit itself to protecti men against force, theft, fraud, a the breaking of contracts. Nozi argues, however, that any more tensive state—in particular, the s of state that mainstream liberals a socialists support—necessarily v lates our natural rights and can be justified. Following John Stu Mill, he contends that the state not justified in coercing people act for what it takes to be their o good. It cannot, for example, forb them to use drugs on these groun In addition, and even more cont versially, Nozick believes that state should not force some of citizens to come to the aid of oth either by enacting good-samarit laws or, more indirectly, by taxi them for the relief and welfare others. In short, the state should engage in paternalistic or in red tributive activities. Any state th does so inevitably violates the rig of some of its citizens.

At this point, Nozick character

Marshall Cohen is professor of philosophy at the City University of New York and editor of Philosophy and Public Affairs.

ally points out a difficulty that is ely noticed by other defenders of minimal, or "night watchman," te. Since a state of this sort pro- les protection for everyone and en- ces the rights of all, isn't it actual- engaging in the kind of redistrib- ve activities it ought to eschew? hen the state requires the rich and werful to pay for the protection of poor and the weak, isn't it vio- ing the rights of the rich and the werful? Nozick must dispose of s difficulty; otherwise, he will have agree with the anarchists that even minimal state is not minimal ough. He would also open the way welfare statists to argue that in ng the state to redistribute goods y are simply relying on a prin- le that he himself accepts. To oid this dilemma Nozick maintains it in providing protection and en- cing rights the minimal state is t engaged in redistribution but in nething quite different. It is sim- providing just compensation to se it deprives of a fundamental ht they enjoy in the state of na- e, the right to protect themselves ectly or through their voluntarily sen agents.

WE ACCEPT Nozick's argument, we must then conclude that the nimal state does not engage in re- tributive activities and provides precedent for the more extensive te to do so. Nor can there be any ier argument in favor of a more ensive state. In particular, Nozick ects the widespread view that, ce justice requires a redistribu- n of goods, justice requires a re-than-minimal state to carry out redistribution. Far from it: any h redistribution plainly violates rights of those who are required or forced—to come to the aid of iers. For the state to treat men as ources for one another compro- ses the neutrality proper to gov- ment, and, by giving men proper- rights in one another, turns them o something like slaves. This view neither original, nor, in my opin- , acceptable. In the course of de- ding it, however, Nozick offers a erb elaboration of his own "en- ement" theory of justice and pre- its a searching critique of what he ls pattern theories of justice, espe- lly the widely admired theory of Harvard colleague John Rawls.

Most of the familiar theories of justice, according to Nozick, require the distribution of goods according to a single "natural" dimension, or pattern. Thus, theories of justice require us to distribute the goods of society, to each according to his needs, or his efforts, or his moral merit, or his marginal productivity. But Nozick's entitlement theory suggests that none of these pattern theories can be true. For, as Nozick sees it, people can justly come into possession of things in ways that will inevitably upset any of the suggested patterns. If, as Locke says, men have the right "to dispose of their possessions . . . as they [see] fit," then in any number of ways—by testamentary disposition, by acts of charity, or simply by spending their money as they will—men can upset these allegedly just patterns. If we seek to maintain or enforce any such pattern we necessarily interfere in their lives and do so in ways that violate their most fundamental rights.

An example may be useful. Nozick asks us to imagine that our favorite principle of distribution is, in fact, realized. Perhaps it will require that economic goods are equally divided (or that everyone is rewarded in proportion to his contribution to society). Suppose, now, that in such a society a large number of people wish to spend their money seeing Wilt Chamberlain play basketball (after hours, if we have imagined a socialist society). As a result, Wilt Chamberlain will have more money than most. But, Nozick asks, if the original equal distribution is just, and we are entitled to exchange part of our fair share for basketball tickets, how can the resulting distribution (with Wilt Chamberlain now enjoying a very large share) be unjust? Will the equalitarian society we have imagined forbid capitalist acts between consenting adults?

At this point one may be tempted to say that of course the strict equalitarianism we have imagined is far too strict. In showing how any attempt to enforce it would violate our Lockean rights, Nozick has not refuted all pattern theories, only this rather simpleminded one. If, instead, we espoused the more flexible principle of distribution according to one's contribution to society, then Wilt Chamberlain's larger share might well be justified. Is it not possible that a pattern theory like this is true? Again, Nozick would make objections that are, at least at first blush, devastating. Suppose that Wilt Chamberlain wishes to distribute his earnings to his favorite charity, or to those he loves. Is it not possible—indeed, is it not likely—that his beneficiaries will then enjoy economic goods and benefits in excess of their contributions to society? If we wish to maintain the suggested pattern we will have to deny Wilt Chamberlain his natural rights. We will have to interfere with men's lives continuously and, in Nozick's view, indefensibly. The redistribution of Wilt Chamberlain's earnings to enforce an allegedly just pattern will put his efforts "on a par with" forced labor. In general, permitting such redistributions will make others our "part owners." Far from thinking that justice requires a more-than-minimal state Nozick believes that liberty forbids it. He takes quite literally Herbert Spencer's fear of a coming slavery and Hayek's warnings about the road to serfdom. In fact, he thinks we're already a long way down that road.

THIS IS AN ARRESTING and brilliantly argued view. But it seems to rely too heavily on certain of our moral intuitions and judgments at the expense of others. According to Nozick, any distribution of goods that results from a legitimate transfer of legitimate acquisitions is itself legitimate and just. When, however, is an acquisition legitimate or just? In one of his best passages Nozick criticizes Locke's theory that we come into legitimate possession of things by mixing our labor with them. He does not, in this work, offer an alternative theory, but notes that Locke attached an important proviso to his theory of acquisition: no property right arises if allowing it would make others worse off. Thus a person may not appropriate the only water hole in a desert and charge everyone what he wishes for its use—this would worsen the position of others. Locke's proviso, which Nozick endorses, would seem to rule out many other private appropriations besides water holes. But Nozick is so firm a believer in the productivity of the system of private property that he thinks this will rarely be the case. He thinks, indeed, that it will be the case only in catastrophic circumstances. There are,

however, many reasons to doubt Nozick's view that a system of permanent bequeathable property rights does have the productive advantages he claims for it. This is a question of economic fact and cannot be argued here. But if Nozick is wrong about the economic facts, then the amounts and kinds of property immune to private acquisition will be greatly increased. It will be possible to argue that such property ought to be acquired on a more limited basis (perhaps not permanently) or acquired collectively by public authorities.

Still more to the point is the question of whether we should accept Nozick's standard of justice in the first place. I do not wish to press the very difficult question of how we are to establish the base line against which to judge whether private acquisitions leave others worse off. I want to ask, instead, why we should allow private acquisitions to take place on the mere showing that no one will be worse off. Isn't a higher standard appropriate? Doesn't justice require that the private acquisition of at least certain sorts of things be allowed only when it is reasonable to believe that such an arrangement will make the greatest possible contribution to the public good? Of course, it is possible to dispute particular cases. But I would argue that we are probably right in having prevented the private acquisition of the limited number of television channels and decided instead to have a government agency distribute them by a licensing procedure that refers explicitly to a higher standard—the public interest. Such a standard will, no doubt, often permit private ownership. Perhaps this is the case with atomic energy or offshore oil fields. But the argument will have to be made, and it will have to meet a higher standard than the Lockean proviso requires. Our experience with original acquisitions, a rare thing in these late days of the world, suggests that we do not require enough when we require only that they not make others worse off. It is apparent, too, that many acquisitions made irretrievably long ago were themselves unjust.

A more-than-minimal state is required, then, to ensure that acquisitions are just. I would argue, too, that we need such a state to ensure that transfers are just. For many transfers that Nozick allows put immense resources and special opportunities into the hands of people who do not deserve them (and who may not use them in the most productive way possible). In addition, the privileged position enjoyed by such people makes it impossible to give others a fair chance in life, including the chance to make a significant contribution to the common life. These unfairnesses ought, in my opinion, to figure in a theory of justice, and they often make it necessary to limit the range, and even to override the claims, of the specific Lockean rights that Nozick assumes without argument and supports without reservation. Making such corrections is, I believe, a necessary and proper function of the state.

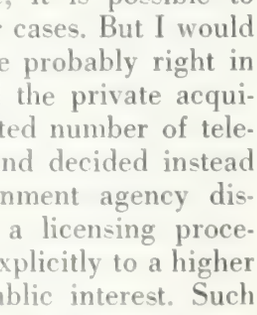
Of still greater consequence is the need for the state itself to rest on just foundations. This is a problem that Nozick tends to neglect. For in the minimal state political offices and political institutions will be far less consequential than they are in present circumstances. But I doubt whether they will be utterly inconsequential, and, in any case, I doubt that a minimal state will be sufficient to enforce our moral and political rights. It is important to recognize that great accumulations of wealth may undermine the value of equal political rights and introduce unjust distortions into the working of fundamental political institutions. When such accumulations of wealth introduce unjust distortions into the workings of the press, the exercise of the franchise, or the functioning of the courts, it is not unjust (though it may be unwise) to restrict their use or even to abolish them. This is so even if it frustrates the "loving behavior" of a Wilt Chamberlain, or of a John D. Rockefeller. And sur political justice requires that lim be placed on the gift-giving and t charitable donations of Rockefel descendants. Certainly, Nozick wou agree with this, but the grounds his agreement are not made clear his book. In my view, then, a case f a more-than-minimal state can made even aside from the questi of whether the state ought to take an objective the redistribution property in order to achieve econo ic justice. Restrictions on the ab ity to do as one sees fit with on possessions may be required in ord to guarantee the still more func mental claims of political justice.

Nozick is not an apologist for t status quo. He may be wrong thinking that any distribution ar ing from a legitimate transfer of ju acquisitions is itself just, but he do not claim that present arrangemer are, in fact, the result of any su process. Nozick would certainly a mit that some acquisitions have be unjust; they violated the Locke proviso and have made others wor off. Still more obviously, some tra fers have been illegitimate. As says, "Some people steal from ot ers, or defraud them, seizing the product and preventing them fro living as they choose." Insofar present arrangements reflect such i justices, they must, in his view, rectified. We should ask what t present distribution would have be if these injustices had not tak place. He is prepared to find that would have been very different.

Nozick is well aware of the dif culty that would face anyone wh tried to carry out such an investig tion. It is perhaps for this reas that he is willing to view patte theories of justice as rough rules thumb that are meant to approxima the results of such an investigatio He is even prepared to allow that more-than-minimal state may now required to give effect to these ru of-thumb corrections. His hope however, that any such extension the state would wither away wh this ad hoc task is complete. I wou argue to the contrary that these pa tern theories are more than rou rules of thumb. They reflect perm nent requirements of justice, and more-than-minimal state will alwa be needed to enforce them and eve to provide them with proper leg definitions.

Raw Power
from the Pulpit

The first full-scale assessment of the fundamentalist wing of the American Radical Right and the enormous resources they command when fundamentalist positions collide with contemporary positions of the majority.



$8.95

AT YOUR BOOKSELLER

nh Nelson-Hall Publishers
325 W. Jackson, Chicago, Ill. 60606

'AKING CONNECTION

The second half of WRAPAROUND is designed to launch ou off the printed page and into action. Under the general eading Making Connections, *you can find a wide variety of ommon-interest groups (Networks), useful objects (Tools), w ways of doing things (Starting Points), helpful books, rec- ds, and cassettes (Sources). Those that pertain to the month's bject are gathered in the first few pages. Toward the back, in Tools for Living," there's a more miscellaneous collection. Contributions to all these sections will be welcomed.*

TARTING POINTS: liminate the Middleman

Recently I paid $23 for dental surgery, $17 for a new tele- sion picture tube, and $30 to have the car brakes relined. hose were my costs in raw materials, because I actually paid e dentist with a new suit, the TV repairman with twenty-three our meat rabbits, and the mechanic with weekly deliveries homemade preserves, bread, and fresh garden produce.

I can't put a price on my own labor, but it took practically more time for me to make ten loaves instead of two and elve jars of jam instead of six, and I sewed the suit in spare oments, which I never missed.

Are you saying to yourself, But I don't sew/garden/put up reserves/bake bread/raise rabbits? Neither did I, five years go, but when I realized the benefits of a barter system, I arted developing marketable skills. My first big trade was for e dental work. I told the dentist, "I don't want to pay for your ffice overhead, your fancy furniture, your telephone, or your cretary. I want to pay for your skill. I don't want to work to ave enough money after taxes to pay you—so let's exchange kills directly. I can sew. Is there any chance you would spend es I pay you on clothing?" He said yes, and a trade was born.

It may come as a surprise, but *anything* you do well can e traded for someone else's skills. Sometimes you have to use ie world's most popular middleman, money, but you can con- erve money (which is also energy's symbol) by developing a ontact with people who like the personal quality of a direct xchange.

—Wina Sturgeon

Wina Sturgeon hosts two radio shows in Los Angeles: "Survive with Plea- ure" on KPFK, and "Inflation Fighter—Daily Reports" on KFWB.

Tax Whacks

"Taxes are the price of a civilized society," wrote Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. Would he have made the same observation in 1972, when 402 people with incomes over $100,000 paid no federal income tax at all? What would he have said about Vice-President Rockefeller, who for the last ten years paid taxes at the same rate as a man making $18,000 a year while himself making $47 million during that period? Or of the nineteen largest oil companies which, through loopholes, paid federal taxes at 6.5 percent in 1973, although the statutory rate for their income was 48 percent?

Networks will not attempt to explain here why wealthy people and large corporations frequently pay little or nothing in taxes. Instead, we refer you to the Tax Reform Research Group, founded several years ago by Ralph Nader. It supplied the above information, and its monthly newspaper, *People & Taxes,* explains how the system works to the constant advantage of the country's elite. Even more useful, however, are the paper's suggestions on how to reform local property tax inequities, how to find out if corporations are being assessed at their real value, and how to file an appeal if you think you're being overtaxed.

Why, for instance, does the Internal Revenue Service settle for an average of 36 cents on the dollar in appeals amounting to over $500,000, when it presses for 71 cents on the dollar in appeals involving less than $1,000? *People & Taxes* estimates that commercial, industrial, and other property is underassessed on the local level by at least $7 billion across the country. Why don't assessors update their books? How much is this underassessment adding to your own taxes? It is also estimated that if we eliminated all property tax exemptions and loopholes, we could do away with property taxes on homes. We could also cut property tax rates by a third just by putting "intangible property such as stocks and bonds back on the rolls and taxing them at a modest rate."

"Tax reform is everyone's act," says the group. "The only question is whether we get in on it, or just get acted upon." To play a part, write to the Tax Reform Research Group, Box 14198, Ben Franklin Station, Washington, D.C. 20044. Free samples of *People & Taxes* are available on request. If you want to do something about taxes in your own area, they can put you in touch with a group already involved there, or provide help in starting one of your own.

OW TO ORDER

Harper's will get you any item (including any book) for hich we mention a price if you want to order through us. Send letter to Tools for Living, specifying what item(s) you want, ow many you want, and what color (if that's relevant). The ost of each item is its listed price plus postage and handling harges: 50 cents per book; as indicated for everything else. Please add up the total for all items you order (New York residents must also add appropriate sales tax) and enclose a check for the total amount payable to *Harper's Magazine.* If you prefer to charge your BankAmericard or Master Charge on orders over $15, please let us have your card number and its expiration date.

APAROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

RAPAROUNDWRAPAR

READERS

Exhortations about being useful, unselfish, and a good samaritan generally come from the wrong sources and are aimed in the wrong direction. Thus I give you Thorsen's law of exhortations: exhortations to perform or engage in basic and vital societal services are most fervently made by those who have no intentions of performing or engaging in those services themselves.

The President of the United States and the presidents of our corporations jet around the country urging the conservation of resources and energy.

Members of the President's Cabinet and the president's corporate cabinets are driven in their limousines to meetings where the crises of scarcity are discussed. Conservation appeals are issued after each meeting.

Assistants to the officers of the Cabinet and the corporate cabinets are sent to symposia in Hawaii or the Virgin Islands to keep the outlying districts informed about the latest crises and to discover conservation ideas that can be passed down to the lower echelons.

And so on down the ladder of our society. Among those who occupy the lower rungs of the ladder, it is understood that if you have to ask how much something costs, you can't afford it. So you do without.

We can now formulate Thorsen's law of consumption: the more one consumes, the more he feels an obligation to urge those below him on the ladder of affluence to consume less.

A corollary to this law is: one man's necessities are another man's waste.

Really sincere appeals to reduce consumption and waste can only come from those who consume and waste the least, say, from those living below the poverty level as defined by federal statisticians. Are there any individuals or groups among the poor who are public-spirited enough to buy the necessary time and space in the media to educate society about the wastefulness of waste? I doubt it.

We are forced to admit the truth of Thorsen's law on attitude toward waste: each person aspires to be as wasteful as those above him on the ladder of affluence.

Clearly, the only viable long-range solution to the problem of waste is to forget it ever existed.

—Thomas Thorsen
Inglewood, Calif.

How many times do I have to tell you? Put the cap on after you squeeze—*and squeeze from the bottom, dammit!* I could write till I'm blue in the face, and you smart alecks would still waste good dental cream. It's on the mirror, on the skin, and hanging from the soap dish. Why? Don't try to play dumb. It's no accident you forgot to recap the toothpaste again. And don't give me any guff about it being lost. I know you're doing something with those caps. Flushing them down the toilet, making neat little rows in a hidden cigar box—whatever it is, I'll catch you sooner or later.

I bet it gives you a kick to see me in a lather over toothpaste. We'll see who laughs last. For your information the world is running out of toothpaste at a wicked clip, all because of stunts like yours. Keep it up. Don't come crying to me when we start brushing with baking soda.

—Jeff Murray
Rye, N.H.

"Some people want champagne and caviar when they should have beer and hot dogs."
—Dwight D. Eisenhower
November 30, 1949

NETWORKS: Revenue Sharing: Who Gets the Money?

Revenue sharing was the Nixon administration's way of putting federal money back into the hands of local governments, to spend pretty much as they saw fit. Of the $6.6 billion allocated for the first eighteen months of the program, 24 percent was spent on schools, 23 percent on public safety, including police and fire protection, and 15 percent on public transportation. Far down on the list were services for the poor and elderly, which received a combined total of 3 percent.

Unfortunately, no one knows whether these figures represent a democratic disbursement of the funds. The legislation did not stipulate that expenditures be put to a vote. Furthermore, there are no government agencies to advise local officials on how to get the most out of their money, which will total $30.2 billion by 1977. So, to monitor these funds, the National Clearinghouse on Revenue Sharing was set up in a joint effort by the League of Women Voters, the National Urban Coalition, the Center for Community Change, and the Center for National Policy Review. Their findings indicate that there has been very little citizen involvement in the program, and that some poor decisions are being made by officials in charge.

In Philadelphia, for instance, Mayor Frank Rizzo has "proclaimed himself sole authority over $75 million in city revenue-sharing funds," according to the Clearinghouse's bimonthly newsletter. In Charleston, the program's directors refused to fund four social-service groups, but gave $300,000 to a local art gallery. Dallas officials denied money to an employment agency offering jobs mostly to unskilled and Spanish-speaking Chicanos, even though the agency was handling 160-200 cases a week on a shoestring budget of $75,000 a year.

In many states, says the Clearinghouse, state regu tions have almost complete tied the hands of local of cials, forcing them to spe money on programs few pe ple really want. Moreover, t funds are often taken out social services that were fo merly administered by the fe eral government and are no being neglected by local rectors.

On the positive side, t Clearinghouse has found sor projects under way that mig never have existed without t revenue-sharing funds. Miss sippi is using $3 million of allocation to encourage co struction of libraries throu a state-local matching-fu program. San Francisco h set aside $1 million to build performing-arts center a another $500,000 to suppo community cultural cente Seattle is spending $600,0 to establish a historic-prese vation fund, $500,000 to d velop an Indian Cultural Ce ter, and $200,000 for a sim lar Asian project.

The National Clearinghou on Revenue Sharing wants find out how officials in yo town, county, or state a spending your money, an whether you have any say it. Useful information will b published in the group's new letter, which is distribute free upon request, and is als a good source of advice c how you can participate in di bursing the funds. To order or to contribute articles, wri to Clearinghouse, 1785 Ma sachusetts Avenue, NW, Was ington, D.C. 20036. The A sociated Councils of the Ar would like to learn about mo ey spent on museums, librarie and cultural centers; its a dress is 1564 Broadway, Ne York, N.Y. 10036.

Pointlessness on the Rampage

If you have nothing bett to do, rank the following a complishments in order uselessness—most useless firs Use the results as a lesson i

nan-resources planning.Or, ter yet, get a job.

team of sixty Britons spent nty-four hours in 1973 hing a baby carriage 319 es around an oval track.

A Texan named Plennie ngo used up a year-and-a- f of his life walking back- d from Fort Worth, Tex- to Istanbul, Turkey.

oe Gagnon of Everett, shington, ate 437 clams in minutes. Michael Gallen Cairns, Australia, used his minutes eating 63 bananas. orge Grogniet of Belgium k thirty minutes to eat 44 d-boiled eggs, which in- red David Taylor of Sussex, gland, to eat 16 raw eggs, luding shells, in only three utes and twenty seconds. Donald Malcolm Campbell ieved a speed of 328 miles hour in a jet-powered boat his last and fatal run in 57.

On October 17, 1971, Frank er sat down in Wolcott, w York, and spent the next ht hours peeling the skin an apple into a continuous and 130 feet long.

Two Russians spent thirty urs slapping each others' es in 1931, only to declare contest a draw.

In 1955 Clinton Locy of st Richland, Washington, livered a forty-eight-hour, nstop sermon. Only eight eners lasted through to the d.

ETWORKS: ckage Power

Novelty shops used to in- de cans of air among their g presents. Today it is the od industry that sells noth- g, in the form of "slack fill." ckaging air adds about $3 lion to the wholesale cost of od production and can ac- unt for between 3 and 15 rcent of a product's retail ice.

At the supermarket, Kel- gg's and Lipton offer indi- dual servings of cereal and up in half-empty packets en- cased in cellophane and cardboard. A can of sardines is packaged in a cardboard box. Foil-wrapped cream cheese has a cardboard container. Corn cereals take up only 78 percent of their boxes.

Though industry lawyers deny it, federal investigators have charged that excessive packaging is designed to fool shoppers into thinking they are getting more for their money. When a producer wants to cut costs, he simply reduces the amount of food in the package instead of raising its price. Hershey's, which once sold a two-ounce chocolate bar for 10 cents, now sells a loosely wrapped one-ounce bar for 15. The bars look the same when wrapped.

Laurie Fierstein, cofounder of Women United For Action, suggests a consumers' boycott to protest this kind of packaging. She believes that a well-organized boycott, conducted nationwide, would cost the food packagers so much that there would no longer be a profit in deceiving the consumer.

Readers interested in joining Women United For Action, or in forming a local chapter, are encouraged to write to Laurie Fierstein, Women United For Action, 166 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10010. **—Lisa Collier**

Lisa Collier is a free-lance writer.

IDEAS

What object needs inventing? What tool do you need that does not yet exist? Describe your dream and send it to us, c/o Inventions Department, WRAPAROUND, and we'll pass it along to some inventors who just might make it come true. If it looks like a money-maker, we'll do our best to help safeguard your fair share.

Paying for the Name

A cloth label adds approximately 29 cents to the cost of a woman's dress. The label itself costs 7¾ cents, stitching in the inscription adds another 12 cents, and 9½ cents is contributed to the Health and Welfare Fund of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

White Man Says to Me, Save

White Man Says to Me
save,
I save. String. Bricks. Trees.
Horses. Leather. Nobody
wants
what I save. So I go into the
desert, rolling my ball of string
which is four feet in diameter.
Two white men come. They
look at
the bricks. Trees. Horses.
Leather. String. Where'd you
steal them things they ask.
They don't listen, they take
the string from me and they
twist it into rope. Now they
put the rope around my neck.
They hang me from one of the
trees I saved.

—Fred Red Cloud
in *American Indian Prose and Poetry: We Wait in the Darkness*, 1974

IDEAS

What is the history of your family in America? Of your town? Your neighborhood? The house you're living in? We are trying to assemble a grass-roots history of the U.S.—the local details that big-time historians ignore—and we would greatly value your help. Send your recollections—maximum, 2,000 words—to us c/o People's History Department, WRAPAROUND.

SOURCES

If your doctor has advised you to cut down the fat in your diet, take a look at *The Low Fat, Low Cholesterol Diet*, by Clara-Beth Young Bond (Doubleday, $7.95). It's a comprehensive guide to the planning and preparation of meals for those threatened by arteriosclerosis. The authors also give a very thorough explanation of the physical problems caused by certain foods, and provide information on food content, preparation, marketing, and nutrition. The suggested menus and recipes are practical and appetizing.

The Low-Fat Way to Health & Longer Life, by Lester Morrison (ARC Books, $1.65), makes some grand prophecies about increased longevity and offers a down-to-earth nutrition program with menus and a few recipes. There are also chapters on heart disease and its causes, the physiology of fat, dietary supplements, calories, smoking, and alcohol.

The New Gourmet in the Low-Calorie Kitchen Cookbook, by Helen Belinkie (David McKay, $6.95), does the dieter the big favor of making his menus exciting. Helen Belinkie's book may very well compete with standard cookbooks, and lead to thinner, happier, and healthier gourmets. Her ingredients are not exotic or expensive, and the recipes seem nourishing and easy to follow.

The Natural Energy Workbook, by Peter Clark (Visual Purple, $3.95), is a practical handbook of energy alternatives, with lots of plans on how to build your own simple, low-cost energy system, using windmills, water pumps, gas storage tanks, and solar furnaces. The illustrations are simple and should be relatively easy to follow.

TOOLS FOR LIVING IN

NETWORKS

Last December, Networks offered free copies of plans to install the Digby Butler Whitman television commercial desoundifier—a way to knock the sound out of commercials while leaving the picture on. Response was heavy. We're now trying to picture what has happened to those who no longer have to listen to commercials.

Readers who have tried the desoundifier are invited to describe, briefly, how it has affected their attitude about television. Has it made viewing more satisfying? Are you once more the captain of your easy chair, master of your living room? Please address correspondence to Networks, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

The Strength of Ten

The next time a button falls off your leather coat, sew it back on with nylon thread. Nylon won't cut leather as ordinary thread often does, and it's not likely to frazzle either. We have found that the almost-invisible stuff is even strong enough to hold hanging plants; seeing a pot of Swedish ivy apparently levitating in front of the window can be striking indeed. **M.M.-H.**

KEEPING TIME

How can you be sure you're brushing your teeth the recommended length of time? Do you suspect your egg timer cheats? Which grocery store is closest to your home? Wouldn't you like to catch the phone company adding extra minutes to your long-distance calls? How much time do you spend doing nothing? Let's face it—without a stopwatch, man would revert to the imprecise existence suffered by all those animals who cannot budget their time. Then where would he be? The Heuer Track-Master is available where timepieces are sold, at sporting-goods stores, or from us for $31, postage and handling included.

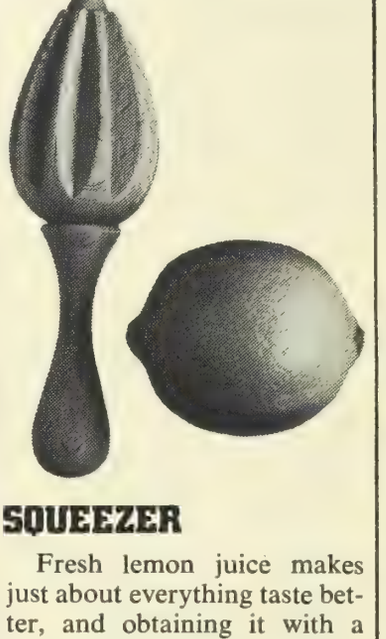
BROWN-BAGGING IT

A friend of ours who was reared in Bermuda has a wonderful way to display candles in her garden so no breeze can blow them out, and no clumsy guest can step on them. She packs big brown kraft paper bags about a third full with sand and sticks a candle in the sand. The top of the bag is turned down so it is less top heavy. The light shining through the bag is lovely—just enough to find your wine and peanuts by. (These are used as Christmas decorations in the Southwest, where they are called *luminarias*.)



KEEP YOUR CHEESE NEAT

The thought of simply hacking off a hunk of cheese must have horrified the fastidious Dutch. The ragged edges, the slab of cheese that became more and more difficult to slice as it was pared away, drove them to invent the cheese plane. It gently and neatly peels off thin, even slices that are tastier to eat and to look at, that grill better, and that prevent lopsided sandwiches. This can be ordered from us for $4, which includes postage and handling.



SQUEEZER

Fresh lemon juice makes just about everything taste better, and obtaining it with a beautifully designed utensil is a delight. Rotate the upper part of this wooden squeezer, and every bit of juice will come right out. Before cutting the lemon in half, soften it up for easier juicing by pressing down and rolling it back and forth on a flat surface or by plunging it into boiling water for a few seconds. If you only need a few drops at a time, prick a hole in the lemon with a slender knitting needle and squeeze. The hole will close up, and the lemon will stay fresh. The squeezer is available from us for $5, plus 75 cents postage and handling.

HERB HOUSING

Stopping in the plastics store, we spotted some clear-plastic rectangular boxes about 2¼-by-2¼-by-4¼ inches. We purchased several and made a spice rack by filling them with herbs. Lined up in tidy rows, they are a work of art in color and texture: red, dark green, white, light green, black, whole leaves, ground-up spices, shredded herbs, cracked ginger, and seeds. If you're good at guessing, leave your container clear; otherwise put a tiny white label on top of each box, and file them alphabetically. Available at stores specializing in plastics. **—Margot Moes-Hunt**

Don't Tread on West Virginia

In a little West Virgi town called Mouth of Sen a fight is brewing over the t phone company's plans to stall an automated system place of the present ha crank phones. Mouth of Se ca is one of only five pla east of the Mississippi t still uses the old system. A of people there want to k it, and nostalgia is only on the reasons.

The crank-dial feud star when some people complai to the phone company t the system's party-line rangement was depriving th of their right to privacy; up nine other families could ten in on their conversatic They also felt that go through the operator on ev call was an inconvenience.

The crank faction, howev sees things differently. Th think the party line is a c venient way to talk with all their neighbors at once, wi out leaving the kitchen. Goi through the operator on eve call is an advantage, too. T operator knows almost eve one in the community. If o of the older citizens fails answer his phone when h supposed to be home, the o erator might ring up one his neighbors to have someo see if he's all right. If one the townspeople is visiting friend, he or she can not the operator to transfer ca to the friend's phone. The o erator, who has the switc board in her home, also serv as an answering service. La night calls are discouraged that she can get her rest, b according to one local re dent, the operator never co plains when awakened to pla an important call.

Money is another facto The present service charge only $16 to $20 a year. T new system would cost almo $100 a year. Also at issue whether people can control service they finance. Shou everyone be forced to use and pay for—a service th not everyone in the commu

RAPAROUNDWRAPA

y vants? What rights does h telephone company have? l uld the latest technology hrust on people just be- e it's available?

eaders who know of simi- instances of corporate in- ion on local mores are in- d to describe them in a let- to this section.

w to Write low-To Book

irst, steal a hammer.

lext, find somebody who ws something, and get him now you how to do it. Now, have to know how to find ebody with know-how, be- e know-how is something people, not in books. An- r way of putting this: *that may be regarded as your perty, begorrah, which will ive a shipwreck*—words M'Nidursan, the sage of arney. People with know- tend to look very much ordinary people, and the pointers I can give you is that they will tend not pitch and complain about r work or be messy about lthough they may be messy ther things), will get a lot e, and will work quietly hough they may whistle le they work). I myself lucky enough to meet such uy—his name was Guy— he was running a place ed the Know-How Work- p, where I attended a course electricity, and learned that idn't have to be afraid of tricity. He said—and I will er forget the currents that up my spine at his words: Electricity is scary and sterious to most people. ere is no cause for fear. at is electricity? Electricity electrons moving through nething—for example, a e. Things you see around are made out of atoms. d atoms are made up of at st three things: at least two vy things sit in the middle, nucleus, of an atom, and at st one very light thing spins und the outside of every m, very much the same way earth spins around the sun. One of the two things in the nucleus is called a proton, and the other is called a neutron. Protons are like Happy Farmer Humphrey and Haystack Calhoun, the 700-pound professional wrestlers—they like to sit in one spot. Electrons are the lightest things around, and they like to move around. Protons and electrons have a thing for each other. Each one has a charge, and a proton's charge is called positive, while an electron has something called a negative charge. Now, opposite charges attract each other. This means that if we can somehow separate an electron from a proton it has been circling, it will do anything it has to in order to return to that proton—including traveling through a wire. The electron's return to its beloved is what we call electricity, and when its journey is through a wire, we can use it to do things for us, such as giving heat or light."

You can see that Guy (his full name is Guy Alland) speaks with calm and comfort and interest, and when he explains just what you can do with electricity, the general effect on the consciousness is to generate an irresistible thought: "Why not? Why can't I do that, too?" And, of course, you can. At the end of my course I went home and put dimmers on all the electric lights in my apartment.

Later Guy taught me about plumbing ("Plumbing is pipes that bring water to you, and other pipes that take water away from you again") and about how to use a hammer, and still later he and his partner, Miron Waskiw, and I wrote this all up as a how-to book.

Writing is not very hard, either, because if you can think —or even if you can talk— you can write. Now, if I only had the space to describe how to *buy* a how-to book.

—Tony Hiss

Tony Hiss, publisher of The Real World, *is coauthor of* Know-How: A Fix-It Book for the Clumsy but Pure of Heart *(Little, Brown), to be published in March.*

The Great One's Sponge

Cleopatra had one, and Napoleon took one on his campaigns along with his portable bathtub. All this love for the natural sponge—a sea creature picked by divers and sold the world over.

Why mess with a square washcloth that doesn't make the soap foam? The sponge has a roundish shape with hundreds of mysterious holes and indentations that allow soap to foam up with a few squeezes. It stays sweet and clean for months or years provided it is rinsed and dried properly. The small ones sell for about $5 and the largest for $20 in bath-specialty stores. We'll sell you a seven-inch sponge for $7.50, plus 25 cents postage and handling.



SEAL A MEAL

Do you like to buy vegetables or fruit in season and freeze them? Are you one of those people who cook ahead and store something away for unexpected company? Or do you freeze any leftovers for a future soup?

Seal-a-Meal Bag Food Sealer can help you with all of these projects. Built somewhat like a foil dispenser, it has a long strip under the flap that heats up in about two minutes and is then ready to seal the plastic bag. This airtight pouch can now be put into your freezer. Any time you want to use one, put the bag in boiling water and cook. No pots to wash, no vitamins lost. Seal-a-Meal has a large box of jumbo bags included. Available at department stores or from us for $17, which includes postage and handling. **M. M.-H.**

NETWORKS: Anticipating Depression Now

The *Inflation Survival Letter* is to the current economic troubles what plans for fallout shelters were to the bomb scare. A glance at the eight-page biweekly will shake you right down to your portfolios. It suggests that total collapse of the Western world is imminent. Published by Human Events, the edition we read recommended transferring savings to banks in Switzerland, Mexico, or the Cayman Islands; stockpiling gasoline in underground tanks and food in theftproof pantries; and not living near a military installation. The last tip is a caution against making it easy for the National Guard and Marines to kick down your doors and steal your hoarded supplies when the panic comes. For the nervous or cautious, subscriptions can be obtained for a whopping $30 a year from Human Events, 422 First Street, SE, Washington, D.C. 20003.

(Readers who have more positive solutions to inflation-related problems are invited to describe them in brief reports. Send them to Networks, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. We'll print as many as possible in a later issue.)

GAMEWRAINFORM

MIXED MONIKERS

by Keith Floyd, Bristol, Va.

This month *Harper's* presents the ideal game to play when there's absolutely nothing else to do, say, when you're driving across Nebraska or waiting for a watched pot to boil. Pick a famous person's name, then, syllable by syllable, construct a name that is opposite in meaning. Some examples:

Poor-soft Approve-off—Richard Nixon

Lengthen Despair—Bob Hope

If you can figure out who Baldy Falsewoman is, you're ready to play this game. Readers are invited to make up their own opposite names, and to send them on a postcard to "Mixed Monikers," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries should be postmarked no later than March 6, and become the property of *Harper's*. Winning entries will be published in the May issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *The Art of Invention,* by William and Marlys Ray (The Pyne Press).

Runners-up: *A Treasury of Traditional Wisdom,* by Whitall N. Perry (Simon and Schuster).

Winners of "Double Deal," the January game that invited readers to play two games at once—"What's Nice" and "What's the Trouble"—are:

First Prize

A World of Movies: 70 Years of Film History, by Richard Lawton (Delacorte Press):

The trouble with charity is that it appeals to me.
—Catherine Gibbs
Jacksonville, Fla.

Runners-up

A Sumi ink and rice-paper set:

What's Nice

What's nice about President Ford is that you can disagree with his decisions without having to admit you voted for him. —Glen Leonard
Bountiful, Utah

What's nice about soyburger is there's no beef with the price. —Mildred Connor
Kalamazoo, Mich.

What's nice about a parsnip is that no matter how little it is, it's still more than enough.
—Marian Morton
Terre Haute, Ind.

What's nice about a bad memory is that it makes possible the good old days.
—Stephen Eng
Montclair, N.J.

What's nice about good music is that it is noteworthy.
—Howard S. Bashant
Mahopac, N.Y.

What's nice about ethnic jokes is that they don't offend everybody. —John Bing
San Diego, Calif.

What's the Trouble

The trouble with glaucoma is that the surgeon's fee is out of sight. —M. W. Dougherty
Las Vegas, Nev.

The trouble with obesity is that it's becoming widespread.
—Charles Main
Miami, Fla.

The trouble with volunteer work is that you never know what you're worth.
—Jill Kershaw
La Crosse, Wis.

The trouble with oil is that it causes money to slip through your fingers. —Nicole Dobson
Oakland, Calif.

The trouble with good is needing evil to recognize it.
—Loraine Nordlinger
Townsend, Mass.

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive $50.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: $1 per word. (10-word minimum. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to run six times; deduct 20¢ a word if ad is to run twelve times.)
All ads must be **prepaid** at the time you send your insertion. (If you are ordering more than one insertion, please send full amount to qualify for discount.) Replies to *Harper's* box numbers should be sent to the address below. You may now request the use of a *Harper's* box number. There is a $2 charge. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP Codes count as one word.
Copy must be received by the 8th of the second month prior to the issue date.

Harper's Magazine
Classified Advertising Department
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

NETWORKS: Restoring a People

About 15,000 Indians belong to the National Indian Youth Council, which has more than fifty chapters in public schools, Bureau of Indian Affairs schools, colleges, reservations, and prisons. The council is aimed at fostering Indian education, jobs, and civil liberties. A policy statement issued in 1973 observed: "We are products of chaos. Chaos in our tribes, chaos in our families, chaos in our personal lives. NIYC dedicates itself to the restoration of ourselves as a people."

The council's recent projects include: lawsuits involving denial of Indian student rights, jury selection, employment discrimination, and strip mining, attempts to control coal gasification on reservations, organization of Indian culture groups in prisons, and protection of Indian water rights along the Rio Grande.

The NIYC needs volunteer help from attorneys, environmental specialists, and anyone else who can assist the organization. Money is especially needed because most of the projects involve lengthy battles fought by experts. To contribute—help or money—write to Gerald Wilkinson, director, National Indian Youth Council, 201 Hermosa, NE, Albuquerque, New Mexico 87108. Subscriptions to the NIYC monthly newspaper, *Americans Before Columbus,* are $1.50 a year.

TRAVEL

You're going back to Britain. time, for a longer, closer look want to wander through a t scenery, a bit of history. An never know where such deep ex tion might lead. Through Engla course, and Scotland, and Wales. May we suggest that yo plore Britain by train. A $70 BritRail Pass will give you the dom to travel about at whim. surcharge after August 1.) We other passes too, if you have m less time. (But you must buy here.) For details, please write Rail Travel International, Dep P.O. Box S, Staten Island, N.Y.

Special interest study tours for —1975. European art and arc ture, Edinburgh, Loire châteaux well's Corsica, Hebrides, Cha or Shakespeare's England, Ge Yorkshire, Athens, Mexican A ology. $400-900. 2-3 weeks. Association for Cultural Exch 539 West 112th St., N.Y.C.

For high-school students and ates—safari in Africa. Or stay viet Youth Center. Ski Mont Bl July; bike through Denmark; hi ride horseback in Alps; live European family; sun on French era; speak French in France, Sp in Spain. Festivals, theaters in don, Paris, Moscow. Unique su travel in Europe—Russia—A 24th year. Write: George H. Shu Putney Student Travel, Putney, 05346. (802) 387-5885.

Voyages to America. Cruise thr our nation's heartland and histo a relaxing six miles per hour ab *The Delta Queen;* last of the night paddlewheel steamboats. Y discover a forgotten America the mighty Mississippi and bea Ohio Rivers. For a brochure an cruise schedule write The Queen, Dept. HM 03, 322 E. Fo St., Cincinnati, Ohio 45202.

Idaho River trips—Six-day, 110 float trips on the Middle Fork mon. Information, write Western fitters, Box 331, Boise, Idaho 8

Raft expeditions on Fraser, Chil Rivers from $290. Free brochure. cade, P.O. Box 46441, Vanco Canada V6R 4G7.

Worldwide freighter guide—$ Rates, schedules, 700 passenger-c ing freighters. TravLtips, 40-2 Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

Australia. Authentic informatio freely available *without charge* the Australian Embassy in Was ton, D.C. (202) 797-3000, and Australian Consulate General in York (212) 245-4000, San Fran (415) 362-6160, Los Angeles 380-4610, and Chicago (312) 1740.

REAL ESTATE

Tobago, W.I.—Cottages, all s locations, rates. Completely equip Tobago Cottage Owners Associa Box 194, Tobago.

North Dakota ranch for sale—8 acres. Terms available. Also o farms for sale. Contact Dennis Is Box 1581, Bismarck, N. Dak. 58

...N A PAROUND WRAPA...

...ernment lands . . . from $7.50/...! Vacationing, farming, invest...t! Exclusive "Government Land ...r's Guide" . . . plus "Land Op...unity Review," listing lands ...ughout U.S. Send $2. Surplus ...ds, Box 6588-HV, Washington, ... 20009.

...ne land investments $20,000 and ... The Moosehead-Kineo Company, ...kwood, Me. 04478.

...can still acquire public land ... Government Land Digest, Box ..., Norman, Okla. 73069.

...adian government lands—from ...cre! Vacation paradises, farming, ...nvestment opportunities! "Cana... Land Opportunities" includes ...plete information. Send $2 (mon...ack guarantee). Canadian Interna...al, Box 6586-HO, Washington, ... 20009.

...tral Ontario—Choice 640-acre ...tsmen's paradises still available— ... plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, ...ures, $2 (refundable). Information ...eau, Norval 64, Ontario, Canada.

RESORTS

...h Hampton Inn & Country Club. ...outhern Blue Ridge Mtns. at 3,600 ... Spectacular scenery. Rustic de... Good food. Private 18-hole golf ...rse, 8 tennis courts (special golf/... package available), 3 lakes. ...ing. Boating. Swimming. Private ...les. Skeet & trap field. Open ... thru Oct. Write or phone (704) ...2411. High Hampton Inn, Dept. ..., Cashiers, N.C. 28717.

VACATIONS

...tewater Float trips, Utah & ...oming. Slickrock River Co., Box ...3, Denver, Colo. 80210

...y a new vacation experience— ...re you choose—rent-free. Write ...ing Home Exchange, Box 3007, ... Paul, Minn. 55165.

...r vacation money-saver. A Colo... Mountain Ranch retreat offers ...ng, horseback, dance, seminars in ...th, occult, Yoga, astrology, edu...on, photography, arts-crafts, psy...logy, construction, cooking, etc. ...te C. H. Arnold, Mountain Insti..., Gold Hill, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

...ily seeks vacation house in tropi... location from August to ?? Would ...p homes. Dr. Mazade, 708 Wil...n Circle, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

...thwest Safaris: Air tours of New ...xico, Colorado, Utah, and Ari...a. Camping, hiking, riding, rafting. ...logy, archaeology, history. The ...mate in creative holidays. Free ...chure. P.O. Box 945, Santa Fe, ...Mex. 87501.

GOURMETS

...-fashioned fried cornbread recipe, ... Box 5631, Amarillo, Texas 79107.

HOUSEPLANTS

... lime tree for indoors (or out). ...ntity limited. Flowers throughout ...r and produces those rare Key ...s in abundance. Comes in one-...on container, approximately 13 in. ...n and will grow to over 5 ft. Only ...95 including packing and shipping ...rges. Send name, address, zip ...e, check or money order (Ill. resi...ts add 5% sales tax) to: Lifetime ...sery Products, Dept. HM, 1866 ...ridan Road, Highland Park, Ill. ...35. Allow 2-3 weeks for delivery.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Playing the recorder is easy. Free catalogue recorders, recorder music. Beginners' Pearwood Recorder, Instruction Book, $11.95. Amster Recorder Co., 1624-H Lavaca, Austin, Texas 78701.

TAPES

Cassette recording tapes. Discount price list, 25¢. Tower, #33098, Washington, D.C. 20028.

RECORDS

Show albums—rare, out-of-print LPs. 52-pg. list, 50¢. Broadway/Hollywood Recordings, Georgetown, Conn. 06829.

Free record catalogue. Hard-to-find albums, *low prices.* Superb operas, classical, shows, soundtracks, early jazz/blues, and nostalgia. Top labels. Treasury House Records, Dept. H, P.O. Box 165, Bay Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

MOTION PICTURES

Super 8mm, 16mm, 8mm silent and sound film classics. Free catalogue. Niles, 1141-HP Mishawaka, South Bend, Ind. 46615.

ART

Award-winning collectors' series of airplane prints. Full-color 9 x 12 lithographs ready to frame. Illustrated catalogue. Johns-Byrne Co., 161 West Harrison, Chicago, Ill. 60605.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

Beautiful postcard album—world's finest; holds 200 cards—$8.95 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Writewell, 276 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass. 02115.

EARTHLY GOODS

1984 antiques—Collectors, 6119 Mayfield Rd., Mayfield Heights, Ohio.

SCHOOLS

Private-school placement service. Student's individual requirements primary consideration. 163 High Street, Middletown, Conn. 06457. Telephone: (203) 346-5111.

Acupuncture training, home-study program and supplies. Hing, Box 219-W, Toronto, Canada M6M 4Z2.

Study—Ski. Accredited private college. Write Colorado Alpine Campus, Steamboat Springs, Colo. 80477.

Non-residence degrees! Honorary degrees. Nationwide faculty. Catalogue, $3. UNITED STATES UNIV. OF AMERICA, Box 4552-HA, Washington, D.C. 20017.

Futures Lab: global, social-environmental studies (BA). Box 120 Annex Station, Providence, R.I. 02901H.

Study programs in France. Language, fine arts, performing arts. For information: Paris American Academy, 9 Rue des Ursulines, Paris 5.

High Mowing School—co-ed, grades 9-12. College preparatory, Rudolf Steiner/Waldorf approach. Weaving, ceramics, organic gardening, animal care, auto mechanics, eurythmy, painting, drama, music, sculpture, driver ed., carpentry. 200 wooded acres. Call/write Mr. Pratt, Wilton, N. H. 03086. (603) 654-2391.

Earn a British degree in Philosophy, Arts and Sciences. Catalogue $1 airmailed (refundable). Dept. H, Secretary, Sussex College of Technology, Highfield, Dane Hill, Sussex Rh17 7EX England.

Do you have a kid interested in architecture? Um . . . how about yourself? Send for *Architectural Schools in North America* for $3 and/or *Life Experiences in Environmental Design* for $4; from us, ACSA, 1735 New York Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20006.

WILDLIFE WILDERNESS SCHOOL offers exciting courses in Colorado Rockies and Utah. Accredited Colorado University. Minimum age 16. Box 669H. Silverton, Colo. 81433.

SUMMER WORKSHOPS

Wilderness and literature: Ten-day field trips in Adirondacks or Colorado, an innovative course at SUNY, Potsdam. Write: Wilderness Workshop, SUNY, Potsdam, N.Y. 13676.

CAMP FOR ASTHMATICS

Bronco Junction—A kid can forget about asthma when he's too busy having a great summer. All activities and fun of normal camping life geared to individual needs of asthmatic children. Complete medical-allergy care. Set in the West Virginia mountains. Nonprofit. A.C.A. 8 weeks. Coed 6-15. Allergy Rehabilitation Foundation Inc., Atlas Building, Charleston, W. Va. 25301. (304) 343-5427.

CATALOGUES

Bicentennial products catalogue, free. Write: Box 681, Kainco, Dept. H, California, Pa. 15419.

Free 32-page color catalogue—self-help handicraft gifts from 25 countries. SERRV Program, Church World Service Center, Box 365-H, New Windsor, Md. 21776.

Leaded art stained glass catalogue Supplies: wholesale/retail. Send $1. Nervo Studios, 7th and Addison Sts., Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

BOOKS

Complete list of books by Rudolph Steiner. Anthroposophic Press, Inc., 258 Hungry Hollow, Spring Valley, N.Y. 10977.

Buy/Sell public & mail auctions—books, prints, magazines, comics. Auction catalogue, $1. Free O.P. search service. Open 10-6:30. ECONOMY BOOKS, 1125-H King, Alexandria, Va. 22314.

Publishers' overstocks catalogue. Free. Bookseller, 30-6 Chambers, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

Free Book Catalogue. Discounts to 70%! Many adult subjects. Genjen, Box 1486 B, Eldridge, Calif. 95431.

30% discount on new books. (Add 35¢ postage.) BOOKQUICK, B-2, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

Publish your book! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press (Dept. HZN), 84 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10011.

Fiction, mysteries, war, science. Free catalogue. Sunmount Books, Box 145-H, Willowdale, Ont., Canada.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Out of Print. Send wants. Bookdealer. Dept. JN, 39 No. Browning Ave., Tenafly, N.J. 07670.

Out of Print Bookfinder. Box 663HA. Seaside, Calif. 93955. Send wants.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Writing—Editing—Research. Confidential. Wordsmiths, Box 5882, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Scholarly treatises, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. RC Research, Box 120-A, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Literary help, any problem. Professional writer. Harper's Box 201.

Books printed from well-typed manuscript! Biography Press, Rt. 1, Box 745, Aransas Pass, Texas 78336.

Manuscripts, reports, academic writing, editing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. RC Research, Box 138-H, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Looking for a Publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, distributed. Send for Free Booklet, HP-2 Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th St., N.Y.C. 10001.

All the law that writers should know by former judge listed WW in A. Marquis. Details free. A. L. I., Box 341, Piggott, Ark. 72454.

Poetry published free. Write: Young Publications, Box 166-H, Appalachia, Va.

Academic writing, research, and editing. Versatile, expert staff, reasonable prices. Berkeley Research, Box 4094-H, Berkeley, Calif. 94904. (415) 848-6710.

Publish your poems. Our guide tells how/where. $2.50. LYF-AF, Box 1872, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201.

Editing, typing manuscripts, cassettes. Marye Myers, Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

Worldwide English newspapers. 65 countries! Sampler: 9 newspapers/9 countries: $3.98. Free Brochure, MULTINEWSPAPERS, Box DE-7 Dana Point, Calif. 92629.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

The Berkeley Center—offering an intensive experience in individual primal process. 1925 Walnut St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704. (415) 548-3543.

Cash for you. Updated National Source Directory. Preview Outline & Bonus $2. SRA Research, Dept. H-1, Box 50114, Nashville, Tenn. 37205.

PUBLICATIONS

Beat inflation—monthly newsletter, down to earth—saves you dollars every day. Send $10 now, year subscription. Money-back guarantee. Keith, Box 492, Mineola, N.Y. 11501.

High times—only magazine dedicated solely to getting high. Dope articles, entertainment, information. Dope price index. A glossy quarterly. $2 for two recent issues. $10/12-issue subscription. High Times, Dept. HP, Box 386, Cooper Sta., N.Y.C. 10003.

Eros—Three volumes, $150. Benz, 14230 Ohio Street, Detroit, Mich. 48238.

Chicano Education Digest. National monthly publication; $9/yr. Box 5802 (HM), Riverside, Calif. 92507.

Rediscover rural America. Receive a different weekly newspaper each week. Nationwide or regional selection. One year, $15. Free brochure or send $4 for 3-month trial subscription. Countrynews, Box 40, Olema, Calif. 94950.

UNDOWRAPAROUNDOV

Recycling booklet. Teaches environmentally-conscious school groups, civic clubs, and communities how to organize local volunteer programs of resource recovery. Send $2 to the Alabama Environmental Quality Association, Box 11000, Montgomery, Ala. 36111.

Wind power systems information/planning manual. $3. Wind Power, Box 233, Mankato, Minn. 56001. Engineering consultation available.

BOOKPLATES

Free catalogue. Many beautiful designs, Antioch Bookplates, Box 28-T, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Import-export opportunity, profitable worldwide, mail-order business from home, without capital or travel abroad. We ship plan for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. A1022, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

How to cut costs of furniture, clothes, rent, and more by 50%. Ad executive reveals amazing secrets. $2. Systembeater III, Iceberg Point, Lopez Island, Wash. 98261.

Import, mail-order opportunity. Earn $15,000 annually or owe nothing. Free one-year trial. Details: Northeast Imports, Box 121H2, Fremont, N.H. 03044.

Interested in owning a franchise?— business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 448, 1460 Hancock Center Chicago, Ill. 60611.

How to make money addressing, mailing letters. Offer details, 10¢. Lindbloom, Dept. HRP, 3636 Peterson, Chicago, Ill. 60659.

Make two to three times your cost on hundreds of products. $2 brings wholesale catalogue. Wherry, Box 180, Western Springs, Ill. 60558.

How to make money writing short paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right away. Send for free facts. BARRETT, Dept. C-77-X, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago 60660.

Turn $10 into $1,000! Guaranteed! Free details. Money Hotline Box 3155-Q, Springfield, Mo. 65804.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Men! Women! Jobs on ships. American, foreign. Guide, $3. Seafax, Dept. W-3, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

Teachers, administrators—Current school, college openings list in U.S., $5; Abroad, $5. Leading placement sources U.S., $3; foreign, $4. EISR, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

Virginia Housing Development Authority is recruiting for Director of Housing Management, Deputy Director of Development, Housing Development Officer, Housing Management Officer, Architect, and Attorney. Send résumé to Robert P. Sangster, Suite 301, Imperial Building, 5th and Franklin Sts., Richmond, Va. 23219. An equal opportunity employer.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

"Jobs in Alaska" handbook—How to work and live in Alaska. Latest pipeline information. $3. JIA, Box 007, Norwich, Vt. 05055.

Overseas Jobs—now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay. Free transportation, tax benefits. Latest computerized reports—$2. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90302-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

Australia, New Zealand Want You! 50,000 jobs! Paid Transportation! Latest information and forms. $1. Austco, Box 3623-H, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

Worldwide opportunities . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All occupations! $700-$4,000 monthly! Employment International, Box 29217-HW, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Overseas opportunities—now available! Free transportation! Complete information . . . plus directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2. International Opportunities, Box 29232-HV, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Inventor wants Howard Hughes-type backer, with knowledge that wheel wasn't invented by a degree. Principal only. No journalists. Contact by mail only, M.M., 6821 California St., Apt. 2, San Francisco, Calif. 94121. Do it *now!*

LICENSED MOVERS

Morris Moving Vans. Since 1899. Experienced and careful movers. Local and long distance to Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Canada. 475-7537. #303. 91 East 7th Street, N.Y.C.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

2-ft. artificial marijuana plant, $2.25. Free catalogue. S-T Mail Order, Box 1885, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Juggle for Fun . . . Learn fine art of juggling. Complete illustrated course with two sets of jugglers' balls. Entertain self, friends. Develops motor coordination/dexterity. Relatively easy. $5 complete (postpaid). Juggler's Vane, Box 7546, Tulsa, Okla. 75104.

PERSONALS

Communal living information and utopian newspaper. Free. The Storefront Classroom, P.O. Box 1174, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Amusing European honorary medals and fictitious degrees. For color brochure send $2. International Awards Committee, Dept. H, 2350 Bean Creek Rd., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060.

Snoring problem? For free information explaining the first and only guaranteed cure ever offered, write Crostronics, Box 8143, Corpus Christi, Texas 78412.

Penfriends. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927-H 15th St., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Nationwide introductions! Free information! "Identity," Box 315-HC, Royal Oak, Mich. 48068.

Interesting penfriends! 35¢ handles. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, Calif.

Men, spirits, and God. How to live in serenity, security, happiness, and freedom from fear and worry. $1. Veris Press, Dept. H., 407 Fillmore Street, Fillmore, Calif. 93015.

Learn professional astrology at home. Write World Astrological Services, Inc., Box 471, Murray, Ky. 42071.

Intensive and group therapy—Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd. Austin, Texas 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute. $2,000 for three-week intensive; subsequent groups are $10 each.

Ocean Park Feeling Center. Primal-based process: three-week live-in intensive period. Six-month to year program. Weekly small group and individual sessions. 1307 University Ave, Berkeley, Calif. 94702 or call (415) 841-6649 or 339-2284.

Hearing aids! Batteries! Repairs! Wholesale Discounters! AidMart, Drawer Z-5, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33731.

Handwriting analysis in depth. $10 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29 St., N.Y.C. 10016.

Financial wealth increased by a proven, step-by-step method. Send $2 for our booklet. P.O. Box 8071, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Instant memory—New way to remember. No memorization. Release "photographic" memory. Stop forgetting! Liberates extraordinary knowledge, talents, ESP. Free information. Institute of Advanced Thinking. Box 606-H, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

Moving to Cleveland? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. (216) 751-2155.

Play chess by mail! Information: CHESSNUTS, 25-HA Mount Vernon, Saugus, Mass. 01906.

Financial wealth increased by a proven, step-by-step method. Send $2 for our booklet. P.O. Box 8071, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Pocketbook of passionate, beautiful Haiku. $2. Box 11, Guilford, Conn. 06437.

Astrological readings by R. Baldwin, M.A. Character, destiny, advice on specific questions if desired; $20. Send birth data including place and time to 209 W. 21st St., N.Y.C. 10011.

Attractive, intelligent woman, 29, desires stimulating employment. Will travel. $15,000+. Harper's Box 211.

University psychologists have prepared pamphlet which describes research-proven techniques for controlling tension and anxiety without tranquilizers. $2. Behavioral Information Services, Box 6160, Norfolk, Va. 23508.

Adoptees interested in finding natural parents, write: AIS, P.O. Box 593, Ardsley, N.Y. 10502.

Poets need not starve. Send $1 to Lee Doyle, 97 Harrison St., New Haven, Conn. 06515. I will share a poem with you.

Jewish Philanthropists—contribute to Sabra Student's Fund, 120 Church Street #4, New Brunswick, N.J. 08901.

Not asking charity! Student desperately needs financial help. Send $1, receive poem collection; $10, cassette tape of original songs. Poems, P.O. Box 711, Logan, Utah 84321.

Writer, 48, seeks correspondents in English, French, or Spanish. Harper's Box 213.

Sublet: April-August. East side hattan, 4½-room terrace apart (212) 755-2650.

Political wealth and freedom! dential pardon, $2. Rockefelle certificate, $1. Ace in the Hole 2262, Los Angeles, Calif. 9005

Now protect your property fro kinds of lawsuits, liability, de tion, accident or divorce suit! details: ELP development, Dep 16755 Littlefield Lane, Los Calif. 95030.

Wealth and happiness for you! ple step-by-step procedure. Sen O'Rourke, 3 Garden Heights, burn, Mass. 01801.

Midnight tokers! Send for free catalogue of outrageous headge Rare Treasures, Dept. PT. 30-30 thern Blvd., Long Island City, 11101.

Condoms for men—by mail! top brands—Trojan, Nuform, and many more. Twelve as samples: $3. Deluxe sampler: $6 illustrated catalogue with ever der. Plain package assures pr Fast and reliable service. Satisf guaranteed or your money ref in full. POPLAN, Box 2556— HAC-9a, Chapel Hill, N.C.

When in New York—visit gallo Shoe Outlet and save or women's shoes. 59 Fourth Ave. 242-0490. Phone and mail inq welcome.

Hundreds of absolutely free ent directories, stamped, add envelope, please. Box 4346 (HP lington, Va. 22204.

Help! Children, disabled widow. ey, food, clothing. 208 Li Huntsville, Ala. 35801.

Hairgain—Chinese formula treatment—keeps hair follicle growth activity, grows thicker, er hair. Eight-ounce bottle, Bioderm Laboratories, Box Twinsburg, Ohio 44087.

Three mature adults will ho summer months. Near water ferred. References. (212) 639-13

Mellow U. of N.M. B.S. Gra R.N. seeks private nursing po Two children. Willing to travel ply Harper's Box 217.

Beautiful lady now in Newfoun —love from Henpets Ragger.

Hey, send us 5 men's ties whic are tired of and $2, and we'll you 5 freshly cleaned different Ties, 18 E. Manilla Ave., Pitts Pa. 15220.

Vietnamese war orphans adopti formation, $2. VACF, P.O. Box Houston, Texas 77021.

VACATIONS

New Vacation Money-saver: A orado Mountain ranch retreat hiking, horseback, dance, sen in health, occult, Yoga, astr education, photography, arts- psychology, construction, cookin Write C. H. Arnold Mountain tute, Gold Hill, Boulder, Colo.

LETTERS

Shall the last be first?

attempting to categorize the nd worst qualities of America's t cities ["The Worst American January], Arthur M. Louis mpiled meaningless and often idictory statistics which may much about his own stan- but which fail to account for ct that twentieth-century urban s better assessed by region: s" rarely are contained within te boundaries, except for pur- of political subdivision.

e analysis presents some t" categories that perhaps d be considered "best." For ex-, the density statistic favors composed of urban sprawl, as Oklahoma City and Nash- while overlooking the benefits ady public transportation and convenience of amenities that be offered by more crowded ur- nvironments, such as New York hicago. This statistic indicates valuation of the quality of any e does not lend itself to simplis- nalysis. The study overlooks rs such as job availability, which rtainly the most crucial locative r in any individual's choice of a , cultural facilities, newspapers other public information media by whom they are controlled), ical tradition, and educational ties, among a few. It does not er that San Jose has 20 million ry books if there is no way to o them. And what of that library —is it modern, well-staffed, and esting?

ne statistics compiled by Mr. s barely scratch the surface and suggest a deeper analysis is ed, even of some of his cate- es. Admittedly, the degree of culty in compiling such material wesome, but a half-attempt can isleading and counterproductive. Since the quality of an urban area extends beyond the readily defined city lines, the degree of difficulty in researching this area is magnified, but one cannot reconsider New York without looking at Fairfield County in Connecticut, or Westchester, or New Jersey and Long Island. Additionally, many small cities, such as Lancaster, Pennsylvania, or Hartford, Connecticut, may not have a huge central core, but may still offer the amenities of larger urban environments in a more pleasant package when considered in the context of their regions.

ROBERT G. ZACK
Charlottesville, Va.

ARTHUR M. LOUIS REPLIES:

A comparison of metropolitan areas could prove interesting and useful, but there are even stronger arguments for comparing the central cities. Each city has its own, discrete governmental body; metropolitan areas don't. If a city is shown to have a high crime rate, poor housing, and inadequate health care, the mayor will be put on the spot. If he fails to improve conditions, he'll catch hell from his constituents—which is all to the good. If we only compare metropolitan areas, however, the mayor of the central city can hide behind the affluence of the suburbs.

As to Mr. Zack's comments on my choice of categories, I'll point out again, as I did in the article, that I limited myself to objective criteria which could be measured statistically. It is a matter of opinion whether San Jose's library is "interesting," and my opinion might differ from the reader's. However, I *will* venture the opinion that Mr. Zack's defense of crowding is incredible and incomprehensible. Crowding contributes to crime, disease, pollution, and many other urban afflictions—which makes it just about the worst affliction of all.

In 1955 Newark was named a "model city" by *Look* magazine. Newark was then a city on the move forward. Today *Harper's* has written about our city, naming her "the worst American city" of the fifty cities surveyed. Mayor Kenneth A. Gibson has repeatedly stated, "Wherever America's cities are going, Newark will get there first." It looks as if we made it.

Lack of effective leadership and the self-interest of politicians have been the prime causes for Newark's decline during the last two decades. A former mayor openly admitted after his election in 1962 that he hoped to "make a million dollars" during his term of office. What he made was a ten-year jail sentence.

The business community of our city, the backbone of any city, saw this decline, and in the early 1960s began to slowly move out of the city. July 1967 saw the occurrence of one of the worst riots in our country's history, and the move to the suburbs accelerated. The Prudential Insurance Company, headquartered in Newark for over a century, has drastically cut its Newark work force during the last seven years, and is currently in the process of unloading its Washington Street building on Essex County College—while at the same time constructing a new complex less than seven miles away in suburban Roseland.

Two decades ago the Newark school system was rated among the best in our country; today its high-school graduates can barely read and write at the eighth-grade level. A recent well-publicized drive by the Board of Education and the Police Department to rid the city streets of thousands of truants, points out that the kids would rather be on the streets than go to a school system that they know does not work.

"Newark is a city that desperately needs help," concludes your magazine article. What Newark needs is a

Harper's Magazine subscriber service

affix Magazine Address Label here

CORRESPONDENCE

Please include your address label when writing about your subscription to help us serve you promptly. Write to: Harper's Magazine, Subscription Dept., 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please let us know you are moving at least five weeks in advance. Affix your magazine address label in space above and print new address below.

TO SUBSCRIBE: check boxes below.

☐ New ☐ Renewal
☐ 1 year $8.97 ☐ 3 years $17.94
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.
(Add'l postage: $1.50 per year outside U.S., its possessions, Canada & Pan America)

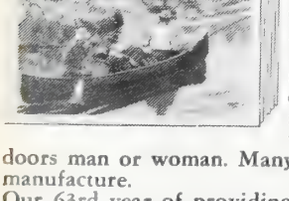
name

address

city state zip code

Because of the importance of the subject, and the author's unusual perspective, we offer special reprints of the article by Frances Moore Lappé, **"Fantasies of Famine"** (February, 1975 issue). 25¢ each, $20 per hundred copies.

Bean's *Outdoor Sporting Specialties*



FREE Spring Catalog

120 fully illustrated pages featuring camping, fishing, hiking and canoeing equipment. Also includes practical, long-wearing apparel and footwear for the outdoors man or woman. Many items of our own manufacture.
Our 63rd year of providing dependable, high-grade sporting specialties. All guaranteed to be 100 percent satisfactory or your money back.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Name .....
Address .....
.....
Zip .....

L. L. Bean, Inc.
920 Main Street, Freeport, Maine 04032

miracle along with a messiah to lead us from Gehenna. Let us hope that this occurs soon, for we are at the eleventh hour.

PHILLIP R. MARCUS
Chairman
Newarkers for Good Government
Newark, N.J.

I have often declared that "wherever America's cities are going, Newark will get there first." I still believe that. So at first glance, it might seem that Arthur Louis was simply confirming my prediction. Well, as a professional engineer, I cannot settle for only a first glance. Neither should your readers. For what you bill as a "scientific study" is in reality a curious welter of inadequate statistics and unexamined suppositions.

I am troubled that Mr. Louis evaluates America's largest cities in purely economic and physical terms. Would he write—or would you publish—an article about our nation's poorest citizens and entitle it "The Worst People in America"? Of course not. And yet, this is exactly what you have done to our cities. You have shown that most of our older cities are poor; the things that Mr. Louis measures in his many charts are, for the most part, factors of the comparative wealth of various cities. We agree that our cities do not receive a fair share of the nation's resources; but are we to be branded "bad" because of inequities we cannot control? Is Mr. Louis applying to our cities the nineteenth-century notion of "the undeserving poor"? Or, worse, does the author basically dislike cities? I notice that he considers population density negative and ranks Newark second only to New York at the bottom of that scale. But density is of the essence of cities; a city without density isn't a city at all—it's a meadow or a desert. I'm afraid Mr. Louis, like too many American thinkers, feels all cities are bad. This antiurban bias has persisted through our history and has undermined many efforts to make our cities more livable.

Yet our cities continue to perform a valuable function, as centers of opportunity for the victims of the whole society. Those who have suffered discrimination, exploitation, and persecution have often sought refuge in cities. They bring with them not only the hopes of a better life, but the scars of the past. It is no mere coincidence that Newark and most of cities near the bottom of Mr. Lou lists have large concentrations of income and minority residents.

But Newark is much more t poor people. We have a comp vital, and dynamic city. Your rea could catch a hint of this in Louis's chart on library books- that category, we're one of the "b cities. Admittedly, Newark was a near the bottom of many of the ch —but some of the figures were outdated as to be irrelevant. Qui few of those charts were based the 1970 census, although many dents of urban affairs have found jor deficiencies in the census. An the individual charts are on an and shaky foundation, adding th up only compounds the errors. M over, the author takes no note trends, which can also say m about the quality of a city. Our cr rate, for example, has been go down steadily for several years. some other data are simply untr as one example, our city has 2 acres of parkland per 10,000 idents, not the 3.6 acres listed by Louis. And there are other catego that Mr. Louis does not attempt measure: transportation in all for opportunities for higher educati social agencies, et cetera. We wo invite comparison with any city those areas.

In Newark we worry less ab *Who's Who* than about what's wh That is why we regret that Mr. Lo did not express or pursue some the questions raised by his surv Why are some cities "worse" th others? What can be done ab these disparities? Who must take t responsibility?

We offer no apologies for Newa Instead, we extend invitations to M Louis, your editors, and your re ers: Come to Newark. Come and a city with great heart and soul qualities that few statisticians c understand, let alone measure. Co and find out if the "worst Americ city" is not really the most comm ted to the old ideal that every hum being should have a place to live, work, to grow, to learn—and dream. I submit to you that Newa is precisely such a place. And that why I consider myself uniquely pr ileged to serve all of its people.

KENNETH A. GIBS
May
Newark, N.

Tom Wolfe

Harper's Magazine

April 1975 $1.00

Modern art reaches the vanishing point:

THE PAINTED WORD



© 1975 New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, Boston. Subsidiary: NEL Equity Services Corporation, mutual funds. Affiliate: Loomis, Sayles & Company, Inc., investment counselors



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Smashing idea: we also offer mutual funds, variable annuities and investment counseling.

America has one great bookstore
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

75 ALIVE The ory of the Andes rvivors *by* PIERS UL READ hotographs Pub price $10)

07 ALL THE RESIDENT'S MEN CARL BERNSTEIN d BOB OODWARD hotographs Pub price $8.95)

78. ALL THINGS RIGHT AND EAUTIFUL *by* AMES HERRIOT Pub price $8.95)

10 A BRIDGE OO FAR *by* ORNELIUS RYAN laps & photos Pub price $12.50)

09 CENTENNIAL *by* AMES A. MICHENER Pub price $12.50)

399 THE EUROPEAN DISCOVERY OF AMERICA The Southern Voyages *by* SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON. Illus (Pub price $17.50)

581 GERALD FORD AND THE FUTURE OF THE PRESIDENCY *by* J. F. TERHORST Photographs (Pub price $9.95)

310 THE GULAG ARCHIPELAGO *by* ALEKSANDR I. SOLZHENITSYN (Pub price $12.50)

207 THE HAMMOND WORLD ATLAS Superior Edition (Pub price $12)

252 HELTER SKELTER The True Story of the Manson Murders *by* VINCENT BUGLIOSI *with* CURT GENTRY Photographs (Pub price $10)

531 THE LAST TESTAMENT OF LUCKY LUCIANO *by* MARTIN A. GOSCH *and* RICHARD HAMMER (Pub price $10)

197 THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK OF HOUSE PLANTS *by* JOAN LEE FAUST Illustrated (Pub price $9.95)

396 THE PALACE GUARD *by* DAN RATHER *and* GARY PAUL GATES (Pub price $8.95)

578 SAMUEL JOHNSON *by* JOHN WAIN. Illus (Pub price $12.50

530 STRICTLY SPEAKING Will America Be the Death of English? *by* EDWIN NEWMAN (Pub price $7.95

323 TALES OF POWER *by* CARLOS CASTANEDA Pub price $7.95)

554 THOMAS JEFFERSON An Intimate History *by* FAWN M. BRODIE Illustrated (Pub price $12.50

584 A TIME TO DIE *by* TOM WICKER Photographs (Pub price $10)

338 TINKER TAILOR, SOLDIER, SPY *by* JOHN LE CARRÉ (Pub price $7.95)

586 THE ULTRA SECRET *by* F. W. WINTERBOTHAM (Pub price $8.95)

More books to choose from

83 THE BANKERS MARTIN MAYER Pub price $15)

59 KISSINGER MARVIN *and* ERNARD KALB hotographs Pub price $12.50)

83 HOW TO BUY OLD *by* IMOTHY GREEN Pub price $6.95)

28 PLAIN PEAKING n Oral Biography f Harry S. Truman MERLE MILLER Pub price $8.95)

44. THE NEW ORK TIMES COOK OOK *by* CRAIG LAIBORNE. Illus (Pub price $12.50)

20 WASHINGTON he Indispensable an *by* JAMES OMAS FLEXNER llus. and maps Pub price $12.50)

27 THE POETRY ROBERT FROST dited by DWARD CONNERY ATHEM. (Pub rice $12.95)

576 A MONTH OF UNDAYS *by* OHN UPDIKE Pub price $6.95)

501 THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S HANDBOOK *by* AARON SUSSMAN. Illus. (Pub price $8.95)

579 CLIVE Inside the Record Business *by* CLIVE DAVIS *with* JAMES WILLWERTH Photographs (Pub price $8.95)

261 SUPERSHIP *by* NOËL MOSTERT (Pub price $8.95)

588 GEORGE S KAUFMAN AND HIS FRIENDS *by* SCOTT MEREDITH. Photos (Pub price $12.95)

114. EINSTEIN The Life and Times *by* RONALD W. CLARK Photos (Pub price $15)

587 THE LIMNER *by* PAUL DARCY BOLES (Pub price $8.95)

140 THE COMPLETE MEDICAL GUIDE *by* BENJAMIN F. MILLER M.D. Illustrated (Pub price $12.50)

577 THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK OF VEGETABLE GARDENING *by* JOAN LEE FAUST. Illus. (Pub price $9.95)

As your introduction to membership you are invited to choose

ANY 4 FOR ONLY $1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose



Prices shown are publishers' U.S. prices. Outside the U.S. prices are generally somewhat higher.

IT'S where the most important works of fiction and nonfiction published today are displayed for your choice—often at substantial savings. Without leaving your home, you can unhurriedly select the particular books you want to read and have them delivered straight to your door. In addition to this time-and-energy-saving convenience, continued bookbuying brings a further reward: through the Club's unique Book-Dividend® plan you can build a superb home library at savings of at least 70% (frequently more) on book publishers' list prices. Give this delightful method of shopping a trial. Begin by choosing any four of the extraordinary books on this page for only $1.

FACTS ABOUT MEMBERSHIP

- You will receive the Book-of-the-Month *News*, a literary magazine published by the Club, 15 times a year. The *News* describes the coming Selection and scores of Alternates, and will be sent to you approximately every three and a half weeks.
- If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically.
- If you do not want the Selection—or you would like one of the Alternates or no book at all—simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *News* and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.
- If, because of late mail delivery of the *News*, you should receive a Selection without having had 10 days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.
- All books distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012 **5-A67-4**

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the Month Club and send me the four volumes whose numbers I have indicated in boxes below, billing me $1.00 for all four volumes. I agree to purchase at least four additional Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE FOUR BOOKS YOU WANT

[ ] [ ] [ ] [ ]

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address ..... Apt .....

City .....

State ..... Zip .....

Harper's

APRIL 1975 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 250, NO. 1499

WRAPAROUND 3 **We Are Here By DESIGN**
113 Tools for Living 116 Information

David K. Shipler and Dennis Troute 31 THE AMERICAN ABSENCE
Hanging on: two views of Vietnam

Helen Lawrenson 38 COVERING THE WATERFRONT
The sailor and the lady: a memoir of love and labor in the zesty 1930s

Benjamin Barber 51 COMMAND PERFORMANCE
Why democracy needs authority

Tom Wolfe 57 THE PAINTED WORD
A bold observer of American sub-cults offers an intrepid perception of modern art as talk, sheer talk, the chirping of crickets

BOOKS

John Gardner 104 THE FINEST KING
Jack Richardson 105 A REASONABLE MAN
Charles Nicol 107 ICH BIN EIN KEFAUVER SENIOR

VERSE

Robert Penn Warren 24 A Problem in Spatial Composition

COMMENTARY

94 CHRISTIANS, WHY DO YOU STILL BELIEVE IN GOD, IN THE PROMISE OF THE CROSS?
Answers by William F. Buckley, Jr., Anne Fremantle, Michael Novak, Garry Wills, Robert Coles, Eugene J. McCarthy, George E. Reedy, and J. M. Cameron

DEPARTMENTS

16 LETTERS
Henry Kissinger *v.* William Safire; Rebecca West *v.* Anthony West; also energy solutions and children's rights
108 GAME

Cover photograph by Jerry Sarapochiello

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Robert Shnayerson; **MANAGING EDITOR:** Lewis H. Lapham; **ART DIRECTOR:** Sheila Berger; **SENIOR EDITOR:** Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.; **COPY EDITOR:** Rhoda Koenig; **ASSOCIATE EDITORS:** Gwyneth Cravens, John Fischer; **WASHINGTON EDITOR:** Taylor Branch; **STAFF EDITORS:** Valerie Brooks, Lawrence S. Burns; **EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR:** Angela Santoro; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** George Crile, Timothy Dickinson, Annie Dillard, Barry Farrell (West Coast), Jim Hougan, Russell Lynes, George Plimpton, Marion K. Sanders, Earl Shorris, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; **BOOKLETTER EDITOR:** Suzanne Mantell

PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard; **ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER:** Griff Ellison; **ASSISTANT PUBLISHER:** Ernest M. Walker, Jr.; **CONTROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCTION MANAGER:** Louis Seeger; **REPRINTS/PERMISSIONS:** Lucy Mattimore

HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich

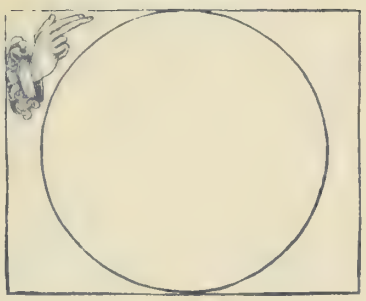
Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert Shnayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.97 one year; $17.94 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: $1.50 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beatlie, Treasurer.
For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco.

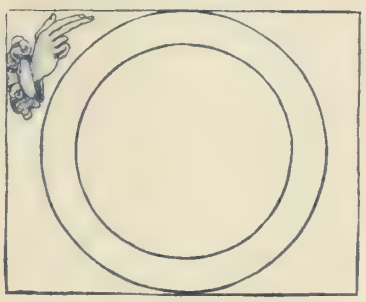
Copyright © 1975 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated.

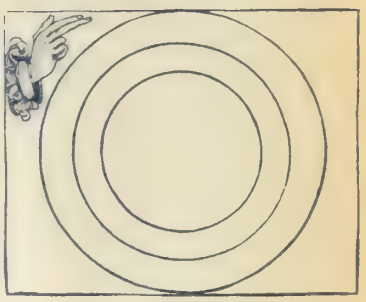
Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.
POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

WRAPAROUND

We are here by DESIGN







r a number of reasons—
l and bad—design is a con-
ng subject. Among the good
ons is the elusiveness of def-
on: a person who does a
of dresses for a couturier
se and someone who draws
an for a jet engine are both
d designers. It is hard to
what they have in common.
/hat both people share, I
k, is the process: each starts
a problem, one related to
female figure and the other
ted to propulsion. Each ar-
s at solutions within a con-
money limitations, mate-
available, skills and tools
and, existing state of the art,
petition, the nature of the
ket. In the end, each has de-
ed an item that must work:
dress has to enhance the
rer; the engine has to drive
plane.

design may be very beauti-
but it is not art; a design has
do something. The artist
ks to make a kind of visual
ment that has, for him, some
ortant connection with real-
as he perceives it. The de-
er needs a client to present
roblem, and a factory to
e his design in quantity.
he scientist believes that problems can be solved with his intellectual equipment plus instruments. His answers are always quantifiable. The designer goes along with this to a great extent, but he also relies on the evidence of his senses and his intuition. So his work falls somewhere between art and science.

A very bad reason for the confusion about design is the prevailing notion that it is a kind of frosting, an aesthetic overlay that makes humdrum objects more appetizing. No responsible designer believes this. In nature, organic designs (our best models) never show decoration that isn't functional, never show the slightest concern for aesthetics, and always try to match the organism with its environment so that it will survive.

Misconceptions about design also arise because modern technology isolates so many people from the processes of designing and making. Considering how little we are taught about such things, autos and stereo sets might just as well grow on trees. Technological society has created the visual illiterate, a new barbarian who thinks people have eyes so that they can tell when traffic lights turn red or green, and who lacks the faintest idea of how his complex environment is put together.

One way to learn something about design is to dust off your old college text for Biology I and read about the way the forms, structures, and colors of organisms relate to what they do. Another is to look around and ask questions:

☐ Why do perfectly good metal station wagons have panels of fake wood?

☐ If you went through the house looking for honest designs, would you find more in the kitchen or the living room?

☐ Why are so many big TV sets encased in phony antique credenzas? If you have one, why did you buy it?

☐ How do you feel about "Louis XV" chairs of injection-molded plastic, or supersonic steam irons?

☐ If you were offered the choice of a free trip to London, Paris, Zurich, Venice, and Rome, or a tour of the twelve biggest shopping centers in the U.S., which would you choose? Why?

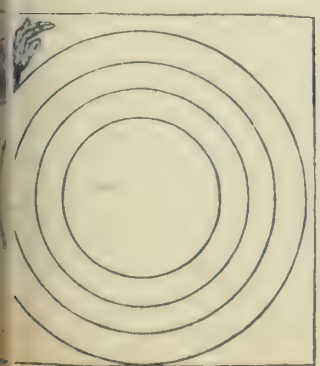
Designs have a curious quality, one that practically nobody knows anything about. They can be "read," just like a magazine, and they never lie. When the Victorian *nouveau riche* built a suburban mansion that looked like a castle on the Rhine, the neighbors knew he was not a German feudal lord but just a guy scrambling up the social ladder. It is worthwhile to learn to decode the messages in objects—they are full of information about the state of the society.

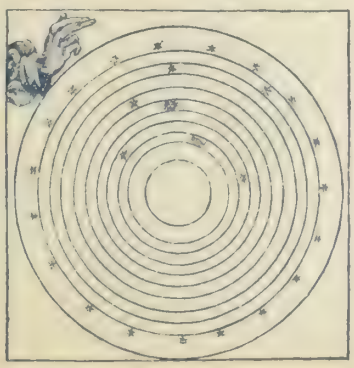
If you start reading the objects in your environment, whether buildings or strip developments or manhole covers or consumer items, and the result makes you feel slightly ill, don't worry. It just means that you are well on the way to visual literacy. **—George Nelson**

George Nelson, guest editor of this month's WRAPAROUND, *is an architect and industrial designer.*

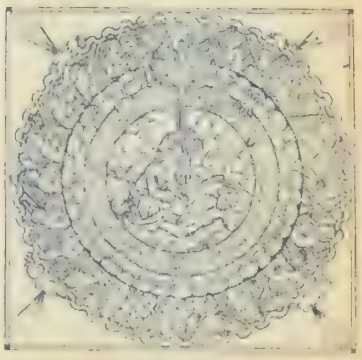
"Had I been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe."

—Alfonso the Wise
(1221-1284)









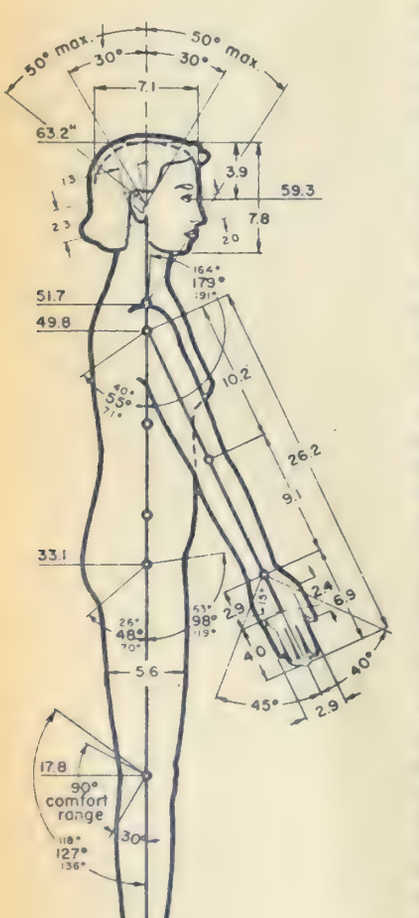
Creation: fifteenth-century German woodcuts

The Granger Collection

NTRAPAROUNDOWRAPA

Ocean Liners to Ashtrays

Whenever you dial a telephone, vacuum a carpet, adjust the thermostat in your house, ride in a jet plane, or even swat a fly, you are probably face to face with the work of Henry Dreyfuss, who was born in 1909 and committed suicide in 1972. His philosophy—do more with less—has had an incalculable influence on our everyday surroundings, to the point that it would not be an exaggeration to say that his designs for the Polaroid camera, the Singer sewing machine, the Hoover vacuum, the RCA radio, the Mosler safe, the Honeywell thermostat, the Nike missile, and the interiors of the DC-10 jet and the Twentieth Century Limited train might stand as landmarks by which archaeologists of the future could define an entire cultural epoch.



Henry Dreyfuss's anthropometric data on the standing adult female. Dreyfuss used these data in his "human engineering"—designing the product to fit the person.

Dreyfuss's fundamental idea, considered revolutionary when he opened his first industrial design office in 1929, was designing from the inside out. He built a product around its technological core, letting function, safety, and efficiency determine its appearance. This clean-lined simplicity was sometimes criticized as "drab," but Dreyfuss thought things were beautiful if they worked well and were patterned, anatomically and psychologically, on a human scale.

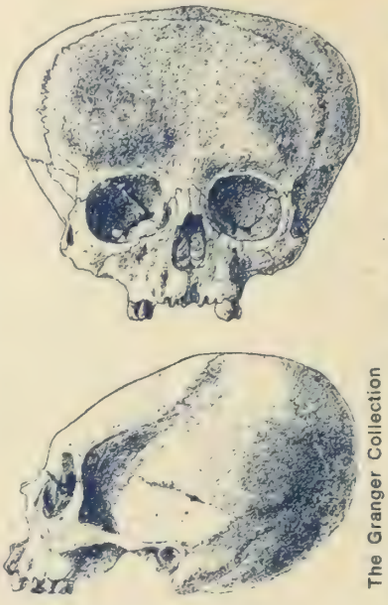
Dreyfuss was devoted to determining the usefulness and appeal of his products: he sold clocks in a department store, haunted dime stores to study merchandise and shoppers, and even made rounds as a telephone repairman to learn more about the way phones fitted into their environment. (His job as repairman ended the day he walked from the service elevator into a fashionable apartment where he'd been a distinguished dinner guest a few nights earlier.) His telephone research resulted in the Bell System's black cradle phone, as well as the Trimline, Princess, and Touch-Tone telephones. Dreyfuss calculated that each call on a Touch-Tone dial saved six seconds, adding up to over 150 million man-hours annually in America alone.

For the liners *Constitution* and *Independence* Dreyfuss designed the interiors, from the staterooms down to the silverware. For the top deck, he suggested a swimming pool. This was during the conservative years after World War II, and his notion was considered luxurious and extreme. Furthermore, structural problems made it an impossibility: the pool would be too heavy for that part of the ship. Noting that dozens of heavy wooden deck chairs were planned for the top deck, Dreyfuss redesigned them in lightweight aluminum. He thus saved enough weight to build the pool, and the aluminum deck chair has been with us ever since.

Today, scarcity has made the concept of doing more with less a global necessity, and Dreyfuss's vision of function has become ubiquitous.

—Sasha Cavander

Sasha Cavander, a free-lance writer, is working on a book entitled The World of Henry Dreyfuss.



The Granger Collection

Flathead Indians from the Fraser River country of British Columbia

CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT

In the nineties and the early 1900s, gold teeth were as much a part of the fashion scene as peg-top trousers, choker collars, and chatelaine watches. There were, of course, certain practical reasons for this popularity. From the viewpoint of the average dentist, gold-shell crowns provided a simple method of securely anchoring artificial teeth; at the same time they covered ugly, broken-down, and discolored natural teeth, as well as much inferior dental work. And to the patient, gold seemed to represent the most in value received. **—Charles I. Stoloff**

Natural History
February 1972



X ray of a Chinese woman's bound foot

What a Piece of Work is a Man!

The basic design of the h man body has been a sort aesthetic stumbling block many centuries. Most of t body's internal arrangeme have always given reasonal satisfaction, but the look of has perpetually cried out some kind of improveme Stylization, decoration, and aggeration have always be called into play to reorgan God's handiwork. The aim dress, anthropologists say, is so much protection of the sh ering, hairless ape from weather as making him lo more important, beautiful, alluring. Artists have alw been necessary collaborators this aim, obligingly render images of man that have st ized and idealized his appe ance, all the more effectiv among the half-naked grou African sculpture, for examp makes potent, vigorous abstr tions out of naked bodies, as to demonstrate how they rea ought to look. Similarly, clas Greek sculptors created ide izations of nudity so exquisit subtle that less well-design beings could identify with the

In chilly Western Euro however, clothing has alwa seemed the best way to edit t look of bodies. What we c fashion, which was invent sometime in the thirteenth ce tury, has taken the covered rat er than the bare body for medium. Representative art b provided a kind of paral guide to this phenomenon: t history of fashion in the W manifests the vast inventi with which men and wom have tried to mold themsel into works of art. The late M dle Ages, devoted to attent tion, used long pointed sho for men, long pointed hea dresses for women, and t first instance of tight corseti for both sexes. Fashions in t Renaissance and the early B roque period abandoned sle derness and its extensions favor of bulk. Enormous sleev and padded doublets magnifi the puny human torso, and hu ruffs thickened the neck; the mid-seventeenth century, egant men and women had b come waistless mountains satin, topped with abunda curls. The Van Dyck portra give the best version of hc they were supposed to look.

UNDOWRAPAROUNDOW

erhaps the most interesting ingenious effort to redesign human body through dress the invention of modern culine tailoring at the end he eighteenth century. This zing conception made it ible for men to look formal natural, displayed and hid- sexy and sober, all at the e time. It was carried out erfection by the likes of n Brummell and his fellow ency dandies, but it has n continued (with variations, ourse) down to the present Subtle padding augments lders and chest so slightly it looks like natural mus- ture, while tubular sleeves trousers can mask deficien- as they reveal structure. It a great idea: its long life in fickle modern world bears ess to that.

—Anne Hollander

Hollander is writing a book on lothed image in art, to be pub- l by Viking in 1976.

signing Women

ne most industrious designers ever known were the girls w up with. The summer be- n sixth and seventh grades, la, Janis, Pattie, and Carole wearing bikinis, streak hair with peroxide and say as the sun, and suddenly 're invited to boy-girl par- Judy and I go to slumber ies. She practices round, fat nanship and changes her e to Judi.

inda and her crowd sing in choir at the Presbyterian ch, practice with makeup, their handwriting to the dot the *i*'s with circles. Judie I sit through *Tom Jones* times.

ninth grade "their crowd" s garter belts, stockings, and r-coordinated Villagers. Lin- goes steady with a senior. mother beams. "When the want to settle down they choose wholesome girls you," Judee's mother em- izes. We wear socks and do date. "You're a late bloom- my mother says. The optom- t asks me, "What happens our boyfriend wears braces, "

t sixteen the unkissed braces e off, my father says I'm old gh for contact lenses, and aighten my hair for the first . "The boys must beat a to your door," says the ist, chuckling. Judye and I buy two-piece bathing suits, size fifteen.

We try harder. Judé lets her hair grow indefinitely. I carry a copy of *Ulysses*. We avoid the beach, and spend Saturdays in Greenwich Village with Margaret, the civil-rights activist. We buy turtlenecks, sandals, and silver earrings. I enter an anti-war essay in the American Legion Memorial Day Contest.

By senior year Linda is head cheerleader and plays my daughter-in-law in the school play.

At the summer camp where I'm a counselor, my peace-sign shirt is confiscated. I refuse to salute the flag. I stare at the McCarthy poster next to my bed and count the days, grateful not to be in the army.

I go to NYU; Margaret attends the New School. I allow my hair to frizz—the first Orphan Annie in the Village—dress in jeans and workshirts, don't even own a skirt. Margaret, braless, sings her own songs and plays guitar in GI coffeehouses for a while, then cuts sugar cane in Cuba and returns a feminist. By the time I graduate, Margaret is a radicalesbian and we are no longer friends.

Linda, upon graduating from a genteel college for women, marries a fraternity man. In grad school I meet up with Judy, who has not cut her hair since we last met. I see Margaret on the street sometimes. She greets me: *"Hare Krishna."* Today I am twenty-six; my mother tells me I've bloomed.

—Melanie Pulik

Melanie Pulik is on the staff of Harper's.



"When people are free to do as they please, they usually imitate each other."

—Eric Hoffer
The Passionate State of Mind
1955

Fashioning Babies

It must be emphasized that, even if scientists do not act irresponsibly in promoting genetic engineering and hence may not need very much outside oversight, past experiences with food and drugs suggest that the business community badly requires careful regulation. The moment any of these new genetic procedures could be mass-produced and marketed, corporations would surely push them, as they do deodorants or laxatives. For instance, if sperm could be sold in capsules and used without a doctor's assistance, advertisements such as Order Your Next Blond from Us, and We'll Make Your Next Child 5 Inches Taller or Your Money Back, would certainly spring up in no time. . . . While it is true that society's fashions affect the use of technologies, these fashions are not randomly or freely determined but, like the shape of our automobiles, gowns, or holidays, are carefully groomed by the business, advertising, and mass media forces. We should have a say *before* these forces promote the mass use of genetic healing or breeding, and concerns other than higher profit should decide whether these new techniques are going to be sold in the marketplace and passed through it into society. **—Amitai Etzioni**

The Genetic Fix, 1973

KINESTHESIA

Indeed, all things move, all things run, all things are rapidly changing. A profile is never motionless before our eyes, but it constantly appears and disappears. On account of the persistency of an image upon the retina, moving objects constantly multiply themselves; their form changes like rapid vibrations, in their mad career. Thus a running horse has not four legs, but twenty, and their movements are triangular.

—Umberto Boccioni, Carlo Carra, Luigi Russolo, Giacomo Balla, and Gino Severini

Futurist Painting: Technical Manifesto, 1910

Tattooed Morality

The Papuans tattoo themselves, decorate their boats, their oars, everything they can get their hands on. But a modern man who tattoos himself is either a criminal or a degenerate. Why, there are prisons where eighty percent of the convicts are tattooed, and tattooed men who are not in prison are either latent criminals or degenerate aristocrats. When a tattooed man dies at liberty, it simply means that he hasn't had time to commit his crime.

The urge to ornament oneself and everything within reach is the ancestor of pictorial art. It is the baby talk of painting. All art is erotic.

The first ornament born, the cross, is of erotic origin; the earliest art-work, the first creative act of the original artist was smudged on the cave wall to let off emotional steam—a horizontal stroke, the reclining woman; a vertical one, the man who transfixes her. The man who did this felt the same impulse as Beethoven, was in the same heaven of delight as Beethoven composing the Ninth. But the man of our own times who smudges erotic symbols on walls is either a criminal or a degenerate. It is clear that this violent impulse might seize one or two unbalanced individuals in even the most advanced cultures, but as a general rule one can rank the cultures of different peoples by the extent to which their lavatory walls have been drawn upon. With children this is a natural condition, their first artistic expressions are erotic scribblings on the nursery walls. But what is natural to children and Papuan savages is a symptom of degeneration in modern man.

I have therefore evolved the following maxim, and pronounce it to the world: the evolution of culture marches with the elimination of ornament from useful objects. **—Adolf Loos**

Ornament and Crime, 1908

APAROUNDOWRAPARO

Designs for Leaving

Café patrons around the world may be in for an unpleasant surprise. Furniture designer Henning Larsen was consulted by Copenhagen café owners whose customers lingered endlessly over coffee. Larsen developed a chair that exerts disagreeable pressure upon the spine if occupied for over a few minutes. The Larsen chair is now being marketed in New York and other cities. . . . The same view is held by those who design airport terminals, which are perhaps the most sociofugal public spaces in American society. In most terminals it is virtually impossible for two people sitting down to converse comfortably for any length of time. The chairs are either bolted together and arranged in rows theater-style facing the ticket counters, or arranged back-to-back, and even if they face one another they are at such distances that comfortable conversation is impossible. The motive for the sociofugal arrangement appears the same as that in hotels and other commercial places—to drive people out of the waiting areas into cafés, bars, and shops, where they will spend money.

—Robert Sommer
Personal Space, 1969

Buckminster Fuller produced an experimental house in 1927, for which the word "Dymaxion" was coined in 1929. It embodied a circular ring of dwelling space enclosed in a skin of plastic and hung by wires from an aluminum mast. The house was designed to be independent of the site, and could be broken down into packages for easy assembly and disassembly. Equipment designed by Fuller and projected for the house included automatic laundry and dishwashing machines, garbage-disposal units, built-in vacuum cleaners, and anticipations of television. The plumbing was designed to require no sewer and water connections.

The Form That Lives

In the classic instance of the Parthenon it is a very difficult thesis to maintain that the irregularities are attributable to masons' errors or the architect's indifference to exactness. Rather it appears that the builders deliberately sought to temper the mathematically correct by slight departures from the "true" measurements, even carrying this ideal so far that they left no straight line straight nor any spacing equal. . . . We can only conclude that the builders of the Parthenon (whether by intelligent imitation or by intuitive artistic taste) had applied to architecture the same secret of beauty which governs natural forms—the tempering of geometric accuracy by minute deviations in the interest of irregularity. I need only refer to the extraordinary mathematical precision which underlies natural forms in the vegetable and animal worlds and to the patent observation that in any given individual of the species the precision of the underlying form is always tempered by the irregularities attendant upon the chance elements of environment and growth, and add that we are apt to find the actual slightly irregularized flower or shell more real, more "living," and more artistically moving than the cold geometrical perfection of the underlying form. The form only lives when it is irregularized in matter.

—Rhys Carpenter
The Esthetic Basis of Greek Art, 1959

Manhole covers, New York City





Walter Schels, *Du* magazine

Body Building

Henry Korman, an archite
is a partner in the Total Desi
Group, an architectural and e
vironmental design firm in Ne
York City. He also teaches
the Parsons School of Desig
We asked him about the effe
of building design on peop

*How do you perceive buil
ings?*

"I just see whether they
friendly or unfriendly."

What is friendly?

"They say 'Hiya.' Friend
buildings are tolerant of yo
they make you feel good, th
make you feel like you're star
ing properly. Unfriendly bui
ings make you feel like yo
clothes don't fit; they make y
stand improperly."

*How does one go about u
derstanding the design of bui
ings?*

"Designers have a preco
ceived, formal theory, and e
erything they analyze or d
sign has to fit that constru
Now, that construct may be a
ticulated or intuitive, but i
always consistent. Ordinary pe
ple lack that construct. They'
lucky. Or let's say they do ha
constructs that are general
formed by their position in s
ciety. They rely a lot on trad
tional ideas of what buildin
are. Designers pretend not t
but most of them rely a gre
deal on a different tradition-
the building tradition. It's ti
to construction, to how to p
things together. The best d
signers these days have a we
developed spatial-intuitive fa
ulty. They have an idea of a
effect they want to create an
how to do it, or at least how
struggle toward doing it.

"There are two ways
thinking about the effect of
building on a person. There
the category of symbolic e
fects, and there is the catego
of direct perception. The gre
cathedrals of Europe, for i
stance, are understood and i
terpreted through various co
structs. Symbolism is used
every level, from the shape
the building—a cross—down
the smallest detail, to get a pa
ticular reaction. A person com
pletely unfamiliar with Chri
tian symbolism will be affecte
in a cathedral, but the effe
will be in the second catego
—derived from the sheer phy
ical impact of the structur
Most interpretations of the e

OWRAPAROUNDOWRA

of buildings are based on
al constructs, not from a
perception. The differ-
is this: someone might
stand something as repre-
g something else and get a
al shock from that under-
ng. Someone else might
shock by sticking his fin-
an electrical outlet. The
s based on putting things
ier; the second is based
e body.

uld a building's shape,
height, and light have a
impact on a person, an
t different from every-
he's been conditioned to
ience? People may intui-
appreciate this second cat-
of effects, but there's
been no exposition of it.
there are some ancient
ses—Roman, Persian, In-
-that give complicated
about where to place a
, which way the doors
i face, how the house
l be built. Some of these
ctions may just be symbol-
e result of conditioning,
some may be an under-
ng of the direct effects of
nent—of doors and so on
a person.

l buildings, I think, come
the human body, from
inner perception of it. A
ssful building renders this
otion in a relaxed way."

that why buildings are
symmetrical?

mmetry is a logical, ra-
imposition. Buildings
absolute symmetry are
hing toward a representa-
f how people might think,
ght be encouraged to think
a linear, logical way. That
metry might affect a per-
mbolically or directly. But
metry doesn't occur in na-
the body is only roughly
metrical, and inside it's not
metrical at all. The heart's
e left side; one lung has
obes, and the other has
"

at do you do when a
comes to you and asks
to design a building for
What happens?

rst I try to get my own
perception of him. I look
m, and then, while he's
g me the particulars of
he wants, I listen."

hat if you think. . .

really don't think. I don't
about it. I look and I
. It's direct perception.
le who don't have direct perception perceive this as chaos—it's what's going on before there are names for things."

Do you then figure out what the client likes and explain what he likes to him?

"No. Everybody knows what he likes, even though he may not know why. They have a feeling of what's right. If you design something different from that feeling, they won't feel at ease with it."

Where does this rightness come from?

"Everyone thinks he's in his mother's house. In some cases you can point out specific examples of this to a person—you can show him how he's arranged his living room to duplicate his mother's. In other cases, the relationship of things in a room has been changed from what it was at mom's, but the final impact—the feeling of rightness—is still based on that early conditioning."

Are there any people who don't live in their parents' houses?

"I guess so."

What is such a person's house like?

"Whatever he wants it to be."

Architecture in Movement

It is not surprising that the ballet as we know it began in Renaissance Italy. With the development of techniques in painting to simulate light, shade, color, frontal silhouette, and aerial perspective, emphasis on geometric space became the outstanding characteristic of this period's art and architecture. In order to make the court and country dance conform to these new principles, the Italians—and later the French—evolved a system to confine and discipline the dancer's movements, the intention being to underline the architecture of the dance. Some gestures were reduced to bare essentials while others were heightened and developed into fixed, expressive patterns. Ballet became a synthesis of anatomy, solid geometry, and musical composition.

This new art form, based on five positions of the feet, was formulated by Pierre Beauchamp around 1700. These positions are the only ones from which it is convenient and practicable to move in any given direction, to fashion a mosaic of consecutive, clearly defined units. It was then discovered that a dancer trained to turn out his knees farther than is natural could extend his leg to form an angle of ninety degrees or more with the other leg. Now the dancer, instead of being confined to a limited number of steps on one plane, could control all conceivable dance movements in space.

To the audience of the time, the curve of the ballerina's calf and instep was exquisite, and when the toe was pointed to form an additional curve the overall effect was sublime. By the 1820s toe dancing had become an established part of every ballet. As soon as the dancer was able to rise on her toes, she gained a wider range of movement, but range subject to absolute control. Only on point can a dancer have the precision, deftness, and economy that characterize the ballet and that allow one to see the dancer's body as part of the choreographic design. By the nineteenth century, her defiance of the laws of gravity and of balance came to symbolize the romantic yearning for ever greater heights, closer proximity to the ideal, and less contact with the earth. But despite changing styles, the basic patterns of ballet fundamentally make it resemble architecture—as much as movement can ever resemble immobility.

—Valerie Brooks

Valerie Brooks is on the staff of Harper's.

"I doubt if there is anything in the world uglier than a Midwestern city."
—Frank Lloyd Wright
August 1954

Architecture goes beyond utilitarian needs.

You employ stone, wood and concrete, and with these materials you build houses and palaces. That is construction. Ingenuity is at work. But suddenly you touch my heart, you do me good, I am happy and I say "This is beautiful." That is Architecture. Art enters in.

—Le Corbusier
Vers une Architecture, 1923

In the Image of Gods

The city first took form as the home of a god: a place where eternal values were represented and divine possibilities revealed. Though the symbols have changed the realities behind them remain. We know now, as never before, that the undisclosed potentialities of life reach far beyond the proud algebraics of contemporary science; and their promises for the further transformations of man are as enchanting as they are inexhaustible. Without the religious perspectives fostered by the city, it is doubtful if more than a small part of man's capacities for living and learning could have developed. Man grows in the image of his gods, and up to the measure they have set. The mixture of divinity, power, and personality that brought the ancient city into existence must be weighed out anew in terms of the ideology and the culture of our own time, and poured into fresh civic, regional, and planetary molds. In order to defeat the insensate forces that now threaten civilization from within, we must transcend the original frustrations and negations that have dogged the city throughout its history. Otherwise the sterile gods of power, unrestrained by organic limits or human goals, will remake man in their own faceless image and bring human history to an end.

The final mission of the city is to further man's conscious participation in the cosmic and the historic process. Through its own complex and enduring structure, the city vastly augments man's ability to interpret these processes and take an active, formative part in them, so that every phase of the drama it stages shall have, to the highest degree possible, the illumination of consciousness, the stamp of purpose, the color of love. That magnification of all the dimensions of life, through emotional communion, rational communication, technological mastery, and above all, dramatic representation, has been the supreme office of the city in history. And it remains the chief reason for the city's continued existence.

—Lewis Mumford
The City in History, 1961

"If you think the United States has stood still, who built the largest shopping center in the world?" —Richard M. Nixon (1913-)

AROUNDWRAPAROUN

For over twenty years, the CBS eye has been the trademark of the CBS Television Network. The idea came from Bill Golden, who remembered the Pennsylvania Dutch tradition of painting eyes on barns to ward off the evil eye, and simplified the design for CBS.

To Lou Dorfsman, vice-president of Advertising and Design at CBS, it is the perfect trademark. "A trademark should directly tell the business a company is in. We're in the viewing or seeing business. What possible way could we say it more simply and beautifully? It is second only to the cross in recognition."

The Invention of the Coke Bottle

Coca-Cola has been bottled since 1891, but originally the bottles were nothing special. There was an astounding variety—some were white, some amber, some had arrow designs blown into their sides—and they all had diamond-shaped paper labels that quickly sweated off the bottles. Company executives argued about the design of the bottle until one of them issued a proclamation: the bottle should be uniform in design and so recognizable that if a person saw only a fragment of one he would be able to identify it immediately.

The company decided to run a contest for new designs among its bottle suppliers. One of these was the Root Glass Company in Terre Haute, Indiana. Alex Samuelson, the plant superintendent, thought that the design should have something to do with the two most famous ingredients in Coke, the cola nut and the coca leaf. He sent Earl R. Dean, the principal bottle designer, to the library for appropriate pictures, but he mistakenly brought back a drawing of a cocoa pod. Samuelson saw that its shape could be adapted to a workable design and promptly ordered a bottle to be molded with a cocoa-pod pattern. The Coca-Cola company adopted this prototype, and, after some modifications, it went into production in 1916. **—Larry Dietz**

Larry Dietz, a free-lance writer, is the author of Soda Pop.

Plumb Logo

Before your child learns to read c-a-t, he learns to read:

CHEVROLET

Coca-Cola

Kellogg's

We and our children are exposed to these and similar symbols thousands of times each year, and we learn to associate them with a company's name and products. These corporate symbols are called logotypes—"logos" to the designers who create them—and they are the single most important element in the communication of a corporate image to the public.

Broadly, logos fall into two categories: (1) a recognizable object used as a symbol for the company, such as the American Airlines eagle, or (2) a sign created from the initials of the corporation, such as the new RCA logo.

Designers strive to make their logos distinctive, easily recognizable, and simple enough to be reproducible in a variety of sizes and applications. Imaginative logos can help generate desirable consumer associations with the company, such as trust, confidence, quality. To produce these effective corporate symbols, each year American business spends an estimated $120 million on design fees, research, and testing.

But the design of a new logo is only the first step in the communication process. The de must be used within a stand ized format of position, co and placement. To enforce standardization throughout la and far-flung organizations, designers create a "design m ual" to illustrate the exact of the new logo on every in inable surface, from signs trucks to envelopes and ma books.

For example, when CBS stationery was in pr ration, the designers stu hundreds of paper samples select a stock compatible the corporation's new im When a final selection made, one of the desig held the winning sheet up the light and discovered t like all fine paper, the s was watermarked with the n ufacturer's logo. Since would have intruded on CBS image, the designer dered carloads of new p manufactured with a CBS as the watermark.

Recently, the federal gov ment, the world's largest gle consumer of design servi recognized the image-build value of improved graphic sign. Under the Federal sign Improvement Progr initiated in 1972 and admi tered by Nancy Hanks and National Endowment on Arts and Humanities, fed agencies may submit their s bols and publications for s tiny and comment by teams leading corporate design The program has designed Social Security forms, which duced operating costs and sa taxpayers $6 million last y as well as a new Form 1 and a new logo for the Inte Revenue Service. Lippincott Margulies, a large corporate sign firm, designed the l which it describes as "a str new symbol showing a styli eagle beside a wreath and scales of justice. Not lova perhaps, but modern, effici and vital to good governme

—Steve Soh

Steve Sohmer is the president Steve Sohmer Associates, a mar ing communications firm.

Back in the days when American billboard advertising was in flower, there were two slogans that I always rated above all others: the old Cremo Cigar ad that proclaimed, "Spit Is A Horrid Word—But Worse On The End Of Your Cigar," and "Drink Schlitz In Brown Bottles and Avoid That Skunk Taste."

—Ernest Hemingway

quoted by A. E. Hotchner in *The Saturday Evening Post*
March 26, 1966

The Design

A Sufi of the Order of the Naqshbandis was asked:

"Your Order's name means, literally, 'The Designers.' What do you design, and what use is it?"

He said:

"We do a great deal of designing, and it is most useful. Here is a parable of one such form.

"Unjustly imprisoned, a tinsmith was allowed to receive a rug woven by his wife. He prostrated himself upon the rug day after day to say his prayers, and after some time he said to his jailers:

" 'I am poor and without hope, and you are wretchedly paid. But I am a tinsmith. Bring me tin and tools and I shall make small artifacts which you can sell in the market, and we will both benefit.'

"The guards agreed to this, and presently the tinsmith and they were both making a profit, from which they bought food and comforts for themselves.

"Then, one day, when the guards went to the cell, the door was open, and he was gone.

"Many years later, when this man's innocence had been established, the man who had imprisoned him asked him how he had escaped, what magic he had used. He said:

" 'It is a matter of design, and design within design. My wife is a weaver. She found the man who had made the locks of the cell door, and got the design from him. This she wove into the carpet, at the spot where my head touched in prayer five times a day. I am a metal-worker, and this design looked to me like the inside of a lock. I designed the plan of the artifacts to obtain the materials to make the key—and I escaped.'

"That," said the Naqshbandi Sufi, "is one of the ways in which man may make his escape from the tyranny of his captivity."

—Idries Shah

Thinkers of the East, 1971

"As far as I'm concern Pierre Salinger is a bar of s and we're going to sell him effectively as we can."

—Christy Walsh, Jr., campa consultant, in a statem to reporters, May 20, 1

ıturing the syrian Seed rket

symbolizes feeling and releases feeling. Design this expressive power. outward forms coincide nner emotions, even a simrder design can move and before the eye, evoking a g of surging life.

ıce tested this phenomenon routine marketing study major seed company. Our nterviewed home gardeners ıcover why they favored varieties of flower seeds gnored others. The com- marketed nearly fifty varif flower seeds, but in any region only ten varieties ell. How could we encouronsumers to try some of ss popular varieties?

our preliminary research, discovered that people ed certain varieties of seeds either because of iliarity or doubt as to er they would grow. The ig sellers enjoyed both read familiarity and con- e in their growth.

also found that we could y our subjects according eir interests in growing s: Growers, Showers, and rs. Growers loved the ning process. They planted t variety of seeds and were sful in growing flowers seeds.

wers were more interested results of gardening than process. They were more to buy plants already d in flats or pots than to flowers from seed. Mowere the least interested in ning. They planted a few more popular flower seeds kept their lawns mowed. ıcern about the growth of has, of course, been with rom the earliest time. The ians stored their seed grain is decorated with a simple r design that "moved and and thus connected with ncient worry. The design d something like this:

uld this ancient design co- with modern American gs? Would it mitigate the worries of Growers, Showers, and Mowers? We decided to find out.

At the conclusion of our interviews, we offered six packets of various flower seeds. We gave people two choices: six of the reputed "easy-to-grow" seeds or six of the reputed "hard-to-grow" seeds. To test the power of the Assyrian design, we split our sample into three matched groups of 500 persons each. To the first group, we offered the two alternatives decorated with the current packaging design, a symbolic sunburst. To the second group, we offered packages decorated with the ancient Assyrian design. To the third group, we offered the easy-to-grow alternative decorated with the sunburst design and the hard-to-grow alternative with the Assyrian growth design.

We won significantly more hard-to-grow choices in the second experiment than in the first and, surprisingly, three times as many hard-to-grow choices in the third experiment (where the growth design competed against the sunburst design) than in the first, where both were sunburst designs. Moreover, we had significantly fewer refusals of either offer when the growth symbol competed with the sunburst symbol. The growth design drew more choices than the sunburst design among all three groups, and did best among the Growers in the sample. Surely, the Assyrians were on to something.

We presented our results to the seed company and its advertising agency. We recommended that the company test-market the power of the growth design to win sales for the hitherto ignored varieties of flowers. But having just redesigned the package, the agency was loath to experiment with the ancient Assyrian design.

The presentation had some impact upon them, however. I overheard two agency people discussing it as they left the room. "Did you hear what those research people reported? They said that, with a redesign of our seed packages, we could capture the Assyrian seed market." "Incredible," replied the other.

—H. Jay Schaffer

H. Jay Schaffer is research director of the Sperry & Hutchinson Company.

INDIVISIBILITY

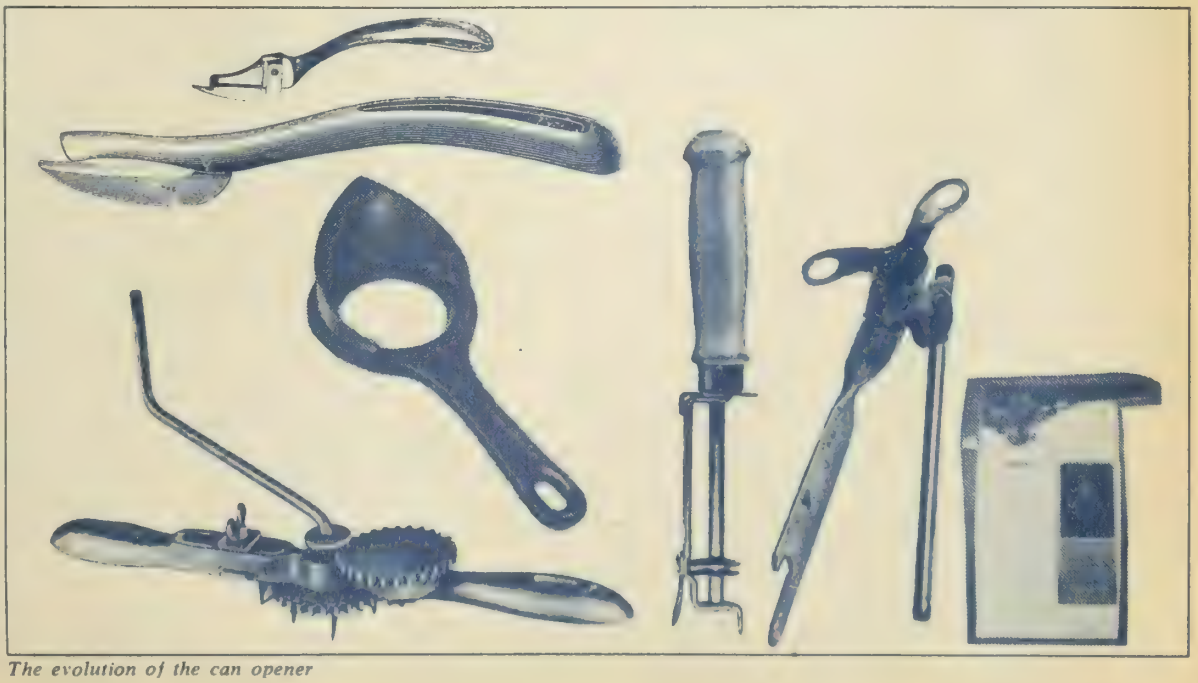
Design is a complex and intricate task. It is the integration of technological, social and economic requirements, biological necessities, and the psychophysical effects of materials, shape, color, volume, and space: thinking in relationships. The designer must see the periphery as well as the core, the immediate and the ultimate at least in the biological sense. He must anchor his special job in the complex whole. The designer must be trained not only in the use of materials and various skills, but also in appreciation of organic functions and planning. He must know that design is indivisible, that the internal and external characteristics of a dish, a chair, a table, a machine, painting, sculpture are not to be separated. The idea of design and the profession of designer has to be transformed from the notion of a specialist function into a generally valid attitude of resourcefulness and inventiveness which allows projects to be seen not in isolation but in relationship with the need of the individual and the community. One cannot simply lift out any subject matter from the complexity of life and try to handle it as an independent unit.

—László Moholy-Nagy
Vision in Motion, 1947

VISION AS ACTIVITY

Quite simply, *man does not see the way he thinks he sees.* Instead of a passive-receptive act in which scenes in the outside world are simply recorded like a camera with film in it, the act of perceiving visually is one in which man is totally involved and in which he participates actively, screening and structuring very much in the same way that one selects and constructs when talking or writing. The visual process is therefore *active and creative*.

—Edward T. Hall
"Art, Space, and the Human Experience"
Arts of the Environment, 1972



The evolution of the can opener

WRAPAROUND

"To see is to forget the name of the thing one sees."
—Paul Valéry (1871-1945)

"First we see the hills in the painting, then we see the painting in the hills."
—Li Li-weng (seventeenth century)

Seeing

Seeing the immense design of the world, one image of wonder mirrored by another image of wonder—the pattern of fern and of feather by the frost on the window-pane, the six rays of the snowflake mirrored in the rock-crystal's six-rayed eternity—seeing the pattern on the scaly legs of birds mirrored in the pattern of knotgrass, I asked myself, were those shapes molded by blindness? Are not these the "correspondences," to quote a phrase of Swedenborg, "whereby we may speak with angels"? **—Edith Sitwell** (1887-1964)

IL PLEUT



It's Raining

It's raining women's voices as if they had died away even in my memory
And it's raining you as well marvelous encounters of my life so many droplets
Those clouds rearing there are beginning to neigh an entire universe of cities of the ear
Listen when it rains while regretfulness and disdain keep weeping out their ancient music
Listen to the binding ties falling away which still hold you from above from below

—Guillaume Apollinaire (1880-1918)

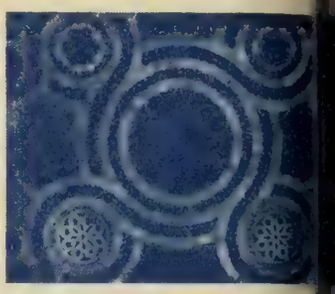
Arte Cosmatesca

During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, a Roman guild of marble mosaic craftsmen called the Cosmati applied elaborate geometric forms to pavements, columns, facades, pulpits, and ciboria throughout Italy. Their work is not a major attraction in the churches it graces; it is scarcely mentioned by guides or guidebooks. But when I saw it, it had a profound effect on me. I craved it and set out on a search for more.

"Their work was polychrome and consisted [of] a geometrical design, a framework, generally of white marble, filled in with great rounds or discs of coloured *marble tesserae,* of various sizes and shapes, fitted together in wonderful geometrical patterns, within the great design." This from Edward Hutton's history, *The Cosmati* (published in London in 1950 and long since out of print), which carries as its epigraph a quotation from *Paradise Lost:*

. . . the bright
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.

So Hutton before me had felt what I felt while looking at those grand Italian details: harmony, dynamic well-being, just proportion, balance between positive forces. The book became one of my prized possessions: not only did it unite with a kindred appreciation I was startled to find; it listed every church where Cosmati's work appeared was filled with pictures that could use as spiritual entertainment or source material (I h imagined or executed numerous objects based on specific patterns).



One of the few places outside Italy with Cosmati craftsmanship is a pavement at Westminster Abbey. I overlooked Hutton's warning that England's dampness had already done its job there, and made the pilgrimage, only to find a large Oriental rug protecting the fragile mains: nothing I said could convince anyone to let me look under the rug.

But I keep finding the Cosmati design—or consolatory fragments of it—in all sorts of unexpected places: on nineteenth-century American stone buildings with edgings reminiscent of the basic form; here and there on an apartment lobby floor, on Bloomingdale's shopping bags one season; in the Bowery Savings Bank on Forty-second Street, where an entire Cosmati floor has actually been re-created in marble; in *The American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language* (see marbled picture accompanying *inlay*) and, just recently, on a carved wooden picture frame in a friend's house.

The Cosmati perfected the art, but simple designs similar to theirs go back, I have learned, to the Sumerians, Hittites, Chaldeans, for whom swirled, interlocked circle was a symbol of the sun god.

It pleases me as much to find these aesthetic signposts as it does to see the original source of my pleasure. At even a subliminal suggestion of the motif I feel touched, knowing others have loved something I, too, love. **—Suzanne Mantell**

Suzanne Mantell is the editor of Harper's Bookletter.

MATRIX AND PATTERN

Every physical form, every living form, every pattern of feeling or thought has its own unique identity, its boundaries, its extension and its wider context; it contains or is contained by another pattern; it follows or is followed by another pattern. The unique identity, discrete shape, and nature of a space-occupying substance are shaped by the boundary that separates it from and connects it to the space outside. An organic form lives and grows only through its intricate transactions with its environment. An optical event becomes a visually perceived figure only when seen against its ground. The quality, feeling, and meaning of a sound is cast in the matrix of the physical processes that generated it; it is not independent of its surrounding silence or the other sounds that frame it. In the same way the physical, biological, or moral individuality of man is the function of his active relationship with the physical and social environment.

—Gyorgy Kepes
"Art and Ecological Consciousness"
Arts of the Environment, 1972

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE

© Lorillard 1975

Come for the filter.

You'll stay for the taste.



A lot of good taste that comes easy through the Micronite filter.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

18 mg."tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.



020. LEBADANG: *L'Etalon*
Six-color lithograph, signed in the stone.
Framed in black-coated metal. 15¼" x 19¼"



001.
SALVADOR DALI
The Lady
and the Unicorn
Engraving,
signed in the plate.
Framed in gold-colored
aluminum. 18" x 15¼"



019.
ANTONIO GUA
Soleil
Six-color lithogr
signed in the sto
Framed in gold-
colored aluminu
15¼" x 19¼"

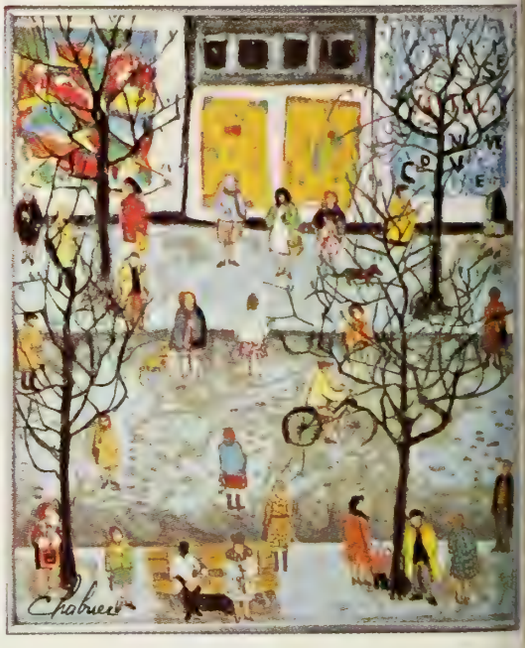


018.
VINCENT GLINSKY
The River
White Marblestone,
signed in the mold.
Weight five pounds.
Height 13"

"Thanks to art, instead of s
we have before us as m



017. RAPHAEL SOYER
Mother and Child
Lithograph in sepia,
signed in the stone.
Framed in wood of antique
gold finish. 19¼" x 16½"



016. NATHALIE CHABRIER: *Une Rue de Paris*
Seven-color lithograph, signed in the stone.
Framed in aluminum. 18" x 15¼"

A few of the more than 100 artists whose works will be available in signed, limited editions to FINE ARTS 260 subscribers: Alva
• Robert Kipniss • Jacques Lalande • Yigal Zemer • Cayetano de Arquer • Alex Packham • Antonio Guansé
Rosalind Smith • Jeremy King • Denis-Paul Noyer • Joe Ardourel • Stefan Martin • Jose Puig Marti • Frédéri
Menguy • Anton Refregier • Lebadang • Jean Sariano • Alain Bonnefoit • Diana Bennett • Keith de Carl

FINE ARTS 260®

A DIVISION OF

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.

offers readers of *Harper's*

an invitation to accept one of these fine original works of art

By SALVADOR DALI • RAPHAEL SOYER

LEBADANG • NATHALIE CHABRIER

ANTONIO GUANSÉ • VINCENT GLINSKY

igle world—our own—we see it multiply until rls as there are original artists" **—MARCEL PROUST**

FINE ARTS 260, a subscription service for art collectors directed by the Book-of-the-Month Club, commissions American and European artists to create, in very limited editions, a wide diversity of original prints—lithographs, etchings, woodcuts, engravings and silkscreens—as well as sculpture cast in lost-wax bronze and other materials. Through this plan, artists can be provided with a more assured market than is possible through the conventional—and costly—system of gallery exhibition sales; thus, prices can be substantially below those one would expect to pay for fine original art.

INTRODUCTORY OFFER

To introduce this service, FINE ARTS 260 invites you to choose one of the original works illustrated and numbered at left. Each has been created in a special unlimited edition and signed by the artist in the plate, stone or mold. Exhibit the work in your home, then decide whether you would like to participate in this exciting collector's program. If you should choose to do so, the work you select will be yours to keep.

YOU MAKE YOUR CHOICE IN YOUR OWN HOME

The program allows you the convenience and pleasure of choosing works of art of interest to you in the environment in which they will ultimately be displayed and enjoyed — your own home. As a subscriber, you will be sent periodically a portfolio containing descriptions and color illustrations of framed original prints and sculpture — more than forty works during the coming year in a wide variety of subjects and styles. You may select any of these — with the very significant privilege of examining your choice and, if you do not wish to keep it, *returning it within thirty days.*

TRULY ORIGINAL PRINTS

All graphic works—lithographs, etchings, etc.—meet the standards for original prints established by the Print Council of America. The artist himself creates the image on the stones, plates, blocks, etc., then personally directs the pulling of impressions from these plates, stones or blocks and approves the finished prints.

LIMITED EDITIONS, SIGNED BY THE ARTISTS AND NUMBERED

The prints offered throughout the subscription will be pencil-signed by the artists and numbered. Editions will be strictly limited to 260 impressions (plus no more than twenty-five artist's proofs *not for sale*). After these have been completed, the stones, plates or blocks will be defaced so that further impressions can never be made.

SCULPTURE

During the subscription, meticulously cast sculpture will also be offered in signed and numbered limited editions. The exigencies of the casting process dictate a slightly larger edition size—of from 300 to 500 castings.

ATTRACTIVE PRICES INCLUDE APPROPRIATE FRAMING

The unusually reasonable prices of these works — generally ranging between $50 and $75 (occasionally slightly higher for more complex works) — are more appealing yet in view of the fact that framing is included for all prints. Your selection will arrive ready to hang and enjoy without delay. Frames and mats are chosen in the custom design departments of leading New York houses: Kulicke, the award-winning studio that has designed frames for the Metropolitan Museum and the Museum of Modern Art in New York; and A.P.F., framer to the National Gallery in Washington and for the White House collection of Presidential portraits.

SPECIAL OPPORTUNITIES

As a free supplemental service—in addition to the regular service of the program—subscribers will occasionally be offered works of art deemed to be of unusual interest to collectors. Prices of these works will range somewhat higher, commensurate with the exceptional stature of the artists, but again will compare favorably with gallery prices.

COMPLIMENTARY BOOK

A copy of an interesting and helpful book—A GUIDE TO THE COLLECTING AND CARE OF ORIGINAL PRINTS—will be sent to you as a gift when you subscribe. Although there is always the possibility that the works of art acquired through FINE ARTS 260 will appreciate in value over the years, another, more enjoyable approach to collecting is suggested in this book: "Buy prints because you love them and not because you calculate they will earn money for you."

YOU RECEIVE ONLY THE WORKS OF ART YOU SPECIFICALLY ORDER

A nominal subscription fee of $10 entitles you to all the benefits described above. As a subscriber you need purchase only one work of art during the first year, and only those works you specifically order will be sent to you. Every work of art you do choose (including your introductory selection) may be returned within thirty days for full credit or refund.

If the application card has been removed, please write to FINE ARTS 260, 280 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

LETTERS

Kissinger *v.* Safire

I have just read with fascination William Safire's article "Puppet as Prince" in your March issue. Since I am a major actor in this fairy tale, I hope you will permit me to set the record straight.

Mr. Safire quotes extensively from a statement he contends I made to General Secretary Brezhnev during the April 18-22 meetings in preparation for the Nixon-Brezhnev summit later that month. There is but one problem: I never made the statement he ascribes to me. The verbatim transcript of my conversations with General Secretary Brezhnev—including particularly the opening statement I gave on the first day of our meetings—in no way resembles Mr. Safire's quotations, either literally or in terms of the sense or thrust of my remarks.

After hours of searching the files, however, I can report that I did find a classified draft statement, prepared for me by the staff, which is remarkably similar to the material Mr. Safire so knowingly repeats. He has, in fact, lifted verbatim paragraphs from the material prepared for me. Unfortunately for the veracity of Mr. Safire's account and the point he is trying to make, however, I did not follow the recommendations of my staff. In fact, I took quite a different line when I talked with the General Secretary.

Mr. Safire apologizes for using classified material, but argues that since the Russians have already heard it, no damage is done. On this basis, of course, all diplomatic conversations should be published, since both sides are familiar with them. I had always thought—and it has been general diplomatic practice—that the maintenance of the confidence of other governments was a compelling reason for protecting classified information. Mr. Safire apparently does not agree. But, happily, the issue does not really arise in this case, since Mr. Safire's revelations were as new to the Russians as to me.

If I may be permitted a further correction, Mr. Safire's parenthetical reference to the mining of Haiphong Harbor would be incorrect even if I had used the statement as he claims. Since Haiphong was mined some three weeks after my Moscow visit, I could hardly have discussed something that had not yet begun, or even been discussed, and about which the Soviets could have no knowledge.

Equally incorrect is Mr. Safire's reference to the wheat deal. Contrary to his implication, I did not see Premier Kosygin on the Soviet trip in question, nor was the wheat deal discussed by me with other Soviet officials during that or later visits to Moscow, or for that matter anywhere else. The wheat deal was handled by other agencies.

These are but illustrative of the general level of veracity of the Safire article; there are other mistakes, but I shall not here attempt a point-by-point refutation.

While I am prepared to believe that most of the errors contained in Mr. Safire's article are the result of a desire to claim inside information that he in fact never possessed, I take a different view of the claim that I "enlisted" Ron Nessen to say that the Vladivostok agreement was something President Nixon could not do in three years, while President Ford did it in three months. That statement can only be described as a malicious canard, which in an earlier day—when journalistic standards were higher—would have merited a retraction and apology.

Mr. Nessen's statement was made on Air Force One on the way back from the Far East; I was in Japan, preparing to go to China and there fore thousands of miles from th event. When I learned of the state ment, I immediately asked that th White House issue a retraction which it did. This is a matter o fact, and one that can be easil checked with the White House if yo wish to pursue it further. And s that there can be no doubt about i let me state for the record that I ar convinced that former Presiden Nixon's work on SALT over th course of his administration laid th basis for the Vladivostok agreement and that the agreement would no have been possible without the prog ress President Nixon had earlie achieved. This is a judgment whic I know is shared by President Ford

HENRY A. KISSINGE
Secretary of Stat

WILLIAM SAFIRE REPLIES:

That "Salzburg fever" has struc again. To be specific:

1. On what he dismisses as a staf paper: with some caution, I de scribed Dr. Kissinger's speech to Mr Brezhnev as "the fourth and fina draft."

Of his opening statement: furthe qualifiers surround this in the book text from which my *Harper's* articl was excerpted. I used the draft ver batim and in quotes because, as wrote, "Henry confirmed to me it i substantially what he actually said."

This direct confirmation was give in Dr. Kissinger's West Wing office in 1973, when I said, "I have th fourth draft of your presentation t Brezhnev preparing for the '72 sum mit—was there a draft after tha one?" He replied: "No, that was sub stantially what I said."

Perhaps the Secretary was mis leading me then, when he had n reason to; perhaps he is bending th truth a bit now, when he has ever diplomatic reason to.

2. On the secrecy of diplomatic communication:

Generally, I agree. But these are frequently revealed in memoirs years later, and at the current pace of events three years is a long time. It is absurd to think that Dr. Kissinger's memoirs will not be replete with juicy diplomatic communications, at least those that show him in the best light.

One aspect of this is especially troubling: that Dr. Kissinger asserted to the Soviets that he regarded the North Vietnamese 1972 spring offensive as an effort to "drive the President from office." To use an American domestic political matter as the reason to exert American military might is not only improper but also a distortion of the Nixon motive by Dr. Kissinger. Will "the verbatim transcript," if there is an unedited version, show no such reference to U.S. politics? Dr. Kissinger now says "the sense or thrust of my remarks" would show otherwise. That's worth looking into, and, if the Senate Foreign Relations Committee wants to know, it could request the full unedited verbatim transcript, along with the fourth draft of the prepared introduction, to find out just what Dr. Kissinger was telling the Soviet leaders three years ago.

3. On the parenthetical reference to Haiphong Harbor: The Secretary is absolutely correct. The reference is not in the full text which is in the book, but came about in the shortening for article form. (When Henry and I worked together to pick apart a critical article by Joe Kraft, we would seize on some minor slip and use it to cast doubt on the entire piece. The more things change . . .)

4. On the wheat deal:

"Secretary Kissinger's desire to put distance between himself and what turned out to be a bad deal for the United States is understandable. During the Moscow summit, just before Mr. Nixon returned from Leningrad, Mr. Kissinger met with Herb Klein, John Scali, and myself, and my notes show Henry saying: "There'll be a grain deal when Peterson gets here. The maritime deal was screwed up by the unions, and that must be handled first before we can conclude the grain deal." Dr. Kissinger's present comment—"the wheat deal was handled by other agencies"—is typical of his inclination to revise history to leave him blameless. In most cases, when he is the only source about what happened in meetings, he is quite successful.

5. Now to the matter which seems to upset him most of all, the charge that he denigrated Richard Nixon at Vladivostok in order to build up President Ford, using Press Secretary Ron Nessen as his hatchet man.

"Mr. Nessen's statement," says the Secretary now, "was made on Air Force One on the way back from the Far East," which proves he was "thousands of miles from the event" when the deed was done. The Secretary of State is in error, the kind of error he might characterize in others as a malicious canard.

The party line running down President Nixon's foreign policy skills was begun on the way *to* the Far East with Secretary Kissinger aboard the plane. According to the pool report filed at the time, Kissinger personally began to float out the line: "In terms of personality, Ford and Brezhnev are better matched than Nixon and Brezhnev."

While in Vladivostok with Dr. Kissinger, Mr. Nessen extended the Kissinger-based comparison in conversation with a few reporters at 2:00 A.M. early Sunday morning at the press hostel. Nessen said that Nixon "could never look Brezhnev in the eye" as Ford could. Since Nessen was new to international diplomacy, he was asked how he could be so sure of his interpretation, and the press secretary replied: "I dunno. That's what Henry tells me."

The pool report of the subsequent train ride from Vladivostok to a Soviet air base contained the three-years, three-months crack; it was made by Nessen with Dr. Kissinger present on the same railroad train, possibly in the same dining car. ("Thousands of miles from the event," as Henry would say.)

One of the reporters on that trip was John Osborne of *The New Republic*, a man with whose opinions I usually disagree, but whose care and researching of facts is a legend among the White House press corps and staff. This was his published account at the time:

"Secretary of State Henry Kissinger initiated the operation at the expense of his former President for the benefit of his new President. Messrs. Ford and Brezhnev were still in Vladivostok when Kissinger recalled de-



The most incredibly authentic car model kit by Pocher d'Italia reproduces in exact 1/8 scale the classic Rolls Royce Phantom II Sedanca Coupe. 26½" long. You build it with nuts, bolts and screws. No painting, no special tools needed. Doors, hood and trunk open. Steering, crankshaft, connecting rods, gears, fan, generator operate. Windows open. Headlights turn on. 2,199 separate parts of brass, stainless steel, copper, rubber and high impact plastic. For complete details on this and 3 other classic car kits from $100, send for free full-color brochure.

Deluxe Classics, Dept. H4
5900 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 2760
Los Angeles, California 90036

Please send me your free full-color brochure

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State/Zip _____

fects of Mr. Nixon's in negotiation with Brezhnev that he, the Secretary of State, had not previously been heard to mention. . . . This was strange and ugly stuff, coming indirectly but authoritatively. . . . Kissinger discovered in his new master qualities of flexibility and rapport with the Soviet leader that were suddenly held to have been lacking in Richard Nixon."

When it became apparent that the Kissinger line was not going down well, or had been carried out with too heavy a hand, the Secretary of State promptly dissociated himself from it, to the acute embarrassment of the expendable press secretary. Dr. Kissinger probably did wire Mr. Nessen on Air Force One to back off the backfiring line. He now presents himself as the savior of the former President's reputation, and as a result of Dr. Kissinger's letter to *Harper's* we have the Secretary of State's generous acknowledgment of Mr. Nixon's contribution to strategic arms limitation. ("You helped, too, Dick." "Gee, thanks, Henry.")

In his letter, the Secretary of State raises the question of "veracity." His assertion that he was not the source of the Nessen hatcheting is demonstrably false, and he is foolish to try to put forth a line that can be so readily demolished by so many witnesses. This raises questions about his first assertion: that what he actually said to the Soviet leaders "in no way resembled" the fourth and final draft of the statement he took with him to Moscow. (Any NSC staffer who went to a fourth draft on the day of his boss's departure to meet with the Soviet leaders, and did not have the active input of HAK in that draft, would have to be out of his mind.)

6. To a Kissingerologist, what the Secretary blasts as untrue in the article is not as interesting as what he tacitly confirms. There is no denial of the most interesting report of all: that Mr. Brezhnev, in his *dacha* with Mr. Nixon and a few others during the Moscow summit of 1972, shouted that the Haiphong mining was "barbaric." Such a characterization was exactly opposite to the sweetness-and-light line being put out in briefings by Dr. Kissinger at that time. Apparently somebody taking notes in that room wrote it down and it cannot be flatly denied.

18 One reason why Dr. Kissinger does not try to cast doubt on the veracity of the "barbaric" shout—certainly a crucial point—was that in recounting it to me, he drew a picture of who sat where at the table in the *dacha*. The Kissinger drawing appears in my book, *Before The Fall;* it would be difficult for him to say now he never told me that, because his sketch is his signature.

A final thought: picture the Secretary of State of the United States of America as well as the National Security Adviser to the President, spending "hours" "searching the files" and more hours composing a long angry letter to a publication about an article by a former colleague. The Middle East can wait; the urgent business that needs to go through the bottleneck of one man's mind is set aside; my article in *Harper's* must be discredited at all costs. Such attention is flattering, but the priorities seem a bit scrambled. Sadly, it appears to be another example of the step-by-step decline of a man who has convinced himself that he is indispensable, and who thinks that history will be only what he tells it to be.

All in the family

It is interesting to have on record Anthony West's most recent speculations ["The Mystery of My Birth," January] on the relationship between his mother and father. Yet the reader should keep in mind that his review of *H. G. Wells and Rebecca West* has no real authority (he was nine years old when Wells and Dame Rebecca separated) and is marked by an aggressive bias. He reproaches me for offering "a partisan statement extending the running fight between my mother and father that should properly have ended with his death." In fact, as the final pages of my book show, Wells and Dame Rebecca were reconciled long before his death.

Mr. West himself revived this fight in 1955 when he published *Heritage*, his admittedly autobiographical novel, and thereby made his father's old quarrel his own. The writer Max Town, who derives from Wells, is portrayed in this book with an enhancing affection, and the actress Naomi Savage, who derives from Dame Rebecca, with a distorting denial of sympathy. Mr. West's epigraph suggests the spirit in which his novel was written: "These are lo vendettas./A peculiar people, neith forgivers/Nor forgetters." Dame R becca may have hoped that the c cumstantial account of her years wi Wells provided by my book wou bring home to her son how unfa was his view of this part of her li If so, she has been disappointed.

Since Mr. West insists on having set forth, here is the evidence ava able to me concerning his conceptio In March of 1923, a time of ang and frustration, Wells told Dame R becca, "For ten years I've shaped n life mainly to repair the carelessne of one moment," to which he add in a subsequent letter, "The beg ting of Anthony was my misfortu —so it has become now—quite much as yours." Where We claimed inadvertence, Dame Rebec saw intent: "I had not expected have an illegitimate child," she wr to me in 1971. "I thought it a cru and foolish thing to do. He had giv me an illegitimate child in an ang moment, an *angry* moment, when thought I might go off and lea him." I can see no way of finally r solving the inconsistency that M West has noted.

The remainder of Mr. West's r view is concerned with matters n of fact but of narrative strategy a interpretation which the space affor ed by *Harper's* does not allow me discuss. I should say something, ho ever, about the material I had a the use to which I put it. Wells cou not speak for himself except throu the letters he had written. Dame R becca, whose letters had been d stroyed by Wells, had to speak f the most part through her recoll tions long after the fact. My admi tion for Wells and his work is su stantial, though on this side of id atry. As for Dame Rebecca, my teem for this indomitable lady h grown steadily during the years th I have known her. My aim in prese ing the data at my disposal was relate how the two of them becar enmeshed in an impossible situatio and then to trace this situation to sad resolution. As George Meredi wrote in *Modern Love*, the poe from which I took my epigraph, u der such conditions "no villain ne be! Passions spin the plot." It is M West's intensely self-centered, not say proprietary, perspective th makes him find in *H. G. Wells a Rebecca West* the prolongation of l

Audition free for 10 days Karl Böhm's superb Deutsche Grammophon recording of

Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies

SPECIAL BONUS: Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26

All 4 International Award-Winning Records For Less Than The Price Of 1!

Your Introduction To The Unique Money-Saving Program That Offers Free Auditions Of Prize-Winning Recordings By The Leading Concert Artists Of Our Time!

Mozart—music's greatest natural genius! Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart — divinely gifted beyond any other musician who ever lived! And into his six greatest symphonies he poured a multitude of his most astonishingly beautiful, incredibly moving inspirations!

Symphony No. 41, "Jupiter"
Symphony No. 40 in G-minor
Symphony No. 39 in E-flat
Symphony No. 38, "Prague"
Symphony No. 36, "Linz"
Symphony No. 35, "Haffner"
Extra! Symphony No. 32



Now you are invited to hear these miraculous works in their finest recording . . . interpreted with extraordinary empathy by Karl Böhm . . . played to perfection by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra . . . captured in unsurpassed stereo realism by Deutsche Grammophon. So outstanding is this recording that it has won *three* of the music world's most eagerly sought honors: the Grand Prix International du Disque, Edison Award and Deutsche Schallplatten Prize! In addition, you will also receive Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26, "Coronation," superbly performed by soloist Geza Anda with the Salzburg Camerata Academica—winner of the coveted Grand Prix des Discophiles.

Now enjoy and keep these 4 superb albums for less than the price you'd pay for 1!

Because these magnificent recordings have met with almost unprecedented acclaim, they have been chosen to introduce you to The Great Awards Collection, a totally new concept in home listening. You may enjoy all eight masterpieces, on four superb-quality, imported records, for 10 days absolutely free. Then keep all four if you wish, for only $6.98 *(that's less than the price you'd pay for just one record)!* Simply mail the attached card or coupon today.

Collect the world's greatest music—only in award-winning albums!

As a member of The Great Awards Collection you will receive only the finest recordings of prize-winning concert performances by top orchestras, conductors and soloists. Distinguished jurors each year select, from the hundreds of classical releases, the "golden few" that will be offered to members of The Great Awards Collection. Every month you'll enjoy free 10-day audition privileges on each award-winning single LP. Of course, you have the option of keeping or returning each one so you'll never waste a penny on disappointing purchases!

Special half-price bonus offer saves you money!

In addition to great music, you'll enjoy great savings with our half-price bonus plan. For every record you buy at our low members' price (always well below suggested retail), you may choose another one from a list of award-winners and other critically-acclaimed LP's and pay just half that price! A truly economical way to build your library of superb classical recordings.

How many records are you committing yourself to buy when you return the attached coupon? *None at all!* Even your introductory set of *Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies* and *Piano Concertos 12 and 26* comes to you *on approval.* Audition it free for ten days, then either return it—or keep it for only $6.98 for all four records (plus a small postage/handling charge).

Here at last is the ideal way to acquire a connoisseur's record library in easy stages. You listen at home to every award-winning selection before deciding whether to buy it! Please act today! Begin your money-saving, no-obligation membership in The Great Awards Collection by mailing the attached card or coupon for your free trial, with four-for-less-than-the-price-of-one purchase option of this essential collection of Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies and exquisite Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26.

Eight ways The Great Awards Collection helps you enjoy fine music more than ever!

1. The greatest music by the world's immortal composers.
2. A major, award-winning recording each month.
3. Superior imported LPs—silent surfaces.
4. Free ten-day trials of all selections.
5. All selections always far less than retail price.
6. Extra savings with Half-Price Bonus Plan.
7. No obligation to buy—no minimum purchase.
8. Money-saving introductory offer.

Send no money now—Mail coupon TODAY!

Listen for 10 days free. Keep all 4 for less than the price of 1!

The Great Awards Collection • 175 Community Drive • Great Neck, N.Y. 11025

Please send me, for my free audition, the triple-award-winning recording of Mozart's Six Greatest Symphonies by Karl Böhm, together with Geza Anda's award-winning performance of Mozart's Piano Concertos Nos. 12 and 26. I may return the set after 10 days and owe nothing, or keep it and pay only $6.98* for all four Deutsche Grammophon records, plus a small postage/handling charge. This is all four records for less than the regular price of one!

I will also receive a free ten-day audition each month of another award-winning recording of great music. For every one of these records I buy at your members' price (always below suggested retail), I may also choose one record at half that price from your special list. I am not obligated to buy any minimum number of records. I may cancel my membership at any time.

*Sales tax added for New York residents.

NAME (please print)

ADDRESS APT. NO

CITY STATE ZIP

Offer limited to those receiving 18 states. Offer expires 8-1-78. Limit one membership per household. Only new members eligible. NOTE: All applications are subject to review, and we reserve the right to reject any application.

29835

vendetta in which there are neither forgivers nor forgetters.

GORDON N. RAY
Professor of English
New York University
New York, N.Y.

ANTHONY WEST REPLIES:

The statement from my mother now quoted by Professor Ray is, indeed, interesting in its own right. Just *what* it is, and just what it is evidence *of*, I will leave it up to your readers to decide. I will only ask them to remember that it was written fifty-eight years after the event and twenty-six years after the death of the only person who could ever have been in a position to say whether the accusation it contains was true or not.

My son, Anthony West, writes: "My grandmother, Mrs. Fairfield, was always able to keep up a genteel middle-class establishment, to employ servants, to send her children to good private schools, and to put her eldest daughter through medical school."

This picture is wholly untrue. My father was a victim of a number of financial misfortunes, and my mother found herself in middle age with three daughters to educate and an income of something under £300 a year, supplemented by a small allowance from a former pupil. Her first act was to park her children and go on tour as the pianist of the Singing Evangelists, Torrey and Alexander, and she took several other such jobs before she settled down as a copy-typist. She was not "able to send her children to good private schools." We sent ourselves. With the aid of her preparation, my sister Winifred was at Cheltenham on a scholarship, and I took some bursaries at George Watson's College. My mother did not "put her eldest daughter through medical school." Andrew Carnegie did that. During the whole of this time we ate the cheapest food, wore the cheapest dresses, and had the most spartan holidays. At no time could our ill-provided home have been described as "a genteel middle class establishment."

It is not surprising that my son would be in error over all this. He is now sixty, and his grandmother died when he was seven; he had not visited her house for at least a year before she died. He has never handled any papers which could enlighten him on the financial affairs of his grandmother.

Such misrepresentations can, however, be dismissed easily enough because they can be checked by recourse to material proof. The more dangerous misrepresentations are those which relate to actions, speeches, and feelings; my son writes:

> *Jane Wells, who had initially licensed my father's affair with my mother on the clear understanding that it would be no more than that, had changed her mind when she found that my mother was urging her claim to a central position in her husband's life and making increasingly heavy demands on his resources. She let her friends know that she felt that my mother was behaving badly by breaking the rules of the game they had agreed to play, and that she resented it.*

I do not believe that Jane Wells, a reticent and dignified woman, gossiped to her friends about her husband's love affairs. Nobody has ever made such an allegation before. Some of her friends, it is true, invented spiteful stories about me, but nobody ever suggested that she inspired them, and indeed they continued long after her death. I have never expressed indignation at Jane Wells's complaints about me to her friends because this is the first I ever heard of them, and I believe the allegation to be false. It is therefore quite untrue that Professor Ray in his book shows signs of sharing my indignation.

I do not think that my son ever met Jane Wells, but if he did he can hardly have gained much enlightenment about her emotional life. She died when he was thirteen.

REBECCA WEST
London, England

ANTHONY WEST REPLIES:

With her earnings and all those scholarships, bursaries, and so on, looking after the girls' education, Mrs. Fairfield's unearned income of around $1,500 a year must have gone farther than I thought, with prices what they were in the early 1900s. It's interesting to see what my mother now says about Jane Wells: she appears to have told Professor Ray something else not too long ago. In his book he has her, as of 1916 or thereabouts, asking herself the following rhetorical question: "Wh should this woman [Jane Wells] . . pretend to the world to regard hi relationship with Rebecca as a fixe grievance, when in fact she had ac cepted it from the first? In Rebecca' eyes Jane was a hypocrite and Easto Glebe a whited sepulchre." How i the world a woman can be supposed to "pretend to the world" that sh doesn't like a love affair that he husband is carrying on without say ing anything about it to anyone I'm sure I don't know. It looks to me very much as if what my mother i pleased to call an allegation had beer made before, and, to be specific, by her to Professor Ray. If that's not the case, what on earth put the idea into Professor Ray's head?

A chronic complaint

Dr. Edward Teller ["The Energy Disease," February] may not see any sign of the Santa Barbara oil spill but we do. After six years oil is still leaking into the channel from the original blowout at Platform A at a rate of 160 to 1,000 gallons daily. This is highly visible, polluting the sea, blackening hulls of boats, and coming up on beaches when winds and tides are right. When the tide is out, six-year-old deposits of oil still remain on beaches, and harbor dredging still brings up great gobs of concentrated oil. He also apparently does not know that eleven months after the blowout the malfunction of a safety device on Platform A caused a pipe break resulting in a fifty-square-mile channel slick and blackening of the beaches again. Nor does he seem to be aware of reports by Dr. Connell of the University of California at Santa Barbara and Dr. Blumer at Woods Hole on the adverse effects of oil pollution on marine life, biota, and plankton in the Santa Barbara Channel.

LOIS S. SIDENBERG
Past President and former Chairman
Get Oil Out, Inc.
Carpinteria, Calif.

Dr. Teller comments that the "most abundant fossil fuel is coal" but ignores the most abundant energy source commercially available —the natural heat of the earth. Geothermal energy is generated by the natural fission process occurring in the earth's crust as uranium, thori-

m and potassium decay, and by friconal and tensional processes.

He argues that nuclear reactors re safe but fails to comment on the ack of an adequate plan to manage arge amounts of radioactive wastes or thousands of years. Dr. Teller lso refers to "smaller steps" we can ake, such as developing renewable olar, geothermal, and wind resources nd argues that the "big steps" will ake years. His evidence is skimpy, nd he ignores the fact that geothernal energy resources have been commercially harnessed the world over or more than twenty years and that merican geothermal exploration ompanies have aggressively leased bout 20 million acres of geothermal otential of geothermal lands in the Western states and are researching he vast geothermal potential of the Gulf Coast, which, in addition to geohermal and geohydraulic resources, nay contain 2,700 trillion cubic feet f dissolved methane.

The only reason that the wells are ot being drilled is that the tax laws lo not permit a geothermal explorer o treat well-drilling costs as currenty deductible drilling expenses, although an explorer for oil, gas, coal, r uranium may do so. When the Congress decides it is sound policy o put the word *geothermal* in the Internal Revenue Code, industry will espond and drill the wells we know ve can drill. Until then we will inventory our leases and continue to rgue that we are capable of taking igger steps than Dr. Teller and his olleagues will give us credit for.

DONALD F. X. FINN
Vice-President
California Energy Company, Inc.
San Francisco, Calif.

Cause and effect

It really pains me to see criminologists perpetrate the statistical fallacy of "post hoc, propter hoc" by arguing from a correlation to a wrong-way causation ["Do Children Have Rights?" by Ira Glasser, February]. Here it goes:

"The more punitive treatment (institutionalization, fine, or probation) a youngster receives, the more likely he is to commit more serious crimes with greater rapidity. . . . Thus the incarcerative institutions are a waste of money."

How about putting it around the



What can't be described must be experienced.

One view from the Doge's Palace doesn't give you Venice. Because some things are so special they have to be felt. Experienced.

Our purpose is to provide the conditions and opportunities for these unique moments. Starting July 26, 1975 our newly christened 100th Anniversary Celebration ship, m.v. Daphne, will sail on six remarkable voyages. To historic maritime capitals. To the 4,000-year-old palaces of Crete. To Homer's birthplace and the Blue Mosque. To native festivals, Vivaldi concerts and deserted beaches. Some will visit our own new resort, Porto Carras.

All of them will include the special freedom of doing absolutely nothing but enjoying every amenity of gracious relaxation aboard one of the most spacious ships afloat.

For a 36-page, full-color brochure describing our Experiences, please contact your travel agent or Carras. Reading it won't be the same as joining us. It will just make it very hard not to.

Carras

Carras, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020, (212) 757-0761
The m.v. Daphne, 17,000 gross tons, will sail under the flag of Greece.

other way? "The more criminal a youngster's behavior, the more likely he is both to receive punitive treatment, and also to continue criminal behavior after probation or release?"

Reform schools, as everyone knows, are really junior-grade prisons. Like prisons for adults, their main purpose is to keep the inmates within from mistreating the citizens outside. Reform of the inmates is a pious hope, tremendously difficult, worth a try, possible in some cases, but not the main purpose. It is regrettable that the inmates swap information on crime commission techniques, but you can hardly keep them all in solitary confinement.

Mr. Glasser's statistical fallacy is blood brother to another I keep reading—that keeping criminals the full term of their sentences will cause them to commit more crimes afterward compared to prisoners released early. Figure that one out for yourself.

GLENN T. WILSON
Associate Professor
Southern Illinois University
Edwardsville, Ill.

IRA GLASSER REPLIES:

Professor Wilson seems to be one of those who reads only what he wants to. He suggests that the finding that punitive treatment of young offenders increases the likelihood that they will later commit serious crimes does not discredit the use of punitive treatment. Instead, Professor Wilson suggests the punitive treatment is more likely a result of a youngster's criminal behavior, not a cause. In order to come to that neat conclusion, he had to ignore another finding I reported in my review: that the likelihood of punitive treatment in the first instance is primarily correlated not to criminal behavior but to race. Professor Wilson also justifies the fact that reform schools are really prisons by suggesting that the main purpose of reform schools is "to keep the inmates within from mistreating the citizens outside." Wrong again. If that were their purpose, and the inmates were limited to those who had in fact mistreated citizens (i.e., committed a crime of violence), I would be delighted. In fact, most children in prison have not done anything that even remotely could be considered a crime and are there only because their families have broken up.

A PROBLEM IN SPATIAL COMPOSITION

by Robert Penn Warren

1.
Through the high window, upright rectangle of distance:

Over the green interstices and shambling glory, yet bright, of forest,
Distance flees westward, the sun low.

Beyond the distance of forest, hangs that which is blue:
Which is, in knowledge, a tall scarp of stone, gray, but now is,
In the truth of perception, stacked like a mass of blue cumulus.
Blue deepens.

What we know, we know, and
Sun now down, flame, above blue, dies upward forever in
Saffron: pure, pure and forever, the sky
Upward is. The lintel of the high window, by interruption,

Confirms what the heart knows: *beyond* is *forever*—
and nothing moves

Across the glister of saffron, and under the
Window the brook that,
After lalling and lounging daylong by shallow and reach,
Through dapple to glitter, now recessed in
Its premature leaf-night, utters a deeper-toned meditation.

2.
While out of the green, up-shining ramshackle of leaf, set
In the lower right foreground, the stub
Of a great tree, gaunt-blasted and black, thrusts.

A single
Arm jags upward, higher goes, and in that perspective, higher
Than even the dream-blue of distance that is
The mountain.

Then
Stabs, black, at the infinite saffron of sky.

All is ready.

The hawk,
Entering the composition at the upper left frame
Of the window, glides,
In the pellucid ease of thought and in
His breathless angle,
Down.

Breaks speed,

with slight lift and hover.

Makes contact.

The hawk perches on the topmost, indicative tip of
The bough's sharp black and skinny jag skyward.

3.
The hawk, in an eyeblink, is gone.



William the Conqueror. In 1066, this illegitimate son of a Norman duke invaded England, seized the throne, and then built the Tower of London and 84 castles to protect himself from his subjects.



Henry VIII. Anne Boleyn, the second of his six wives, laughed when he sentenced her to be beheaded in the Tower, along with her five alleged lovers. She couldn't believe he was serious. He was.



Charles I. He kissed his children goodby, forgave his executioner, and tucked his long hair up under his cap so it would not deflect the axe. Cromwell called his death "a cruel necessity."



Follow the footsteps of Kings and Queens, rogues and revolutionaries, traitors and tyrants to the "Bloody Tower"... the magnificent, the terrifying

TOWER OF LONDON

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL. SEE FOR YOURSELF.

Come, walk with Kings.

Come, walk with Kings and let the ancient gates of London's Tower creak shut behind you.

Walk with King Edward III as he sallies forth from the Tower cell where he's been locked up for years. He has vowed to avenge the murder of his father and to seize the kingdom from his mother and her lover.

Wasting little time, Edward threw his mother into a dungeon and tossed away the key. Then he had her lover beheaded.

Walk with the boy-king, Richard II. Stand fast with him as he faces an army of 100,000 rebels on Tower Hill and refuses to surrender his jeweled sword to their leader, Wat Tyler.

Tyler was executed on the spot. Then Richard rode forth, alone, into the howling mob and, in a child's voice, commanded the rebels to go home. And they did.



Walk with King Henry VI, a gentle and retiring man who doesn't even want to be King. He is caught in a power struggle between his headstrong son and the sensual, violent Duke of York.

Arrested by the Duke's men, Henry was brought as a prisoner to the Tower with his golden spurs struck off and his feet bound under his horse by leather thongs. When his son was killed in battle and only he stood between the Duke and the throne, Henry was murdered in his cell as he knelt, praying.

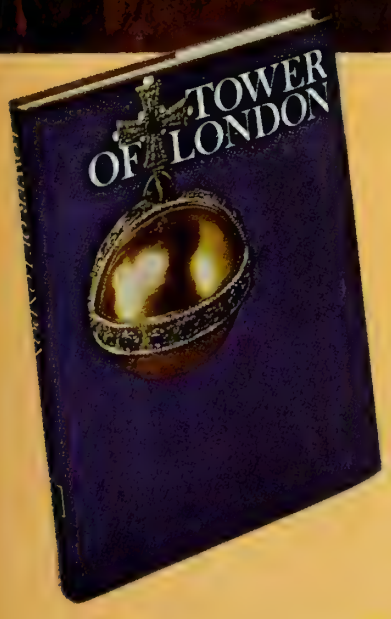
To walk with Kings, you need only a little imagination and your own copy, for $7.95, of *Tower of London*—something that's more of a memorable experience than it is a book.

It's one of a new and richly-illustrated series by Newsweek called Wonders of Man. Other volumes include: The White House, Venice, The Forbidden City of Peking, Notre-Dame de Paris, The Kremlin, Statue of Liberty, The Colosseum, El Escorial, The Pyramids and the Sphinx.

(For a truly "special" library, you may prefer *Tower of London* and future volumes in the gold-tooled deluxe edition. Just check the appropriate box on the order card.)

Send no money. Your copy of *Tower of London*—and each succeeding Wonders of Man volume—is yours to examine for 10 days in your own home. See order card for full details.





Examine *Tower of London* in your own home. Read it cover to cover. Enjoy the many magnificent full-color illustrations ... the fine binding and printing ... the 24-page special section, The Tower of London in Literature. If you do not agree that this a truly memorable book, return it in 10 days and owe nothing. Or keep it for $7.95 (plus a small shipping and handling charge). You will then receive future volumes at regular two-month intervals—each one on the same 10-day free examination basis. Send for your copy of *Tower of London* today!

NEWSWEEK BOOKS • 444 Madison Avenue • New York, N.Y. 10022

Free Gift!

A unique addition to the Wonders of Man tour through history!

THREE HISTORIC COINS

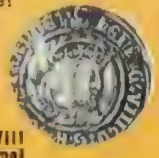
These beautiful coin replicas, reproduced especially for Newsweek Books, evoke the image and grandeur of the past—and provide an unusual touch of history that you and your family will enjoy. They are yours to keep—at no obligation, no cost—for simply agreeing to examine our Introductory Volume!



Romanov Rouble



French Ecu



Henry VIII Groat





Grapes, like people, need a time to rest.

This is the important time.

The quiet of the night in the valley of the Paicines mountain vineyards near San Juan Bautista.

All day long our grapes were hard at work, maturing and ripening under the warm California sun. Then, at day's end, the sun sets, and the important events of the night begin.

The Pacific Ocean breezes slowly roll over the mountains and down into the vineyards where they cool and rejuvenate our grapes. When morning comes, our grapes are rested and ready for the work of the new day's sun.

Here, in the valley of the Paicines mountain vineyards, nature has provided Almadén with an ideal weather balance for growing fine wine grapes.

Possibly no one else takes such loving care in raising grapes as we do. To us, they're our children.

When you try your first sip of Almadén Pinot Chardonnay, you'll understand why only a fine grape can produce a fine wine.

Almadén

Only a fine grape
can produce a fine wine.



For a copy of "News from the Vineyards," write Almadén Vineyards, Box 9970, Los Gatos, California



It takes only a few words to get two people talking from their hearts. That means the wire and cable that we make at Western Electric is very special.

And since we know what any one call can mean, we test and retest every inch of that wire and cable.

Just to make sure there isn't the tiniest break that could break up a conversation. Because we never know when you're going to have a heart-to-heart talk. We make your phone and the things that make it work.

Western Electric

We're part of the Bell System.
We make things that bring people closer.

THE AMERICAN ABSENCE

Two letters from Vietnam

WHAT WE LEFT BEHIND

David K. Shipler

"Were you here in '66? Man, in '66 you could do anything you had the balls to do."
—One cleancut American to another during a recent party at the U.S. military attachés' residence, Saigon

THE VIETNAMESE will not let us leave. We did too much to them. We brought too much sadness, too much hope, too much violence, too much prosperity. You cannot just put all that in a C-130 and ship it back to the States. Even now, two years after the American troops completed their final withdrawal, Vietnam feels like a room just vacated by prowlers. Perhaps you never saw them, but you know they were there; by the open window, the curtains are still swaying.



VERY EARLY on a Monday morning, I am jammed into a crowded bus on its way south from Saigon into the Mekong Delta. Next to me sits a girl in her early twenties with a plain face and a light, delicate smile. She studies me in silence for a long time, as if she were watching me from some great distance, and then, through my interpreter, she tells me about her father.

He owned a few trucks. Two years ago, he and his driver had taken a load of fish sauce to Qui Nhon and were returning to Saigon when a convoy of U.S. Army trucks came steaming up Highway One from the opposite direction. Observing the rule of giving way to convoys, her father had the driver pull to the side and stop. But they were headed down a hill at the time, and the truck's brakes were not good enough to keep it from rolling, so her father jumped out and went into the bushes to look for a stone to wedge under the wheel. As the convoy roared past, an American soldier saw the man moving in the bushes and fired. Her father fell to the ground, and the American, realizing he was unarmed, stopped and took from him all the papers that would show him to be a civilian. Her father was badly wounded, but still alive. His driver, fearing trouble with the authorities if he took a man without an ID card to a hospital (without an ID, you are automatically a VC), left him and went to get the man's family, who returned and took him to the hospital. That is where he died.

"Your troops," the girl says. "Your soldiers." Her sliver of revenge, flashing like a knife blade.

In all corners of the country, the hidden memories are waiting to be fashioned into razor words. "Your troops," says the old woman squatting outside her house in the lovely coastal village of Hoai My. "Your troops were playfully shooting down onto the road from an outpost on the hill, and a bullet hit her in the eye." She nodded toward her thirteen-year-old granddaughter squatting nearby. "They rushed down and took her to the hospital." The girl's left eye is now glass.

"Your troops came and told us to get out," says a woman of Ben Suc. "They threatened to shoot us and burn our houses if we didn't go." The soldiers had come suddenly in helicopters on a January morning in 1967. The village, an idyllic place of thatched houses and lush rice fields, had long been part of a stubborn Vietcong stronghold northwest of Saigon. The Americans, to deprive the Vietcong of the population, swept into the village, removed the people, and burned the houses. Ben Suc no longer exists. Now most of the villagers live in crowded, unhappy quarters closer to Saigon, in a town called Binh Hoa, where they have no farmland and where many have no jobs at all.

They should be angry. They should glare at any American who walks among their rows of cramped houses. They should tell him that he is not welcome here. They should not answer his questions or pose for his pictures. But the Vietnamese are not

David K. Shipler recently completed a tour of eighteen months as a New York Times *correspondent in Saigon.*

like that. Whatever currents of hatred swirl beneath the surface, they are rarely visible, even among the veterans of Ben Suc. "Suppose that you are living in your house," the woman says, "and someone comes and tells you to get out of your house and burns your house. What would be your reaction?" That is as close as she can come to expressing her anger. Even in the face of an American's probes, the demeanor of the villagers remains correct, their hostility oblique.

"On that day we were very angry with the Americans," says Mrs. Tran Thi Tinh. "That's too long ago to have anger now." A sixty-four-year-old woman named Nguyen Thi So just laughs. "Why should you be angry? It's the war. We are civilians —we have to accept whatever happens to us."

But then they tell their stories. A nine-year-old boy, Nguyen Van Loi, is brought out. On that morning eight years ago, his mother and father were killed by the Americans. A woman speaks out sharply: "My mother—eighty years old—one black American hit her on her head with a stick." Another sits quietly in a hammock and tells softly of her four sons, gunned down from helicopters as they worked in their rice fields. Then she smiles shyly for a picture.

NOBODY FORGETS. And yet, with only a few exceptions, the Vietnamese do not seem to hate us as much as we hate ourselves for what we did here. For them the war has become a part of life, like some malignant strain of weather. It sweeps through villages like the wind; it shifts and hovers over the countryside like a perilous shadow that colors the landscape with a violence as endemic as the green rice shoots that poke up through the paddies. I ask an old man sitting on some gravel strewn beside Route Thirteen what changes the Americans had made in his country. He thinks for a long time, then he looks down at the gravel, which was brought by the U.S. Army as building material. He picks up one of the gray stones, holds it up in his fist and declares, "The Americans left this."

Perhaps in a decade or so nothing much will be left of the American impact on Vietnam. Some Vietnamese think their culture is so resilient that it will throw off the American influence as thoroughly as a pond regains tranquillity after its surface is rippled by a plunging stone. For the moment, however, the country is still enveloped by the convulsions of the American presence and the American absence.

Probably the most durable and debilitating result of American participation in the war was the urbanization of Vietnamese society. This will not be easy to erase. Peasants who endured Vietcong terrorism, mines in their fields, and even battles between ground troops could not stay in their villages beneath the terrible carpet of intensive American bombing and shelling. The free-fire zone was the most powerful stimulant of mass migration since the Industrial Revolution. With millions driven from their land and attracted to the cities by high-paying jobs at American military bases, South Vietnam's urban population rose from 15 percent to 45 percent during the tenure of the Americans. The economy was so distorted that maids earned more than college professors, and the urbanization had its universal effects: the weakening of the family, the breakdown of the community, the spread of drug addiction, the rise in crime, the straining of public services. The American withdrawal has left thousands jobless, for the country has virtually no industrial base to support the urban population. People search desperately for ways of making a living.

"When they were here we made a lot of money and I was very happy." Cpl. Bach Truc speaks from his hospital bed in Qui Nhon. He had been swept with his parents from the countryside to Cam Ranh, the site of a huge American base and a deep-water port. His father found work as a carpenter, his mother had a job in a kitchen, and he unloaded mail from ships. "I worked for the Americans for three years and lost my job. I came up here to Qui Nhon to find a job. I couldn't find a job here either, so I joined the army."

About the time that Henry Kissinger and Le Duc Tho were named the winners of the Nobel Peace Prize, a rocket grenade blew off Corporal Truc's left leg. "I'm still very sad, because, as you see, I'm still very young and I haven't achieved anything in my life and now I've lost my leg." He has heard the names Kissinger and Tho, but he can't quite place them. "What did they do?" he asked.

On a quiet street in the village of Cam An, an old man spots me. He hobbles up, a wooden crutch under his right arm, a metal cane in his left hand, and salutes me drunkenly. He explains that he has had two bottles of rice wine this morning and points to his missing leg. "The war, you know. I don't know what to do but drink. So many people in my family have been killed. You must come and have a beer with me to share my sadness. These times in the country, the question of life and death is just like lightning, so nothing is important anymore."

"The French kept us uneducated, because when you're uneducated you can't think, and the French wanted to control the country," says a former army captain who is a vitriolic anti-Communist. "The Americans keep us with our bellies empty, because when your belly's empty you have to do what they tell you."

A woodcutter, stacking firewood on a three-wheeled Lambretta, talks of the increasing risk he takes going into the woods. "Business was very good when the Americans were here. They sent troops deep into the forest, providing good security."

A soldier, who once fought side by side with the Green Berets: "Before, when the Americans were here, I saved a lot of money and could go back once in a while to see my family. Now the pay is very bad."

An old man on the road to Tay Ninh: "The American troops were all big, very big. And they had a lot of guns and bullets, and they talked a different language. Otherwise, they were like Vietnamese. Some of them were good, some of them were bad. The bad ones were the ones who did not give us anything. The good ones gave us money and cigarettes and played with the children. The bad ones were the ones who just sat in a corner by themselves and did not talk to us."

THE AMERICANS WHO CAME set in motion strong, contradictory attitudes that still reverberate throughout the society. At the most painful junction of these emotions of infatuation and revulsion are the women who formed liaisons with Americans; they are not only prostitutes, but also maids, waitresses, secretaries, and

hers who simply fell in love. They dure a stigma that is not easy to ake off. In the eyes of a society nerally suspicious of foreigners, e lasting shame is the mixed child, ho is now the object of cruel teas- g and ridicule from those outside s family. As a consequence, some omen who bore such children and ing to them, even after having been andoned by the American fathers, main on the outer edges of their vn culture. These women wait vain- for their GIs to send for them d their children. Or they long for nother American to marry. One orning, the news spread quickly rough a shabby quarter of Cu Chi at an American was nearby. In inutes, four women crowded around im, each holding a tattered letter om her GI, each asking the Amer- an to copy the address and write to e man. Most of the letters were ore than a year old.

Duong Thi Ngoc Minh still has a rapbook of pictures of the Army rgeant who left her with two chil- ren and promised to marry her. She ears from his mother occasionally, ut never from him. One of the pho- graphs in her book is a snapshot of e sergeant being decorated by a wo-star general.

Miss Minh, who is twenty-seven, ves in a small house with her aging nother and her daughters, Kim, six, nd Sandy, four. Some neighbors do ot let their children play with the irls, shouting at them, "Your moth- r is a whore!" and "Savage Amer- cans!" Miss Minh is convinced that he must get the girls out of Vietnam nd to the States; she wants nothing nore than to marry an American who will take her and the children way. She registered her name with private matchmaking agency that rranges dates between Vietnamese women and American men, and she as found a man who says he will marry her. He arrives in the middle f the interview, wearing yellow- inted glasses. In the old days, he ex- lains, he was a Green Beret work- ng on an assassination squad with he Phoenix Program. Then he ran a restaurant in Thailand, but couldn't stay away from Vietnam. "I love Vietnam," he says.

When he asks me what I am writ- ing about, I tell him something of the problems of mixed children—the teasing, the ridicule. "Yeah?" he says in genuine surprise. He didn't know they had problems. Does he plan to take his new family back to the States? "No, man," he says. "I'm gonna stay in Vietnam the rest of my life."

Some young women try to lead a double life. One placed her mixed baby in the home of an aunt and has never told her parents about the child. Another has a five-year-old mixed son about whom she has said nothing to most of her coworkers at the school where she teaches. Another gave up her son for adoption; that is a secret, too.

"Because of my pride," she says, "I cannot let people know I've been involved with an American. They still think badly of you if you go with an American, especially if you have an American child. Whenever I find someone who really likes Americans, then I tell them."

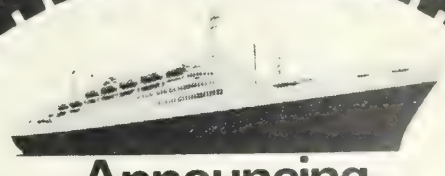
This young woman, who is twenty-four, grew up among Americans at Tan Son Nhut Airbase at the edge of Saigon, where she developed a sad and consuming infatuation with Americans and America. "I want to marry an American, then I want to go to the States," she says.

Her father died when she was sixteen, and she moved in with her sister, who was married to a Vietnamese Air Force pilot and lived on the base. The girl got a job tending bar in a U.S. Army club, then did secretarial work in a U.S. Air Force accounting office. One of the Americans she met was a good-looking blond Air Force crewman named Kenneth. In the beginning, she says, it was an innocent teen-age romance. But one day her sister spotted her with the American; when the girl walked into the house, her brother-in-law punched her in the face. "The next day I packed and I told them, 'I'm gonna go and never see you people again.' " She had no place to go, so she called Kenneth. He got her an apartment, and they moved in together.

When she was nearly seventeen years old and three months pregnant, Kenneth's plane was shot down, and he was killed. "When I gave birth to that child, I cried in the hospital every day. When I saw him, he looked like his father—I was so happy." The child, a boy, grew up with Americans. He became fond of an Air Force captain who had a family in the States, and so his mother let

It gets better every time around.

133-WC-4



Announcing
our 17th World Cruise
Jan. 20, 1976 from New York. From Miami Jan. 22.
87 days, 24 ports, the s.s. Rotterdam.

All the comfort and luxury of a grand ship built to sail the world, plus a fascinating new itinerary including the Mediterranean. Casablanca, Naples, Athens, Alexandria, Suez, Bombay, Bali, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yokohama, Honolulu, Acapulco and 12 more enchanting ports. Perhaps your most memorable travel experience.
From $6,520 to $19,695. See your travel agent or mail the coupon.

See your travel agent or call Miss Martin collect at (212) 760-3880, toll-free at (800) 221-6657.

Holland America Cruises, 2 Pennsylvania Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.
Please send brochure on the s.s. Rotterdam 1976 World Cruise.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Travel Agent_____

The s.s. Rotterdam is registered in the Netherlands Antilles. Rates per person, double occupancy, subject to availability.

Minimum rates may not be available on the above listed sailing.

You may never want to get off.

Holland America Cruises

the captain adopt him. It was best for the boy, she says.

And she is glad the Americans came to Vietnam. She learned how much better American men are than Vietnamese. "Vietnamese men—they're not gentlemen, they're not helpful. Vietnamese men are bossy. When they come home, they expect their wives to do this or that. And they better shut up. American women are lucky. If the Americans had never come I'd probably end up marrying a Vietnamese just like my sister and be a slave the rest of my life."

THERE IS A POLITICAL parallel in the submissiveness of these young women to American influence. Just as they have entered an American orbit and feel their lives still governed by its pull, so do many Vietnamese politicians and officials feel that their country continues to be manipulated by powerful American decisions, American interests, American indifference. It has become a bit of popular wisdom here that the Vietnamese have no ability to determine their own destiny, that they are simply pawns of the big powers—especially of the United States. Many Vietnamese of all strata and of all political persuasions—including Vietcong, officials in the government of Nguyen Van Thieu, and non-Communist oppositionists—have been seduced by the fatalistic conviction that Washington has the power to retain Thieu, to oust him, to choose his successor, to bring peace, to set the course of the country. It is the only point of complete agreement among all sides, and it has become a kind of national psychosis underscoring a great irony: as the Vietnam war taught us the limits of our power, it showed the Vietnamese the extent of it.

An old man named Nguyen Huu Ky lives in a shack that rises on wobbly stilts above a stinking marsh in Saigon. He used to raise a spinach-like vegetable called *rau mung* in the swamp, sell it in the market, and live off the meager income. It won't grow anymore, he says, "because of chemicals from airplanes—defoliants brought here by the wind and the water." The Americans, he believes, took his livelihood from him.

Between Phu Cat and Qui Nhon is a farmer, Vo Ke, whose rice crop is not as good as it used to be. "Before, we had a dam for irrigation, but the dam's no good anymore. Thanks to the dam, water came down to the rice paddies steadily—and then the Americans dug so many big holes to get sand to build their bunkers—dug so many holes that the water went down. There are farmers who can buy pumps, but many of us cannot."

Father Tran Huu Thanh, a Catholic priest who has sparked a significant anticorruption drive aimed at ousting Thieu, believes that Thieu will not leave office except under pressure from three sources. "First, the Americans," he says. "Second, the army. Third, the people." And in the National Assembly, an opposition deputy, Phan Xuan Huy, declares: "Should the American government withdraw its hand from behind Thieu, Mr. Thieu would automatically, instantly collapse."

In the An Quang Pagoda, a militant Buddhist monk, Thich Lieu Minh, speaks deliberately, venomously. Every time he makes a scathing remark about Americans, he touches my arm and smiles to make sure I know he does not mean it personally. "When a country loses its independence like ours," he explains, "all people in the country are in a prison. First the French, now the Americans. We hope and pray that the Americans are not so proud, because we want the Paris agreements to work. We hope that they are not so proud that, having already entered this house, they feel they have a right to step here again just because they will be walking on American cadavers."

Sometimes, out of old habit, Vietnamese policemen and military guards still salute an American in a passing car, even if he is just an aircraft mechanic or a journalist. There are still checkpoints and compounds where a white face provides automatic access and a Vietnamese face must be accompanied by elaborate identity cards and letters of permission—at Saigon's civilian airport, for example. Vietnamese are still discriminated against in their own country, barred from the American swimming pools, the American movie theater, the American supermarket, the American gymnasium, the American bowling alley (unless they are married to Americans). One story—which may or may not be true, but is so plausible it is widely believed—has it that some years ago, the American who managed the bowling alley walked in to find a Vietnamese family bowling way down at an end lane. He shouted at the top of his lungs: "Hey! Get those gooks out of here. I don't care if it's Nguyen Cao Ky!" It was.

And so the deep ambivalence toward Americans persists, and it is even captured in the language. Most GIs undoubtedly missed this slur because they did not speak Vietnamese, but it is not uncommon for Vietnamese to refer to foreigners, and particularly Americans, by using the word *no*, pronounced "naw," which means "it." The word is normally used as a pronoun for children, animals, and things. Yet the term for "the United States of America" is a lovely metaphor: "Hoa Ky." Translated literally, it means "flower flag," which is how the stars on our flag must have looked a long time ago from very far away. □

SAIGON DREAMS

by Dennis Troute

I

THE FIGURES TURN, not suddenly but all together, and stumble slowly toward their visitors. They stagger and lurch over the worn stone surface of the courtyard, mumbling things that could not be understood in any language. Their hands reach out first for a touch, for any human contact. Then they begin to grasp and pull and tear at the visitors in a panic, screaming for attention.

The doctor moves easily through the circle of hands that claw at her, talking quietly, soothingly. She turns to smile at the other visitors. "These are the worst, you know," she says, her English broken by a thick Belgian accent. "They are drugged all of the time." She shrugs and smiles sadly. "We cannot take care of them otherwise. This is the only asylum in Vietnam, and you can see what we have, maybe enough places for 2,000."

The inmates are dressed in rags,

Dennis Troute worked for NBC News in Saigon for two years and has returned to the United States.

n in rags of military uniforms for
most part, women in rags of peas-
blouses and black pants. Several
o have drifted off from the main
le sit now, staring blankly across
bright, sunlit courtyard. A wom-
with long, straggly hair dances
oss the yard in a short, white dress
an unheard melody.

Suddenly a scream erupts from
circle of pushing, pulling bodies
und the doctor. "VC, VC!" cries
woman, jerking at the blouse of
other. The doctor pries them apart.

A boy with half-closed eyes tugs
her sleeve, moaning. He brushes
tractedly at the flies around his
e as she leads him outside the
rtyard. The gate is locked behind
m.

They move into a sparsely furn-
ed office, where he sits on a cot as
flips through a pink folder at the
sk. "He is typical," she says. "His
rents were killed in Quang Tri
en he was a child, but he lived
th an uncle until he was eighteen.
en he began to act strange. He
uld cry; he would break things in
house; they could not control
m, so they brought him here. Many,
ny of them are like that. They
re not hurt in the war, but their
milies were broken, and their so-
ty has been destroyed.

"But we cannot give them what
ey need. Do you think the Amer-
ans will help us?" she asks. "You
ow, they are responsible, too."

"The Americans say they have not
udied this problem," I reply, "and
ey are not directly funding any
ental-health programs."

"They must help," the doctor says.
There are so many of them. Look
this one." She gestures at a wait-
g patient, a young, pretty woman.
She was first imprisoned by the
ietcong, and when she came back
e was held by the government. The
cret police tortured her. They put
ls in her pants. Of course, an eel
ill try to find a dark place, a wet
lace to hide. Since then she is crazy
t night. She had very bad dreams."

II

THE CLUB FOR AMERICAN contractors, near the air base at the edge f town, is another kind of dream. nside, it's impossible to know what ear it is. A short-haired Asian band unelessly pounds out an off-key ver-ion of a mid-Sixties hit, "Love Po-tion Number Nine" while burly customers plod around the dance floor with only passing reference to the ear splitting work of the drummer. The word *sixty-nine* at the end of the song is greeted with hoots and laughter.

Most of the men are white and middle-aged; they are technicians and mechanics who maintain jet planes and other gear that the Vietnamese military can't or won't learn to take care of themselves. These graying, balding men escort slender Vietnamese girls with young faces and hard eyes. The men's voices, like those of their dates, are strident and rough, from years of competition in a tough market. Many bar girls are suffering since the American GIs left in 1973. They consider it good luck to latch on to any kind of American who can pay the bills for a while.

"Hey, why I no see you long time?" a waitress says, smiling at a new arrival. "You *beaucoup* butterfly, have many girlfriends."

He grins in reply and moves away from the group of young blacks at the bar directly in front of him. Blacks and whites, young and old, foreign and American—they do not mix with one another much here. Most of the contractors have been in Vietnam for a long time, and integration was one of the things that passed them by. Open hostility is not seen often, but the various groups skirt one another gingerly to avoid problems.

That's why many of them came here in the first place. They avoid money problems by living in a cheap country, family problems by finding girls who are not expensive or demanding, and most racial problems by living behind barbed wire, where the Vietnamese cannot get at them. With some exceptions, the common feeling is that the Vietnamese are a bright but lazy people who apply most of their cleverness to thievery. Things have not worked out in Vietnam as the contractors expected them to, and as the number of jobs declines they sense their self-imposed mandate to teach the Vietnamese people running out. There are hundreds who have no work. Rumors of new government contracts spread quickly. A great deal of conversation is about where men will go next.

"Hear they're pickin' up a lotta maintenance men for the oil operations in Indonesia," says one well-

Bewitched, bemused or baffled by modern art?



Les Demoiselles d'Avignon
by Pablo Picasso, 1907
The Museum of Modern Art, New York

Whatever your reaction, you will be interested in an enlightening home program called **The Meanings of Modern Art,** prepared by **THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** New York, written by **John Russell,** art critic, **The New York Times,** and distributed by the **BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB.** Its aim is to make the art of our times intelligible and exciting to men and women all across the country, including (and especially) those who seldom, if ever, have an opportunity to see and enjoy the great works of modern art. The coupon below will bring you the details of this unique educational venture.

The Meanings of Modern Art Program
ADMINISTERED BY 5-MMA338-3
Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc.
280 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

Please send me, without charge or obligation, The Museum of Modern Art's illustrated brochure describing its new home program, **The Meanings of Modern Art** by **John Russell.**

Mr. / Mrs. / Miss _____
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ Apt. _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

M-4

muscled character to the men with him. He glances at his dancing partner, a scrawny, middle-aged woman whose face has been powdered an unnatural white. Her eyes are bright, but she smiles in confusion, a Vietnamese habit common in country people. "How'dja like ta go ta Indonesia, Phuong?" he demands.

The uncertain smile is his only reply, but the thread of conversation is picked up by a lean man wearing a mechanic's shirt and heavy-rimmed glasses that give him an air of seriousness. "Man, I'm goin' back to Taiwan. The women ain't so good and it ain't so cheap, but we're gonna be there for a long time."

Two men in mechanics' uniforms have draped themselves over a guardrail near the door, surveying the crowd. Both have curls in the middle of their foreheads, and heavily tattooed forearms. They turn and saunter to a table with the swaying, big-shouldered walk of cowboys or construction workers. Still, they are easily threatened: a sinewy black man who bounces past their table in time to the music draws cautious stares of dislike. He is the club manager. His intensity and forcefulness hide a caution that surfaces when questions about his past are raised.

"I been here a long time, man. I was Special Forces in '66 up at Ben Het. I got outta the Army and worked for some companies before I got to be manager here."

He may not be a deserter (he is often accused of hiding deserters). But there is an unusual urgency in the way he relates his life story, an unstated plea for belief that often accompanies a long-practiced lie. He looks more like a man on the run than an anxious manager. His shoulders hunch forward when he starts to talk; his eyes dart around the room. His foot taps the floor; his hands and arms fly about as explanations grow more heated; his eyes stop moving from time to time and inquire piercingly, looking for a sign of disbelief. A whispered message brings him to his feet with the quickness of a sprinter starting out of the blocks. "Thanks, babyson"—to the messenger. "Got to get my wife, man, but I'll be in touch." Somehow he manages to move to the door at a gait halfway between a bound and a swagger.

Outside the air-conditioned club, the wet heat and the noise of the Saigon evening penetrate every sense, sapping strength and concentration. Pickup trucks, somewhat useless vehicles in Vietnam because of the constant danger of theft, fill the asphalt parking lot. On the other side of the cyclone fence that surrounds the club and the parking lot, a mass of Hondas and Army trucks fill the air with a blue-gray smoke dense enough to be picked up even by the dim streetlights. Tough-looking whores and pedicab drivers stand ready at the gate to surround whoever comes reeling out. They look like the hungriest people in the world—but they are not. At the gate marked "vehicle exit" stands a smiling Vietnamese man with both arms cut off above the elbow. He smiles beguilingly and waves the stubs in a plea for a few piasters. The customers call him "Flipper."

III

THE BLAND, UNSMILING FACE that stares down from official photos on the walls of virtually every public building in the country says nothing. In personal appearances, President Nguyen Van Thieu is more forthcoming. He has not grown in power so much as power has grown in him. He moves like a man long accustomed to things giving way before him.

There is a story in Saigon, perhaps apocryphal, of a conversation between Thieu and a top American official. Asked what he liked best about his job, Thieu is said to have replied, "The power."

There is a military flexing of muscles at every public ceremony. Rigid columns of white-uniformed honor guardsmen flank the path of entry. Truckloads of children and peasants from the countryside are brought in to cheer and wave flags.

The bulk of Thieu's speeches vary slightly from one another. He exhorts the peasants, soldiers, and students to grow more, fight more, study more in order to combat the aggressive schemes of the North Vietnamese Communists. He hands out awards or inspects exhibits, smiling broadly and bantering with aides and the people presented to him.

The performance is repeated in the evening for millions of Vietnamese over the national television station. In black and white, Thieu doesn't look as well fed as he does in person. The screen also shows cheering masses—never bored peasants shaking themselves with patriotic banners during Thieu's lengthy, impassioned speeches.

But there are problems. Personal attacks on President Thieu, unthinkable a few years ago, are now commonplace. Riot police, with their wicker shields and barbed-wire barricades, have confronted protesters in the streets of Saigon.

Vietnamese of every political persuasion are convinced that Thieu won't last out his term, which ends in October. They have dredged up all the ghosts necessary to ease the transition. The Saigon rumor mill has Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge back in town to replay his role in the fall of President Ngo Dinh Diem. A second version has CIA Director William Colby along, since the spies are always expected to have a hand in critical Vietnamese government changes. The Vietnamese are certain Thieu will go, but they don't provide any logical explanation for his eclipse.

When pinned down about this certainty, a sophisticated politician's reply is roughly the same as a peasant's: Thieu has lost the mandate of heaven. Failures pile up on his administration like maggots on a carcass, indicating where life has been only after it has gone. In this view the right to rule passed at a time when only a spiritualist might have seen the change. The signs that accumulate afterward are clear to everyone. The Paris peace agreement is certainly one of them. With his angry assent, Thieu lost a substantial part of his claim to sovereignty over the country. Another sign was the loss of American aid money, an ingredient basic to any Saigon administration. Even the dullest citizen can by now understand what has happened. People speak out in open opposition to Thieu, and small groups move against him in the streets. The police respond with violence. Those irreversibly tied to Thieu cannot allow themselves to see the vacuum where there should be leadership.

Questions of like and dislike have little influence on the issues of acceptance and support. Thieu may be widely despised for his nepotism and corruption at a time when the economy is failing and some people are starving. Every family faces tragedy from the seemingly endless warfare,

l from Thieu's refusal to imple-nt the peace agreement he signed. B. the anger of the people cannot b shown until it fits with destiny. haps it is partially a long-prac-d survival reflex; certainly it is t of a spiritual instinct which is, any case, an inseparable part of Vietnamese character.

IV

A SMALL, CLOSELY GUARDED com-pound at Saigon's Tan Son Nhut base provides further evidence narrowing options for the Saigon e and its American benefactors. ce a week the wire gates swing en to welcome a contingent of for-n and Vietnamese newsmen. The ing of Quonset huts once occupied American radio specialists now use the Provisional Revolutionary overnment's military delegation to igon.

A young bearded man, clearly not journalist, who follows the group reporters into the briefing room, s not learned the ropes. He looks wn the room, dominated at the far d by a table covered with micro-ones and wires, at which five men baggy green fatigues are seated. ere is a portrait of Ho Chi Minh the wall behind them.

"So that's the Vietcong," he says ietly to an older companion. The der man talks even more quietly he pulls out a notebook. "There e four or five terms you can't use re, and that's one of them—prob-ly better not to use any name at l."

The ritual of the briefing does not ange from one week to the next. voice that seems to be coming om a loudspeaker says, "Welcome, dies and gentlemen. Senior Colonel o Dong Giang now will brief you the events of the week." A glance out the room reveals no loudspeak-at all. The interpreter opening e meeting apparently has learned is English from tapes or records: Vietnamese, tone is critically im-ortant, and this man seems to be nitating the mechanical tone of a ice put through a speaker.

The colonel, a spare, balding man ith angry, penetrating eyes, chain-nokes and scowls through a forty-ve-minute barrage of complaints bout the Saigon government. His gs cross and uncross nervously as e waits for the translator to finish. "This vicious bombing of the lib-erated zones resulted in many killed and wounded," the translator in-tones, "most of them women and children." The formal briefing often closes with remarks about the futility of Saigon's efforts, and the colonel seems to smile maliciously. At that point, the rumors about his back-ground—that he was a founder of the National Liberation Front and a jungle fighter in the mountains of central Vietnam—are easy to believe.

The smile remains as the colonel strolls over to a group of Western journalists, but up close there is more caprice in it than malice. He has been also an ambassador to Cuba, and clearly enjoys the challenge of bantering with foreigners.

The gray-haired journalist wants to learn about strategy, and not ev-eryday battles. "Well," Giang says suddenly, "at the time of the cease-fire we thought the fighting was over, so when the Saigon army kept hit-ting us we were taken by surprise. It has been like that, time and again." He steps backward in jerks, like a man being pushed in the chest, then stops. "But there will come a time when we cannot be pushed any fur-ther." He smiles again, starts to talk again but then stops, perhaps recall-ing that he has just said officially that there are no preparations for an offensive on his side. A question about rising conflicts between Sai-gon and the non-Communist oppo-sition draws greater interest from him, but his answers remain veiled. Later, alone with one journalist, he seems more open.

"Are you supporting opposition efforts?" asks the reporter.

"Of course we favor those who are fighting against the corrupt Thieu regime."

"Do you think they can overthrow Thieu?"

"It is obvious that Thieu cannot last."

"What will happen afterward?"

He hesitates a moment before an-swering. "Another Thieu—and prob-ably not much better. But he, too, will be replaced, and after enough replacements, there will be a man we can talk to."

"Over such a long time many things can change, yet you still are optimistic?"

Again the colonel smiles. "I am always optimistic." □

Romania

is no fairy tale.

Come see! From the Dracula country of the Carpathians and the painted monasteries of Moldavia to the Latin sophis-tication of Bucharest and the Black Sea resorts . . . Romania is a storybook vacationland. Fantastic? With all-expense tours from $19 a day it's almost unbelievable. But true! Our TOUROMANIA bro-chure lists hundreds of vacation bargains . . . independent tours in Romania and multi-country escorted tours including Romania. Write!



ROMANIAN NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE
500 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036 Dept: H-4

Please send my free copies of the TOUROMANIA guide to escorted tours and independent travel.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Helen Lawrenson

COVERING THE WATERFRONT

A story with several heroes

I MET MY LOVE in Stewart's Cafeteria on Eighth Avenue. He was on his way to the men's room.

I was sitting at a table with my friend Irene and her husband Harold, a longshoreman. It was June 1938. "Lawrenson's holding court there in the back, I see," Harold said. "Who's he?" I asked. "He's one of the founders of the National Maritime Union, a hell of a guy. Very smooth, with brains, guts. Terrific orator, a spellbinder."

A few minutes later he walked by our table, a tall, broad-shouldered, lean-faced man with a neat moustache and an unmistakable air of distinction that sometimes led people to call him "the poor man's Anthony Eden." He stopped to speak to Harold, who introduced him. When he came back from the Gents, instead of returning to his own table, he sat down with us. Harold was astounded. "I never saw him pay that much attention to a girl," he said later. "Lawrenson doesn't run after girls. He doesn't have to. All he has to do is stand still and wait for them to throw themselves at him." I said he wasn't my type.

Not long afterward I sailed for South America without giving him a thought. In fact, I forgot about him. Things were different on his part. All that summer he hung around New York. Years later, his closest friend told me that when he asked Jack why he didn't ship out, the answer was that he was waiting for me to come back from South America.

I had been home a week in October when I went with Harold and Irene and another couple to the Welcome Inn, a lively bar on Sixth Avenue, frequented mostly by merchant seamen. Jack's friend was there, and he went to the telephone booth and called Jack at home. "She's back. She's here." In a short time, Jack showed up, casual, controlled, aloof, as always. He spoke to me briefly, then went to the bar to join friends. An hour or so later, he came back and had a beer with us. That was all. But the next afternoon he telephoned me and asked if I'd care to meet him for a drink. I did. We began at 5:00 P.M., went to the Turf Club in Harlem at 4:00 A.M., and ended up in my flat at dawn. I missed a dinner engagement and the theater and I didn't care. I didn't even bother to telephone to cancel them. I think I knew from that night on that I'd rather be miserable with him than happy with anyone else.



UPI

Helen Lawrenson, a writer and editor for almost fifty years, created an international incident with her first magazine article, "Latins Are Lousy Lovers." This article is excerpted from Mrs. Lawrenson's autobiography, Stranger at the Party, *to be published by Random House in April.*

MY LIFE FOR the next doz years was to be bound up wi the waterfront. Actually, the conn tion had begun five years earli when I was on *Vanity Fair* and l came interested in the longsho men's protest against the corru gangster-controlled longshoremer union headed by Joe Ryan, a bloate piglike creature who ruled the wate front by terror. The union officia were gunmen and racketeers appoir ed by Ryan, often paroled to him d rect from prison. They sold unic books for whatever they could exto and permitted men to work only i return for kickbacks, a practice mac possible by the shape-up, a metho of hiring that consisted of 200 to 30 men lining up in a semicircle twice day, waiting for the foremen to pic the ones to get work. Besides th kickbacks, members in many of th union locals were forced to pay bac 40 to 50 percent of their wages i other rackets: they had to pay eac month in advance to barbershop but if they ever showed up to g haircuts, they'd never work again; i they needed money, they got loans a 20 percent interest rates; they eve had to patronize particular liquo stores, bars, whorehouses. The gang sters' annual take from all these ser vices was estimated at one time a $350 million a year, which include what they stole from ships' cargoes There were never any union meeting or elections. From time to time smal groups of brave men raised thei voices in protest and died on a silen street or a vacant lot, by the bullet the knife, the garrote, the club, o else lived on in that sick, shamed si lence of men who have had fear beat en into their bowels.



Some typical subjects from recent issues of Psychology Today:

Alcohol . . . America's favorite drug
A study which reveals the myths and truths about a social custom which is called the "commonest form of organized drug-taking in the Western World."

Transcendental Meditation . . . who can benefit?
Why Maharishi Mahesh Yogi found fertile ground in the U.S.; how TM helps some people, but how sitting quietly twice a day can help as well.

How to remember your dreams
Forgetting your dreams doesn't necessarily mean you're repressing them. They may just lack emotional intensity. If you'd like to find out, here are some hints that will help you remember.

Dumber by the Dozen
A revealing study has shown that children from small families have higher I.Q.s than those from larger families. Not only that, but I.Q.s are also influenced by order of birth and spacing between children.

. . . And coyotes lie down with lambs
Two experts have found the secret of making a coyote say "yuk" instead of "yum yum" when a plump lamb passes. It's aversive conditioning. It makes the coyote literally nauseous at the sight of a lamb.

A great new anesthetic called "hypnosis"
Even though we still don't know how it works, hypnosis has been found effective against pain in cancer, dentistry and childbirth.

The team vs. the individual
Managers who stress individual achievement over group achievement may be making a mistake in terms of productivity. Often a worker will strive harder for his group than for himself.

Yours for only 50¢ a month

(as a special offer to new subscribers)

the same psychology today that sells everywhere for $1

Buy a copy of Psychology Today at any newsstand and it will set you back a dollar. Mail us the attached card or coupon at right, and you'll get 12 issues for just 50¢ each.

Now that's a good bargain, as we're sure you'll agree. But it's a bargain for many more reasons than the fact you're saving 50%.

It's a bargain because for 50¢ a month, Psychology Today will put you in contact with some of the leading intellects of our time: people like Bruno Bettelheim. Carlos Castaneda, Rollo May, B. F. Skinner, and Carl Rogers.

And it will introduce you to some of the exciting contemporary studies now being done by behaviorists and other social scientists. Such as studies of new avenues through which we might stop smoking or overeating. Or new methods to help us remember what we dream or where we put things. Or new approaches that might help us ease the traumas of aging, separation, death.

For just 50¢ a month, Psychology Today will put you in touch with a wealth of dynamic new ideas. Ideas such as how to harness hitherto uncontrolled energies within our bodies. Or how to eliminate criminality and war. Or how to invade new states of consciousness we never dreamed existed.

And it will have you rubbing intellects with young pioneer researchers who may turn out to be tomorrow's Freuds, Jungs, Pavlovs.

If any or all of this interests you, your next step is simple. Just return the card or coupon. We'll enter your introductory subscription and start sending you Psychology Today. All it will cost you is $6 for a year, instead of the regular $12. You don't even have to send any money now. Just your name and address.

psychology today

P.O. Box 2990 • Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me PSYCHOLOGY TODAY for one full year (12 issues) at your half-price rate of only $6.00*

Name

(PLEASE PRINT) 8394

Address

City

State Zip

Check one: ☐ Payment enclosed.
☐ Bill me later.

Additional postage outside the U.S.: Add $1.00 per year for U.S. possessions and Canada; add $2.00 per year for all other countries.

For new subscribers only

*Savings based on regular 1-year rate of $12.00

Two investigations by William O'Dwyer, one when he was district attorney in Brooklyn, one when he was mayor of New York, failed to change the situation, despite reams of testimony about murders, mayhem, extortion, racketeering. "I have never heard of any violence on the waterfront," commented Joe Ryan, who went to eight o'clock Mass every morning, and whose annual dinner of the Joseph P. Ryan Association was attended by New York City mayors, police commissioners, chief magistrates, district attorneys, Mafia bigwigs, high-ranking members of the Catholic hierarchy, and shipowner executives. In 1953 Ryan was indicted for stealing $45,000 in union funds; the union accepted his resignation and gave him an "irrevocable" pension of $10,000 a year for life, pin money in comparison with what he had salted away. He was succeeded by Capt. William Bradley, a bumbling tugboat captain, and the gangster element remained in control.

JACK WAS A YEAR OLDER than I was, born in Dublin in October 1906. He went to sea when he was thirteen on a ship called the *Prinz Ludwig*, and apparently on that first voyage he felt the call that has enticed men since prehistory. For some men, going to sea is a job. For others, like Jack, it is the necromantic mystery, the true vocation. With inverted snobbery, tanker stiffs tended to consider themselves a cut above passenger ship crews in the marine pecking order, and the engine room black gang above others. None of them wanted to be officers, and they all loathed Navy sailors. They were the gypsies of the sea, the last of the romantics, fiercely independent. Jack London termed them "the alley cats of the world," and *Fortune* magazine said of them, "You are dealing, in fact, with the true proletariat of the western world, the homeless, rootless, and eternally unmoneyed. They are tough, knowing, free." This was only partially true. Their home was a ship. They spent their money in waterfront bars and shipped out with the slogan "One turn of the propeller and all debts are paid." They were true internationalists. They sailed the world; they drank and talked and argued with men of all nations and races; they knew the score.

They also were, many of them, surprisingly well read. While I was diligently reading *The American Mercury* at Vassar, Jack was reading it at sea and discussing the contents with shipmates. Where he differed from his mates was in the poised, cool, superior, aristocratic appearance and manner that made him seem arrogant to some people but masked a sensitive and uncompromising idealist. Bernard Baruch said that he looked "like an English lord," an affront to Jack's Irish pride, but it was true that his looks, speech, and general bearing were so authoritatively patrician that even the headwaiters at the Pump Room or El Morocco, although of course they didn't know him, thought they should.

He had a marvelous voice, deep, with no trace of brogue, but a well-bred accent that often disconcerted people or misled them. We spent one New Year's Eve with friends at the Café Latino, and among the guests was Marcus Goodrich, whose book *Delilah* had been a recent best-seller. Someone who didn't know us mentioned the waterfront and Goodrich launched into a vehement denunciation of CIO waterfront organizers, whom he called murderers, rapists, thieves, arsonists, thugs, "the scum of the earth." He then turned to Jack and asked, "Are you a writer, too? Or what do you do?" "I'm a CIO waterfront organizer," Jack said calmly. There was a brief, deep silence. Then Goodrich, rallying gamely, said, "Well! I think that calls for champagne," and signaled the waiter.

Jack was nineteen when he first joined a marine union. Four years later he became a member of the International Seamen's Club, a forerunner of the militant rank-and-file movement in the American merchant marine. From then on, he was an active trade unionist as well as seaman. He was elected secretary of the National Strike Committee during the 1936-1937 seamen's strike out of which the NMU was formed, although not without opposition from shipowners, Joe Ryan and his goons, representatives of the American Legion, the International Seamen's Union (the reactionary union from which the rebels broke away), and the police. In New York, mounted police, whom we called "Mulrooney's Cossacks," trained their horses to rear up, pinning pickets and demonstrators with their forelegs. Twenty-eight men were killed and over 300 wounded before the new union w formed. Jack's name as one of t nine founding members was on t CIO charter granted to the NMU John L. Lewis, and his union bo was Number 5.

In those first years, an attempt w made to destroy the new union by i filtrating shipowners' stooges, lab spies, and agents of the Railway A dit and Inspection Company, an ganization that was one of 2,000 si ilar groups in America which provi ed "industrial service" to employe namely, strikebreakers, spies, agen provocateurs, strong-arm men, a union-busting equipment that vari from tear-gas bombs to Thomps machine guns, all under the name "fighting the Reds." It was an o tactic then and it still works toda (Ask the Greek colonels, the Chile admirals, the Brazilian generals Jay Gould once said, "I can hire o half of the working class to kill t other half." Depressing as it is have to admit it, he was right.

According to testimony before t LaFollette Civil Liberties Committe the thug agencies, of which the be known were Pinkerton, William Burns, and Railway Audit, at o time or another numbered amo their clients Bethlehem Steel, Bord Milk, Curtis Publications, Frigidai Corporation of New York, Pennsy vania Greyhound Bus Compan Western Union, Quaker Oats, Cam bell Soup, Standard Oil, and t Grace Line.

One of the shipowners' pa agents, Walter Carney, wrote a co fession while in the Tombs in whic he said, "One thousand dollars we passed to Jerry King and S. Le mon in the Standard Oil office on t 22nd floor of Radio City, on the promise to sabotage the oil agre ment and change the leadership, they wanted Jack Lawrenson out the way." Jack had negotiated f the union the first industry-wi tanker agreement. At a subsequ meeting in a hotel room, King, Le mon, and Frederick Phillips (a co tact for the American Legion) we told "to get rid of Jack Lawrenson any cost." Squads armed with bas ball bats invaded the union hall o Eleventh Avenue, and there we beatings with tire chains in the Gu ports. At least two men were kille but at last the spies were exposed an driven from the union.

Jack was a man who could not b

corrupted, or even momentarily tempted, by money, power, love, his personal safety, or the security of his family. An FBI dossier on NMU officials, compiled during the late Forties, and copied in part for me by a secretarial contact in their office, said of him, "Lawrenson is an incorruptible man." That he was. Arguing with other union members in our apartment once, he said flatly, "I'd rather see my wife and children starve to death." I knew he meant it, and I respected and admired him for it. I wouldn't have had him otherwise.

JACK LOVED, AS I DID, too, the fluid, vivid life and bonhomie of crowded bars—the tougher, the better. When he left the house to buy paper or cigarettes, I never knew whether he'd be back in five minutes or five hours, or, as in one case, five days. It was the lure of the pub, deep in his Irish blood, not for the drink itself but for the easy, masculine camaraderie, especially strong among the seamen. They could stand at a bar for hours on end, buying rounds of beer, matching picket cards, swapping reminiscences of ports from Aripetown to Odessa, talking union endlessly, talking ships. "The *Omaheebee*? She was an up-and-down tub." "That faker's as phoney as a three bill. He couldn't organize a piss-up in a brewery."

He couldn't tear himself away, and I didn't blame him. Sometimes, too, he showed an almost suicidal flair for danger. On one of our first dates he took me into a waterfront saloon that was the hangout of the shipowners' agents who had been offered money to kill or maim him. Several of the goons were there and the atmosphere was electric with tension and menace. Blissfully unaware of the cause, I had a wonderful time. I suppose the only reason we emerged unscathed was because Joe Kay, a seaman friend who accompanied us, although admittedly frightened, had the wit to tell the bartender that I was a member of District Attorney Dewey's staff, and the word was passed around.

I was in love and I knew it. Jack was, too, and he knew it. The difference was that he fought it. When he was in Boston during the tanker strike in the winter of 1939, he stayed on, even when the strike was over. To everyone's surprise, we finally got married. When he heard of the wedding, Harold's comment was "Why doesn't someone give them each a gun and let them shoot each other?"

We were married in City Hall, with only three seamen present. We certainly didn't notify the press, but the *World-Telegram,* obviously short of news that day, ran a report and my picture on the front page, right under their banner headline, with a line over the photograph: "Helen Norden Again to Wed—But No Latin." *Time* magazine announced the wedding in their Milestones column, spelling Jack's name wrong and calling me a "sexational penwoman." I was thankful Jack left town the day after the wedding and was gone for two weeks, as he would have found the publicity too embarrassing to tolerate. When friends asked, "Where's Jack?" I replied, "Oh, he's gone to New Orleans on his honeymoon."

Actually, he had gone to the second national NMU convention, where he helped draft the union constitution, generally acknowledged at the time as the most democratic trade union constitution in the country. All the convention delegates were poor and had to double up in cheap hotel rooms. Jack made local history by forcing his hotel to let him share his room with Ferdinand Smith, a black Jamaican seaman. The NMU was the first union to break the color bar in meetings in Louisiana, Texas, and other Southern states. They also pressured shipowners into accepting integrated crews, called in those early days "checkerboard crews." Ferdinand, one of the NMU founders, with Union Book Number 2, was given a testimonial banquet at the Hotel Commodore in 1944 "in recognition of his outstanding service to labor, the Negro people, and the nation." Joe Curran, who five years later in his successful drive for dictatorial power was to connive at Smith's expulsion from the union, along with other "Reds" who had first put Curran in office and kept him there, was chairman of the banquet. Among the sponsors were Congressman Emanuel Celler, Libby Holman, Marshall Field, José Ferrer, Langston Hughes, Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., and many others, all of whom seemed as horrified as Jack and I were when the orchestra burst into a medley of what they may have considered appropriate tunes, including "Old Black Joe" and "Swanee." We all tried to talk as loudly as pos-

WINE TALK

by Austin, Nichols

Château Figeac takes its name from St-Emilion but its breed is Pomerol.

Breed. The unique taste characteristics that mark a great wine. For Château Figeac, it means a claret that's closer to Pomerol than St-Emilion.

Located on a gravelly strip of land that extends into Pomerol, its excellent drainage and mineral content give Figeac a tremendous balance and breed. The Figeac vineyard—with its large proportion of Cabernet-Sauvignon grapes—produces a dark, ruby-black claret that is unique to St-Emilion.

Recognizing and assessing the breed of a wine takes the ability of an expert. Perhaps a more convenient way is to recognize the mark of Austin, Nichols.



sible, in an attempt to drown the sound.

No other trade union had such a mixture of social background. In most other unions, there was, and is, a homogeneity totally lacking among merchant seamen, who are of all races, all nations, with varying degrees of culture and education. This was especially true of the NMU in the early years, which had a membership that included poets, bank robbers, sharecroppers, professors, and at least one ex-Trappist monk. Our group hung out every night in the Welcome Inn where there would be occasional knife fights or scuffles and shouts of "You politically undeveloped sonofabitch! You Menshevik bastard!" but for the most part an atmosphere of ebullient roistering. The occasional outside stranger who wandered in off the street might not know what to make of us, but he was usually well treated, as long as he didn't unwittingly offend, like the insurance salesman who joined our table once, during a political argument, and made the innocent mistake of saying to Dominick James Gavin, "I can see you are a gentleman," at which Gavin sprang at him, exclaiming, "No sonofabitch can call me that!"

There were many who came and went in the nights at the Welcome Inn: Low Life McCormick, who was arrested with three other seamen in a foray onto the *Bremen*, where they tore down the swastika flag from the mast; Ding Dong Bell, who, before going to sea, taught a men's Bible class in Pittsburgh and who met his doom when he walked out of an open sixth-floor window, under the alcoholic impression that it was a door; Red Graham, who put the "Internationale" on a whorehouse jukebox in Norfolk and persuaded the girls to display a sign reading "Only CIO men welcome here"; Fitzsimmons, who, when I first met him, discussed interior decoration and said to me solemnly, "If there's one thing I know, it's chintz!" He was torpedoed in World War II, but survived to serve as technical adviser to Alfred Hitchcock on *Lifeboat*, starring Tallulah Bankhead, an act we never allowed him to live down.

Two of our closest friends were No Pants Jones, good-looking, easy-going, bright and witty, and Kitson, who would, I believe, have given his life for Jack. His language was pungent with phrases like "He don't know his ass from the Fourth of July," "So I says to him, 'I don't mind your shoving an umbrella up my ass, but you don't have to try to open it.' " When drunk, he went in for long recitations of old Wobbly songs; his favorite passage, recited with stentorian relish, was: "When children die by thousands in the mills, / When jeweled hands reach down and take the gold their blood distills!"

DURING ITS EARLY YEARS, before it became regimented like other unions and arbitrarily dominated by venal old men, the NMU was always in the vanguard of the labor movement, in the fight against the anti-fascist struggle. When the North American Committee for Spanish Democracy wanted to send a relief ship in 1937 with supplies for the Spanish government, they came to the NMU for a crew. The ship, the *Erica Reed*, sailed with a crew of all NMU volunteers. They were bombed by fascist planes in the Barcelona harbor, but got away. More than 1,000 seamen went to Spain to fight against Franco.

Over 6,000 merchant sailors were killed at sea in World War II. They were blown to bits in explosions, drowned, burned to death in seas of flaming oil from torpedoed tankers. Many died from starvation and exposure on rafts and in lifeboats. They were being torpedoed before America entered the war, at a time when our ships carried no guns, when lifeboats were not equipped with food and supplies, and there were no destroyer convoy escorts. The seamen could have made three times the money by working in shipyards or war industries, but they stuck to the sea, carrying the vital supplies. The shipping companies made millions. When a ship was sunk, the shipowner collected insurance, paid for by the government. On the other hand, when a ship was sunk, the crew's pay stopped. Even if the men spent months in hospital, they received no money until and unless they shipped out again. If the men were killed, their wives received $5,000, but there was so much red tape that this took months to collect.

Many of our friends were torpedoed, one of them three times in twenty-four hours. Asleep in his bunk when the first torpedo hit, he blown into the sea, swam a half-r back to the ship, which was afloat, and was torpedoed again f minutes later. He found two sl mates swimming in the water and three men held hands all night keep from getting separated in darkness. At dawn they saw an e ty life raft and swam to it. A res ship picked them up and that af noon the rescue ship was hit. "C stitution" Gurnee, whom both J and I knew, spent twenty-four d on a raft, the only final survivor seven men. "Sharks was following a lot. The second assistant engin was the first to go. He stood up, sa 'Fuck this. I'm going down to corner and get a beer,' and went o the side." When Gurnee sighted la on the last day, he had been al for two weeks.

I did what I could to bring war role of these men to the att tion of the public. Probably my m useful contribution was getting H ry Luce to run an eight-page feat in *Life*, presenting the NMU me bers as the heroes they were. On way back to the Luces' house afte party, Harry and I talked about t dinner, during which Stanton Gri had assured us that nobody was ma ing a nickel out of the war, not ev Eugene Grace, while Mrs. Lawren Tibbett had said that we must make sacrifices, and she was cutti down on her servants. "I was in t kitchen the other day, mixing t salad dressing, and my butler sa to me, 'I hate to see you doing th madam,' but I reminded him that was wartime."

DURING THOSE WAR YEARS Ja was the NMU vice-president charge of organizing on the Gre Lakes, where for twenty-five yea the Lake Carriers Association h prevented any attempt to unioni the fresh-water seamen. Jack beg his organizing drive in 1941 a won National Labor Board electio among Lakes seamen employed Bethlehem Steel, Inland Steel, Jon & Laughlin, Midland Steel, and I ternational Harvester.

The toughest nut to crack w Ford, which owned a fleet of Gre Lakes ships. Ford's security chie the notorious Harry Bennett, h successfully crushed any attempt organize Ford employees on land

Tony Jones discovered America in 1974. Here's how you can join the next expedition.

In these times, any good news is welcome, so you may be pleased to learn of the rediscovery of our most important natural resources—the wit, the intelligence, the common sense, and the experience of Yankee Doodle.

In September 1974, Tony Jones quit his job as Associate Editor of *Harper's Magazine*. Jones felt that, as good as *Harper's* was, a new kind of communication was needed. He decided to start a new paper that would, in the main, be written by its readers and called *Harper's Weekly* (after the famous national newspaper that flourished concurrently with *Harper's Magazine* from 1857 to 1916). The new concept was tested by direct mail.

The publishing world has never seen a beginning like it. In just ninety days, 40,000 people subscribed to *Harper's Weekly*.

Many of the subscribers said they would be interested in contributing material to the new reader-written magazine; others declared they were interested in reading what people, rather than the press, had to say.

Who is Yankee Doodle?

Subscriptions continue to pour in. Even Jones is surprised at the volume. By the time the sixteen-page premiere issue was published in January, *Harper's Weekly* was generally acknowledged as the hottest new idea in communication in years.

Every subscriber is urged to contribute. An honorarium of $25 is paid for published articles. Reader-researchers get $10 for published material, such as clippings and quotes.

Veteran journalists (who were nearly unanimous in predicting *Harper's Weekly* would never fly) are amazed at the quality and diversity of the writing. As one put it, "Here are farmers, doctors, housewives, teachers, soldiers, students, retired folk, executives, and laborers doing what I never thought they could do—write copy that I find interesting."

Understandably, some of the traditionalist press may feel threatened by a successful magazine written by amateurs, but then it is not the first time that Yankee Doodle has been a gadfly to the Establishment.

Some notes on reality

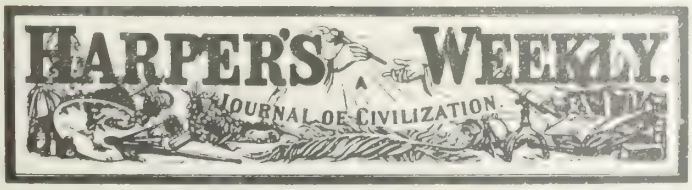
Obviously it takes strong and judicious editing to produce a weekly that is reader-written. Jones and his staff of ten read everything they are sent—and choose what they consider most interesting and relevant. There is no set format for *Harper's Weekly*. As Jones says, "It's fun. Even we don't know what to expect until we read what comes in the mail. We publish most articles as is—warts and all."

Satirist Peter Cooke, writer Lowell Ponte, and Howard Stein, chairman of the board of Dreyfus Corporation, are some of the "biggies" who have contributed. "We give everyone the same chance," says Jones. "Sharing perspectives is something people can do for each other quite well."

And you?

Interested in some new points of view? Interested in contributing your own point of view? Subscribe now to *Harper's Weekly*. Read what America has to say and learn how you can join the conversation. You can, in essence, take a free look and save 50 percent with this introductory offer. Simply enter your subscription now, but send no money. If the first issue of *Harper's Weekly* fails to live up to your expectations, then mark our invoice "cancelled," and that will be that—you won't owe a penny. Fair enough?

I'LL TAKE A FREE LOOK



Rush me my complimentary copy of the current *Harper's Weekly*. If I'm not satisfied with my first issue, all I need do is return your subscription invoice marked "cancelled" (24 issues for $6—half the newsstand price). Further, I understand I'll get a full refund any time I'm dissatisfied.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!! JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TO
Harper's Weekly, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

2037

water. Bennett was an ex-sailor and ex-boxer who was hired to keep the unions away, a task he performed with the aid of a small army of thugs. He built up a spy network in every part of the factory. Any worker suspected of harboring union sympathy was visited in his home by one of Bennett's goon squads and beaten mercilessly in front of his wife and children. One man who had no connection with Ford expressed interest in the trade union movement during a chat with a neighbor. The Ford thugs, out to nip such subversive talk in the bud, got his twin brother by mistake and beat him to death.

When Jack first met Bennett, he wrote me, in October 1941: "He's a little guy. Thinks like a mobster, talks like one, but he's the last guy in the world you'd think was one. I spent two whole days beating his ears, and finally he agreed to negotiate for everything he's got that floats. I've drafted the contract." As a result, all unlicensed personnel on Ford ships became NMU members.

I attended CIO conventions in Detroit and Chicago with Jack, who was a delegate. In Detroit, the delegates were singing "Hello, Joe, whaddaya know? Old man Ford's got the CIO!" In Chicago I first met Harry Bridges. The Bridges story is one of the epics in American history. No other man has had such an impact on the labor movement as this brilliant, shrewd, cocky, hawk-faced Australian ex-seaman. On July 5, 1934, he brought longshoremen out on strike in all West Coast Pacific ports. Four days later, San Francisco labor hit the bricks in a general strike. Forty thousand men, women, and children paraded through the city, eight to ten abreast, to the music of Beethoven's funeral march. Rich residents fled town, and throughout the country newspapers warned that Moscow was trying to seize San Francisco. The strike lasted ten days. It ended when FDR appointed Archbishop Edward J. Hanna, of the Catholic archdiocese of San Francisco, as head of an arbitration board. The result was the first coastwide contract in the industry, the hiring hall to replace the iniquitous shape-up, a six-hour day and a thirty-hour week. Three years later, Bridges formed the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, was elected president, seceded from Joe Ryan's union, and joined the CIO.

For seventeen years the U.S. government tried to deport Bridges, a process that involved five separate trials, two hearings before the Supreme Court, a resolution introduced in Congress to impeach Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins for her failure to deport him, and the Allen Bill, passed by a vote of 330 to 42 in the House of Representatives, the first time in history that Congress tried to pass a law for the sole purpose of deporting one specific man. The bill died in the Senate.

It wasn't over yet. In September 1945, Bridges became a citizen, and in May 1949, he and his two naturalization witnesses, both officials of his union, were indicted for criminal fraud, based on the fact that when asked during the naturalization proceedings if he belonged to the Communist Party or ever had belonged, Bridges replied, "I have not. I do not." He was tried in San Francisco, where paid government witnesses testified against him. His citizenship was revoked and he was sentenced to five years in prison. His two naturalization witnesses received sentences of two years each, and even his lawyers received jail sentences. Again, his case went to the Supreme Court, which set aside the sentences in June 1953, and restored his citizenship. Two years later, he was again arrested and stood trial on the same charge, this time a civil action. (The time before had been a criminal fraud action.) Judge Louis Goodman threw out the charges, and the U. S. Department of Justice finally gave up.

For nearly twenty years Bridges was under constant surveillance by police, the FBI, and private operatives. At one period, an attempt was even made to frame him on a murder charge. The frame-up collapsed when a dance-hall girl admitted that she had driven the supposed victim to the airport and watched him board his plane out of town. Because of her refusal to go through with her part of the frame-up, she was brutally beaten—nose smashed, teeth knocked out, ribs broken. "I couldn't bring myself to lie about Harry Bridges," she said. "My brothers and my father belong to his union."

Nowadays, Bridges is a respectable old labor chieftain, lauded by shipowners and civic worthies, practically an Establishment figure himself, a far cry from the Bridges of yesteryear. If he made any protest during the Vietnam war, I certainly never read or heard of it. Ah, well—no matter what he may have become in his old age, no one can take away what he once meant to American labor and his contribution to it.

A MAN OF TOTALLY different caliber from the beginning was Joe Curran, for thirty-six years president of the NMU until he retired in 1973 with more than a million dollars in severance pay and pension benefits. It could not be said of him that he traduced his principles because he never had any. Always slow-witted, when Curran left school at fourteen he had only made it as far as the fifth grade. In the early union years, he was inarticulate and thought he could solve all problems by bellowing. He was the puppet of the Communists. They picked him to head the NMU because he seemed good typecasting: a rough, ignorant, truculent sailor, native-born, invincibly working-class.

He may never have been a party member, although Foghorn Russell, who was, told me that the merchant marine Party section used to be called The Travelers Club, and that he once stood right behind Curran in line to pay his dues. Certainly, everyone from the Dies Committee to the newspapers labeled him a Red, and during one period Joe Ryan announced to the press, "Harry Bridges is here running the strike and Joe Curran is in Moscow sending him the money." *Fortune* magazine quoted him as saying, "Communists make good unionists." Many of the other NMU officers were Communist party members, as was the union lawyer, Curran's own secretary, and most of the other staff employees. He and his wife, Rhetta, named their only child Joe Paul, after Paul Robeson, who was the boy's godfather. (After he turned against his mentors, super-patriot Curran revoked Robeson's honorary membership in the NMU, an exaggerated gesture of disclaimer.) Furthermore, on one occasion in our Charles Street apartment, Curran telephoned William Z. Foster, head of the CPUSA before and after Earl Browder, to consult him about union policy. I heard the conversation.

In view of all the above, therefore, I could scarcely believe my ears when, following his apostasy, I heard Joe tell Tex McCrary in a radio in-

erview, "I didn't even know what a Communist was until after World War II."

The reasons for a man's ideological change of heart can be intellectual or emotional, but they can also be economic. Curran started at a salary of $100 a week, fixed by the union constitution in 1939. In the first convention after Curran succeeded in taking over the union and busting anyone who disagreed with his dictatorship, including Jack, all salaries were raised, with Curran's getting the biggest boost. During his last years as president, his salary was over $85,000 a year, plus an expense account, plus a Cadillac, plus other emoluments. When he retired with his additional million, of the 50,000 union members, only some 28,000 were working, and *their* annual wages averaged $3,000.

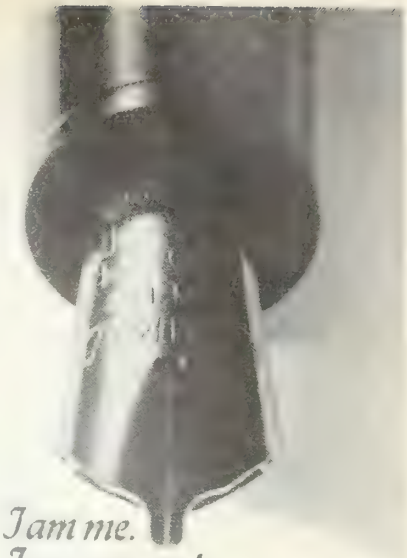
Jack was not expelled from the union. Nor did Curran oppose him because he was a Communist. Jack had been a member of the party but had dropped out some years before, as Curran knew. Curran fought him and forced him out of office because Jack defended the right of Communists to be members of the union. He also attacked Curran's attempt to silence all criticism and freedom of speech in the latter's extraordinarily worded proposal to amend the constitution to deny membership not only to Communists but to any member who wrote or spoke, or who "inspired" anyone else to write or speak, anything which "discredited" any official of the union.

Booed at meetings which rejected his proposals, denounced by ships' crews, even faced with charges brought against him for violation of the union constitution and for misappropriation of funds, and presented with a federal court order restraining him from interfering with the elected officials, Curran turned to strong-arm methods and rigged meetings. He called on the police with the claim that the "Reds" were about to seize the union headquarters. Anyone known to oppose Curran was beaten up and his union book yanked, thereby denying him his livelihood. Even so, the ports of San Francisco, Baltimore, and Boston voted overwhelmingly against Curran, and the crews of many ships, including the *America*, largest ship in the merchant marine, went on record against him. He permitted no word of any of this in the union newspaper. He called a meeting in the St. Nicholas Arena to oust Jack as vice-president, but, despite a phalanx of police and the goon squads, the membership voted to support Jack. As he walked to the microphone, he was given an ovation. He spoke for forty-eight minutes and finished to cheers and applause, with members rushing to shake his hand. Not one member spoke against him, with the exception of ex-Communist Neal Hanley, the secretary and a Curran supporter, a pitiful figure, trying to rig his conscience. It was Curran's first setback since he took over the New York port with the help of goons and cops.

National elections were held in 1950. Jack won hands down in New York, where the voting was supervised by the Honest Ballot Association. In the other ports, however, members had to mark their ballots in view of strong-arm men. Jack was defeated, 13,301 to 8,353, by John McDougall, a Curran man from New Orleans. More than half the membership either didn't vote or else had their ballots thrown out by Curran men on various excuses, such as failure to seal the envelope with the right kind of tape.

Jack retired his union book. Obviously, it would have been suicidal for him to continue as a member. For two years we had lived in a vicious climate of menace: he was mugged on the street at night; Curran's goons tried to smash their way into our home to kill him; he received so many threatening telephone calls in the night that we had to get an unlisted number. What affected him most was not what had happened to himself but the destruction of democracy in the union he did so much to help build and which meant so much to him. "You had a moral victory," I told him. "That's been the history of my life," he said, grimly. "Moral victories, and a failure at everything else."

In the remaining years of Jack's life, an inner desolation possessed him. As for Curran, he eventually turned against his co-conspirators and squeezed them out until only he, of the original men who founded the NMU, remained at the helm of his one-man union. Today, he lives in retirement in Boca Raton with his million-plus, an old man beneath my contempt. □



I am me.
I am separate.
I am an individual.
I use...

the Osmiroid Italic pen
because in a world gone mad with mass production, this marches to a different drummer. Made in England. Made in left-handed models, too. $3.75 for the Osmiroid . . . and a [illegible] booklet.

Available at all good art supply, stationery and college bookstores.

Osmiroid Italic Pen
Hunt Manufacturing Company
1405C Locust St., Phila., Pa. 19102

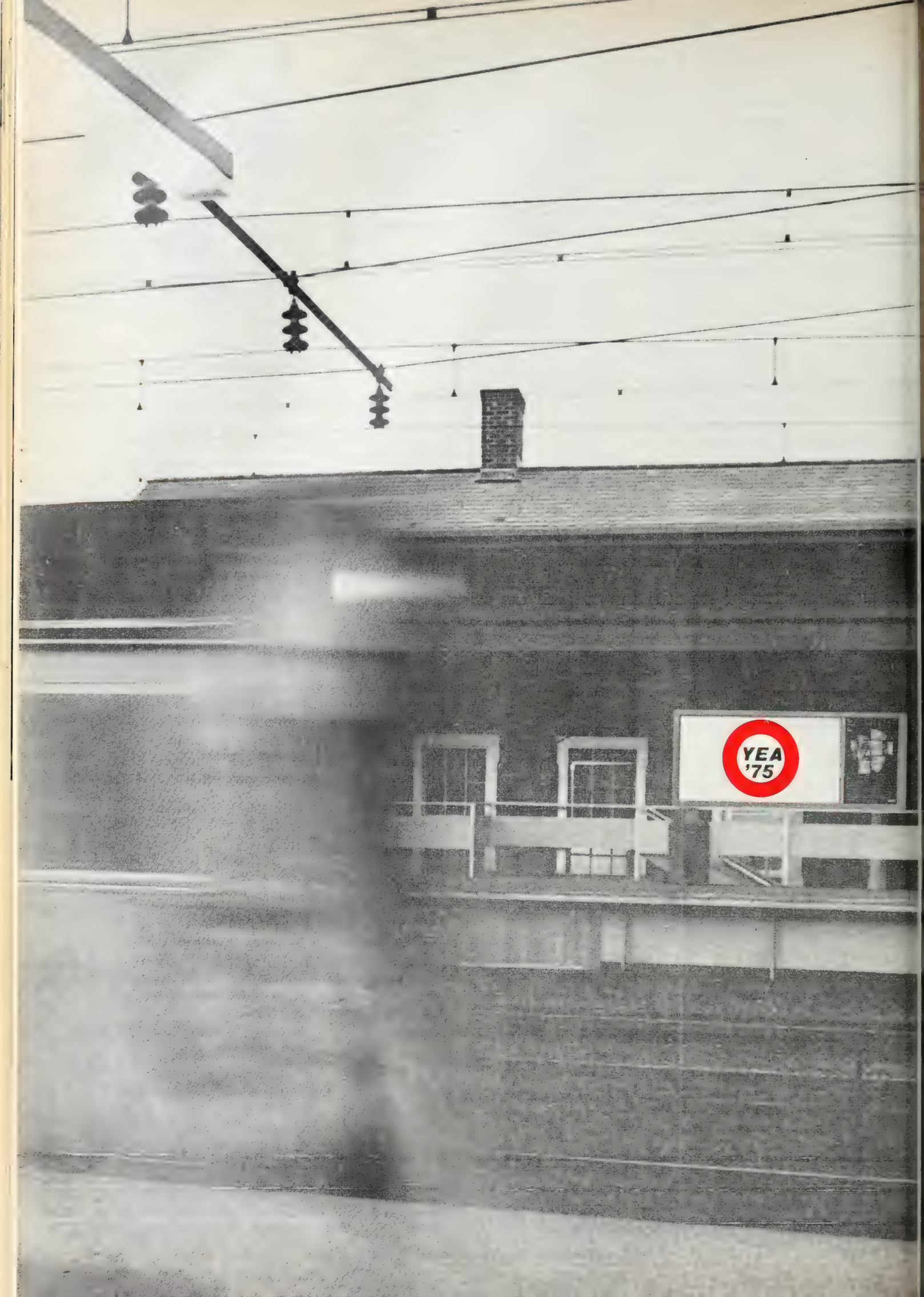
How to build a nest egg without clipping your wings.

Save at your credit union. The solid dividends will keep your savings flying high. And it's painless. At most credit unions you can have the money taken out of your paycheck before you even see it. At your credit union, you're more than a customer. You belong.

Join your credit union. It's where you belong.

For more information write to your state's Credit Union League or Credit Union Nat. Assoc., Inc., Dept. G, P. O. Box 431, Madison, WI 53701.

CU TM


YEA
'75

Year of Energy Action

We're for pleasure-riding. By making mass transit a pleasure.

Last year, Congress promised to help public transportation with $11.8 billion in federal funds to expand services and subsidize fares. The idea—a good one—is to woo people away from their cars, mass transit being two to four times more fuel-efficient than the automobile.

Now it's up to the cities and states to use this money wisely and imaginatively on train and bus systems. One approach we particularly like: the mushrooming minibus systems serving the sprawling suburbs. They carry commuters to their trains, eliminating the need for gasoline-guzzling station cars. They help kids move about without chauffeuring by mom. They enable senior citizens to shop conveniently.

Many people in Westport, Conn., were skeptical when the town's little fleet of minibuses first got rolling last August. But their seven routes loop past so many homes and businesses that the new system quickly won converts. Out of 27,000 Westporters, no fewer than 5,000 bought annual passes. Traffic is up to 1,800 riders on weekdays, 2,500 on Saturdays and holidays.

The reasons for the system's success aren't hard to spot. The 16-seat buses are clean and attractive. They have big, sightseer-type windows and air conditioning. Seats are roomy and comfortable. Automatic transmission makes for smooth starts and stops. Westport, sold on the buses' convenience, is buying additional vehicles and adding routes. A new dial-a-ride service will even pick up riders at their homes during off-hours. People have come to *like* public transportation because, for a change, it's *likeable*.

Want minibuses in your town? Or better trains? Work for them. Write your local officials, state legislators, the governor. And help make 1975 the Year of Energy Action.

Mobil®

© 1975 Mobil Oil Corporation

93 mph.

The cruising speed of a Rabbit.

38 mpg.

The EPA's highway test average.

$2,999.*



93 miles per hour? We obviously don't recommend it, but it is reassuring to know that as you get onto a hectic expressway, a new Volkswagen Rabbit Hatchback has the power for incredible acceleration. From: 0 to 50 in only 8.2 seconds. Quicker than a Monza 2+2.

38 miles per gallon? That's what the Rabbit averaged on the highway in the 1975 model Federal Environmental Protection Agency fuel economy tests. The Rabbit in the city averaged a nifty 24. Not bad for a sub-compact with all the head and leg room of some mid-size cars.

$2,999? That's what you pay for the car backed by the most complete and advanced car coverage plan in the business: The Volkswagen Owner's Security Blanket with Computer Analysis.†

Happy days are here again? We think you'll think so after you've driven a Rabbit.

rabbit

*Suggested retail price Rabbit 2-door Hatchback, P.O.E. Transportation, local taxes and other dealer delivery charges additional. †See your dealer for more details. ©Volkswagen of America, Inc.

]arper's

]enjamin Barber

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

n the land of blind squabbles, the one-eyed is not king, but tyrant

OUR LEADERS are mostly dead, and leadership is in bad repute. Some of them have en killed off: others have been tainted with megalomania perverse even by the standards politicians. Some have been driven from of-e; still others have withdrawn to pursue des-ies more usually associated with adolescent opping out—self-realization, poetry, religion, e vague, pastoral idyll of self-sufficiency. Leaders," wrote H. G. Wells, "should guide us far as they can and then vanish." Ours have mply vanished. Nixon is gone from the Oval fice, but few would suggest that leadership is ever part of his political baggage. President ord—exhibitionistically honest—seems more mfortable with the rhetoric than the sub-ance of leadership. If the White House was er the "center of moral leadership in the na-on," as John Kennedy suggested in 1961, Viet-m, Watergate, and the Great Pardon guar-ntee that it is no more.

Yet the need for both political and moral adership is deeply felt, and its absence is a bject of incessant media attention. A year-d editorial titled "The Fear to Lead" in the *ew York Times* last December warned: "The oud of nonleadership hangs over the nation's y activities like polluted air." TRB, *The New epublic*'s senior columnist, devoted his own ar-end column to the "leadership shortage": Two hundred years ago a little republic on the lge of the wilderness suddenly produced Jef-rson, Hamilton, Madison, Adams and others e that. It had only three million people. To-y we have 200 million. Where are our great en? We should have 60 Franklins at least." *me* magazine actually went looking for the xty missing Franklins last summer in a cover ory on leadership. The search was in vain; *me* was eventually forced to spread its pub-ity largesse over several hundred worthy, if ostly faceless, Americans—mostly lawyers, administrators, and the predictable complement of pop athletes, aspiring politicos, and media gurus—who, far from being faceless, have known faces rather than known views, powerful images rather than powerful beliefs, and strong recognition potential rather than strong leadership potential.

The creeping *Gleichschaltung*

AT THE UNIVERSITY LEVEL, faculties have found themselves squeezed between student demands for relevance and administration strictures on efficiency, and have surrendered what little authority they once enjoyed. One group still follows the example of Charles Reich (*The Greening of America*), and goes looking for standards among the students it ought to be guiding; another withdraws into the protective obscurity of specialization, immunizing itself to relevance and efficiency alike; still another tacitly acknowledges the academic corporation and the student constituency it "services" by embracing unionization, hoping that the closed shop will somehow make up for the loss of the ivory tower.

Worse still, much therapy today celebrates group values and makes instant gratification of emotional needs its chief aim—the pleasure principle now as ever treating men, women, and children as perfectly equal animals. Through the therapeutic lens, leadership is most often seen as a pathological function of repressive behavior patterns and bad head trips. Individuality is functional misanthropy masquerading as eccentricity, while reasoned explanations and appeals to moral standards are avoidance techniques by which visceral realities are evaded. In the depressurized world of adaptive interpersonal relations, there is no room for authority and leadership, or for the standards they

Benjamin Barber, a professor of political philosophy at Rutgers University, is the editor of the journal Political Theory, *and the author, most recently, of* The Death of Communal Liberty *(Princeton University Press) and* Liberating Feminism *(Seabury Press).*

Benjamin Barber

COMMAND 'ERFORMANCE

imply. The efficient therapist is an emotional facilitator, rarely a leader.

Radical movements have suffered the same misperceptions. Associating leadership with the institutions they oppose, they have spent more time combating discipline and internal structure than they have combating injustice, as if the values they cherished and the aims they fought for did not require moral leadership for their realization. The student movement of the Sixties often seemed more wary of Leninism than of capitalism, and often mimicked laissez-faire liberalism in its hostility to organization and planning.

Parents have also grown loath to regard themselves as leaders, not only because they fear that their own lives are exemplary mainly of confusion, but because families, too, have developed an egalitarian rhetoric to rationalize their disintegration. Brotherhood and sisterhood are the only familial relations that retain a public legitimacy. This is perhaps less a question of children insisting they are adults than of adults insisting they are children. That fraternity implies paternity is a genealogical subtlety best forgotten in a period when it is fashionable to deny the distinction between apprentice and master, student and teacher, novice and elder, the growing and the grown.

Even the movie protagonists are immobilized by the creeping *Gleichschaltung* that requires they be no better or stronger or more virtuous than their "enemies." They appear unheroic, i endearing; ineffective, if amusing; jaded, i well intentioned; cynical, if faintly honorable– scarcely able to cope, much less to lead.

IF THIS RHETORICAL distrust of leadershi corresponded to a genuine emergence o equality in our society, some might welcome i as a sign of the coming of age of America democracy. But the absence of leaders is mor often a symptom of decay in representativ democracy than a harbinger of its maturity Leadership is precisely what distinguishes representative democracy and permits a collec tion of self-interested private persons and spe cial interests to act as a civic entity on behal of public purposes. Leadership is not a surro gate for participation in a representative de mocracy, it is its necessary condition. Withou leaders, a citizenry is unlikely to remain active without active citizens, responsive leaders ar unlikely to emerge, and leaders who do emerg are unlikely to remain responsive.

It is, in fact, the distinctive feature of dem ocratic leadership that it defies the traditiona Carlylean choice: it is produced neither b great men (although it can create great men) nor by great challenges (although it can be cat alyzed by great challenges). It arises, rather, ou of great purposes—a delicate consensus tenable only when the polity is able to define commor



Eugene Mihaesc

als. To put it another way, democratic leads are *authoritative* but not *authoritarian* figes: they lead a people by following it. Potially, they may be as corruptible as authorrians, but they are accountable. Accountabil—the specter of electoral defeat or even reol—compels them to be followers.

Walter Lippman wrote many years ago, eaders are the custodians of a nation's ideals, the beliefs it cherishes, of its permanent pes, of the faith which makes a nation out of nere aggregation of individuals." Tyrants are *thoritarian* leaders, and are in part responble for the bad odor of leadership among demrats. Custodians only of their own interests, ey inculcate consensus by propaganda, mainn it by fear, and defy it when it stands in ir way by a seductive terror called charisma. ey lead without following, "represent" without embodying, and tell without asking. In mocratic systems, *authoritative* leaders also rsue unity. But they are incapable of defying onsensus reached by citizens, and they inculte it only by discovering it, maintain it only respecting it. Authoritarian rule rests finally coercion, however well disguised; authoritae rule rests on consensus, however tacitly pressed.

For the past thirty years we have witnessed gradual but sure erosion of America's comon purpose and national consensus. There are day no leaders, only heads of factions; there no leadership of ideas, only a competition of ologies; there is no consensus, only an unble balance of opposing interests. Adversaries soon construed as enemies, assassins have ir work cut out for them, and finally the prosution-persecution of enemies is elevated into esidential business. Some may say that there s never that commonality of ideals, hopes, d faith that Lippman wrote of, only a consnsus among oppressors. But today we seem to k even the standards by which we once lged our hypocrisies. The leaders no longer em certain of what they ought to expect of mselves, and we in turn no longer expect ything at all of our leaders. It is an occasion deep national gratitude when a President is lling to be honest. Chappaquiddick did not, spite its implications, disqualify Edward Kendy from the Presidency, and the Argentine recracker did not prevent Wilbur Mills from ing reelected to Congress last fall.

Ecology as powerlessness

OUR DILEMMA, THEN, is not an absence of leaders but a paucity of values that might stain leaders; not a failure of leadership but failure of followership, a failure of popular ll from which leadership might draw strength. Accountability entails responsibility. The failure of democratic leaders is also the failure of the people to whom they are accountable. In the land of the blind, the one-eyed is not king, he is tyrant. In the absence of strong, citizen-supported democratic leadership, the deepening of our national crises can only bring anarchy or tyranny—most probably the first followed by the second, as in the Weimar Republic. In the long run, the polity abhors anarchy as nature abhors a vacuum: it will generally prefer despotism to chaos. The tyrants to come will be efficient Nixons, intelligent Wallaces, capable Klansmen, and virulent Kennedys; they will know well how to use mass resentment to exterminate mass participation, how to transform accumulated bitterness into a program of political persecution, how to use frustration and despair to wall in the open society and entomb its institutions.

A variety of forces currently militates against the delicate reconstruction of the national consensus needed to restore authoritative leadership. Three of these are paramount. First is the force of interdependence, which gives an appearance of anonymous determinism to the world, a view that is absolutely devastating to human action. Second is the power of the media to confuse standards and confound image with leadership. Third is the power of violence —assassination—to distort the landscape of leadership in irremediable ways.

Perception of the world as anonymous and deterministic has had a paralyzing effect on citizens and leaders alike; both the powerful and the penniless seem to be pawns of complex forces beyond control or understanding. Large cities are deemed ungovernable—ungovernable by responsible, elected mayors, by political machines, by anyone at all. The economy is beyond predictability—even for the experts. President Ford is able to assemble "the nation's best economic minds," but they cannot agree on what is wrong or on what might make it right. Even war and peace seem to be beyond the control of the leaders, depending on internal developments in foreign nations that are no longer responsive to American pressure or opinion.

At the core of these difficulties is ecology—ecology understood as the seamless interdependence of geography, economics, geology, politics, and culture in a world made one (but hardly whole) by trade, transportation, communications, and energy. Ecology thus defined turns out to mean imperviousness, inaccessibility, unaccountability, irresponsibility. Ecological crisis by its very nature is unmanageable. Change or reform in one component of the system changes every other component of the system, and thus changes the system itself in ways that alter the initial reform, rendering it irrelevant or in-

"The polity abhors anarchy as nature abhors a vacuum: it will generally prefer despotism to chaos."

effectual. Each attempt to restore a "natural balance" further unbalances the system as a whole. The interdependence that defines ecosystems thus often seems to put them beyond planning or predictability, and leaves potential reformers —potential leaders—with a sense of impotence. Responsibility has to be fixed before changes can be made. But who (for example) is responsible for our depression-cum-inflation that defies all traditional economics? Congress? The President? National companies? Multinational corporations in control of oil? The sheiks to whom they are beholden? The Palestine Liberation Organization? Israel? Europe (which created Israel)? All of them? Or none of them?

The agonies of this regressive logic seem only to prove that the decisions or nondecisions that affect and sometimes endanger our lives are more and more often the outcome—unplanned, undesired, unexpected—of complex processes involving multiple individuals, corporations, nations, and other systems of power. We may lift off the mask of such national enemies as crime or unemployment or inflation or urban decay, but there is no face to be seen. The systemic adversaries that confront us are without human identity, their invidiousness the product neither of human error nor human malevolence. Governors and governed alike mutter vaguely about the System, the City, the Syndicate, attributing our problems to invisible conspiracies.

Films such as *Chinatown*, *The Conversation*, *The Parallax View*, and *Serpico* pay rueful tribute to the growing potency of facelessness—of systems no longer vulnerable to virtue, boldness, or heroism. Richly textured, all-too-human villains, once vanquished in personal combat by a Cagney or a Bogart, are replaced by forces that can hardly be identified, much less overcome. In each of these films the protagonist loses—loses, moreover, to a system rather than to a man, to inexorability rather than to villainy, to shadowed hierarchies of faceless power not even the audience (nor the filmmakers themselves) can comprehend. "There are no more heroes," says a hardboiled cop in the television movie *Birds of Prey*. "The system is the hero now."

The curse of celebrity

WATERGATE EXHIBITED certain of these same features. Nixon is gone, but the Watergate system lingers, reemerging melodramatically from time to time in banner headlines, as if it had a life of its own. The new President was drawn in by the pardon, the trials stumbled forward with the clumsy momentum of old recriminations and new betrayals, and finally the CIA, the IRS, the entire Executive branch appear to be implicated. Placing the blame, exacting retribution, determining ultimate responsibility seem impossible: there are too many villains—Nixon, the President's men, the White House ethos, the will to win at all costs, the technology of snooping, the Imperial Presidency; complicity extends too far. Citizens, unable to hold leaders responsible, sigh wearily or groan cynically, and turn away. Without clear lines of accountability and an explicit understanding of political cause and effect, neither active citizenship nor democratic leadership is possible.

At the same time, television and instant communications confound standards and trivialize leadership by their preoccupation with fashion and merchandisable novelty. Warhol suggested the time would come when everyone on earth would be famous for fifteen minutes. The media are trying their best. False prophets make the lives of real prophets difficult; fashion leaders do the same for real leaders. For when authority is confounded with media visibility and leadership with public recognition, a Marlo Spitz is no longer to be distinguished from a Benjamin Franklin. Celebrity is a key to influence, if not to power; but, like the praying mantis, it consumes the consummator. It stands mischievously by the gates to the citadel of power and destroys those select few it permits to enter. Like children mugging before the new family movie camera, aspirants to public influence engage in competitive antics before the public eye. The winners, at least in the short run, are those who have clowned away their souls and thus can no longer use the power they have won. Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf once she makes the cover of *Time*? Will success spoil Rock Hunter, if he appears once too often on the Johnny Carson show? When the celebrity name becomes a society totem, what is left of the person behind the name?

Norman Mailer's serious interest in politics could be realized only at the expense of seriousness. His mayoralty campaign in New York succeeded, through no fault of his, only as a joke. It thus failed as politics. His campaign to expose governmental conspiracies against the open society, launched at his fiftieth birthday party last year at the Four Seasons in New York, also failed, even as a joke. The event was universally covered, and was wholly without political significance. To sell his ideas Mailer had to sell himself, and, in selling himself, he sold out his ideas. Thus does celebrity protect power. Novelty and topicality go hand in hand; fashion and trivia serve one another. Like firecrackers, they are noisy, short-lived, and powerless to harm, affect, or change the world. Wisdom goes unheard in a firecracker society where prominence is measured in decibels and significance determined by the roar of the crowd.

Even where leaders do eventually achieve a

You have to wake up at least once every day. So why not make the best of it?

And this Sony Digimatic® Clock Radio is the best of it.

It not only tells you the hour, minute and second, it lets you know the day and the date.

You can choose FM or AM, music alarm or buzzer alarm.

Or you can hit the "Snooze Bar" and make it all go away for another 8 minutes. And then automatically come back.

What you perhaps wouldn't know is how such a rich, beautiful sound can come out of a radio less than 5" high.

Because the same technology and precision the world admires in Sony television sets, can be admired in Sony radios.

So shop around. There are a lot of radios that do a lot of the things our radios do.

But a radio by any other name is not a Sony.

EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW IN YOUR BEDROOM.

Model TFM-C660. FM/AM Digimatic clock radio with "Black Light" digits



"IT'S A SONY."

media-supported reputation, the confusion over standards gives their detractors and their assassins equal time. When cherry bombs are as loud as cannons how are we to identify the real "big guns"? When the report of a single assassin's pistol rings with more decisive finality than the clamor of an electorate's voiced will, can we any longer speak of democratic leadership at all?

The real best and brightest

THE LEVELING POWERS of assassination have come to represent a third force operating against the revival of leadership in America. Whenever in recent years leaders have emerged who speak across the boundaries of party, class, and interest, assassins have eliminated them with a private perversity which nonetheless seems to be accommodating a tacit public will. Bridge-builders are not popular when each side is bent on annihilating the other. Where defeated tyrants once executed the messenger who brought them bad tidings, defeated democrats seem more often to execute those who bring good tidings. John Kennedy, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Medgar Evers, Robert Kennedy—these, not David Halberstam's liberal functionaries, were the best and the brightest of this generation, men unafraid to lead in defiance of public opinion when they were certain they followed a deeper public interest. Each man had spoken in the name of goals which united races and economic classes, rather than in the name of issues that polarized them. Each had developed the power of persuasion that belongs to authoritative leadership. Each was destroyed by authoritarian subjects who were victimized by the very fear and divisiveness the leader wished to overcome. Where are the leaders? Many of them, quite simply, have been assassinated.

The failure of leadership which endangers our democracy is a failure of national will, a failure of public standards. And these failures are in turn enhanced by the growing amorphousness of the nation's problems; by the witlessness of a communications network concerned too much with fashion and novelty; and by the insidious transformation of the adversary method into a policy of systematic destruction that almost seems to be endorsed by America's embittered factionalism.

Leadership is the unacknowledged premise of almost all relationships in a mature, complex society, and the only important questions are whether that leadership is recognized or denied, whether it is accountable or unaccountable, whether it is public-spirited or self-interested. The alternative is not equality but anarchy.

Nor is there a necessary incompatibility between authoritative leadership and democracy. On the contrary, in complex industrial societies the latter depends on the former to sustain it. It is the best of our leaders, those whose leadership is authoritative, who are damaged by distrust, cynicism, and the impulse to anarchy; the worst, those who are authoritarian, flourish, for they are uninterested in the public's uneasiness but benefit from the frustration and impatience uneasiness spawns. Public censure meant nothing to Nixon; to Willy Brandt, schooled in authoritative leadership, its mere shadow was reason enough to resign. Leaders who follow the led are paralyzed by uncertainties in the public will; authoritarians on the other hand read public uncertainty as a license for self-aggrandizement. It is significant that New Jersey, which cannot agree on how to support higher education or whether to tax income, has a history of corruption among its public servants. In the absence of a clear public interest, politicians are all too willing to pursue clear private interests.

IN THE LONG RUN, then, America must look for the solution to its crisis of leadership in the rediscovery of common purposes rather than in the discovery of new leaders. Such common purposes may, in fact, be hidden in the very obstacles that impede leadership. Ecological interdependence also compels a new awareness of common dilemmas. That our lives are globally interdependent and that our destinies can no longer be pursued in individual or even national isolation may compromise our sense of power but can only enhance our sense of commonality. If interdependence suggests a basis for unity, the media can be a vehicle for its expression and aid in nourishing a common sense of the world's common problems.

Assassination in America has fed on quiet homicidal rage born of paranoia and polarization. The selectivity with which targets were chosen and the efficiency with which the killings were carried out support the terrible suspicion that a large public, against its better instincts, in some way wished these deaths. If this is so, only an amelioration of America's climate of frustration will put an end to assassination. Put in the affirmative, the restoration of even a minimal sense of national purpose would serve as a better deterrent to assassination than a hundredfold increase in the Secret Service.

It is no good for us to go looking for leaders; we must first rediscover citizens. It will not help to indict the faceless system if we are without common purposes that can be used to challenge facelessness and turn systems back into servants. If America is to have leaders, it will have to agree upon goals. If we wish to have leaders to follow, we will have to show them the way. □

Tom Wolfe

THE PAINTED WORD

What you see is what they say

PEOPLE DON'T READ the morning newspaper, Marshall McLuhan once said, they slip into it e a warm bath. Too true, Marshall! Imagine ng in New York City on the morning of Sun- y, April 28, 1974, like I was, slipping into t great public bath, that vat, that spa, that gional physiotherapy tank, that White Sulphur rings, that Marienbad, that Ganges, that River rdan for a million souls which is the Sunday *w York Times.* Soon I was submerged, ightless, suspended in the tepid depths of the ng, in Arts & Leisure, Section Two, page 19, a state of perfect sensory deprivation, when at once an extraordinary thing happened: I *noticed something!*

Yet another clam-broth-colored current had gun to roll over me, as warm and predictable the Gulf Stream . . . a review, it was, by the *mes*'s dean of the arts, Hilton Kramer, of an hibition at Yale University of "Seven Real- s," seven realistic painters . . . when I was *ked alert* by the following:

"Realism does not lack its partisans, but it es rather conspicuously lack a persuasive eory. And given the nature of our intellectual mmerce with works of art, to lack a persua- e theory is to lack something crucial—the eans by which our experience of individual rks is joined to our understanding of the lues they signify."

Now, you may say, My God, man! You woke over *that*? You forsook your blissful coma er a mere swell in the sea of words?

But I knew what I was looking at. I realized at without making the slightest effort I had me upon one of those utterances in search of hich psychoanalysts and State Department onitors of the Moscow or Belgrade press are illing to endure a lifetime of tedium: namely, e seemingly innocuous *obiter dicta,* the words passing, that give the game away.

What I saw before me was the critic-in- ief of the *New York Times* saying: in looking a painting today "to lack a persuasive theory to lack something crucial." I read it again. It dn't say "something helpful" or "enriching" even "extremely valuable." No, the word was *ucial.*

In short: frankly, these days, without a theory to go with it I can't *see* a painting.

Then and there I experienced a flash known as the *Aha!* phenomenon, and the buried life of contemporary art was revealed to me for the first time. The fog lifted! The cloud passed! The motes, scales, conjunctival bloodshots, and Murine agonies fell away!

All these years, along with countless kindred souls, I am certain, I had made my way into the galleries of Upper Madison and Lower Soho and the Art Gildo Midway of Fifty-seventh Street, and into the museums, into the Modern, the Whitney, and the Guggenheim, into Bastard Bauhaus, the New Brutalist, and the Fountainhead Baroque, into the lowliest storefront churches and grandest Robber Baronial temples of Modernism. All these years, I, like so many others, had stood in front of a thousand, two thousand, God-knows-how-many thousand Pollocks, de Koonings, Newmans, Nolands, Rothkos, Rauschenbergs, Judds, Johnses, Olitskis, Louises, Stills, Franz Klines, Frankenthalers, Kellys, and Frank Stellas, now squinting, now popping the eye sockets open, now drawing back, now moving closer—waiting, waiting, forever waiting for . . . *it* . . . for *it* to come into focus, namely, the visual reward (for so much effort) which must be there, which everyone (*tout le monde*) knew to be there—waiting for something to radiate directly from the paintings on these invariably pure white walls, in this room, in this moment, into my own optic chiasma. All these years, in short, I had assumed that in art, if nowhere else, seeing is believing. Well—how very shortsighted! Now, at last, on April 28, 1974, I could *see.* I had gotten it backward all along. Not "seeing is believing," you ninny, but "believing is seeing," for *Modern Art has become completely literary: the paintings and other works exist only to illustrate the text.*

LIKE MOST SUDDEN REVELATIONS, this one left me dizzy. How could such a thing be? How could Modern Art be *literary*? As every art-history student is told, the Modern movement

Tom Wolfe's newest book is The Right Stuff, *to be published later this year by Farrar, Straus & Giroux.*

Tom Wolfe

THE PAINTED WORD

began about 1900 with a complete rejection of the *literary* nature of academic art, meaning the sort of realistic art that originated in the Renaissance and which the various national academies still held up as the last word.

Literary became a code word for all that seemed hopelessly retrograde about realistic art. It probably referred originally to the way nineteenth-century painters liked to paint scenes straight from literature, such as Sir John Everett Millais's rendition of Hamlet's intended, *Ophelia*, floating dead (on her back) with a bouquet of wildflowers in her death grip. In time *literary* came to refer to realistic painting in general. The idea was that half the power of a realistic painting comes not from the artist but from the sentiments the viewer hauls along to it, like so much mental baggage. According to this theory, the museum-going public's love of, say, Jean François Millet's *The Sower* has little to do with Millet's talent and everything to do with people's sentimental notions about The Sturdy Yeoman. They make up a little story about him.

What was the opposite of literary painting? Why, *l'art pour l'art*, form for the sake of form, color for the sake of color. In Europe before 1914 artists invented Modern styles with fanatic energy—Fauvism, Futurism, Cubism, Expressionism, Orphism, Suprematism, Vorticism—but everybody shared the same premise: henceforth one doesn't paint "*about* anything, my dear aunt," to borrow a line from a famous *Punch* cartoon. One just *paints*. Art should no longer be a mirror held up to man or nature. A painting should compel the viewer to see it for what it is: a certain arrangement of colors and forms on a canvas.

Artists pitched in to help make theory. They loved it, in fact. Georges Braque, the painter for whose work the word *Cubism* was coined, was a great formulator of precepts:

"The painter thinks in forms and colors. The aim is not to *reconstitute* an anecdotal fact but to *constitute* a pictorial fact."



Collection the Museum of Modern Art. Mrs. Simon Guggenheim Fund

Pablo Picasso. *Three Musicians*, 1921

Today this notion, this protest—which it w when Braque said it—has become a piece orthodoxy. Artists repeat it endlessly, with c viction. As the Minimal Art movement ca into its own in 1966, Frank Stella was sayi it again:

"My painting is based on the fact that o what can be seen there *is* there. It really is object. . . . What you see is what you see."

Such emphasis, such certainty! What a he of steam—what patriotism an idea can build in three-quarters of a century! In any event, began Modern Art and so began the modern of Art Theory. Braque, like Frank Stella, lo theory; but for Braque, who was a Montmar boho* of the primitive sort, art came first. Y can be sure the poor fellow never dreamed t during his own lifetime that order would reversed.

1. The apache dance

ALL OF THE MAJOR Modern movements exc for De Stijl, Dada, Constructivism, Surrealism began before the first world war, yet they all *seem* to come out of the 1920s. W Because it was in the 1920s that modern achieved social chic in Paris, London, Ber and New York. Smart people talked about wrote about it, enthused over it, and borro from it. Borrowed from it, as I say; Mod Art achieved the ultimate social acceptance: terior decorators did knock-offs of it in gravia and the sixteenth arrondissement.

Things like knock-off specialists, money, p licity, the smart set, and Le Chic shoul count in the history of art, as we all kno but, thanks to the artists themselves, they Art and fashion are a two-backed beast tod the artists can yell at fashion, but they c move out ahead. That has come about as lows:

By 1900 the artist's arena—the place wh he seeks honor, glory, ease, Success—had sh ed twice. In seventeenth-century Europe the ist was literally, and also psychologically, houseguest of the nobility and the royal c (except in Holland); fine art and court were one and the same. In the eighteenth tury the scene shifted to the *salons*, in the ho of the wealthy bourgeoisie as well as thos aristocrats, where Culture-minded member the upper classes held regular meetings selected artists and writers. The artist was the Gentleman, not yet the Genius. After French Revolution artists began to leave *salons* and join *cénacles*, which were fraterni of like-minded souls huddled at some place the Café Guerbois rather than a town ho around some romantic figure, an artist ra

* Twentieth-century American slang for *bohem* obverse of *hobo*.

han a socialite, someone like Victor Hugo, Charles Nodier, Théophile Gautier, or, later, Édouard Manet. What held the *cénacles* together was that merry battle spirit we have all come to know and love: *épatez la bourgeoisie*, shock the middle class. With Gautier's *cénacle* especially . . . with Gautier's own red vests, black beards, crazy hats, outrageous pronouncements, huge thirsts, and ravenous groin . . . the modern picture of The Artist began to form: the poor but free spirit, plebeian but aspiring only to be classless, to cut himself forever free from the bonds of the greedy and hypocritical bourgeoisie, to be whatever the fat burghers feared most, to cross the line wherever they drew it, to look at the world in a way they couldn't *see*, to be high, live low, stay young forever—in short, to be the bohemian.

By 1900 and the era of Picasso, Braque & Co., the modern game of Success in Art was pretty well set. As a painter or sculptor the artist would do work that baffled or subverted the cozy bourgeois vision of reality. As an individual—well, that was a bit more complex. As a bohemian the artist had now left the *salons* of the upper classes—but he had not left their world. For getting away from the bourgeoisie there's nothing like packing up your paints and easel and heading for Tahiti, or even Brittany, which was Gauguin's first stop. But who else even got as far as Brittany? Nobody. The rest got no farther than the heights of Montmartre and Montparnasse, which are what?—perhaps two miles from the Champs Elysées. Likewise in the United States: believe me, you can get all the tubes of Winsor & Newton paint you want in Cincinnati, but the artists keep migrating to New York all the same. . . . You can see them six days a week . . . hot off the Carey airport bus, lined up in front of the real-estate office on Broome Street in their identical blue jeans, gum boots, and quilted Long March jackets . . . looking, of course, for the inevitable Loft. . . .

No, somehow the artist wanted to remain within walking distance. . . . He took up quarters just around the corner from . . . *le monde*, the social sphere described so well by Balzac, the milieu of those who find it important to be *in fashion*, the orbit of those aristocrats, wealthy bourgeois, publishers, writers, journalists, impresarios, performers, who wish to be "where things happen," the glamorous but small world of that creation of the nineteenth-century metropolis, *tout le monde*, Everybody, as in "Everybody says" . . . the smart set, in a phrase . . . "smart," with its overtones of cultivation as well as cynicism.

The ambitious artist, the artist who wanted Success, now had to do a bit of psychological double-tracking. Consciously he had to dedicate himself to the antibourgeois values of the *cénacles* of whatever sort, to bohemia, to the Bloomsbury life, the Left Bank life, the Lower Broadway Loft life, to the sacred squalor of it all, to the grim silhouette of the black Reo rig Lower Manhattan truck route internal combustion granules that were already standing an eighth of an inch thick on the poisoned roach carcasses atop the electric hot plate burner by the time you got up for breakfast. . . . Not only that, he had to dedicate himself to the quirky god Avant-Garde. He had to keep one devout eye peeled for the new edge on the blade of the wedge of the head on the latest pick thrust of the newest exploratory probe of this fall's avant-garde Breakthrough of the Century . . . all this in order to make it, to be noticed, to be counted, within the community of artists themselves. What is more, he had to be *sincere* about it. At the same time he had to keep his other eye cocked to see if anyone in *le monde* was watching. *Have they noticed me yet?* Have they even noticed *the new style* (that me and my friends are working in)? Don't they even *know* about Tensionism (or Slice Art or Niho or Innerism or Dimensional Creamo or whatever)? (Hello out there!) . . . because as every artist knew in his heart of hearts, no matter how many times he tried to close his eyes and pretend otherwise (*History! History!—where is thy salve?*), Success was *real* only when it was success within *le monde*.

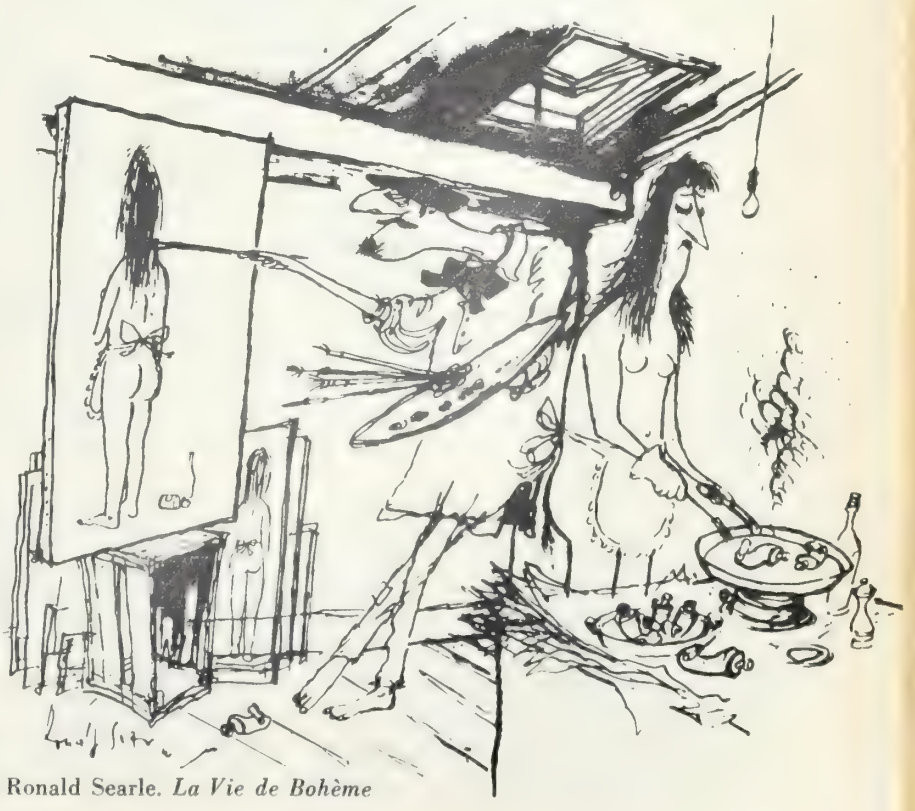
He could close his eyes and try to believe that all that mattered was that *he* knew his work was great . . . and that other artists respected it . . . and that History would surely record his achievements . . . but deep down he knew he was lying to himself. *I want to be a Name, goddamn it!*—at least that, a name, a name on the lips of



Portrait of Edouar Manet (1867), by Henı Fantin-Latour



Théophile Gautier



Ronald Searle. *La Vie de Bohème*

the museum curators, gallery owners, collectors, patrons, board members, committee members, Culture hostesses, and their attendant intellectuals and journalists and their *Time* and *Newsweek*—all right!—even that!—*Time* and *Newsweek*—Oh yes! (ask the shades of Jackson Pollock and Mark Rothko!)—even the goddamned journalists!

DURING THE 1960S THIS ENTIRE process by which *le monde*, the culturati, scout bohemia and tap the young artist for Success was acted out in the most graphic way. Early each spring two emissaries from the Museum of Modern Art, Alfred Barr and Dorothy Miller, would head downtown from the Museum on West Fifty-third Street, down to Saint Mark's Place, Little Italy, Broome Street, and environs, and tour the loft studios of known artists and unknowns alike, looking at everything, talking to one and all, trying to get a line on what was new and significant in order to put together a show in the fall . . . and, well, I mean, my God—from the moment the two of them stepped out on Fifty-third Street to grab a cab, some sort of boho radar began to record their sortie. . . . *They're coming!* . . . And rolling across Lower Manhattan, like the Cosmic Pulse of the theosophists, would be a unitary heartbeat:

Pick me pick me pick me pick me pick me pick me pick me . . . O damnable Uptown!

By all means, deny it if asked!—what one knows, in one's cheating heart, and what one says are two different things!

So it was that the art mating ritual developed early in the century—in Paris, in Rome, in London, Berlin, Munich, Vienna, and, not too long afterward, in New York. As we've just seen, the ritual has two phases:

(1) The Boho Dance, in which the artist shows his stuff within the circles, coteries, movements, *isms*, of the home neighborhood, bohemia itself, as if he doesn't care about anything else; as if, in fact, he has a knife in his teeth against the fashionable world uptown.

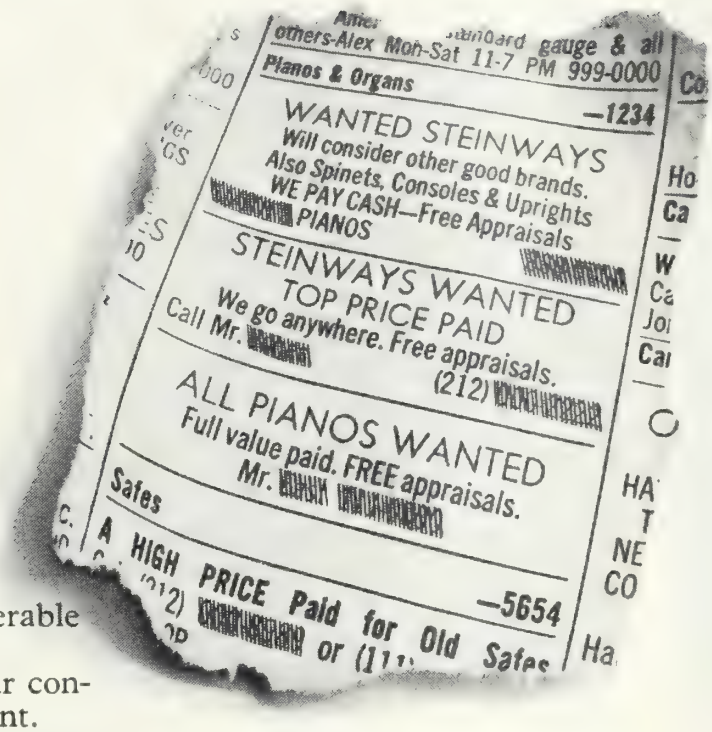
(2) The Consummation, in which culturati from that very same world, *le monde*, scout the various new movements and new artists of bohemia, select those who seem the most exciting, original, important, by whatever standards—and shower them with all the rewards of celebrity.

By the first world war the process was already like what in the Paris clip joints of the day was known as an apache dance. The artist was like the female in the act, stamping her feet, yelling defiance one moment, feigning indifference the next, resisting the advances of her pursuer with absolute contempt . . . more thrashing about . . . more rake-a-cheek fury . . . more yelling and carrying on . . . until finally with one last mighty and marvelously ambiguous shriek—*pain! ecstasy!*—she submits. . . . Paff paff paff paff paff . . . How you do it, my boy! . . . and the house lights rise and Everyone, *tout le monde*, applauds. . . .

The artist's payoff in this ritual is obvious enough. He stands to gain precisely what Freud says are the goals of the artist: fame, money, and beautiful lovers. But what about *le monde*, the culturati, the social members of the act? What's in it for them? Part of their reward is the ancient and semi-sacred status of Benefactor of the Arts. The arts have always been a doorway into Society, and in the largest cities today the arts—the museum boards, arts councils, fund drives, openings, parties, committee meetings—have completely replaced the churches in this respect. But there is more!

Today there is a peculiarly modern reward that the avant-garde artist can give his benefactor: namely, the feeling that he, like his mate the artist, is separate from and aloof from the bourgeoisie, the middle classes . . . the feeling that he may be *from* the middle class but he is no longer *in* it . . . the feeling that he is a fellow soldier, or at least an aide-de-camp or an honorary cong guerrilla in the vanguard march through the land of the philistines. This is a peculiarly modern need and a peculiarly modern kind of salvation (from the sin of Too Much Money) and something quite common among the well-to-do all over the West, in Rome and Milan as well as New York. That is why collecting contemporary art, the leading edge, the latest thing, warm and wet from the Loft, appeals specifically to those who feel most uneasy about their own commercial wealth. . . . See? I'm not like *them*—those Jaycees, those United Fund chairmen, those Young Presidents, those mindless New York A.C. *goyisheh* hog-jowled striped-tied goddamn-good-to-see-you-you-old-bastard you oyster-bar trenchermen. . . . Avant-garde art, more than any other, takes the Mammon and the Moloch out of money, puts Levis, turtlenecks, muttonchops, and other mantles and laurels of bohemian grace upon it.

That is why collectors today not only seek out the company of, but also want to hang out amidst, lollygag around with, and enter into the milieu of . . . the artists they patronize. They *want* to climb those vertiginous loft building stairs on Howard Street that go up five flights without a single turn or bend—*straight up!* like something out of a casebook dream—to wind up with their hearts ricocheting around in their rib cages with tachycardia from the exertion mainly but also from the anticipation that just beyond this door at the top . . . in this loft . . . lie *the real goods* . . . paintings, sculptures that are indisputably part of the new movement, the new *école*, the new wave . . . something unshrinkable, chipsy, pure cong, bourgeois-proof



THIS SHOULD TELL YOU SOMETHING.

A Steinway piano represents a considerable investment when you buy it new.

What this should tell you is that your considerable investment is a good investment.

It should tell you that the Steinway piano you buy is still the most sought-after instrument of its kind.

It should tell you that in matters of tone and touch, of sound and subtlety, Steinway® stands alone.

It should tell you that the Steinway you choose is not an extravagance–that in fact it is almost surely less expensive to own, in the long run, than a cheaper piano.

It should tell you once and for all that in picking a piano you have only one choice.

Steinway vs. everything else.

For information write to John H. Steinway, 109 West 57th Street, New York 10019.

STEINWAY & SONS

2. The public is not invited (and never has been)

NOW WE CAN BEGIN to understand how it happened that the Modernists, Braque & Bros., completed almost all of their stylistic innovations before the first world war, and yet Modern Art *seems* to belong to the postwar period. It is simply because the Boho Dance took place before the war and the Consummation took place afterward. This is not what is so often described as the lag between "the artist's discoveries" and "public acceptance." Public? The public plays no part in the process whatsoever. The public is not invited (it gets a printed announcement later).

Le monde, the culturati, are no more a part of "the public," the mob, the middle classes, than the artists are. If it were possible to make one of those marvelous sociometric diagrams that sociologists tried to perfect in the 1950s, in which they tried to trace on a map the daily routes of key people in a community—a blue line for Community Leader A here and a red one for Leader B and a green one for Leader C and a broken sienna one for Bureaucrat Y, and so on—and the lines started moving around and intersecting here and there like a hallucinated Sony solid-state panel—if it were possible to make such a diagram of the art world, we would see that it is made up of (in addition to the artists) about 750 culturati in Rome, 500 in Milan, 1,750 in Paris, 1,250 in London, 2,000 in Berlin, Munich, and Düsseldorf, 3,000 in New York, and perhaps 1,000 scattered about the rest of the known world. That is the art world, approximately 10,000 souls—a mere hamlet!—restricted to *les beaux mondes* of eight cities.



ıblo Picasso. Self-porait at the age of nineen (1900)

The notion that the public accepts or rejects anything in Modern Art, the notion that the public scorns, ignores, fails to comprehend, allows to wither, crushes the spirit of, or commits any other crime against Art or any individual artist is merely a romantic fiction, a bittersweet Trilby sentiment. The game is completed and the trophies distributed long before the public knows what has happened. The public that buys books in hardcover and paperback by the millions, the public that buys records by the billions and fills stadiums for concerts, the public that spends $100 million on a single movie—this public affects taste, theory, and artistic outlook in literature, music, and drama, even though courtly elites hang on somewhat desperately in each field. The same has never been true in art. The public whose glorious numbers are recorded in the annual reports of the museums, all those students and bus tours and moms and dads and random intellectuals . . . are merely tourists, autograph seekers, gawkers, parade watchers, so far as the game of Success in Art is concerned. The public is presented with a *fait accompli* and the aforementioned print announcement, usually in the form of a sto or a spread of color pictures in the back pag of *Time*. An announcement, as I say. Not ev the most powerful organs of the press, inclu ing *Time*, *Newsweek*, and the *New York Time* can discover a new artist or certify his wor and make it stick. They can only bring you t news, tell you which artists the *beau* haml Cultureburg, has discovered and certified. Th can only bring you the scores.



The Bettmann Archive

Pablo Picasso

We can now also begin to see that Modern A enjoyed all the glories of the Consummati stage after the first world war not because it w "finally understood" or "finally appreciate but rather because a few fashionable people d covered *their own uses* for it. It was after t first world war that *modern* and *modernist* came into the language as exciting adjectiv (somewhat like *now*, as in *the Now Generatio* during the 1960s). By 1920, in *le monde*, to fashionable was to be *modern*, and Modern A and the new spirit of the avant-garde were p fectly suited for that vogue.

Picasso is a case in point. Picasso did n begin to become *Picasso*, in the art world or the press, until he was pushing forty and pain ed the scenery for Diaghilev's Russian Ballet London in 1918. Diaghilev & Co. were a t mendous *succès de scandale* in fashionable Lo don. The wild dervishing of Nijinsky, the lur costumes—it was all too deliciously *modern* f words. The Modernistic settings by Picass André Derain, and (later on) Matisse, were part of the excitement, and *le monde* loved "Art," in Osbert Lancaster's phrase, "came on more to roost among the duchesses."

Picasso, who had once lived in the legenda unlit attic and painted at night with a brush one hand and a candlestick in the other—Pica so now stayed at the Savoy; had lots of cloth made on Bond Street and environs, including set of tails, went to all the best parties (a parties were never better), was set up wi highly publicized shows of his paintings, a became a social lion—which he remained, Tal of the Aging Recluse notwithstanding, un he was in his seventies.

Back in Paris, the new Picasso turned up the theater with his kid gloves, canes, tall ha capes, and dinner clothes, and the linings ga you a little silk flash every time he wheel about in the lobby to chat with one of his he ish new friends. . . . Our old pal Braque sho his head sadly. . . . At least Derain had had t decency to confine himself to a blue serge su when *he* was being lionized in London, and had stuck to the company of local bohos in h off hours. . . . But Picasso—Braque was li that incorruptible member of the Cénacle of t rue des Quatre Vents, Daniel D'Arthez, watc ing the decay of Lucien Chardon in Balza

ost Illusions. With a sigh Braque waited for s old comrade Pablo's imminent collapse as painter and a human being. . . . But the mnedest thing happened instead! Picasso just pt ascending, to El Dorado, to tremendous ealth but to much more than that, to the saint- l status of *Picasso,* to the point where by 1950 was known at every level of opinion, from *rt News* to *The Daily News,* as *the* painter of e twentieth century. As for Derain and his ue serge suit and Braque and his scruples— e two old boys, both very nearly the same age Picasso, i.e., about seventy, were remem- ered in 1950 chiefly as part of the pit crew uring Picasso's monumental victory.*

Not to beg the question of differences in tal- nt—but here we have the classic demonstration f the artist who knows how to double-track his ay from the Boho Dance to the Consummation s opposed to the artist who gets stuck forever the Boho Dance. This is an ever-present haz- rd of the art mating ritual. Truly successful ouble-tracking requires the artist to be a sin- ere and committed performer in *both roles.* lany artists become so dedicated to bohemian alues, internalize their antibourgeois feelings profoundly, that they are unable to cut loose, t go, with that cathartic shriek—*pain! ecstasy!* aff paff paff paff paff paff—and submit grace- lly to good fortune, the sort of artist, and his ame is Legion, who always comes to the black- e openings at the Museum of Modern Art earing a dinner jacket and paint-spattered evi's. . . . *I'm still a virgin!* (Where's the cham- agne?)

. Le Tout New York on a Cubist horse

SO MODERN ART enjoyed a tremendous social boom in Europe in the 1920s. And what about ne United States? A painter, Marsden Hartley, rote in 1921 that "art in America is like a atent medicine or a vacuum cleaner. It can ope for no success until ninety million people now what it is." Bitter stuff! In fact, however, e couldn't have gotten it more precisely wrong. Modern Art was a success in the United States no time—as soon as a very few people knew hat it was, the 400, as it were, as opposed to ne 90 million.

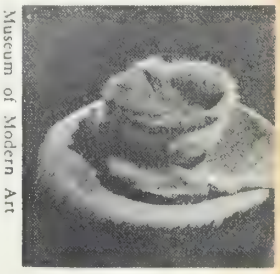
These were New Yorkers of wealth and fash- on, such as the Rockefellers and Goodyears, ho saw their counterparts in London enjoying ne chic and excitement of Picasso, Derain, Ma- sse, and the rest of *Le Moderne* and who want- d to import it for themselves. This they did. Modern Art arrived in the United States in the 920s not like a rebel commando force but like tandard Oil. By 1929 it had been established, *nstitutionalized,* in the most overwhelming ay: in the form of the Museum of Modern Art. This cathedral of Culture was not exactly the brainchild of visionary bohemians. It was founded in John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s living room, to be exact, with Goodyears, Blisses, and Crowninshields in attendance.

Against such a vogue in *le monde* conservative critics in New York were helpless. Their very base no longer existed. The doyen of the breed, Royal Cortissoz, made a mighty effort, however. Writing in 1923, at the time of a national debate over immigration (which led to the Immigration Act of 1924), he compared the alien invasion of European modernism to the subversive alien hordes coming in by boat. "Ellis Island art," he called it, no doubt figuring he had come up with a devastating label. Well!—as one can imagine!—how everybody sniggered at poor Mr. Cortissoz over that!

By the mid-1930s Modern Art was already so chic that corporations held it aloft like a flag to show that they were both up-to-date and enlightened, a force in Culture as well as commerce. The Dole Pineapple Company sent Georgia O'Keeffe and Isamu Noguchi to Hawaii to record their impressions, and the Container Corporation of America was commissioning abstract work by Fernand Léger, Henry Moore, and others. This led to the Container Corporation's long-running advertising campaign, the "Great Ideas of Western Man" series, in which it would run a Great Idea by a noted savant at the top of the page, one of them being "'Hitch your wagon to a star.'—Ralph Waldo Emerson." Underneath would be a picture of a Cubist horse strangling on a banana.

Naturally the chic of *Le Moderne* put a heavy burden on theory. Each new movement, each new *ism* in Modern Art was a declaration by the artists that they had a new way of seeing which the rest of the world (read: the bourgeoisie) couldn't comprehend. "We understand!" said the culturati, thereby separating themselves also from the herd. But what inna namea Christ *were* the artists seeing? This was where theory came in. A hundred years before, Art Theory had merely been something that enriched one's conversation in matters of Culture. Now it was an absolute necessity. It was no longer background music. It was an essential hormone in the mating ritual. *All we ask for is a few lines of explanation!* You say Meret Oppenheim's *Fur-Covered Cup, Saucer and Spoon* (the *pièce de résistance* of the Museum of Modern Art's Surrealism show in December, 1936) is an example of the Surrealist principle of displacement? You say the texture of one material—fur—has been imposed upon the forms of others—china and tableware—in order to split the oral, the tactile, and the visual into three critically injured but for the first time fiercely independent parties in the subconscious? Fine. To get the word was to understand. The Dadaists professed to be

"Art Theory had merely been something that enriched one's conversation in matters of Culture. Now it was an absolute necessity."



Museum of Modern Art

Meret Oppenheim. *Object,* 1936

* History, kind history, has improved Braque's tatus considerably since his death in 1963.

furious over this obscene embrace by the very people they had been attacking. "Any work of art that can be understood is the product of a journalist," said Tristan Tzara's Dada manifesto. "So what?" came the reply. ("You dismal little Romanian.") Even an explanation of why one couldn't accept something, including Dada, was explanation enough to accept it.

Yet Theory did not come fully into its own, triumphant, transcendent, more important than painting and sculpture themselves, until after the second world war. Theory, this first-class coach on the Freight Train of History (to use a phrase from the period), was held back by a little matter that seldom finds its way into the art histories today, as if what the Freudians call "the amnesia of childhood" were at work. For more than ten years, from about 1930 to 1941, the artists themselves, in Europe and America, suspended the Modern movement . . . for the duration, as it were. . . . They called it off! They suddenly returned to "literary" realism of the most obvious sort, Social Realism.

Left politics did that for them. Left politicians said, in effect: You artists claim to be dedicated to an antibourgeois life. Well, the hour has now come to stop merely posing and to take action, to turn your art into a weapon. Translation: propaganda paintings. The influence of Left politics was so strong within the art world during the 1930s that Social Realism became not *a* style of the period but *the* style of the period. Even the most dedicated Modernists were intimidated. Years later Barnett Newman wrote that the "shouting dogmatists, Marxist, Leninist, Stalinist, and Trotskyite" created "an intellectual prison that locked one in tight." I detect considerable amnesia today on that point. All best forgotten! Artists whose names exist as little more than footnotes today—William Gropper, Ben Shahn, Jack Levine—were *giants* as long as the martial music of the mimeograph machines rolled on in a thousand Protest Committee rooms. For any prominent critic of the time to have written off Ben Shahn as a commercial illustrator, as Barbara Rose did recently, would have touched off a brawl. Today no one cares, for Social Realism evaporated with the political atmosphere that generated it. By 1946 the scene had cleared for the art of our day—an art more truly Literary than anything ever roared against in the wildest angers of the Fauvists and Cubists.

4. Greenberg, Rosenberg & Flat

NONE OF THE ABSTRACT Expressionist paintings that remain from the palmy days of 1946 to 1960—and precious few are still hanging except in museums and the guest bedrooms of Long Island beach houses, back there with the iron bedstead whose joints don't gee, the Russell Wright water pitcher left over from the set of dishes the newlyweds bought for their firs apartment after the war, and an Emerson radi with tubes and a shortwave band . . . none o the paintings, as I say, not even Jackson Pol lock's and Willem de Kooning's, make quite a perfect a memorial to that brave and confiden little epoch as the Theories. As for the paint ings—*de gustibus non disputandum est.* But th theories, I insist, were *beautiful.*

Theories? They were more than theories they were mental constructs. No, more tha that even . . . veritable edifices behind the eye balls they were . . . castles in the cortex . . . me zuzahs on the pyramids of Betz . . . crystallin . . . comparable in their bizarre refinements t medieval Scholasticism.

We can understand the spellbinding effec these theories had, however, only by keeping i mind what we have noted so far: (1) the ar world is a small town; (2) part of that smal town, *le monde,* always looks to the other, bo hemia, for *the new wave* and is primed to be lieve in it; (3) bohemia is made up of *cénacles* schools, coteries, circles, cliques. Consequently should one *cénacle* come to dominate bohemia its views might very well dominate the entir small town (a.k.a. "the art world"), all the wa from the Chambers Street station to Eighty ninth and Fifth.

And that is precisely what happened in Ne York after the second world war in the era o Abstract Expressionism, when New York re placed Paris (as one was so often reminded) as the county seat of Modernism.

During the Dark Ages—i.e., the 1930s in terlude of Social Realism—small *cénacles* o Modernists kept the faith alive down in bohe mia, down below Fourteenth Street. They were like a real underground for a change—in hid ing this time not from that rather metaphysica menace, the bourgeoisie, but from their ow comrade bohemian drillmasters, the aforemen tioned "shouting dogmatists" of the Left. Ever Franz Kline, the abstract painter's abstrac painter, was dutifully cranking out paintings o unemployed Negroes, crippled war veterans, an the ubiquitous workers with the open blue wor shirts and necks wider than their heads. Bu there were those who kept Modernism alive. . .

The most influential *cénacle* centered abou Hans Hofmann, a German painter in his mid fifties who simply ignored the drillmasters an ran his art school in Greenwich Village as philosophical outpost for *l'art pour l'art* an abstract painting. Another *cénacle* met in th studio of a sculptor, Ibram Lassaw; this one in cluded Ad Reinhardt and Josef Albers and even tually grew into an organization called Ameri can Abstract Artists. The Triple A seemed to b animated mainly by anger at *le monde,* and th Whitney Museum and the Museum of Moder Art particularly, for patronizing European ab

Dick Salisbury is down in the dumps...

He's a guy who spends a lot of time in the dumps, but he has good reason to be happy while he's there.

Dick Salisbury deals in steel cans, which we all know as tin cans. He is Vice President and Chief Operating Officer of Los Angeles By-Products Co., a firm that combs the garbage in major California cities for a half billion steel cans a year. In San Francisco, for example, his magnetic separators recover steel cans from garbage at the rate of 10,000 tons per year.

L.A. By-Products also operates steel can recovery facilities in Oakland, Sacramento and Contra Costa Counties. Since steel cans are magnetic, it is easy to pull them out of municipal garbage by the millions.

These reclaimed cans are sold to nearby copper mines for use in a chemical process that recovers copper from low grade ore.

Steel cans are magnetically recovered in more than 20 cities across the nation. In addition to their use in copper mining, they are remelted to make new steel, used in the production of ferro-alloys, or detinned. As a result of recent research, they will soon be used by the foundry industry as well.

Recovery and recycling of steel cans does more than simply preserve our natural resources. It saves valuable landfill space. It also conserves energy. And it puts cash in municipal treasuries.

Sure, Dick Salisbury and his men are down in the dumps, but they can manage a smile.

If you are down in the dumps about garbage, maybe we can help cheer you up, too.

For more information write, **Tinplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute, 1000 16th Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036.**

but he's never been happier.

Steel the recycled material

Tinplate Producers, American Iron and Steel Institute

Pitch In!



stract work (and, if one need edit, not theirs). Another circle of friends, Adolph Gottlieb, Mark Rothko, and Milton Avery among them, were known as "the Ten." Another, centered about John Graham, included de Kooning, Arshile Gorky, Stuart Davis, and David Smith. Still another included Roberto Matta, William Baziotes, and Jackson Pollock, who was married to a member of the Hofmann *cénacle*, Lee Krasner, bringing us full circle.

ALL OF THESE CIRCLES and coteries came together after the war as the *cénacle de cénacles*, the New York School, or Tenth Street School, creators of Abstract Expressionism. Most of these people had slogged their way through the Depression with great difficulty, and their mood tended toward bohemianism of the High Seriousness vein.

Two of their main meeting places, the Subjects of the Artist School and The Club, wer on East Eighth Street, and the other, the Ceda Tavern, was on University Place. But the gal leries that showed their work, such as the Are and the Hilda Carmel, were on Tenth Street and that was the name that caught on. Withi *le monde*, "going down to Tenth Street" wa like the Saturday pilgrimage "down to Soho today. In any event, this *cénacle* was soon s big and so influential that the regular Frida night meetings at the Club became like tow meetings for the entire New York art scene attracting dealers, collectors, uptown curator like Alfred Barr, critics, and just about an other culturati who could wangle their way in

The great theorists to come out of this *cénacl de cénacles* were Clement Greenberg and Har old Rosenberg. Both had been involved in th Lower Manhattan Left literary politics of th 1930s, then became more and more purely the orists, critics, aestheticians in the 1940s. Mor



The self-described "Irascibles," who refused to participate in the competition "American Painting Today: 1950" because they considered the jury prejudiced against advanced art. From left, rear: Willem de Kooning, Adolph Gottlieb, Ad Reinhardt, Hedda Sterne; (next row) Richard Pousette-Dart, William Baziotes, Jimmy Ernst (bow tie), Jackson Pollock (striped jacket), James Brooks, Clyfford Still (leaning on knee), Robert Motherwell, Bradley Walker Tomlin; (in foreground) Theodoros Stamos (on bench), Barnett Newman (on stool), Mark Rothko.

DORAL'S MENTHOL THEORY OF EVOLUTION



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report OCT. '74.

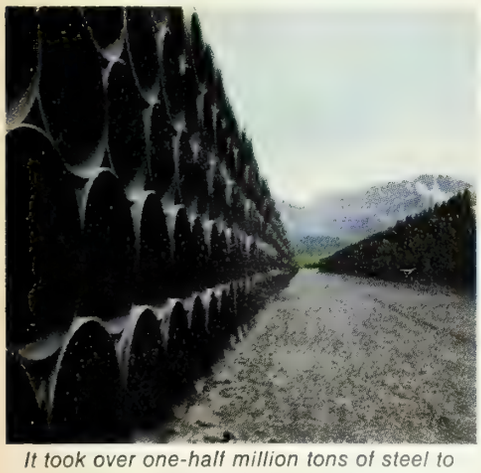
The Trans-Alaska Pipeline.

A report on the most remarkable private construction project in American history.

Far above the Arctic Circle on Alaska's North Slope lies the largest oil field in North America. The Prudhoe Bay oil field holds an estimated 10 billion barrels (one barrel equals 42 gallons) of crude oil.

For years engineers have generally agreed that a pipeline would be the most economical way to get the oil out of this wilderness.

In 1974 work began on the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System—the largest single construction project ever undertaken by private industry.

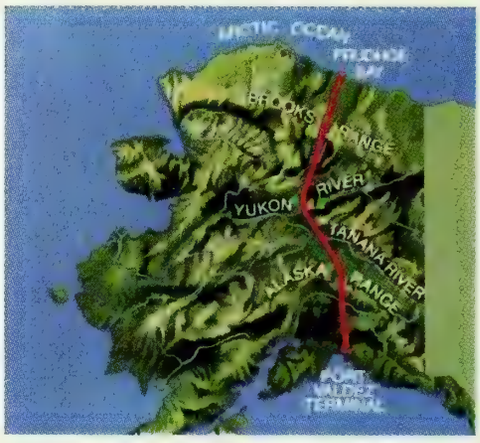


It took over one-half million tons of steel to make the 798 miles of pipe for the project. The sections are 40' and 60' long, 48" in diameter.

The route

The Trans-Alaska Pipeline System will be about 798 miles long—winding its way from Prudhoe across the rugged face of Alaska to Valdez, a deep-water port in southern Alaska.

The Pipeline must cross 3 major mountain ranges, including the Brooks Range, where it will snake through Dietrich Pass at 4,500 feet



The 798-mile Trans-Alaska Pipeline System may ultimately carry 2 million barrels of oil a day from Prudhoe Bay to Valdez.

elevation. It will cross 17 major rivers, including the Yukon, third largest in North America.

At the southern terminal point in Valdez, the oil will be loaded into ocean-going tankers and shipped to the U.S. West Coast.

80° below zero

Working conditions along the route are almost without parallel in the history of the industry. 40-mile-an-hour winds and temperatures down to 80° below zero can reduce human work efficiency by 90 percent.

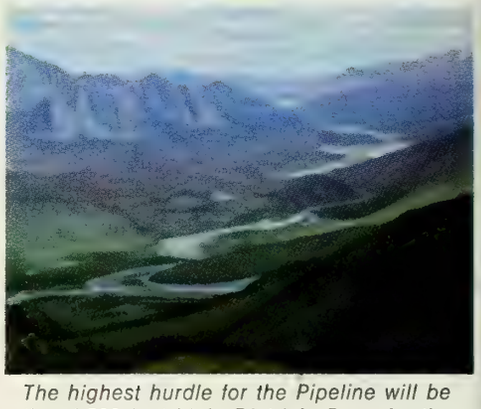
27 Empire State Buildings

It will take over three years and nearly $6 *billion* to build the Pipeline. This is the equivalent of what it would cost today to build 27 Empire State Buildings, or 3 Panama Canals.

Ownership of the Pipeline is held by eight companies, with Exxon Pipeline Co. having a 20 percent interest. These companies formed *Alyeska Pipeline Service Co.* to design and construct the Pipeline.

What's happening today

Right now, thousands of men and women are working on the Pipeline at many different camps spaced along the route. Employment will reach a peak of 15,000 workers at 29 camps.



The highest hurdle for the Pipeline will be the 4,500-foot-high Dietrich Pass in the Brooks Mountain Range.

The present schedule calls for the Pipeline operation to begin in the summer of 1977 at 600,000 barrels a day, with capacity of 1.2 million barrels a day shortly thereafter. Ultimately, the pipe may carry 2 million barrels a day. This important new source of oil will help America become more self-sufficient and less dependent on foreign oil.

For additional information on the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System, write: Exxon Corp., Dept. M, Box 1147, Ansonia Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10023.

EXXON

he point, both had been friends of various tract artists even during the Freeze. Green- had been a regular in the Hofmann *cénacle* nd it was essentially Hofmann's ideas and mann's emphasis on purity *purity* purity were about to sweep Cultureburg, via Green-. One secret of Greenberg's and Rosenberg's unding success, then, was that they were like uptown critics—they were not *mere* ics: they spoke as the voice of bohemia . . . naturally *le monde* listened.

o describe this, the well-placed platform they ke from, is not to downgrade the two men's uliar genius. Greenberg, in particular, ra- ted a sense of absolute *authority*. He was a very prepossessing individual at first nce. He spoke in fits and starts one minute drawls the next. But somehow one couldn't o but pay attention. Likewise his prose style: would veer from the most skull-crushing tingen Scholar tautologies, "essences" and rities" and "opticalities" and "formal fac- " and "logics of readjustment" and God ws what else . . . to cries of despair and out- e such as would have embarrassed Shelley. a famous essay in *Horizon* in 1947 he said entire future of art in America was in the ds of fifty brave but anonymous and belea- red artists "south of 34th Street" who were ut to be wiped out at any moment. By whom y what? Why, by the "dull horror" of Amer- life. "Their isolation is inconceivably crush- unbroken, damning," said Greenberg. "That one can produce art on a respectable level this situation is highly improbable. What fifty do against a hundred and forty mil- ?"

ifty against 140 million! Beautiful; he had hartleyed Marsden Hartley; Hartley's scout- report on the enemy back in 1921 listed y 90 million. It was all sheer rhetoric, of rse, the antibourgeois sing-along of bohemia, ndard since the 1840s, as natural as breath- by now and quite marvelously devoid of any onal content—and yet Greenberg pulled it with—well, not just with authority but with *ral* authority. When Greenberg spoke, it was if not merely the future of Art were at stake the very quality, the very *possibility*, of civ- ation in America. His fury seemed to come of an implacable insistence on *purity*. He Modernism as heading toward a certain in- table conclusion, through its own internal ic, just as Marxists saw Western society heading irrevocably toward the dictatorship the proletariat and an ensuing nirvana. In enberg's eyes, the Freight Train of Art His- y had a specific destination. He called for lf-criticism" and "self-definition"—"self-def- ion with a vengeance," he said. It was time clear the tracks at last of all the remaining ble of the pre-Modern way of painting. And just what was this destination? On this point Greenberg couldn't have been clearer: *Flatness*.

The general theory went as follows: as the Cubists and other early modernists had correctly realized, a painting was not a window through which one could peer into the distance. The three-dimensional effects were sheer illusion (et ergo ersatz). A painting was a flat surface with paint on it. Earlier abstract artists had understood the importance of flatness in the simple sense of painting in two dimensions, but they hadn't known how to go beyond that. They still used paint in such a way that it divided neatly into lines, forms, contours, and colors, just as it had in pre-Modern days. What was needed was *purity*—a style in which lines, forms, contours, colors all became unified on the flat surface.

This business of flatness became quite an issue; an obsession, one might say. The question of what an artist could or could not do without violating the principle of Flatness—"the integrity of the picture plane," as it became known —inspired such subtle distinctions, such exquisitely miniaturized hypotheses, such stereotactic microelectrode needle-implant hostilities, such brilliant if ever-decreasing tighter-turning spirals of logic . . . that it compares admirably with the most famous of all questions that remain from the debates of the Scholastics: "How many angels can dance on the head of a pin?"

"Action Painter . . . a Promethean artist gorged with emotion and overloaded with pain hurled himself and his brushes at the canvas as if in hand-to-hand combat with Fate."



Arnold Newman

Clement Greenberg



Harold Rosenberg

MOST OF THE THEORY up to 1950 was Greenbergian in origin. Enter Rosenberg. Rosenberg came up with a higher synthesis, a theory that combined Greenberg's formal purity with something that had been lacking in abstract art from the early Synthetic Cubist days and ever since: namely, the emotional wallop of the old realistic pre-Modern pictures. This was a question that had troubled Picasso throughout the 1930s. Any return to realism was out, of course, but Rosenberg had a solution: "Action Painting," which became the single most famous phrase of the period (a fact that did not please Greenberg).

"At a certain moment the canvas began to appear to one American painter after another as an arena in which to act," said Rosenberg. "What was to go on the canvas was not a picture but an event." The vision that Rosenberg inspired caught the public imagination for a time (the actual *public!*) as well as that of more painters, professional and amateur, than one is likely to want to recall. It was of Action Painter . . . a Promethean artist gorged with emotion and overloaded with paint, hurling himself and his brushes at the canvas as if in hand-to-hand combat with Fate. *There! . . . there! . . . there* in those furious swipes of the brush on canvas, in those splatters of unchained id, one

could see the artist's emotion itself—still alive! —in the finished product. (And see? All the picture-plane integrity a reasonable man could ask for, and lines that are forms and forms that are colors and colors that are both.)

It is important to repeat that Greenberg and Rosenberg did not create their theories in a vacuum or simply turn up with them one day like tablets brought down from atop Green Mountain or Red Mountain (as B. H. Friedman once called the two men). As *tout le monde* understood, they were not only theories but . . . hot news, straight from the studios, from the scene. Rosenberg's famous "Action Painting" piece in *Art News* did not mention a single new artist by name, but *le monde* knew that when he spoke of "one American painter after another" taking up the style, he was really talking about one American painter: his friend de Kooning . . . or perhaps de Kooning and his *acle*. Greenberg's main man, as Everybody knew, was his good friend Jackson Pollo

Greenberg didn't discover Pollock or ev create his reputation, as was said so often la on. Damnable Uptown did that. *Pick me!* Peg Guggenheim picked Pollock. He was a namele down-and-out boho Cubist. She was the niece Solomon (Guggenheim Museum) Guggenhe and the center of the most chic Uptown art c cle in New York in the 1940s, a circle featuri famous Modern artists from Europe (includi her husband, Max Ernst) who were fleeing t war, Uptown intellectuals such as Alfred Ba and James Johnson Sweeney of the Museum Modern Art, and young boho protégés such two members of Pollock's *cénacle*, Baziotes a Robert Motherwell. In a single year, 1943, Pe gy Guggenheim met Pollock through Bazio and Motherwell, gave him a monthly stipend, g him moving in the direction of Surrealist "a tomatic writing" (she loved Surrealism), him up on Fifty-seventh Street—Uptown Str of Dreams!—with his first show—in the m chic Modernist salon in the history of N York, her own Art of This Century Galle with its marvelous Surrealist Room, where t pictures were mounted on baseball bats—g Sweeney to write the catalogue introduction, prose that ranged from merely rosy to de purple dreams—and Barr inducted one of t paintings, *The She-Wolf*, into the Museum Modern Art's Permanent Collection—and Mot erwell wrote a rave for *Partisan Review*—a Greenberg wrote a super-rave for *The Nati* . . . and, well, Greenberg was rather late getti into the loop, if anything. The Consummati was complete and Pollock was a Success befo the last painting was hung and the doors we opened and the first Manhattan was poured (r member Manhattans?) on opening night. that extent Greenberg was just an ordinary r porter bringing you the latest news.

But Greenberg did something more than d cover Pollock or establish him. He used P lock's certified success to put over Flatness *the* theory—the theoretical breakthrough of Ei stein-scale authority—of the entire new wave the Tenth Street *cénacle de cénacles.*

"Pollock's strength," he would say, "lies the emphatic surfaces of his pictures, which is his concern to maintain and intensify in that thick, fuliginous flatness which began— but only began—to be the strong point of la Cubism." And all through bohemia the melo played . . . *That thick, fuliginous flatness got n in its spell.* . . . "It is the tension inherent in t constructed, re-created flatness of the surface Greenberg would say, "that produces t strength of his art." . . . *That constructed, re-cr ated flatness that you weave so well* . . . "his co centration on surface texture and tactile qu ities." . . . *Those famous paint-flings on that p ture plane* . . . .



De Kooning in his studio

THE MUSIC WAS PLAYING! And Clement Greenberg was the composer! Other artists picking up on his theories and Rosen-, sometimes by reading them in the jour-*Partisan Review, The Nation, Horizon*—more often in conversation. With The Club down on Eighth Street the artists of bo- were now meeting all the time, every day, alking up a storm. They outtalked any ten ta clubs from Oceanside and Cedarhurst. enberg was no slouch at conversation him- despite his jerky windups and his not very t deliveries. Somehow the rough edges perfectly with the *moral conviction* that d to radiate from his eyeballs. A forty- ear-old Washington, D.C., artist named s Louis came to New York in 1953 to try a line on what was going on in this new and he had some long talks with Green- and the whole experience changed his life. ent back to Washington and began think- *Flatness,* the man had said . . . (You bet he . . . The spark flew, and Louis saw the fu- with great clarity. The very use of thick oil itself had been a crime against flatness, lation of the integrity of the picture plane, ese years. . . . But of course! Even in the s of Picasso ordinary paint was likely to up as much as a millimeter or two *above* canvas level! And as for the new Picasso , Pollock—my God, get out a ruler!

Louis used unprimed canvas and thinned is paint until it *soaked right into* the canvas he brushed it on. He could put a painting e floor and lie on top of the canvas and his eye sideways like a robin and look the surface of the canvas—and he had it! Nothing existed above or below the pic- plane, except for a few ultramicroscopic s of cotton fray, and what reasonable per- ould count that against him. . . . No, every- now existed precisely *in* the picture plane nowhere else. The paint was the picture , and the picture plane was the paint. Did r the word *flat*?—well, try to out-flat this, young Gotham rascals! Thus was born an oot of Abstract Expressionism known as Washington School. A man from Mars or ter, Pa., incidentally, would have looked at rris Louis painting and seen rows of rather ry-looking stripes.

t the Washington School or the Tenth t School was no place for creatures from f state unless they'd had their coats pulled, s they'd been briefed on the theories. In me these theories of flatness, of abstract- of pure form and pure color, of expressive work ("action") seemed no longer mere ies but axioms, part of the given, as basic e Four Humors had once seemed in any ideration of human health. Not to know t these things was not to have the Word.

The Word—but exactly. A curious change was taking place at the very core of the business of being a painter. Early Modernism had been a reaction to nineteenth-century realism, an abstraction of it, a diagram of it, to borrow John Berger's phrase, just as a blueprint is a diagram of a house. But this Abstract Expressionism of the Tenth Street School was a reaction to earlier Modernism itself, to Cubism chiefly. It was an abstraction of an abstraction, a blueprint of the blueprint, a diagram of the diagram—and a diagram of a diagram is metaphysics. Anyone who tries making a diagram of a diagram will see why. Metaphysics can be dazzling!—as dazzling as the Scholastics and their wing commands of Angels and Departed Souls. But somehow the ethereal little dears are inapprehensible without words. In short, the new order of things in the art world was: first you get the Word, and then you can see.

"Johns's flatness exposed once and for all the *pseudo*-flatness of Abstract Expressionists like de Kooning and Pollock. The jig was up!"

The artists themselves didn't seem to have the faintest notion of how primary Theory was becoming. I wonder if the theorists themselves did. All of them, artists and theorists, were talking as if their conscious aim was to create a totally immediate art, lucid, stripped of all the dreadful baggage of history, an art fully revealed, honest, as honest as the flat-out integral picture plane. "Aesthetics is for the artists as ornithology is for the birds," said Barnett Newman in a much-repeated *mot.* And yet Newman himself happened to be one of the most incessant theoreticians on Eighth Street, and his work showed it. He spent the last twenty-two years of his life studying the problems (if any) of dealing with big areas of color divided by stripes . . . on a flat picture plane.



Hans Namuth

Barnett Newman

NOBODY WAS IMMUNE TO THEORY any longer. Pollock would say things like "Cézanne didn't create theories. They're after the fact." He was only whistling "Dixie." The fact was that theories—Greenberg's—about Pollock—were beginning to affect Pollock. Greenberg hadn't created Pollock's reputation, but he *was* its curator, custodian, brass polisher, and repairman, and he was terrific at it. With each new article Greenberg edged Pollock's status a little higher, from "among the strongest" American abstract artists ever to "the strongest painter of his generation" in America to "the most powerful painter in contemporary America" to a neck-and-neck competition with John Marin (John Marin!) for the title of "the greatest American painter of the twentieth century." To the few remaining dissidents, Uptown or Downtown, who still pulled long faces and said Pollock's work looked terribly "muddy" or "chaotic" or simply "ugly," Greenberg had a marvelous comeback: but of course!—"all profoundly original art looks ugly at first." Well



Jackson Pollock. *The She-Wolf*, 1943

. . . yes! *That's . . . right!* In an age of avant-gardism, when practically everybody in Cultureburg could remember some new *ism* which he "hadn't gotten" at first, this Greenberg dictum seemed to be a pivotal insight of Modernism, the golden *aperçu.* To collectors, curators, and even some dealers, new work that looked genuinely *ugly* . . . began to take on a strange new glow. . . .

In any event, if Greenberg was right about Pollock's status in the world of art—and Pollock wasn't arguing—then he must also be right about the theories. So Pollock started pushing his work in the direction the theories went. Onward! Flatter! More fuliginous! More "over-all evenness"! But fewer gaping holes! (Greenberg thought Pollock sometimes left "gaping holes" in the otherwise "integrated plane.") Greenberg took to going by Pollock's studio and giving on-the-spot critiques.

Soon Pollock was having a generally hard time figuring out where the boundary was between Himself—old Jack—and his Reputation or whether there was any. Pollock was the classic case of the artist hopelessly stuck between the Boho Dance and the Consummation. Pollock had internalized the usual antibourgeois bohemian values in huge gulps during the of the Depression, when he was a boho o dole and doing odd jobs such as hand-pai neckties (during that short-lived men's fash The Consummation came so fast—in tha year, 1943—Pollock never could manag double-tracking. He got forever stuck hal Here was the archetypical Pollock gesture night he arrives drunk at Peggy Guggenh house during a party for a lot of swell p So he takes off his clothes in another roon comes walking into the living room stark and urinates in the fireplace. On the other neither that night nor thereafter did he gi coming to Peggy Guggenheim's house, all those swell people were. He would ins going to the old Stork Club or to 21 with necktie to prove he could get in anyway t to "my reputation"—and if he did, he make sure he got drunk enough and rude e to get thrown out. They had to accept hi town, but he couldn't stand liking it.

Despite his huge reputation, his work d sell well, and he barely scraped by finan —which satisfied his boho soul on the one but also made him scream (stuck, as he w the doorway): *If I'm so terrific, why a rich?* And this gets down to the problem collectors were beginning to have with Ab Expressionism and the abstract styles th lowed, such as the Washington School. M early Modernism, and particularly Cubism only partly abstract. The creatures in Ma *Joie de Vivre*, which seemed so outrageous stract in 1905, may not have been nice cupiscent little lamb chops such as were able in Max Klinger's *The Judgment of* but they were nude women all the same many collectors it was enough to know th eral theory and the fact that here were done in "the new [Fauvist, Cubist, Expre ist, Surrealist, or whatever] way." But wit stract Expressionism and what came aft they had to have . . . the Word. There we two ways about it. There was no use whats in looking at a picture without knowing Flatness and associated theorems.

How manfully they tried! How they sq and put their fingers under their eyelids der to focus more sharply (as Greenber said to do) . . . how they tried to *internali* theories to the point where they could tingle or two *at the very moment* they l at an abstract painting . . . without first h to give the script a little run-through in minds. And some succeeded. But *all tri* stress that in light of the terrible charges of the Abstractionists and their theoris making today against the collectors . . . c them *philistines* and *nouveaux-riches*, *strivers* who only *pretended* to like abstra even during the heyday of the 1950s. Wh

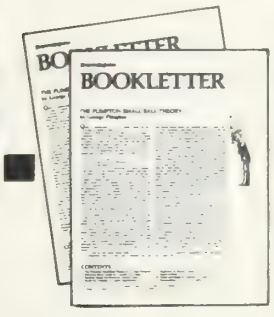


Morris Louis. *Third Element*, 1962

BECAUSE YOU READ BOOKS, READ THIS.

	Published At	Your Price
ALL THE PRESIDENT'S MEN by Woodward & Bernstein	8.95	6.90
TIMES TO REMEMBER by Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy	12.50	9.35
MANAGEMENT by Peter Drucker	12.50	9.35
WORKING by Studs Terkel	10.00	7.50
PILGRIM AT TINKER CREEK by Annie Dillard	7.95	4.75
WATERSHIP DOWN by Richard Adams	6.95	5.21
CARRYING THE FIRE by Michael Collins	10.00	7.50

As you can see, the savings are comparable to those of any book club. However, THE BOOKSERVICE is *not* a book club! You are never obligated to buy even one book.



MAIL THE COUPON TODAY FOR YOUR SPECIAL CHARTER MEMBERSHIP. The price for a Charter Membership to THE BOOKSERVICE is just $10 a year—billed semi-annually—including the book discount service and 24 biweekly issues of the *Booklletter*. Which means just $5 for the next exciting six months. Stack that against the money you'll save with the book discount service, and by following the *Bookletter's* don't-buy advice—and you're way ahead of the game.

And note this: As long as you remain a Charter Member, you will automatically receive the lowest rates available every time you renew!

. . . EXAMINE YOUR FIRST 2 ISSUES OF THE BOOKLETTER FREE!

As a Charter Member, you'll be entitled to examine—at no cost or obligation—your first two issues. If you love them, you stay with us. If you don't, just write "cancel" on your invoice and that's that. No questions asked.

What's more, should you decide to cancel anytime later during your subscription, you'll receive a *full refund* for your current six-month period. This year, next year, 1987—whenever and for whatever reason—you'll get a refund for your most recent six-month payment. *Not* prorated. In full!

No need to enclose payment with order now. Just be sure to mail the coupon right away, because the Charter Membership period will end before long. But most important, because you read books. And reading books—more enjoyably, more rewardingly, and more economically—is what THE BOOKSERVICE is all about.

THE BOOKSERVICE. A totally new concept designed to help you get more enjoyment out of your reading, save valuable time by discovering which books to avoid, and save money on every book you buy from now on without any book club rigmarole. A big claim? Keep reading.

FIRST, THE UNIQUE BIWEEKLY BOOKLETTER. At the heart of THE BOOKSERVICE is the *Bookletter*, a fascinating newsletter you'll receive every other Monday.

It's a lively, up-to-the-minute, thoroughly entertaining guide to today's world of books. You'll read *reviews*—pro and con—of all the best-sellers, new releases, and significant revivals. Fiction and nonfiction. You'll enjoy original *essays* on publishing events and personalities, reappraisals of the immortal authors and first impressions of some likely candidates.

There are columns on *children's books*: which ones are written to benefit the young mind, and which solely to snare the adult dollar. Reviews of *craft and reference books*: how-to's, dictionaries, atlases, encyclopedias. *Trends* in publishing: the topics that are "hot," the fads and fancies in this mercurial medium.

Plus corridor *chatter* from the publishing palaces: how the authors, agents, editors and owners who make things work, work; why some great books nosedive while some disasters become the book of the month.



The *Bookletter's* range is from A to Z. The delivery, succinct, literate, and often irrepressible. The thoughts, always on target. Like George Plimpton's cutting satire of the sports book macho mania. Richard Adams paying his respects to the classics of childhood in "Ingredients of Watership Down," Jose Yglesias on Harriet Beecher Stowe—reversing unjust neglect. Glenda Adams on varieties of moon reading. And Walter Goodman reassessing *The Unheavenly City*—Edward C. Banfield's 1970 hardheaded view of the urban scene.

NEXT, 25%-40% SAVINGS ON NEARLY EVERY HARDCOVER BOOK IN PRINT. The special order form in each issue of the *Bookletter* invites you to buy any hardcover book in print—regardless of price or date of publication—at a substantial discount! (Text and reference books may be offered at somewhat lower discounts.) Check these typical bargains:

Yes, please enter my Charter Membership to THE BOOKSERVICE at the special rate of *just $10 for one year*—instead of the regular $15. This entitles me to full discount book-buying privileges and a year of the *Bookletter* (issued every other Monday, 24 times a year).

☐ Please send bill for $5 now (and $5 six months from now)

☐ I prefer to enclose $5 (fully refundable)

name_____
(please print)

address_____

city_____

state_____ zip_____

A Service of Harper's Magazine Company 937

THE BOOKSERVICE

381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302

to say: You were nothing but fat middle-class fakes all along! You never had a true antibourgeois bone in your bodies!



Jackson Pollock

AH, INGRATITUDE, INGRATITUDE . . . *ars longa memoria brevis*. . . . The truth was that the collectors wanted nothing more than to believe wholeheartedly, to march with the Abstract Expressionists as aides-de-cong through the land of the philistines. They *believed*, along with the artists, that Abstract Expressionism was *the final form*, that painting had at last gone extra-atmospheric, into outer space, into a universe of pure forms and pure colors. Even Cultureburg's intellectual fringe, the journalists of the popular press, reported the news in good faith, without a snigger. In 1949 *Life* magazine gave Pollock a three-page spread, two of them in color, headed: "JACKSON POLLOCK. Is he the greatest living painter in the United States?" The whole piece was clearly derived from the say-so of Greenberg, whom *Life* identified as "a formidably high-brow New York critic." *Life, Time, Newsweek* continued to follow Abstract Expressionism, in color, with the occasional 22-caliber punnery about "Jack the Dripper" (Pollock) who says little and "stands on his painting," but also with the clear message that this was what was important in contemporary painting.

In fact, the press was so attentive that Harold Rosenberg, as well as Pollock, wondered why so little Abstract Expressionism was being bought. "Considering the degree to which it is publicized and feted," Rosenberg said, "vanguard painting is hardly bought at all." Here Rosenberg was merely betraying the art world's blindness toward its own strategies. He seemed to believe that there was an art public in the same sense that there was a reading public and that, consequently, there should be some sort of public demand for the latest art objects. He was doing the usual, in other words. First you do everything possible to make sure your world is antibourgeois, that it defies bourgeois tastes, that it mystifies the mob, the public, that it outdistances the insensible middle-class multitudes by light years of subtlety and intellect—and then, having succeeded admirably, you ask with a sense of *See-what-I-mean?* outrage: look, they don't even buy our products! (Usually referred to as "quality art.") The art world had been successfully restricted to about 10,000 souls worldwide, the *beaux mondes* of a few metropolises. Of these perhaps 2,000 were collectors, and probably no more than 300—worldwide—bought current work (this year's, last year's, the year-before's) with any regularity; of these perhaps 90 lived in the United States.



Leo Steinberg

There were brave and patriotic collectors who created a little flurry of activity on the Abstract Expressionist market in the late 1950s, but in general this type of painting was depreciating faster than a Pontiac Bonneville once it left the showroom. The resale market was a shambles. Without the museums to step in here and there to buy in the name of history, Abstract Expressionism was becoming a real beached whale commercially. The deep-down mutter-to-myself truth was that the collectors, despite their fervent desire to be virtuous, had never been able to build up any gusto for Abstract Expressionism. Somehow that six-flight walk up the spiral staircase of Theory took the wind out of you.

I once heard Robert Scull say, "Abstract Expressionism was a little club down on Tenth Street. There were never more than 100 people in on it." Scull was a collector from a later enemy camp, Pop Art, and he may have set the figure too low, but I suspect that he was, at the core, correct. As was the case with Swedenborgianism and Rosicrucianism, Abstract Expressionism's makers and theorists and its truly committed audience seem to have been one and the same. Who else was there, really, but the old *cénacles* down on Eighth Street . . . unless you also count the interior decorators who did *truly love* to use Abstract Expressionist painting with those large flat areas (O integral planes!) of bright color to set off the stark white apartments that were so fashionable at the time.

But to say that Abstract Expressionism was a baby that only its parents could love is not to downgrade its theorists in the slightest. Quite the opposite. For a good fifteen years, with nothing going for them except brainpower and stupendous rectitude and the peculiar makeup of the art world, they projected this style, this unloved brat of theirs, until it filled up the screen of art history.

5. Hello, Steinberg (Goodbye, Greenberg) (You, too, Rosenberg) (Joy returns to Cultureburg)

WE MAY STATE IT as a principle at this point that collectors of contemporary art do not want to buy highly abstract art unless it's the only game in town. They will always prefer realistic art instead—as long as someone in authority assures them that it is (a) new, and (b) not realistic. To understand this contradiction is to understand what happened next: Pop Art.

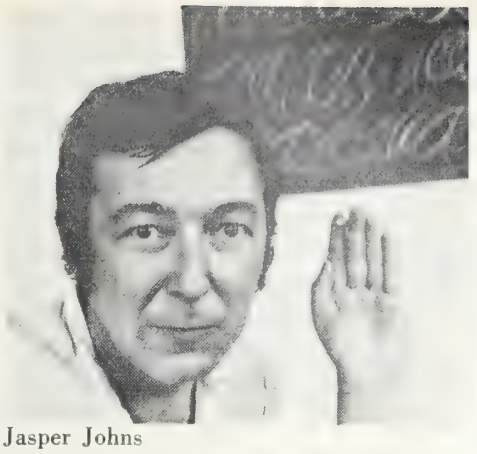
One day—in 1963, it must have been—I ran into a magazine editor, a culturatus of sorts, and I happened to bring up the subject of Abstract Expressionism, whereupon he told me with a tone that indicated I must be the only person in town who hadn't gotten the inside news: "Listen, Abstract Expressionism is dead. It's been finished off by a professor at Hunter College, a guy named Leo Steinberg."

I don't know that Steinberg finished off Abstract Expressionism. It only needed a little

ish. But Steinberg was certainly one of the au-orities who made it okay to like Pop Art. The Pop Art era is usually dated from the st one-man show of Jasper Johns at the Leo stelli Gallery, January 20 to February 8, 958, with paintings of American flags, letters the alphabet, rows of numbers, and archery rgets. Johns and his friend Robert Rauschen-rg were the major figures in a *cénacle* of unger artists who in the 1950s began to react ainst the by-now sainted Abstract Expression-ts. Young artists had started pouring into wer Manhattan and heading, naturally, for gendary spots like the Cedar Bar. They liked pop into the Cedar with their toggle coats and rduroys and other proper boho gear on, like ung recruits ready for the battle against the ind public, and they'd say, "Hi, Bill!" (de ooning), "Hi, Franz!" (Kline), "Whaddaya say, arko!" (Rothko). But the old boys didn't ex-tly feel like being buddies and sharing the ow with these hideously chummy young no-dies. All right. . . . So Johns and Rauschen-rg started zapping the old bastards in their eakest spot: their dreadful solemnity and High eriousness. The Tenth Street *cénacle de cénac-s* was full of artists who were so *spiritual* that ey never even got as far as Pollock had in uble-tracking out of the Boho Dance and into e Consummation. They remained psychologi-lly (and, by and by, resentfully) trapped in hemia. Rothko refused to participate in a hitney Museum annual show in order to safe-ard "the life my pictures will lead in the orld," and refused (or claimed to refuse) to t foot in any Uptown art gallery unless some iend of his was having an opening. So Rausch-berg took to giving interviews in the art agazines in which he said that being an artist as no different, spiritually, from being a cargo umper or a file clerk or anything else. He ex-ibited *oeuvres* such as three Coca-Cola bottles, e actual bottles, surmounted by a pair of eagle ings. But all that was too easy to write off as ere Dada. Johns's 1958 show was something se again. It wasn't a coarse gesture; it was ighty cool . . . and something an ambitious oung critic could fly with.

So Leo Steinberg, along with William Rubin, nother theorist (and collector), depicted ohns's work as a newer, higher synthesis. The entral arguing point? But of course—our old iend Flatness.

The new theory went as follows. Johns had hosen real subjects such as flags and numbers nd letters and targets that were flat *by their ery nature*. They were *born* to be flat, you ight say. Thereby Johns was achieving an mazing thing. He was bringing real subjects nto Modern painting but in a way that neither iolated the law of Flatness nor introduced "lit-rary" content. On the contrary: he was con-



Jasper Johns



Robert Rauschenberg

verting pieces of everyday communication—flags and numbers—into art objects . . . and thereby *de*-literalizing them! Were they content or were they form? They were neither! They were a higher synthesis. "An amazing result," said Steinberg.

Then Steinberg noticed something else. Johns had covered his flat signs in short, choppy Cézanne-like brushstrokes. Somehow this made them look flatter than ever. . . . In fact, his flatness exposed once and for all the *pseudo*-flatness of Abstract Expressionists like de Kooning and Pollock. The jig was up! Steinberg was now ready to give the *coup de grâce* to Clement Greenberg.

Greenberg had always argued that the Old Masters, the classic 3-D realists, had created "an illusion of space into which one could imagine oneself walking," whereas—to the everlasting glory of Modernism—you couldn't walk into a Modernist painting and least of all into an Abstract Expressionist painting. (Too honest, too flat for any such ersatz experience.) Just a minute, said Steinberg. That's all well and good, but you're talking about a "pre-industrial standard of locomotion," i.e., *walking*. Perhaps you can't *walk* into an Abstract Expressionist painting—but you can *fly* through. Right! You could take a spaceship! Just look at a de Kooning or a Rothko or a Franz Kline. Look at that "airy"



Collection the Museum of Modern Art, New York

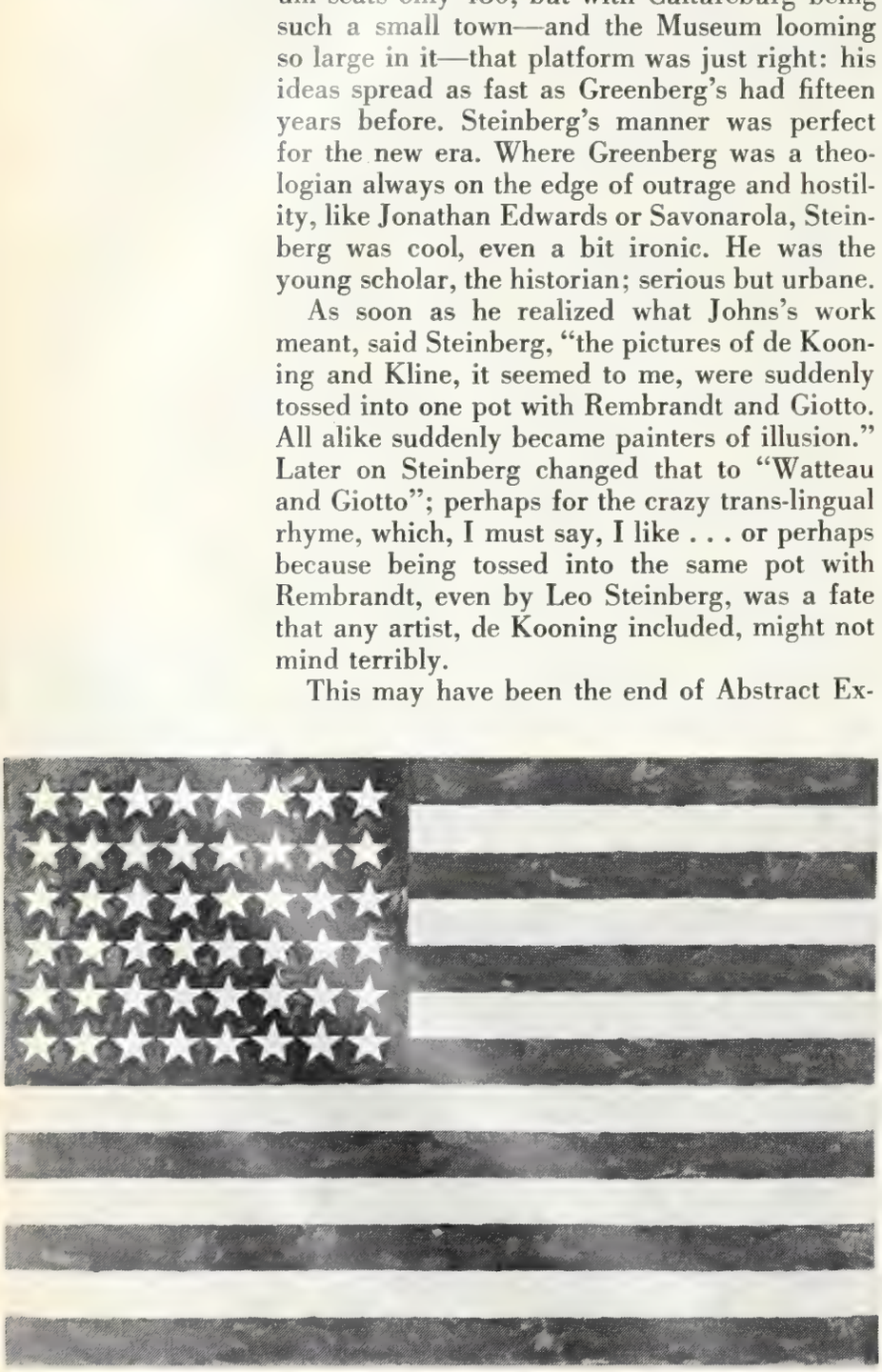
Franz Kline. *Painting Number Two*, 1954

quality, those "areas floating in space," those cloud formations, all that "illusionistic space" with its evocations of intergalactic travel. Why, you could sail through a de Kooning in a Mercury capsule or a Soyuz any day in the week! All along the Abstract Expressionists had been dealing in "open atmospheric effects." It was aerial "double dealing," and it did "clearly deny and dissemble the picture's material surface"—and nobody had ever blown the whistle on them!

Well, it was all now blown for Abstract Expressionism. Steinberg, with an assist from Rubin and from another theoretician, Lawrence Alloway, removed the cataracts from everybody's eyes overnight. Steinberg put across many of his ideas in a series of lectures at the Museum of Modern Art in 1960. The auditorium seats only 480, but with Cultureburg being such a small town—and the Museum looming so large in it—that platform was just right: his ideas spread as fast as Greenberg's had fifteen years before. Steinberg's manner was perfect for the new era. Where Greenberg was a theologian always on the edge of outrage and hostility, like Jonathan Edwards or Savonarola, Steinberg was cool, even a bit ironic. He was the young scholar, the historian; serious but urbane.

As soon as he realized what Johns's work meant, said Steinberg, "the pictures of de Kooning and Kline, it seemed to me, were suddenly tossed into one pot with Rembrandt and Giotto. All alike suddenly became painters of illusion." Later on Steinberg changed that to "Watteau and Giotto"; perhaps for the crazy trans-lingual rhyme, which, I must say, I like . . . or perhaps because being tossed into the same pot with Rembrandt, even by Leo Steinberg, was a fate that any artist, de Kooning included, might not mind terribly.

This may have been the end of Abstract Expressionism, but for Art Theory it was a fine, rare, a beautiful, an *artistic* triumph. With the soaring aerial *aperçu* of Leo Steinberg's, A Theory reached a heavenly plane, right there with Paracelsus, Meister Eckhart, Christian Rosenkreutz, Duns Scotus, and the Scholastics. . . . "How many angels can dance on the head of a pin?" That was once a question of infinite subtlety. Ah, yes! But consider: "Can a spaceship penetrate a de Kooning?"



Jasper Johns. *Flag*, 1958

JASPER JOHNS'S SHOW was the perfect exhibition for the new age of Theory. He had intentionally devised it as an art lecture in pictures. It was like one of those puzzles in the 59-cent playbooks on sale in the wire racks in the supermarkets, in which you're invited to write down the sentences that the pictures create:



But wasn't there something just the least bit incestuous about this tendency of contemporary art to use previous styles of art as its point of reference? Early Modernism was a comment on academic realism, and Abstract Expressionism was a comment on early Modernism, and now Pop Art was a comment on Abstract Expressionism—wasn't there something slightly narrow, clubby, *ingrown* about it? Not at all, said Steinberg, whereupon he formulated one of the great axioms of the period: "Whatever else it may be, all great art is about art." Steinberg's evidence for this theory was far more subtle than convincing. *Sophistic*, I believe, is the word. He would cite Renaissance paintings with figures in the frames pointing at the main picture. (See? They're *commenting on* art.) But never mind. . . . Steinberg's axiom was another one that inspired the profound "*That's . . . right.*" reaction throughout the art scene. Steinberg's own qualifier was dropped, and the *mot* became simply: "All great art is about art." That was like DDT for a lot of doubts that might otherwise have beset true believers over the next few years.

Meanwhile, Clement Greenberg and Harold Rosenberg made a grave tactical error. They simply denounced Pop Art. That was a gigantic blunder. Greenberg, above all, as the man who came up with the peerless Modern line "A profoundly original work looks ugly at first," should have realized that in an age of avant-gardism no critic can stop a new style by meeting it head-on. To be against what is new is not to be modern. Not to be modern is to write yourself out of the scene. Not to be in the scene

to be nowhere. No, in an age of avant-gardism the only possible strategy to counter a new style which you detest is to *leapfrog* it. You abandon your old position and your old artists, leapfrog *over* the new style, land beyond it, point back to it, and say: "Oh, that's nothing. I've found something *newer* and *better* . . . way out here." This would dawn on Greenberg later.

Steinberg could attack Abstract Expressionism precisely because he was saying, "I've found something newer and better." But one will note that at no time does he attack the premises of Late Twentieth-Century Art Theory as developed by Greenberg. He accepts every fundamental Greenberg has put forth. Realism and three-dimensional illusion are still forbidden. Flatness is still God. Steinberg simply adds: I've found a new world that's flatter."

So that was how Pop Art came in: a new order, but the same Mother Church.

Within a few years the most famous images of Pop Art were Roy Lichtenstein's blowups of panels from war comics and love comics and Andy Warhol's Campbell's Soup cans and Brillo boxes. But wasn't that realism? Not at all. Quite the opposite, in fact. Alloway, the Englishman who coined the term *Pop Art*, provided the rationale: the comics, labels, and trademarks that the Pop artists liked were not representations of external reality. They were commonplace "sign systems" of American culture. By enlarging them and putting them on canvas, the artists were converting them from messages into something that was neither message nor external image. "Pop Art is neither abstract nor realistic," said Alloway, "though it has contacts in both directions. The core of Pop Art is at either frontier; it is, essentially, an art about signs and sign systems." That may have been a bit hard to follow, but the stamp of approval came through clearly to one and all: "It's okay! You are hereby licensed to go ahead and like these pictures. We've drained all the realism out."

POP ART ABSOLUTELY REJUVENATED the New York art scene. It did for the galleries, the collectors, the gallery-goers, the art-minded press, and the artists' incomes about what the Beatles did for the music business at about the same time. It was the thaw! It was spring again! The press embraced Pop Art with priapic delight. That goddamned Abstract Expressionism had been so solemn, so grim. . . . "Shards of interpenetrated sensibility make their way, tentatively, through a not always compromisable field of cobalt blue—" How could you write about the freaking stuff? Pop Art you could have fun with.

Avant-gardism, money, status, Le Chic, and even the 1960s idea of sexiness—it all buzzed around Pop Art. *The* place, without any question, was Leo Castelli's gallery at 4 East Seventy-seventh Street. Castelli had Johns, Lichtenstein, Warhol, Robert Rauschenberg, James Rosenquist, most of the heavies. It was there that the Culture buds now hung out, beautiful little girls, with their hips cocked and the seams of their Jax slax cleaving them into hemispheres, shooting Culture pouts through their Little Egypt eyes.

God knows the Pop artists themselves entered into the spirit of the thing. Whereas the Abstract Expressionists had so many disastrous problems double-tracking from the Boho Dance to the Consummation—whereas Pollock, Newman, Rothko, the whole push, in fact, had their own early antibourgeois boho ideals looming over them forevermore like the most vengeful and vigilant superego in the history of psychology—the Pop artists double-tracked with about as much moral agony as a tape recorder. They came up with a new higher synthesis of personal conduct: to wallow in the luxuries of *le monde*, to junk it through with absolute abandon, was simply *part of the new bohemia*. Nothing to it! The artists used to hang around the apartment of Robert Scull, overlooking the Metropolitan Museum on Fifth Avenue, like children who don't know that you're supposed to go home at suppertime. They'd be there all afternoon, and Bob—Bob Scull—or Spike—Bob's wife Ethel—he called her Spike—would go around commenting on how it was getting dark and—oh, well, how about switching on a few lights, boys—and so they'd just turn on a few lights—and by and by it would be time to eat—and the artists would still be there, like little boys, wide-eyed and ready for goodies—and Spike would say, Well, we're going to eat now—and instead of saying, Uh, I guess I have to go home now, they'd say: Swell! Fine! Let's eat! (Where you taking us?) The only problem they had was that many of them were poor and plebeian in origin and had grown up in bohemia, and they didn't know even the rudimentary manners of life in *le monde*, but that didn't stop them for long. At first, Andy Warhol, for example, would go out to dinner and wouldn't know one end of that long lineup of silverware on the table from the other, and so he would sit there, at some five- or six-course dinner at the Burdens or wherever, without touching a morsel, not the *crème Sénégalèse* nor the lobster *cardinal* nor the veal *Valdostana* nor the salad Grant Street nor the fresh pear halves Harry & David—until finally the lady seated to his left would say, "But Mr. Warhol, you haven't touched a thing!"—whereupon Andy would say, "Oh, I only eat candy." Warhol learned fast, however, and he soon knew how to take whatever he wanted. The bohemian, by definition, was one who did things the bour-

"Avant-gardism, money, status, Le Chic, and even the 1960s idea of sexiness—it all buzzed around Pop Art."



Charles Moore/Black Star

Andy Warhol



Roy Lichtenstein. *We Rose Up Slowly*, 1964

geois didn't dare do. True enough, said Warhol, but he added an inspired refinement: nothing is more bourgeois than to be afraid to look bourgeois. True to his theory, he now goes about in button-down shirts, striped ties, and ill-cut tweed jackets, like a 1952 Holy Cross pre-med student. Warhol's ultimate liberation of the old puritanical Tenth Street boho ego, however, came the day he put an ad in *The Village Voice* saying that he would endorse just about anything, anything at all, for money . . . and listing his telephone number.

Double-tracking on all sides! Double-tracking at once naive and infinitely subtle! Underneath the very popularity of Pop Art itself, as many people knew, and nobody said, was a deliciously simple piece of double-tracking. Steinberg, Rubin, and Alloway had declared Pop Art kosher and quite okay to consume, because it was all "sign systems," not realism. But everyone else, from the collectors to the Culture buds, was *cheating*!

They were like the Mennonite who, forbidden by religious law to have a TV set in his home, props it up on the fencepost outside and watches through an open window. In the middle of January he sits in his living room huddled in an overcoat and a blanket, with the window open, because *Mannix* is out on the fence. In short . . . the culturati were secretly *enjoying the realism*!—plain old bourgeois mass-culture high-school goober-squeezing whitehead-hunting can-I-pop-it-for-you-Billy realism! They looke at a Roy Lichtenstein blowup of a love-comi panel showing a young blond couple with the lips parted in the moment before a profoun tongue-probing, post-teen, American soul kis plus the legend "WE ROSE UP SLOWLY . . . AS I WE DIDN'T BELONG TO THE OUTSIDE WORL ANY LONGER . . . LIKE SWIMMERS IN A SHADOW DREAM . . . WHO DIDN'T NEED TO BREATHE . . . and—the hell with the *sign systems*—they ju loved the dopey campy picture of these tw vapid blond sex buds having their love-comi romance bigger than life, six feet by eight fee in fact, up on the walls in an art gallery. Dope . . . campy . . . Pop Art was packed with lite ary associations, quite in addition to the lo scene or whatever on the canvas. It was, fro beginning to end, an ironic, a camp, a literar intellectual assertion of the banality, emptines silliness, vulgarity, et cetera of American cu ture, and if the artists said, as Warhol usual did, "But that's what I like about it"—that on made the irony more profound, more cool.

Collectors and other culturati also liked th side of Pop Art immensely, because it was familiar, so cozily antibourgeois, because onc again it made them honorary congs walkin along with the vanguard artists through th land of the philistines. Steinberg is the onl theorist I know of, with the possible exceptio of Bernard Berenson, who ever went to th trouble of creating some theory specifically fo the passive role of consumer of culture. We you upset by the swiftness of change? Did worry you that one moment Abstract Expre sionism was *it*, the *final style*, and then, in th blink of an eye, Abstract Expressionism wa demolished and Pop Art was *it*? It shouldn' said Steinberg—for that was precisely whe the consumer of culture could show his cou age, his mettle, his soldierly bearing. For wh in the world requires more courage than "t applaud the destruction of values which we sti cherish"? Modern art always "projects itse into a twilight zone where no values are fixed. he said. "It is always born in anxiety." N only that, he said, it is the very function really valuable new Modern art to "transm this anxiety to the spectator," so that when h looks at it, he is thrown into "a genuine exi tential predicament." This was basically Gree berg's line, of course—"all profoundly origin art looks ugly at first"—but Steinberg made th feeling seem deeper (and a bit more refined The clincher was Steinberg's own confession how he had at first disliked Johns's work. H had resisted it. He had fought to cling to h old values—and then realized he was wron This filtered down as a kind of Turbulen Theorem. If a work of art or a new style di turbed you, it was probably good work. If yo *hated* it—it was probably *great*.

hat was precisely the way Robert Scull dis-ered the artist Walter De Maria. Scull was king down Madison Avenue one Saturday rnoon when he stopped in a gallery and saw e drawings that were nearly blank. They e pieces of drawing paper framed and hung, down in one corner would be a few faint ds, seemingly written by an ailing individ-with a pencil so hard, a No. 8 or something, the lead scarcely even made a line: "Water, er, water . . ." Scull hated these drawings so foundly, he promptly called up the artist became his patron. That brought De Maria first recognition as a Minimal artist.

Up the fundamental aperture

INIMAL ART WAS PART of a comeback that abstract art began to make, even while Pop was still going strong. This time around, ory was more dominant than ever.

can remember the Museum of Modern Art ouncing that it was going to have an ex-tion in 1965 called "The Responsive Eye," how of paintings with special optical ef-s—what quickly became known as Op Art. *ckly* is hardly the word for it. A mad rush, ore like it. Pop Art had been such a smash-success, with so many spin-offs, that it ned like all of smart New York was primed, ting to see what the art world would come with next. By the time the Museum's big Art show opened in the fall, two out of y three women entering the glass doors on st Fifty-third Street for the opening-night pla were wearing print dresses that were ck-offs of the paintings that were waiting on walls inside. In between the time the show been announced and the time it opened, Seventh Avenue garment industry had ked up and slapped the avant-garde into s production before the Museum could even ially discover it. (They liked knocking off dget Riley's fields of vibrating lines best of)

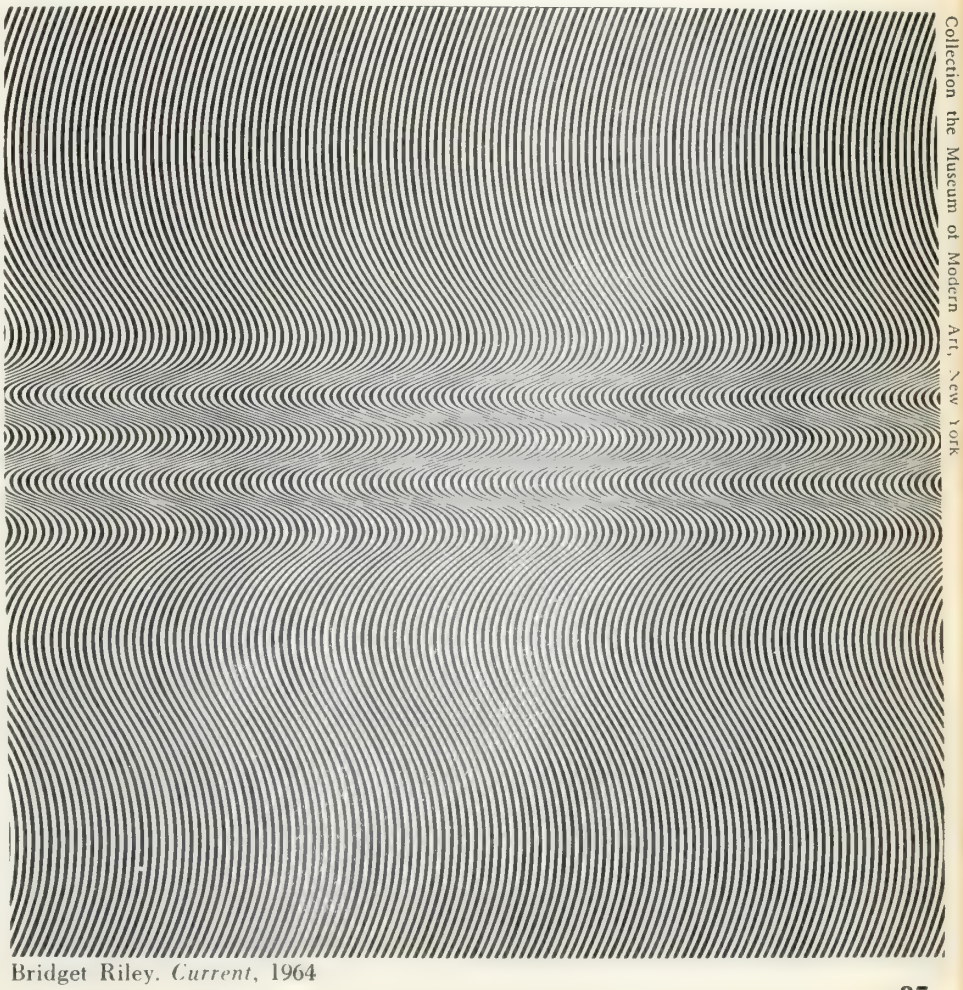
Op, like Pop, was enjoyed for basically "lit-ry" reasons. All of it, from Vasarély to Larry ns, was reminiscent of the marvelous optical sions in the syndicated newspaper feature, pley's 'Believe It or Not.'" But the *theory* Op Art was something else. The Op artists er called it Op Art; they preferred Percep-Abstraction. Their argument was: Cubism d art from the nineteenth-century view of a nting as a window through which you saw illusion of the real world. Earlier abstract k, such as De Stijl or Abstract Expression-, had advanced this good work by establish-the painting as "an independent object as as a chair or table" (to quote from "The ponsive Eye" catalogue). We Perceptual Abstractionists complete the process by turning this art object into a piece of pure perception. By creating special optical effects (but on a flat surface!) we remove it from the outside world and take it into that terra incognita "between the cornea and the brain."

Theory really started to roll now . . . toward reductionism. In this case: real art is nothing but what happens in your brain. Of course, Greenberg had started it all with his demands for purity, for flatness (ever more Flatness!), for the obliteration of distinctions such as foreground and background, figure and field, line and contour, color and pattern. Now, in the mid-1960s, Greenberg made a comeback.

He had learned a thing or two in the meantime about strategy. He no longer tried to defend Abstract Expressionism against the huge shift in taste that Pop Art represented. In fact, he offered what amounted to a piece of implied confession or, better said, self-criticism. All along, he said, there had been something old-fashioned about Abstract Expressionism, despite the many advances it brought. This old-fashioned thing was . . . its brushstrokes. Its *brushstrokes*? Yes, said Greenberg, its brushstrokes.* The characteristic Abstract Expres-

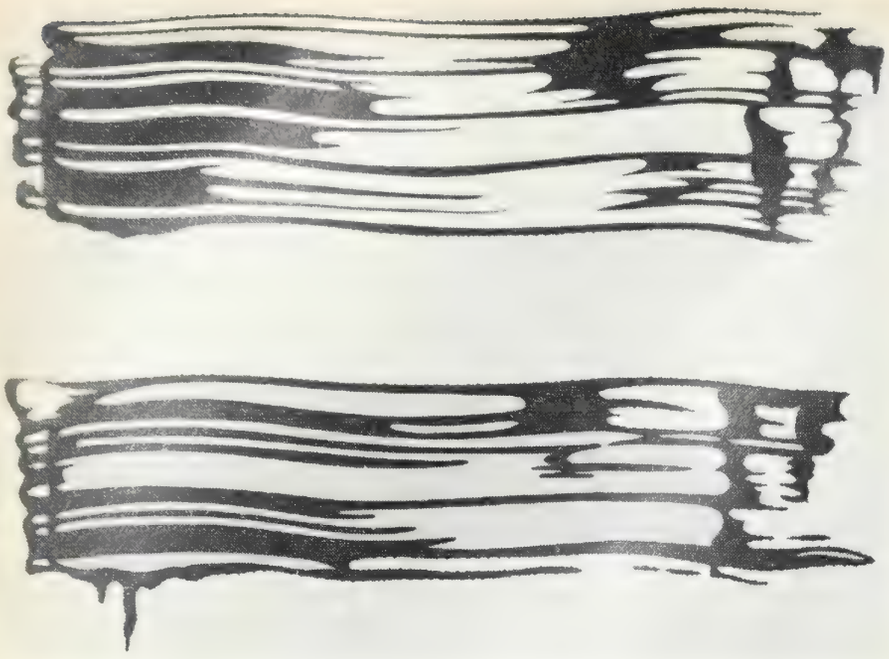
"If a work of art or a new style disturbed you, it was probably good work. If you *hated* it—it was probably *great*."

* This was also an implicit criticism of his old rival, Rosenberg, the original prophet of the expressive brushstroke.



Bridget Riley. *Current*, 1964

Collection the Museum of Modern Art, New York

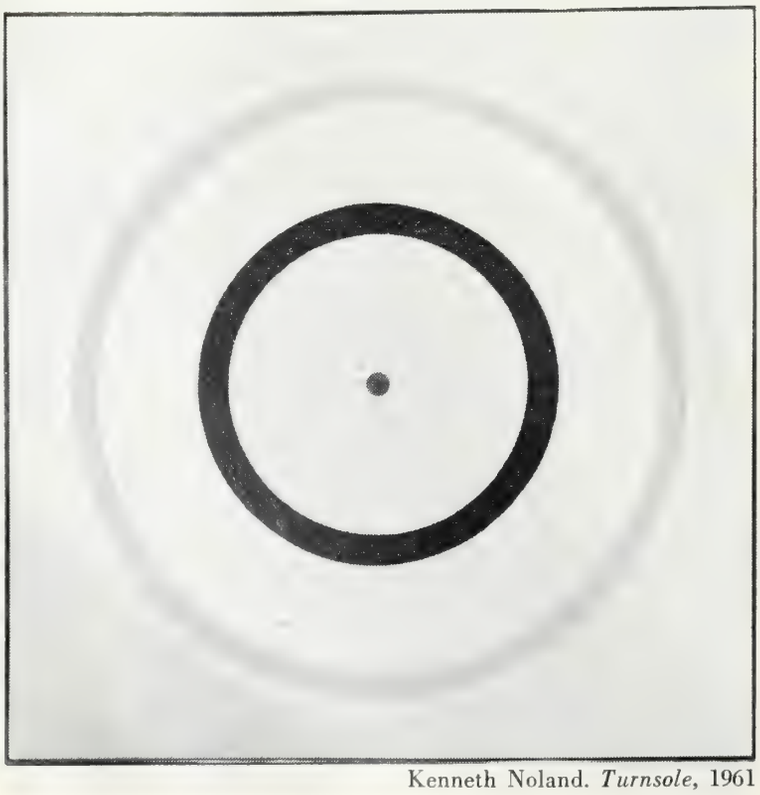


Private collection, Paris, France. Photograph courtesy Leo Castelli Gallery

Roy Lichtenstein. *Yellow and Red Brushstrokes*, 1966

sionist brushstroke was something very obvious, very expressive, very idiosyncratic . . . very *painterly*, like the "blurred, broken, loose definition of color and contour" you find in Baroque art. It was as obvious as a skid on the highway. He termed this stroke "the Tenth Street touch."

Lichtenstein, the Pop artist, liked this notion so much, or was so amused by it, that he did a series of *Brushstroke* paintings, each one a blowup of a single "Tenth Street touch" brushstroke, with every swirl and overloaded driblet represented—but rendered in the hard, slick commercial-illustration unpainterly style of Pop, with no brushstrokes of his own whatsoever to be seen.



Collection the Museum of Modern Art, New York. Blanchette Rockefeller Fund

Kenneth Noland. *Turnsole*, 1961

Greenberg was still unbending in his oppo tion to Pop, but now he knew better than just denounce it. Now he added the obligato phrase: "—and I can show you somethi newer and better . . . way out here." This, said, was Post-Painterly Abstraction.

Greenberg's Post-Painterly Abstraction h gone under other names since then: Hard-Ed Abstract and Color Field Abstract, to name tw But all of them can be defined by the way which they further the process of reductio i.e., the way they get rid of something—just little bit more, if you please! How far we' come! How religiously we've cut away the fa In the beginning we got rid of nineteenth-ce tury storybook realism. Then we got rid of re resentational objects. Then we got rid of t third dimension altogether and got really fl (Abstract Expressionism). Then we got rid airiness, brushstrokes, most of the paint, a the last viruses of drawing and complicat designs (Hard Edge, Color Field, Washingt School).

Enough? Hardly, said the Minimalists, w began to come into their own about 1965. Bou geois connotations, they argued, still hung on Modern art like a necktie. What about all tho nice "lovely" colors that the Hard Edgers a the Color Fielders used? They invited as ma sentimental associations as painterly brus strokes had. So Minimalists began using colo like Tool & Die Works red and Subway I-Bea green and Restaurant Exhaust Fan Duct Li gray that nobody could accuse of sentiment ity. And how about all those fuzzy, swamp misty edges that Color Fielders like Olitski a Frankenthaler went for? They invited you linger over a painting for all its emotional "ev cations," just like the worst junk of the o pre-Raphaelites. Henceforth a paint should applied only in hard linear geometries, and y should get the whole painting at once, "fast to use the going phrase. (No Loitering.) Ke neth Noland, formerly of Morris Louis's mis Washington School, was now considered t fastest painter in the business.

And how about the painting frame? Was New York full of artists who made a big thi about treating the painting as an object—a then acted as if the frame wasn't even ther So Frank Stella turned the canvas itself into frame and hung it on the wall with nothing the middle. That got rid of the frames, and t era of "shaped canvases" began.

Sure, but what about this nice sweet bou geois idea of *hanging up pictures* in the fi place . . . all in their nice orderly solid-burgh little rows? . . . So artists like Robert Hunt and Sol Le Witt began painting directly on t gallery walls or on walls outside the galle window . . . with the faintest, most unsentime tal geometric forms imaginable. . . .

FASTER AND FASTER ART THEORY flew now, in ever-tighter and more dazzling turns. It was dizzying, so much so that both Greenberg and Rosenberg were shocked—*épatés*. Greenberg accused the Minimalists of living only for "the fact out as an end in itself." Their work was "too much a feat of ideation . . . something deduced instead of felt and discovered." A little late to be saying that, Clement! Rosenberg tried to top them by saying they really weren't far-out at all—they were a fake avant-garde, a mere "MOMA vanguard," a buffer between the *real* avant-garde (his boy de Kooning) and the mass media. Very subtle—and absolutely hopeless, Harold! Theory, with a head of its own by now, spun on and chewed up the two old boys like breadsticks, like the Revolution devouring Robespierre and Danton—faster and faster—in ever-tighter and more dazzling turns—unless see, we just got rid of the little rows of hanging *pictures*, not to mention a couple of superannuated critics, and we've gotten rid of illusion, representational objects, the third dimension, pigment (or most of it), brushstrokes, and many frames and canvas—but what about the wall itself? What about the very idea of a work of art as something "on a wall" at all? How very pre-Modern! How can you treat the wall as something separate from the gallery, the room, the space in which it exists?

And so artists like Carl André, Robert Morris, Ronald Bladen, and Michael Steiner did large geometric (unsentimental, uncolorful, etc.) sculptures designed to divide up the entire gallery into spaces, to make the very building part of the sculpture in some way. No more "hanging" an exhibition; these were "installations."

But what about the very idea of the gallery or museum? What about the very notion of a hallowed sedate sanctum where one—meaning a certain person of the proper gentility—comes to gaze upon Art and the Artist with a glaze of respect and hushed silence over his mug? Wasn't there something impossibly retrograde about the whole thing? So began Earth Art, such as Michael Heizer's excavations in the dry lakes of the Mojave Desert and Robert Smithson's spiral jetty in the Great Salt Lake.

By now it was the late 1960s, and the New Left was in high gear, and artists and theorists began to hail Earth Art and the like as a blow against "the Uptown Museum-Gallery Complex," after the "military-industrial complex" out in the world beyond. If the capitalists, the conservatives of the art world, can't get their precious art objects into their drawing rooms or even into their biggest museums, they've *lost it*. A few defiant notes like this, plus the beginning of a few dozen manifestos against war and injustice—that was about as far as New York artists went into Left politics in the 1960s.

With everyone now caught up in the spin of Theory, at such a furious velocity, the notion of putting on the brakes and doing that 1930s number again, cranking out some good old Social Realism propaganda, was too impossible to even think about. No, a few raspberries for the "museum-gallery complex" . . . and let's get back to business.

Back to business . . . which in the late 1960s was the monomaniacal task of *reduction*. What about the idea of a permanent work of art at all, or even a visible one? Wasn't that the most basic of all assumptions of the Old Order—that art was eternal and composed of objects that could be passed from generation to generation, like Columbus's bones? Out of that objection came Conceptual Art.

"But what about the very idea of the gallery or museum? Wasn't there something impossibly retrograde about the whole thing? So began Earth Art."

THE CONCEPTUALISTS liked to propound the following question. Suppose the greatest artist in the history of the world, impoverished and unknown at the time, had been sitting at a table in the old Automat at Union Square, cadging some free water and hoping to cop a leftover crust of toasted corn muffin or a few abandoned translucent chartreuse waxed beans or some other item of that amazing range of Yellow Food the Automat went in for—and suddenly he got the inspiration for the greatest work of art in the history of the world. Pos-



Frank Stella. *Tampa*, 1964

sessing not even so much as a pencil or a burnt match, he dipped his forefinger into the glass of water and began recording this greatest of all inspirations, this high point in the history of man as a sentient being, on a paper napkin, with New York tap water as his paint. In a matter of seconds, of course, the water had diffused through the paper and the grand design vanished, whereupon the greatest artist in the history of the world slumped to the table and died of a broken heart, and the manager came over, and he thought that here was nothing more than a dead wino with a wet napkin. Now, the question is: would that have been the greatest work of art in the history of the world or not? The Conceptualists would answer: of course, it was. It's not permanence and materials, all that Winsor & Newton paint and other crap, that are at the heart of art, but two things only: Genius and the *process* of creation! Later they decided that Genius might as well take a walk, too.

Conceptual art divided into two types: things you could see, but not for long (like the Great Man's water picture), and things you couldn't see at all. From the first category came Peter Hutchinson's *Arc*. He filled some plastic bags with gas and pieces of rotten calabash or something of the sort, which was supposed to create more gas, tied the bags to a rope, put weights on either end of the rope, threw the whole business into the ocean, where the weights hit the bottom and the gas bags rose up, lifting the rope in an arc. An underwater photographer took pictures of the installation and then came back periodically to record the decay of the garbage and the eventual bursting of the bags and collapse of the arc—the disappearance of the art object, in short. Genius and process—process and genius! The photographs and quite a few lines of off-scientific prose provided the documentation, as it is known in Conceptual Art—which Hutchinson thereupon sold to the Museum of Modern Art for . . . well, today Museum officials prefer not to talk about how much they paid for *Arc*. One assumes that they paid no more than was necessary to remain buoyant in the turbulent intellectual waters of the 1960s.

As for the second category—one of the great outposts of invisible Conceptual Art was the Richmond Art Center in Richmond, California, when Tom Marioni was its director. It was there that I came upon the fabulous *Beautiful Toast Dream*, by a woman whose name I can't remember. The documentation, which was typed, described how she woke up in the dark at about four in the morning and had a sudden craving for a piece of toast. The craving was so strong, in fact, that she could see it, a crust of Wonder Bread done light brown, and she could already visualize herself taking the crust out of the toaster and spreading Nucoa margarine on it with a serrated knife with a wooden handle, one of those slender numbers with
tle teeth on the blade that are good for cutti
tomatoes or grapefruit, and she can see hers
putting the Nucoa on the toast and then spr
kling some white sugar, the usual kind, on t
of that and then shaking some cinnamon
it and then spreading it all on with the serra
knife until the heat of the toast begins to m
the margarine and the teeth of the knife be
to dig little furrows in the bread and the mol
margarine begins to build up ahead of ea
tooth and then runs off between the teeth a
into the furrows—but not by itself!—no,
margarine and little *ripped papillae of bre*
run together carrying with them on the surf
of the tide granules of sugar that absorb
molten margarine and turn yellow and dis
pear in this viscous flood of heat, steel, and fr
mented bread papillae while the cinnan
maintains its spreckled identity except wh
bunching up on the oleagenous surface of
flood like a stain and the crest keeps build
but becomes neither fluid nor solid but more
a blob existing only as a kinetic wobble sw
ing into one final macerated mulled mass
flected in the stainless-steel face of the bl
as a tawny cresting wave bound by an unbe
able surface tension until—all at once!—i
ripped, raked, ruptured by the blade and s
denly leaks as if through deflation between
teeth and into the lengthening furrows beh
the blade sinking lamely into a harrowed a
utterly swamped tan bread delta and she kn
it is time to bite off a corner of the crust w
yellow Nucoa-soaked sugar grains scraping
ridges of her teeth and caking in the corn
of her mouth—but there were *no crusts to*
found—and she *could have no toast*—and
had to have a swig of Diet-Rite Cola instea
and, well, I mean I can only *hint* at the tensi
the velocity, the suspense, the meth-like e
tron-microscopic eye for detail and *le mot ju*
that this woman's documentation had—it w
on and on; a certain Frenchman would h
given up the silence of his cork-lined studio
have had *one-tenth* of this woman's percept
of the minutiae of existence or, in this c
nonexistence, *one-twentieth* of her patience, o
hundredth of her perseverance to stay with
description until the job is truly done—in sh
I was in the presence of . . . *superb post-Pro*
ian literature!

With works such as that, late twentieth-c
tury Modern art was about to fulfill its dest
which was: to become nothing less than Li
ature pure and simple. But the destined
minus had not yet been reached. After all,
artist of *Beautiful Toast Dream* had first g
through a visual experience, even if only in
ined. After all, what about the whole busines
"the visual imagination"? Came the refr
how very pre-Modern.

avid R. Smith (not the sculptor) tried to rid of this, one of the last pieces of the old rgeois baggage, through a piece called "Va-a.":

VA CA NT

'N AC AV

David R. Smith. *Vacant*

hich was calculated to make the viewer centrate on the utter emptiness between the ers. But he failed. He had still committed ict of visual imagination, even though in the ice of invisibility, emptiness, nihilism. He not gotten rid of the fundamental, the pri-y, the indigenous, the intrinsic, the built-he unitary and atomic impurity of the whole erprise: namely, the artistic ego itself.

o it was that in April of 1970 an artist ed Lawrence Weiner typed up a work of that appeared in *Arts Magazine*—as a work rt—with no visual experience before or af-whatsoever, and to wit:

1. The artist may construct the piece
2. The piece may be fabricated
3. The piece need not be built

h being equal and consistent with the intent of artist the decision as to condition rests with receiver upon the occasion of receivership.*

l there, at last, it was! No more realism, more representational objects, no more lines, rs, forms, and contours, no more pigments, more brushstrokes, no more evocations, no e frames, walls, galleries, museums, no more wing at the tortured face of the god Flat-s, no more audience required, just a "re-er" that may or may not be a person or or may not be there at all, no more ego jected, just "the artist," in the third person, may be anyone or no one at all, for noth-is demanded of him, nothing at all, not even tence, for that got lost in the subjunctive le—and in that moment of absolutely dis-sionate abdication, of insouciant withering y, Art made its final flight, climbed higher higher in an ever-decreasing tighter-turning al until, with one last erg of freedom, one dendritic synapse, it disappeared up its own damental aperture . . . and came out the oth-ide as Art Theory! . . . Art Theory pure and ple, words on a page, literature undefiled by on, flat, flatter, Flattest, a vision invisible, n ineffable, as ineffable as the Angels and Universal Souls.

Epilogue

FOR ABOUT SIX YEARS NOW, realistic painters of all sorts, real nineteenth-century types included, with 3-D and all the other old forbidden sweets, have been creeping out of their *Stalags*, crawl spaces, DP camps, deserter communes, and other places of exile, other Canadas of the soul—and have begun bravely exhibiting. They have been emboldened by what has looked to them, as one might imagine, as the modern art of Art Theory gone beserk.

The realist school that is attracting the most attention is an offshoot of Pop Art known as Photo-Realism. The Photo-Realists, such as Robert Bechtle and Richard Estes, take color photos of Pop-like scenes and objects—cars, trailers, storefronts, parking lots, motorcycle engines—then reproduce them precisely, in paint, on canvas, usually on a large scale, often by projecting them onto the canvas with a slide projector and then going to work with the paint. One of the things they manage to accomplish in this way, beyond the slightest doubt, is to drive orthodox critics bananas.

Such denunciations! "Return to philistinism" . . . "triumph of mediocrity" . . . "a visual soap opera" . . . "The kind of academic realism Estes practices might well have won him a plaque from the National Academy of Design in 1890" . . . "incredibly dead paintings" . . . "rat-trap compositional formulas" . . . "its subject matter has been taken out of its social context and neutered" . . . "it subjects art itself to ignominy" . . . all quotes taken from reviews of Estes's show in New York last year . . . and a still more fascinating note is struck: "This is the moment of the triumph of mediocrity; the views of the silent majority prevail in the galleries as at the polls."

Marvelous. We are suddenly thrust back fifty

"No more realism, no more representational objects, no more pigments, no more gnawing at the tortured face of the god Flatness, no more audience required."



Collection Mr. and Mrs. Saul Steinberg. Courtesy Alan Stone Gallery

Richard Estes. *Bus Reflection*, 1972

vright © Arts Magazine

years into the mental atmosphere of Royal Cortissoz himself, who saw an insidious connection between the alien hordes from Southern Europe and the alien wave of "Ellis Island art." Only the carrier of the evil virus has changed: then, the subversive immigrant; today, the *ne kulturny* native of the heartland.

Photo-Realism, indeed! One can almost hear Clement Greenberg mumbling in his sleep: "All profoundly original art looks ugly at first . . . but there is ugly and there is *ugly!*" . . . Leo Steinberg awakes with a start in the dark of night: "Applaud the destruction of values we still cherish! But surely—not *this!*" And Harold Rosenberg has a dream in which the chairman of the Museum board of directors says: "Modernism is finished! Call the cops!"

Somehow a style to which they have given no support at all ("lacks a persuasive theory") is *selling*. "The New York galleries fairly groan at the moment under the weight of one sort of realism or another." . . . "the incredible prices" . . . Estes is reported to be selling at $80,000 a crack. . . . Bechtle for £20,000 at auction in London. . . . Can this sort of madness really continue "in an intellectual void"?

Have the collectors and artists themselves abandoned the very flower of twentieth-century art: i.e., Art Theory? Not yet. The Photo-Realists assure the collectors that everything is okay, all is kosher. They swear: we're not painting real scenes but, rather, camera images ("not realism, *photo systems*"). What is more, we don't show you a brushstroke in an acre of it. We're painting only scenes of midday, in bland sunlight—so as not to be "evocative." We've got all-over "evenness" such as you wouldn't believe—we put as much paint on that postcard sky as on that Airstream American Silver Bullet trailer in the middle. And so on, through the checklist of Late Modernism. The Photo-Realists are backsliders, yes; but not true heretics.

In all of Cultureburg, in fact, there are still no heretics of any importance, no one attacking Late Modernism in its very foundation—not even at this late hour when Modern art has reached the vanishing point and our old standby, Hilton Kramer, lets slip the admission: frankly, these days, without a theory to go with it, I can't *see* a painting.

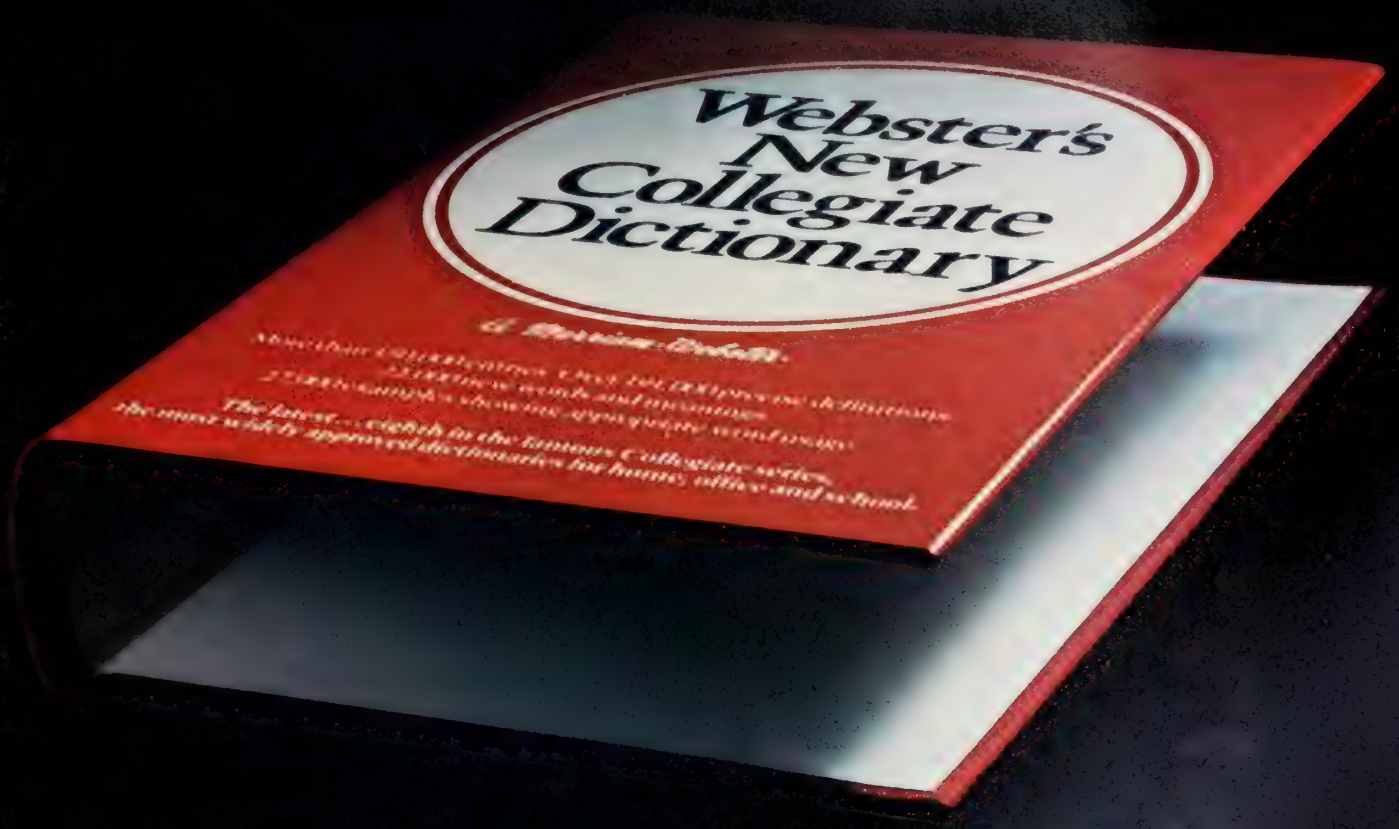
"LETS SLIP," AS I SAY. We now know, of course, that his words describe the actual state of affairs for *tout le monde* in Cultureburg; but it is not the sort of thing that one states openly. Any orthodox critic, such as Kramer, is bound to defend the idea that a work of art can speak for itself. Thus in December he attacked the curators of the Metropolitan Museum's exhibition "The Impressionist Epoch" for putting big historical notes up on the wall beside the great masterworks of the Impressionists. But why What an opportunity he missed! If only h could have drawn upon the wisdom of his ur conscious! Have the courage of your secre heart, Hilton! Tell them they should have mad the copy blocks *bigger*!—and reduced all thos Manets, Monets, and Renoirs to the size of wild life stamps!

Twenty-five years from now that will not seem like such a facetious idea. I am (now that s much has been revealed!) willing to predict tha in the year 2000, when the Metropolitan or th Museum of Modern Art puts on the great re rospective exhibition of American Art 1945-75 the three artists who will be featured, the thre seminal figures of the era, will not be Pollock de Kooning, and Johns—but Greenberg, Rosen berg, and Steinberg. Up on the walls will b huge copy blocks, eight-and-a-half by eleve feet each, presenting the protean passages of th period. . . . a little "fuliginous flatness" here . . a little "action painting" there . . . and some o that "all great art is about art" just beyond. B side them will be small reproductions of th work of leading illustrators of the Word fro that period, such as Johns, Louis, Noland, Stell and Olitski. (Pollock and de Kooning will hav a somewhat higher status, although by no mean a major one, because of the more symbiot relationship they were fortunate enough to en joy with the great Artists of the Word.)

Every art student will marvel over the fac that a whole generation of artists devoted thei careers to getting the Word (and to internalizin it) and to the extraordinary task of divestin themselves of whatever there was in their imag ination and technical ability that did not fit th Word. They will listen to art historians say, wit the sort of smile now reserved for the study o Phrygian astrology: "That's how it was then! —as they describe how, on the one hand, th scientists of the mid-twentieth century proceede by building upon the discoveries of their pred cessors and thereby lit up the sky . . . while th artists proceeded by averting their eyes fro whatever their predecessors from da Vinci o had discovered, shrinking from it, terrifie or disintegrating it with the universal so vent of the Word. The more industrious schola will derive considerable pleasure from descri ing how the art-history professors and journa ists of the period 1945-75, along with so mar students, intellectuals, and art tourists of ever sort, actually struggled to *see* the paintings d rectly, in the old pre-World War II way, lik Plato's cave dwellers watching the shadow without knowing what had projected ther which was the Word.

What happy hours await them all! With wh sniggers, laughter, and good-humored amaz ment they will look back upon the era of th Painted Word!

rip-off



From Merriam-Webster, America's best-selling dictionary. It's where the words live.

Merriam-Webster's newest desk-top dictionary doesn't just define words. It brings words alive. So anyone can feel the bitter emptiness of "rip-off". And get the full impact of "chopper". And at last understand the cool wisdom of "cryogenics".

How does Webster's New Collegiate accomplish such a feat? With over 3,000 quotations from poets, comics, critics and presidents. With over 24,000 phrases showing you how a word is used in context. And with scores of illustrations, charts and tables.

Altogether, over 150,000 words spring vividly to life. Including 22,000 new ones like "bummer" and "dashiki" as well as the grand old Melvillian polysyllables.

Everything in it is designed to make words easier to use than ever before. Which may explain why it has already become the best-selling dictionary ever. Buy one for your family, or as a gift. Just $9.95. Wherever books are sold.

Merriam-Webster Dictionaries, Springfield, MA 01101.

COMMENTARY

Christians, Why Do You Still Believe in God, in the Promise of the Cross?

Trend-mongers have been wont to descry a new religious revival in America every few years since the end of the last great war. In this they've been wrong, and on at least two counts. First, Americans have been in a state of nearly continuous religious revival since the founding of Plymouth Plantation; and, second, revival *seems hardly the right word to describe the anarchic sectarianism of our religious history: the everlasting creation of new bottles for new wine.* Reformation *seems more accurate, and historically resonant as well.*

Early in the seventeenth century the English poet George Herbert wrote: "Though I fail, I weep; / Though I halt in pace, / Yet I creep / To the throne of grace." Nothing could be more un-American: our style, typically, is to storm the throne of grace, anathematizing as we go whatever we see as standing between us and salvation, whether it is the arid theology of Cotton Mather or (more recently) the chains of scientific rationalism. Whence the antitraditionalism of our religious tradition, our openness to ecstasy and conversion, our helter-skelter pursuit of oneness with God, our triu phant affirmation of self in the obliteration of self.

But the present phase of the American reformation al owes much to the pragmatic spirit that informed the 195 phase. Eisenhower's wonderful maxim—"It doesn't mat what faith you have, as long as you've got a faith"—seer quite in harmony with the fickle commitments of those w yesterday gave themselves to Scientology, today to Ari tomorrow to Maharaj Ji, and Sunday to Billy Graha Very practical, too, is the spirit with which the prophets our day manage to found a business even as they receive Vision. How much time elapsed between the Last Supper a the building of the Vatican?

In any event, this was the context in which we thought ask: What is the state of traditional Christian belief toda We confined our queries to laymen on the perhaps indefen ble theory that for men of the cloth the answers would cor too easily. The responses, we feel, are more than eloquent.

—N. W.

I write the day after Christmas. I have in front of me a little machine, deposited in my stocking, with which I have been toying. If you pick up a flexible metal strip thinner than your fingernail and ease it into a slot at the upper end of the wallet-size instrument, an invisible gear clutches it, passing it quickly through, right to left, leaving it limp to the fingers at the opposite end. You grasp it and slide it then into the upper slot, where it serves you as dashboard, and what you see, imposed over eight rows of pencil-eraser-size keys is:

GREAT CIRCLE NAVIGATION
STD 03A

LAT LNG calc dist calc hdg.

I desire to know what distance I will need to go when, on the last day in May, I weigh anchor at Miami on my sailboat, bound for Gibraltar. I enter the latitude (LAT) of Miami, and the longitude (LNG) (25.30 and 80.15 respectively), and of Gibraltar (5.5, 36.10). I then depress the key (C) that appears directly below "calc dist" (the calculated distance between the two geographical positions whose coordinates have been fed into the computer). The bank of red digital numbers goes into a chaotic frenzy. I don't know how many different numbers actually flash on and off—it would require a slow-slow motion camera to photograph the tracery, and reduce it to figures; and there are split seconds of blackest void, as if the instrument were gagging on the difficulties of the task. But although it seems a very long time, in seven seconds there is sudden calm, and the figure is crystallized, like a tall mountain after a prolonged series of geological explosions: 3831.46 miles we'll have to sail. In which direction? A great circle bearing is not lightly yielded, and so after depres ing the key (D) there is even mo commotion, lasting twelve second The course is: 60 degrees 38 mi utes.

All that from the mind of man. occurs to me, as I ponder the work Hewlett and Packard, that wh strikes me as extraordinary is chil play for Hewlett and Packard, w have answers to scientific problems shall never know enough to fram Raising the inevitable question: wh is it that strikes Hewlett and Packa as extraordinary? David Hume famous for, among other things, marking, in the manner (if not t tone) of Oscar Wilde, that he wou sooner believe that human testimo had erred than that the laws of natu had been suspended. It occurs to r on reflection that the operative wor even allowing for the meiotic tra tion of the English, is *sooner*. The *is* a choice. Mine is that the der of the universe, the archi of the human spirit, the enduri

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

steries of love and the unique nity of faith, are the result of tral Planning, which took seven s, not seven seconds, to make a ld exciting enough to doubt Him. t is the flirtatious side of God, reach for a terrestrial metaphor. should laugh at its presumption, after trying it out several times, an laugh at the black nihilistic es of Hewlett and Packard. I am grammed to love God and to seek, vever vainly, to obey him, and to st that the course he laid out for in the grandest voyage, through e and space, and uncertainty, to nity and transfiguration, and reson, is as certainly charted as the land course that will lead me from mi to the Rock of Gibraltar. I ll follow the star of Bethlehem, wardly; and if I fail to reach it, all be guilty of every delinquency e that I ever doubted it was there.

—William F. Buckley, Jr.

liam F. Buckley, Jr., is the editor of ional Review, and author of numerous ks on politics and religion.

e have nothing, Scripture tells and science), that we are not giv- and faith is a gift. But a far great- gift is our total freedom—the free- n of our will to choose, to act, and reject. It was that total freedom sed the Fall, and the liturgy of od Friday calls it the blessed Fall, ause it in turn caused the Incarna- n. Whether "we made Him, or He de us" we shall never know here, we can make, sometimes, or al- ys, Pascal's bet: we can choose ich alternative to plump for.

find Catholic theology—the whole —structurally coherent, so that "if at we sometimes believe is true," Graham Greene put it, theology kes sense. But I know that for , faith is a neap tide that only very asionally covers my arid sands. d I have always found it impossi- to believe in any sort of personal mortality (though I am prepared say that I may be wrong), for it ms to me to contradict eternity, in ich I can truly and always believe. the Hasidic saying has it: "If not w, when?" and I am quite sure t it is possible to experience eter- y, however rarely, however briefly. And so I try to hold on (by my elashes) to what I inherited from ntless forebears, physical and spir- al. But I find as I get older that



Imported by Peel Street Wine Merchants, San Francisco.

The most controversial book of our times . .

THE DECODED NEW TESTAMENT



JUST PUBLISHED

By Gene Savoy
Author of "Antisuyo", Simon & Schuster; "Trail of the Feathered Serpent", Bobbs-Merrill; "The Lost Cities of the Incas", Robert Hale; "The Child: Christ", ICC, and 24 other religious texts.

With the publication of The Decoded New Testament all our previous conceptions of Christianity are altered. Not an interpretation. Not a new version. A revolutionary decoding of the cryptic writings of the New Testament. For over a century scholars have recognized that the Gospels and Epistles were purposely shrouded in symbology to hide the meanings. The keys to unlock them perished during the persecutions. That the true teachings of Christ were lost was generally accepted. Up until now Western civilization only dreamed of repossessing the lost gospel of Jesus. Foundation shattering. Reveals a system of self-development beyond the range of classical physics.

One of America's foremost explorers, theologians and Bible scholars completes another classic. A triumph of scholarship. Masterpiece of information. Momentous. Throws new light on the teachings of Christ. Seventeen years in the making.

FOR DISCRIMINATING COLLECTORS



A limited number of parchment, deluxe, numbered and autographed first edition copies are available. Only 1,000 printed of which only 900 will ever be offered. A truly magnificent and valuable gift for the lover of fine books. (225 remain)

Not offered in bookstores, order with coupon below.

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY OF CHRIST
100 North Arlington Avenue
Post Office Box 3279 Reno, NV 89505

Please send postpaid the following Decoded New Testament volumes. My payment is enclosed. (Tax deductible) P

☐ Standard	$39.50
☐ Deluxe	$50.00
☐ Limited Edition	$250.00

Name_____

Address_____

State_____ Zip_____

the air is always thinner. I began, like Théophile Gautier, as one "for whom the outside world exists," and I rejoiced in it. And I still rejoice. But gradually I realized that the "all things visible" of the Nicene Creed were less important than the "and invisible," such as life, time, emotion, pain, sound, thought. So now I just try to "be still" even though I will never "know that He is God."

—Anne Fremantle

Anne Fremantle is the author of The Three-Cornered Heart *(Curtis).*

Why do you believe in God? In the promise of the cross?" This question seems wrongly placed, doesn't feel right, forces a wrong answer.

I do not "believe in" my wife or children; they simply are. And in the same way (it will seem odd to some), God has always been present to me, familiar, as easy as air to my lungs or water to my lips. There are long stretches when I feel nothing at all, have in God no support, see nothing, live in the silent desert where no God is present, no God exists. God, I was taught long ago, is not a prop of anyone's psyche, not a comfort, not a function of my needs. God is, but does not manipulate an individual's life. Is close, does not obtrude. Is unseen, unfelt, untouched, not conceptualizable.

Still, I address God often. Perhaps especially while I write, and when I am with others. It is as though there is a silent center of myself where a conversation is almost always going on. Wordless, a communion, like a family at work near each other without words. Not necessarily in harmony. A silence in which lies or false emotions show up (eventually) as on a screen. As though within the experience of being honest, the part of myself that represents honesty is not, in reality, a part of myself but more encompassing and detached from me than that. As though my consciousness swims in, participates in, a current of honesty, truth-seeking, light. "God is closer to me than I to myself," said St. Augustine. Such words feel right.

The innermost part of my consciousness is not in my possession, judges all the other parts of myself, is a light in whose light everything about me is inadequate.

This part of myself is also a kind of hunger, a driving arrow, that no matter what I learn, or do, or ex rience, is not made permanently r ful. "Our hearts are restless, Lo until they rest in Thee." Not as thou I *need* God, rather, as though spring of God is wound within, a nothing else compares with the h den expectation.

Reading the literature of athei meeting so many persons, brilli and unbrilliant, who have no se of God (or, perhaps, revulsion, c tempt, rebellion), sometimes ma me wonder how I came to be so o What they say or do fascinates r and is not inconsistent with wha have experienced or understood. fails to touch the quiet place wit which needs no defense.

If there is no God, I would wan live exactly as I now do, so far inner attitudes and aspirations honesty, courage, freedom, comm nity would seem equally attracti There are so many facsimiles of G that people disown, and so ma poses that some strike up (Bertra Russell at times, Sartre, Anto Flew, and others) when they sh themselves superior to those whom God is present. Others are certain that God exists, as a sign their superiority to unbelievers, th they nauseate.

I believe in God" is not a propo tion like "I believe that there is God," or "I believe in good gove ment," or "I have faith in the p ple." It is rather like an outward pression of an inward inclination attention, of will, of energies, to low what is already there to unfo and to penetrate the dumb clay life.

Similarly with "the promise of t cross." I had always thought it wa warning: here you go, you too. sign of contradiction, a symbol the absurdity that life often is. If is a promise, the promise is rath like: "Whatever happens, you c endure." Even for Jesus, the Res rection did not remove the Cru fixion: the world was not immedia ly transformed. Hardly. The fi Christians called the Resurrecti a sign, a pledge, a hope—which is say, not a presently confirmed, re istic vindication. Good guys, then now, lost. Integrity is not reward to the naked eye, but only "in hope

Hope? A strange sort of hope. God allows his son to die in such

Maybe it's because we began about seven years ago mostly as a journal of contemporary music.

Maybe it's because practically everybody in the music business carries that latest issue around.

Maybe it's because we have a tabloid newsprint format like an underground newspaper.

Whatever the reason, at least several million prospective readers—probably including you—have the wrong idea about ROLLING STONE!

We think it's about time you found out that ROLLING STONE is *much much more* than just a music magazine and *miles above the underground*. It's a bi-weekly trip to the head, heart, and soul of contemporary America.

We're pioneering in a new kind of journalism, as different from the establishment press as the Electric Light Orchestra is from Lawrence Welk. It's intensely personal . . . frankly biased . . . endlessly curious . . . sensibly paranoid . . . usually irreverent.

We're printing stuff the uptight hidebound establishment press is neglecting, overlooking, avoiding, misunderstanding, and blundering. But it's so first-rate that we're beginning to attract readers over 30 who don't own a record player!

Here's a glimpse of what you've been missing . . .

Tom Wolfe's extraordinary Collective Unspoken monologue of the Astronauts' Remorse.

Inside Norman Mailer — via taped interview with a budding novelist who is his friend and sparring partner.

Hunter S. Thompson takes his celebrated "fear and loathing" from Las Vegas and the Campaign Trail to the Superbowl and Watergate.

Jane Fonda's recent visit to devastated North Vietnam and Viet Cong territory.

The case against Kissinger.

An exclusive interview with Daniel Ellsberg, who explained his life in secret government, his decision to leak the Pentagon Papers, and Nixon's obsession with destroying him.

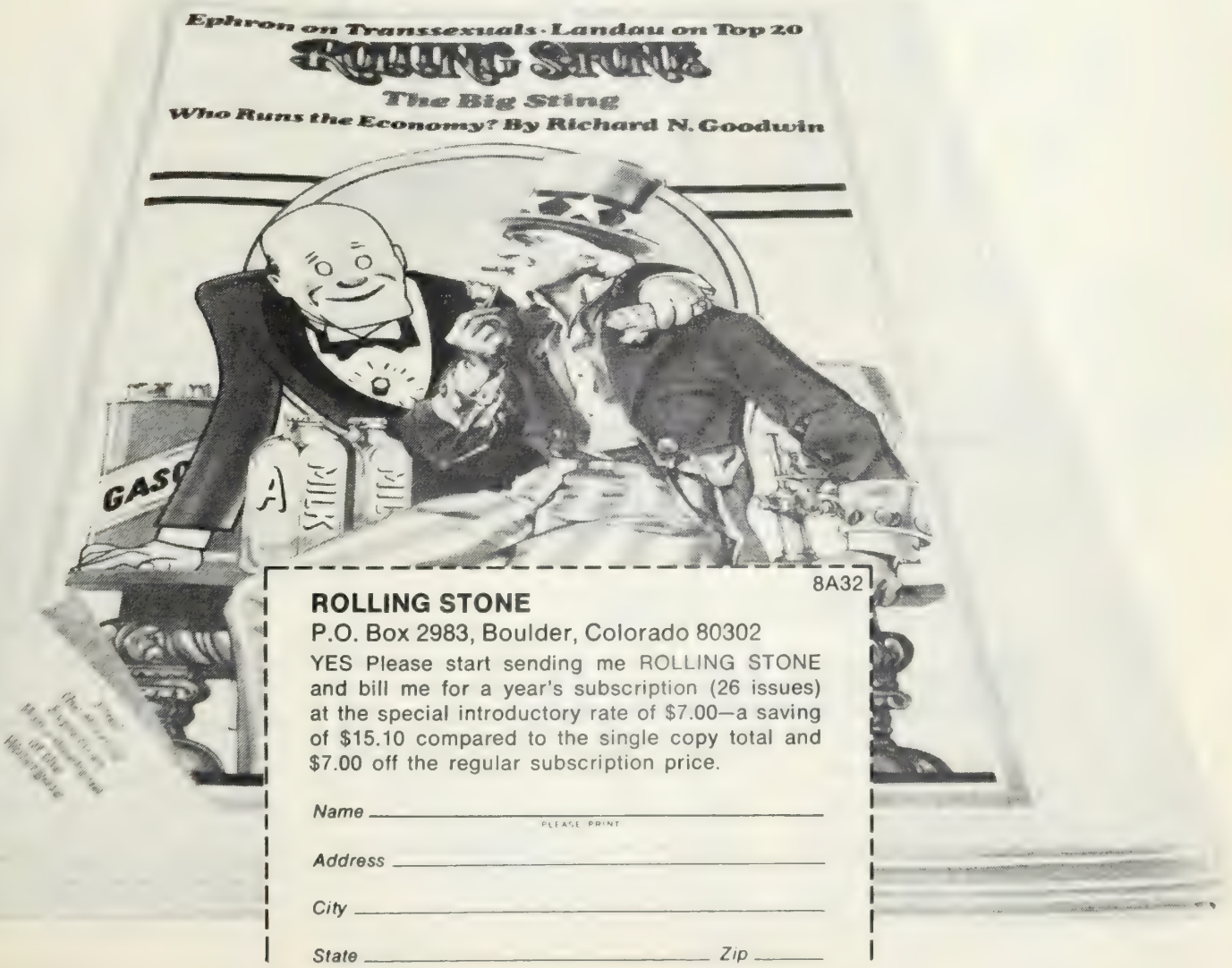
Joe Eszterhas's feverish nightmare report on the raunchy mob gathered at Snake River Canyon for Evel Knievel's (not quite) jump to the other side.

Ken Kesey's global search for the Secret Pyramid.

Mrs. Brown's greatest hits — some 400 compositions dictated to her by the spirits of 15 late composers.

Don't just stand there. Mail the reply card for a year's subscription (26 issues) at the special introductory saving shown. Then if the first issue doesn't turn you on, you can drop out just by dropping us a line.

Why is ROLLING STONE the most misunderstood magazine in America?



8A32

ROLLING STONE
P.O. Box 2983, Boulder, Colorado 80302

YES Please start sending me ROLLING STONE and bill me for a year's subscription (26 issues) at the special introductory rate of $7.00—a saving of $15.10 compared to the single copy total and $7.00 off the regular subscription price.

Name _____
PLEASE PRINT

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

way, what hope is there for this planet, the rest of us? That in some inscrutable way even Crucifixion, even a holocaust of all the life upon this planet, would reveal to us God's care and love is no consolation to this concrete flesh. The cross is not Pollyanna-like. It does not remove present cruel realities.

As for the promise of resurrection: I don't know what to make of immortality. "Eye has not seen, nor ear heard"—which seems to be an injunction not to try to imagine it. In any case, the urgent, practical question is how to live now. Immortality (which often seems to me plausible, to have a certain rightness about it; which often seems to me to have already begun, as though life in history is indeed a kind of mystification, illusion, pretense)—immortality, if there is any such thing, will take care of itself. Only for what I do in the years allotted have I responsibility; only there is it necessary to concentrate my energies. In this way, being a Christian today has a more pragmatic feel than I recognize in medieval writings.

I don't know how to understand God, or this world. For sure, this world is rather like the way Christian and Jewish Scripture instructs us to expect it: corrupt, fragile, lovely, cruel, disappointing. From *The Sun Also Rises* to *Something Happened*, Coheleth is always being rewritten in America. And God, as I imagine God, is more like the honesty, courage, freedom, and community in which human beings sometimes participate than like anything else in our experience. In God we live and move and have our being; and outside of God, our flatness and our pettiness, ourselves. What is God in us is lovelier than anything else in creation, and what is not God in us is not very pretty. "God" is not just a name for what is best in us, a name (as John Dewey put it) for our ideals, but a name for the magnetism, so to speak, which through us drives.

—Michael Novak

Michael Novak is the author of The Rise of Unmeltable Ethnics *(Macmillan).*

Today we two shall be in Paradise." Only one man, I believe, could keep that promise, made to his fellow crook while they were being executed. How can I tell that? As I would gauge the si a vessel that has passed, by the wake and turbulence it left be By the man's impact on the best purest lives I know or have hear By the experience that the g mysteries are the only languag which I can talk to the minds I want communion with, from Augustine to Dietrich Bonhoeffe a consonance of mysteries, eac complete in itself but the corr of others—myself one of those teries; and you another; and h other (the darkest). By a sense everything has a meaning beyon meaning, reaching toward him a desperate process of guessing hope. By prayer. By listening promise from my fellow crook.

—Garry

Garry Wills is the author of Bare R Choirs *(Doubleday).*

My wife and I, and our three go to church on Sundays. We d because we believe in, try to be f ful to the spirit of the Old and Testaments, as both of them r us. We often read the Bible. I it on my desk, along with Ap pha and the Book of Common Pr and a few books by twentieth-cen authors that somehow to me sha the message and, again, the spir the Bible: Eliot's *Four Quartets*, nanos's *Diary of a Country P* Simone Weil's *Gravity and G* and, for all their moments of ex James Agee's *Let Us Now P Famous Men* and *The Mor Watch*. But the Holy Bible is n be confused with anyone's pri heroes, however valuable, edify and even noble they be: the old still important distinction bet the sacred and the profane.

I worry, though, about public s ments by an individual about hi her religious convictions. Wri especially, are cursed by self-ser egoism, and an inclination to gance: the sin of pride. In *Le Now Praise Famous Men*, Agee a wondrously illuminating jo showing how banal, trite, and centered even the most intelli minds can become when they themselves, their inclinations, sumptions, values a little too ously. (He was angered by a tionnaire that *Partisan Review* out in 1939 to people like him, ing their opinions on a whole r

THE HOUSE OF
MEDICI
ITS RISE AND FALL
The full account of the extraordinary family who, through their wealth and character, were able to rule Florence, control the Papacy, and influence the policies of an entire continent.
43 illustrations, two maps. Notes on Buildings and Works of Art. List of Principal Medici portraits, Busts, Statues in Florence. Bibliography. Index.
A History Book Club Selection
BY CHRISTOPHER HIBBERT
$12.50
WILLIAM MORROW

CHRISTMAS HUMPHREYS
Exploring Buddhism
Softbound, 191pp, $2.50.
A new book by this English author is welcome news to readers who esteem understandable thought and clear writing. It is not a book that merely wanders around in the past, but one that talks to readers looking for new values and purposes beyond money and possessions. *Why should one "play the game"?* Humphreys asks, and gives some thoughtful answers.
A NEW QUEST BOOK... AT BOOKSTORES
or promptly, postpaid, from Quest Books Dept. HM, 306 West Geneva Rd., Wheaton, IL 60187
The Theosophical Publishing House WHEATON, IL LONDON MADRAS

es and practices—among them, tter of their religious faith, if nd its relationship, if any, to work.) So, I submit this statewith, at the very minimum, a of foreboding. In any event, of the people who have meant ost to me seem to have what I se could be called a religious ility: Eliot and Auden, Berand Weil, Walker Percy, Flan-O'Connor, Cormac McCarthy, ay Day, and James Agee. One up to such men and women, ne also, in this case at least, s them as pilgrims whose presand example makes the mys-s and often dark journey we all on this earth just a little less ain. —Robert Coles

Coles, a psychiatrist, is the author of n of Crisis (Little, Brown).

Program at the Installation of a Bishop

ross of New York
ishop of New York attended by Coadjutor and the Suffragan anons of the Cathedral Church

ss
ishops in their order
hoir.

ss
hancellor and the President
he Standing Committee
tanding Committee
rustees of the Cathedral
fficers of the Diocese
Representatives of other Religious Bodies and Academic titutions.

lergy of the Diocese
lergy of other Dioceses
lembers of Religious Orders
eminarians of the Diocese.

nstruction
Processions will retire in direct rity, proceeding the length of Cathedral, and leaving by the Bronze Doors.

ction
they did go
lignity
rough the Great Bronze Doors sterdam Avenue.
—Eugene J. McCarthy

J. McCarthy recently declared his acy for the 1976 Presidential nomina-

Claude Vignec, physical training expert says:

Fitness is my business



I RECOMMEND BULLWORKER BECAUSE IT'S FAST, IT'S EASY AND IT REALLY WORKS!

Most men know they're not getting enough exercise to keep their bodies in good shape.

However, unless their careers depend on it (like professional athletes, actors, etc.), it's been my experience that most men will not continue with a regular training program long enough for it to do them much good unless the training is fast, easy and shows results right away.

Bullworker training gets a top score on all three counts:

—it's fast: each exercise takes only 7 seconds and the complete workout can be done in about five minutes

—it's easy: most men between 15 and 65 in good general health can run through the full program without getting tired

—you see your improvement right from the very first day on the built-in Powermeter. After about two or three weeks of regular training, most men can measure an extra inch or two of muscle on the shoulders, the chest, the biceps—and an inch or two less flab around the waistline.

And that's just the beginning: there are specialized exercises for building-up or trimming down any part of your body you want to. What's more, since Bullworker training is progressive, you perform better each time. Yet the training always seems easy since with every workout your strength increases by about 1%—that's an increase of up to 50% in just three months, and I've seen many men go on to double and even triple their strength. It's my opinion that Bullworker is the most advanced home trainer on the market today. I use it and recommend it to any man who wants to get back into shape fast.

For free details about Bullworker Fitness Training, recommended by fitness experts, champion athletes and nearly two million enthusiastic users the world around, mail coupon today. No obligation; no salesman will visit.

BULLWORKER SERVICE, 201 Lincoln Blvd., Middlesex, N.J. 08846 228

See your strength G-R-O-W-I-N-G day by day on the built-in patented POWERMETER



BULLWORKER SERVICE, Dept. BW1799
201 Lincoln Blvd., Middlesex, N.J. 08846

Please send me my FREE full color brochure about BULLWORKER 2 without obligation. No salesman will visit.

Name _____ Age _____
please print
Street _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Canada: Home delivery duty paid. Ask for FREE booklet.

Harper's Magazine subscriber service

affix Magazine Address Label here

CORRESPONDENCE

Please include your address label when writing about your subscription to help us serve you promptly. Write to: Harper's Magazine, Subscription Dept., 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please let us know you are moving at least five weeks in advance. Affix your magazine address label in space above and print new address below.

TO SUBSCRIBE: check boxes below.

☐ New ☐ Renewal
☐ 1 year $8.97 ☐ 3 years $17.94
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.
(Add'l postage: $1.50 per year outside U.S., its possessions, Canada & Pan America)

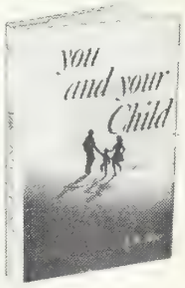
name

address

city state zip code

A Primer for Parents
YOU AND YOUR CHILD
K. E. Moyer, Ph.D.

Charging that a generation of professional counsel is responsible for a national parental inferiority complex, two-year-old tyrants, and rebellious teen-agers, Dr. Moyer offers a pragmatic new approach to parenting that restructures child-parent roles and responsibilities in ways that return fun to the child-rearing process. $9.95



AT YOUR BOOKSELLER

nh Nelson-Hall Publishers
325 W. Jackson, Chicago 60606

NEW DISCOVERED *Beautifying*
HYDRO - MOISTURE
VITAMIN E FOOT
CARE LOTION
After 175 Years
FREE FEET

Few massaging treatments all over your feet with this new discovered miracle beautifying hydro-moisture active foot care lotion guarantees to make your feet feel brand new again and look as beautiful as your hands.
Free Feet moisture activates away hard crust from foot and heels, rough skin around toe nails. Softens feet and toe nails. Same massage treatment feeds moisture back into with Vitamin E and painlessly rids feet from hot miserable corns, calluses, ingrown toenails, soreness in bunions, fungus and burning. Stops sweaty and bad foot odor, cools and soothes tired working and playing feet. Money back guarantee.
Send $3.98 in check or money order (no C.O.D.'s) to DR. INGRAMS FREE FEET, P.O. Box 3310, San Bernardino, Calif. 92413.

I find it somewhat difficult to set down my views on God and Christianity. In the first place, I am not a missionary and I have no desire to impose my creed on others. In the second place, I do not look forward with any joy to the inevitable arguments that will be evoked from atheists who seek to persuade others to their beliefs with all the zeal of a fundamentalist preacher trying to put a skirt on a South Sea island maiden. In the third place, my convictions are not the result of the intellectual analysis which affords the only kind of exposition which most modern men and women accept as valid. Nevertheless, I do not believe in dodging a question that is fundamental to my way of life.

So there will be no misunderstanding, I begin by stating that my religious beliefs are simple, direct, and untinged by sociological, psychological, or philosophical jargon. I take the sacraments in their literal form as a covenant with God. I regard identification with Christ on the cross as the road to redemption. I consider the Bible—or at least the Pentateuch and the Synoptic Gospels—as the Word of the Lord. I try—with occasional success—to follow the injunction to "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God."

For none of this do I demand "proof." In fact, it was my ultimate realization that faith has nothing to do with intellectual analysis which brought me to Christianity after a tortuous path that began in a Presbyterian Sunday school and led me through Marxism, agnosticism, rationalism and, at one point, a fanatical confidence in the social sciences as the salvation of mankind. It took me many years to realize that all of these ideologies were merely a matter of faiths whose inadequacies were concealed by the elaborate intricacies of their intellectual superstructures.

In coming to this realization, the theologians had very little impact upon me because they, too, were erecting elaborate superstructures on a simple faith. The difference was that when I took my eyes off the superstructure and looked at the foundation, I felt instinctively that it was sound. I needed no philosopher to help me, although I was heavily influenced by Kierkegaard's statement that the Christian experience is "to stand alone in the face of God."

My faith is not colored by lusions about the Church, wh quote Kierkegaard once mo frequently stood between hun ings and Christianity. It is a instrument and therefore imp Nevertheless, it has kept th alive; it is vital for the admi tion of the sacraments; and a without a Church will eventua come a Catch-22 society. The many hypocritical churchmen cannot forget the aphorism "I risy is the obeisance that vice to virtue." If no one feels con to make that obeisance, it will cause there is no more virtue

I do not include in my c belief that in the hereafter I wi around on clouds being ente by cherubim and seraphim (i lucky) while others roast in do not pretend to comprehe Christian promise of eternal li more than I comprehend infi am content to leave such mat the hands of the Lord. As f Biblical account of creation, totally uninterested in whethe things "really happened" or w the stories are just parables. are true in the sense that they the condition of mankind, and the only truth I really care ab

As an example, when I look ciety today I see an exact para the tower of Babel. We are bu huge monuments to the god of munications"—centers of com cations, communications sate high-speed duplicators that ca out thousands of words per m Yet, with all our science, we a able to "communicate" with other sufficiently well to end sen slaughter in Northern Ireland the Middle East. Of course, me women have always fought sen ly, but in the modern age we constructed the tower of Babel ciently tall to put murder on a sale and perhaps even universal

I also find a superstitious w of false gods—twentieth-centu ganism shot through with supers —of course, of a modern va How many hundreds of thousa men and women died in Vietna cause the computer told our le that they would "win" when the ratio" reached 8 to 1—or some grisly rate? Frankly, I believ ancient pagans were more sen The Delphic oracle always gave

ers a mystic answer which made
n think and frequently come to
right conclusion. The computer
ays produces a specific answer
ch puts an end to thought and
ces immediate, and frequently
l, action.

Naturally, the problem does not
with the computer which is a use-
instrument. The problem lies with
tendency of modern pagans to
fuse a machine with God and to
get that it is merely giving them
nputations.

should add that my faith has not
de me "anti-intellectual." What it
done is to convince me that in-
ectuality should be confined to
proper sphere—reasoning from
mises. Nor has it reduced my ca-
ity for skepticism. My unques-
ning beliefs really begin and end
the communion rail, and on all
er matters I reserve the right of
tical judgment.

I should also add that my faith
es not lead me to rule out other
hs to God. I can find echoes of
ristianity in Socrates as he pre-
red to die; in Marcus Aurelius,
en though he persecuted Chris-
ns; in Jews and Mohammedans,
en though they accept Christ only
a rabbi or a prophet; and in Bud-
ists, even though they do not see
vation in a personal God. Chris-
nity is for me because it is part of
heritage and because I find it
engthening and satisfying. Let oth-
follow the path of their faith. I
not seek to convert, as I find it
fficiently difficult to live as a Chris-
n myself.

As to whether the faith is useful,
do not care. It is obligatory upon
e and that is enough. My covenant
th the Lord does not include the
ght to bargain for special favors
d I am content.

It may be that the Church and
en the name of Christianity will
ss away. But, like Kierkegaard, I
lieve the force itself will not die. It
ll exist as long as there are men
d women who believe that there is
mething to life other than a posi-
n in a mass of vital statistics and
o realize that when people lose
eir faith in God, they replace it
th blind obedience to men, and it
comes only a matter of time until
eedom vanishes. —George E. Reedy

eorge E. Reedy is the author of The Presi-
ncy and the New Constituencies *(Colum-
a University Press).*

I still believe in God, the God of Abraham, of the Hebrew prophets, of countless Jews and Christians of every age, of Martin Buber, of John XXIII, of Dorothy Day. I do not believe in God as an explanation "of how the universe is arranged or of how the history of mankind has developed." Particular explanations of particular features of the world are the business of scientists and historians. General explanations—the theological science fiction of Teilhard de Chardin, for example—are unsatisfactory because they seem to claim that we know things of which we are of necessity ignorant. God is not an explanation of how things are; he is the ground of there being any thing at all.

That God is gracious and the source of new life for men I have come to know within the believing community, above all within the Roman Catholic Church. This body, especially perhaps in North America, seems since the second Vatican Council to have been as much shaken by skepticism and moral confusion as other churches, and this has been for many a severe trial of faith. I think the appearance of discipline and uniformity in the Church before the Council was a bit misleading. Much was whispered in corners that is now said out loud. The open study of historical problems, a more candid attitude to the critical study of the Bible, the simplification of the liturgy—these are all games, even if they have sometimes been painful. With these changes there have come a certain amount of silliness and a foolish desire to conform to the spirit of the age. It strikes me as idiotic that Catholics should solemnly discuss, as matters on which the Church could change, the traditional teaching about homosexuality, continence outside marriage, the killing of the unborn, the indissolubility of Christian marriage, as though these were matters of human devising, like clerical celibacy or the traditional restriction of the priesthood to males. Of course, it is significant that it is the discussion of sexual morals that jangles our nerves. It is "a central topic," and Christian attitudes in this field have scandalized and repelled pagans since apostolic times. But there are other topics. Pride, avarice, jealousy, hatred, all the vices that spring from the absence of charity and self-sacrificing love, have always been thought within the Church to be more serious than the sins of the flesh. These vices enslave us both as individual persons and through the institutions and practices of the rich, wasteful, dignified, and sometimes murderous societies of North America and Western Europe. In our time the two great crimes of these societies have been the destruction of the European Jews in the camps and gas chambers of the Third Reich and the use of barbarous methods of warfare: area-bombing, the dropping of atom bombs on Japanese cities, the poisoning of crops and wild vegetation, to choose a few examples. Christians have to be ashamed of what they did and of what they failed to do in connection with these crimes. One can understand why men are tempted to say, faced with such dreadful acts, that God is dead.

God is not dead. He is present to us, incarnate in Jesus, the Messiah of promise, in the Bible, in the sacraments, especially in Baptism and the Sacrament of the Altar, in the love that holds communities together; above all he is present in the poor and wretched of the earth. He breaks down, if we want him to, the division between races and nations. He can rebuild ruined lives, break the shell of habit and routine that encloses the lives of the respectable, protect the innocence of children, take away the anxieties of mature men and women, guard the dignity of the old. But all this he does through human agency, sometimes by individual action, sometimes by breaking and remolding the institutions of our society.

God is not just comfort and consolation. He is also a judge, a righter of wrongs, Lord of the Universe. His ways are not our ways; his purposes are unfathomable. We do well to fear him, not as slaves but as his creatures. That we are called to be his sons and daughters and to share his life forever we know only because he first loved us and, in the fullness of time, as Paul puts it in his letter to the Philippians, "emptied himself, taking the form of a slave, being born in the likeness of men." It is through the coming of the Son that we dare to say in prayer to God: Our Father. —J. M. Cameron

J. M. Cameron is the author of a biography of Cardinal Newman (British Book Centre).

BOOKS

THE FINEST KING

by John Gardner

The Golden Dragon: Alfred the Great and His Times, by Alf J. Mapp, Jr. Open Court, $8.95.

STUDY OF THE LIVES of great men used to be a standard part of American education. It has fallen a little out of fashion now, because of two strange mistakes. The first is the widespread but erroneous notion that we're not sure what values we really believe in and would like to see instilled, by means of models, in our children. In point of fact, we instantly recognize—if we stop and think clearly—that we *do* have values which constantly guide our perceptions and decisions. The second mistake is our timorous assertion that there are no great men, an error brought about by our ignorance of history and that churlishness which blinds us to greatness in our own day—that of Eisenhower, for instance, whose nobility of soul soared high above his grammar.

The Golden Dragon is a valuable, though not entirely successful, attempt at the kind of "young people's biography" that our civilization used to depend on for handing down its values. The book is not aimed exclusively at young people: it's the sort of popular history anyone can enjoy. But its ingenious dramatic and poetic effects—for instance its ironic comparison of King Alfred, the Golden Dragon of Wessex, with the murderous, dragonlike Viking ships that threatened everything Alfred stood for; or, again, its comparison of King Alfred and the mythic king he probably admired, Beowulf—make the book especially appropriate for intelligent, sensitive adolescents. Partly by means of his allusions to the poetry of Alfred's time, partly by means of highly poetic (sometimes overly poetic) writing of his own, Alf J. Mapp conjures up a powerful feeling—a kind of dream image—of Alfred's England. He makes the great issue, civilization versus barbarism, emotionally important, and makes the king's exemplary virtues—courage, intelligence, compassion, faith—more than empty words, so that the book really is, in the noblest sense, an exemplary biography.



The Granger Collection

King Alfred was, in fact, the bravest, wisest, and noblest English monarch—and quite possibly the finest king our planet ever saw. Pushed by those terrifying, half-crazy killers who were burning, plundering, and raping all Europe, tearing down chu to repair their boats, erecting s phalluses as a sign of their scor what they viewed as effete Chris ity—hemmed in, hounded, and l ly driven underground by thos king wild men—Alfred was ab achieve the most remarkable c back in all English history. Fron fog-shrouded, swamp-moated is hideout, the king and his terr thanes managed, in a few years, only to win back all they'd lost also to gain direct control of a l swatch of England, and a negoti peace with the rest. It is, quite ply, one of history's most exci tales, and Mapp tells it accura and well.

MAPP GIVES EQUAL attention t fred's second side—for Alfr greatness was not only military. was an intellectual of the first der—a nautical engineer (ultim ly, Alfred beat the Vikings by ma their once-incomparable ships s mere junks in comparison to own), an architect, translator, maker, geographer (the first g scientific geographer of northern rope), a stylist who was able to tr form his rather simple and sp native language into a subtle flexible instrument, and, above a Christian statesman who, by his erous and humane treatment of b en enemies, was able to end reve wars and bring his nation peace.

Mapp tells of Alfred's fight the outlaw king Haesten, a cyn old wolf who repeatedly took ad tage of Alfred's custom of beating enemy to his knees and then gi

John Gardner's latest book is The King's Indian: Stories and Tales *(Alfred A. Knopf).*

generous peace terms—instead nging him and slaughtering his ien, the more usual ninth-cen- policy. Year after year old Haes- accepted King Alfred's peace, hen, when summer came, set out his Mercian stronghold to rob murder the king's villagers. One ier, instead of chasing Haesten, Alfred's sons attacked Haesten's while he was gone, capturing s treasures, including his Viking , carried back to London what could, and burned all the rest. writes:

No Englishman could have been ore exultant than Edward as he turned to his father, carrying th him the captured wife and ns of Haesten. Here were hos- ges that would bring the old ror to heel. But Alfred could t accept this gift of fate. He uld not subject Haesten's wife the misery of captivity. As for e two boys, one was Alfred's dson [as a result of earlier ace treaties], the other Ethelred's lfred's son], and the king and e ealdormen had vowed to pro- t both. The falsity of the hus- nd and father could not cancel e debt of common humanity to e mother and children. Alfred nt them back to Haesten under otective escort.

tempting to view this with mod- ynical eyes: there's old Haesten, oing like a savage on the ruins s fort, his crops burned, his cat- arried off. How delightfully iron- send him his wife and sons at ne like this—three more bur- ! But Alfred was a man inca- e of cruelty or irony, a king who ally wrote into law, for the guid- of his judges, a version of the en rule: "Let him judge a man ne himself would wish to be ed, if the other man were in his e." Perhaps the highest praise can give to Mapp's book is that as dealt with such a man con- ingly, without embarrassment.

he Golden Dragon has faults, of se. The book has one whole sec- that, in future editions, should rastically cut or eliminated. One Alfred's great accomplishments his transformation of the English uage. But since Alfred spoke Old lish, which is as far from modern lish as, say, German or Swedish, work in this area is extremely cult to discuss in a popular book —impossible for anyone but a specialist in language. In any case, much of Mapp's chapter on "the king's English" is wrong and rather boring.

Bruce Carter's illustrations are a bit too cartoonish and histrionic, at times outrageously bad. The best illustration would have been excellent in some other book—a book about a knight and three ducks.

Mapp has an eye for quotations, however. (With Alfred, admittedly, it's hard to miss.) The book is a treasury of snippets from Alfred and his world. Mapp gives us, in serviceable translation, passages of the king's best religious prose, his brilliant axletree meditation on free will, selections from his comments on the state of the kingdom, even some entertaining samples of the king's meticulously worked-out laws: "'If a man's thumbnail is struck off by another, is he entitled to more compensation than if the nail of the third finger be torn away?' Five shillings for the thumbnail, two for a nail on the third finger." □

A REASONABLE MAN

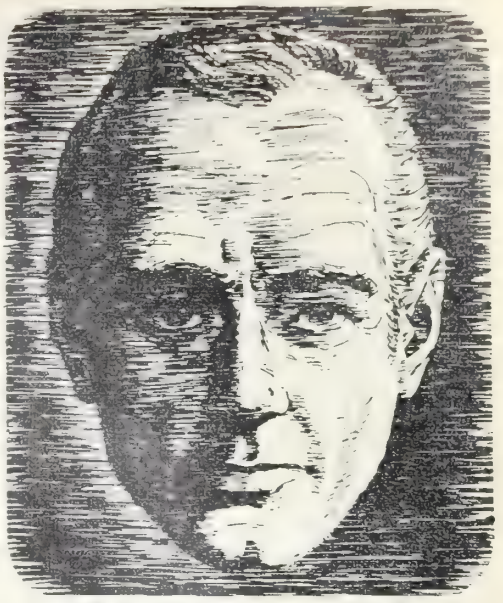
by Jack Richardson

Aldous Huxley: A Biography, by Sybille Bedford. Alfred A. Knopf, $15.

HAD ALDOUS HUXLEY been more eccentric, as a man or a writer, his biography might gratify those who believe that bizarre habits are the necessary condition for an interesting literary life. The gain of another example of romantic agony, however, would have meant the loss of something rarer—the depiction of a writer's life as a sustained, unpretentious effort that invites admiration for its daily commerce with ordinary experience. To Huxley, writing seemed neither a religious act nor a wage-earning drudgery. Rather, it was a profession, pleasurable but often arduous, that allowed one to make a living while continuing to be intellectually honest and socially useful.

Jack Richardson is a critic and playwright.

HE HAS INNER VISION



The Ancients called it COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

There are no physical limitations to inner vision . . . the psychic faculties of man know no barriers of space or time. A world of marvelous phenomena awaits your command. Within the natural — but unused — functions of your mind are dormant powers which can bring about a transformation of your life.

Know the mysterious world within you and learn the secrets of a full and peaceful life!

The Rosicrucians (not a religion) are an age-old brotherhood of learning. For centuries they have shown men and women how to utilize the fullness of their being. This is an age of daring adventure . . . but the greatest of all is the exploration of self. Determine your purpose, function and powers as a human being.

Write for your FREE copy of "The Mastery of Life" — Today! No obligation. No salesmen. A nonprofit organization. Address: Scribe H.O.W.

The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California 95114, U.S.A.

SEND THIS COUPON

Scribe H.O.W.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California 95114, U.S.A.

Please send me the free book, *The Mastery of Life,* which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____

These last two qualities were very much a part of the world into which Huxley was born, the world of upper-middle-class intellectual tradition, from which so much of England's scientific, social, and literary achievements had come during the nineteenth century. His mother, Julia Frances Huxley, was the granddaughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and the niece of Matthew Arnold, the epitome of Victorian resolution and intelligence. Aldous also had the achievements of his father's side of the family to live up to: his grandfather, Thomas Huxley, had been one of the leading scientists of his time, an eloquent defender of scientific method who, in his famous debate with Bishop Wilberforce, actually made Darwinism appear more in harmony with English moral principles than the poor clergyman's enlightened orthodoxy. He was not, however, such a zealot that he believed science to be a solution to those questions that deal with how men ought to live, and in his most famous work, *Evolution and Ethics*, he raised many of the objections to turning science into a way of life that his grandson, almost forty years later, would put to narrative use in the dark utopian novel, *Brave New World*.

With such a cerebral ancestry, it is no wonder that Aldous makes his entrance in Miss Bedford's book in the following amusing manner:

> *During his first years his head was proportionally enormous, so that he could not walk until he was two because he was apt to topple over. "We put father's hat on him and it fitted."*

The head was soon being put to less whimsical use. Huxley's early school years were filled with examples of appealing precocity, and, had it not been for a violent eye infection at the age of sixteen, he would certainly have continued to manage his studies with ease and brilliance, moving through the ordinary academic channels until, with suitable honors, he chose whatever career, in science or the arts, that he fancied. His eye disease, however, interrupted this easy flow to maturity and set severe limits on his ambitions. At first he was almost totally blind, and although his condition improved to the extent that he no longer needed Braille, he would for the rest of his life labor under the strain of minimal vision. The way in which, as a youth, he met this crisis—the remarks attributed to him that Miss Bedford quotes are all uncomplaining and touched with unaffected humor—says a good deal about the benefits of the atmosphere in which he grew up, and signals the way in which Huxley, throughout his career, would react to the assortment of pains and calamities that beset even the most uneventful lives.

HUXLEY'S WEAK eyesight did, however, cause him to abandon any thought of a future in science, and, having achieved a small literary reputation by the time he left Oxford, he began more and more to consider writing as the only practical alternative to the tedious prospect of a schoolmaster's life at Eton. The critical and, to some extent, financial success of his first novel, *Crome Yellow*, caused his publisher, Chatto and Windus, to offer him a contract whereby he was to be given an annual advance of £500 in return for which, to quote the agreement, "the Author agrees to supply the publishers with two new works of fiction per annum (one of which works shall be a full-length novel) written by himself during the next three years."

This assured income would allow Huxley to give up writing reviews and articles that paid the daily bills; he and his young wife would be free to travel. It would seem the contract offered almost everything a young writer needed in order to work without petty financial distraction. But . . . two works of fiction a year! One of which to be a full-length novel! It can't be said that young Huxley got a bargain. Miss Bedford sums up what today's literary professionals would think of the contract's conditions: "Six books in fact in a row, commonplace enough to the Victorians, but what writer of today—of similar talent and literary conscience—would, *could*, take on such an engagement?" Most likely it was precisely his endowment of Victorian energy and intellectual confidence that enabled Huxley to fulfill this obligation and to continue, throughout his career, to produce novels, stories, and essays at a rate that allowed only fourteen of his forty-six professional years to pass without being marked by at least one Huxley publication.

From today's perspective, when writers groan and labor to produce in a decade what Huxley turned in a year, and publishers are py to subsidize long periods of tation with advances at least times greater than Huxley's, it is not to admire the size and qualit his achievement. As Huxley hin admitted, however, the temporal its in which he worked kept him f attempting the deeper explorat into the forms and uses of fictio which many of his contempora were engaged. The uses of myth, chology, and symbol, the new orc tration of language, were attracti Huxley's analytical mind, but never was able to use them in but a secondhand, schematic way compare, for example, *The Cou feiters* with Huxley's *Point Cou Point* is to see how empty mo technique can be when it is emplo merely as a clever device and no tegrated into the substance and n ner of the work. For Gide, the lie life and fiction fuse into an ir reality which says as much about duplicity of art as it does about mendacity of passions. Huxley, sciously appropriating Gide's de —the writer's journal that comm on and recreates the "facts" of main narrative—achieves no n than a somewhat overdressed sa whose intelligence, humor, and so perceptions would be much n happily served by a simpler exp tion.

But it was not only the pressure time that limited Huxley's scope writer of fiction. Again by his admission, he was not a born nove someone naturally inquisitive al and delighted by all the human pects of life. If he had the Victo novelists' energy, he neverthe lacked their ability to see and rer the importance in the small detail humanity and to give artistic dig to the silly, trivial moments of so existence. Huxley was far more i ested in ideas, in intellectual tudes and fashions. Understan and accepting this temperame bias, he never pretended to the po of the great novelist to fuse the h and mind of his audience, and content if he could win only the proval of its intelligence.

Having decided then that his as a writer were closer to thos Peacock than to those of Dick Huxley proceeded to use them great efficiency. As a satirist in *A Hay*, as a fabulist in *Brave*

'd, as an anecdotal historian in *Devils of Loudun,* as a critic of re in *Literature and Science,* he ils what detached observation ccomplish in literature, and re- ls us of the worth of cultivated igence even when it is unaccom- ed by the dramatics of genius.

WHILE HUXLEY WORKED on these many projects, his life, we gath- om Miss Bedford, was pleasant gh. He traveled extensively, comfortably in Italy and ce, received more and more hon- nd attention, and enjoyed the orts and responsibilities of being sband and a father. His close ds were for the most part less rated than he, and one of the ties Miss Bedford displays again gain about Huxley is the way in h he honored and valued the dships of those he had grown up those whose claim on his atten- came not from their achieve- s but from their having shared a in his life that he could remem- with affection and gratitude.

ch a gentle, reticent person as Bedford presents is a little hard concile with the author of works erbic, clinical, and sophisticated uxley's. It is naive to suppose an artist must be in his private is he is in his work, but surely ey had something waspish about ersonality, something that could t a sting into his social relation- . It is therefore gratifying to Huxley's opinion of T. S. Eliot their first meeting—"just a peanized American, overwhelm- cultured, talking about French ture in the most uninspiring on imaginable"—or to share his ement at the cultural pompous- displayed by a group of exiled an intellectuals as they gather entially to listen to Thomas n read from *Joseph and His hers.*

e last stages of Huxley's life, he lived in Hollywood, did n work, and began seriously ing the methods of Oriental sophy, produced those works for h he is probably best remembered e general public. Because *The s of Perception* dealt with the of mescaline and LSD, many t (or blame) Huxley for giving tain intellectual respectability to se of drugs, which was spread- ing into a way of life among large numbers of America's young people during the past decade. Miss Bedford, while not denying that Huxley may have in some way contributed to the cult of chemical stimulation, makes it clear that he was no highbrow Timothy Leary. Huxley's experiments with drugs were cautious, controlled, and the result not of a desire to escape reality but of the need to investigate the possibilities of extending it. The life he had led, the life of rational intelligence and social concern, almost always leaves deep scars of disappointment on the mind, for the world refuses to become reasonable no matter how aptly one criticizes its madness. For a mind like Huxley's, a mind painfully aware of the limits of rational persuasion and of the cold comforts of science, hallucinogens were a possible way of adding both mystical and moral greatness to human life. Whatever one may think about the conclusions of such experiments, no one can say that Huxley had not earned the right to make them.

This study by Miss Bedford is not one of the great efforts of literary biography. No attempt is made to distill, cohere, or judge the life of her subject, and one is often shocked by her carelessness of style and organization of facts—defects that make so much of her work read like notes for a biography. Nevertheless, she has allowed us to share her feeling of warmth and respect for Huxley, and to know a little more about a way of literary life that, along with its sense of moral and cultural earnestness, seems to be gradually vanishing. □

ICH BIN EIN KEFAUVER SENIOR

by Charles Nicol

National Lampoon 1964 High School Yearbook Parody, edited by P. J. O'Rourke and Doug Kenney. National Lampoon, $2.50.

THIS IS THE FINEST example of group writing since the King James Bible or, anyway, *The Kinsey Report.* How it got to be so good remains a mystery, since the regular issues of the *National Lampoon* are about as subtle and funny as a slow truck on a mountain.

Kurt Vonnegut once noted that we are governed by the kids we hated in high school. Itself a parody of the society outside its cement-block walls, high school is where we learned that we were among the losers; other kids burned rubber alongside our lonely sidewalks or danced in their socks with cheerleaders while we played Ping-Pong. The 1964 graduating class of C. Estes Kefauver Memorial High School in Dacron, Ohio, is our world in miniature.

If one opens the yearbook at random, he finds what might be expected: a photograph of a shot-putter balanced on one foot after release while the distant coach clutches his crushed foot: a school luncheon menu that includes "Fish Sticks au Jus"; the girls' phys. ed. teacher with a foot fetish—standard parody fare. But there are more subtle touches: the kitsch of the dedication to John F. Kennedy, assassinated during the school year, "who might as well have said, '*Ich bein ine Kefauver Senior.*'" (*Sic,* of course.) Or the removal from the yearbook of the photographs of the six seniors who died in an auto wreck after the prom, whose names can only be ferreted out after careful study. Indeed, the whole production rewards careful study, for, like the fictitious victims of the Marquis de Sade, this yearbook is executed with love. It abounds in details whose full value can only be established by the reader through constant cross-referencing, until he finally grasps the work-as-a-whole in an immediate present where everything coalesces.

This particular copy of the yearbook belongs to Larry Kroger, Everyman for the nonce, and the handwritten comments of his fellow students reveal the extent of his sentimental education. Desperately in love with Tammy "Twinky" Croup, a cheerleader and runner-up for Homecoming Queen, Larry had asked her to be his date for the prom. She stood him up at the last minute. Everyone knows how deeply Larry has been hurt, but their intended consolations all rub salt in the wound. Thus Vincent "French" Lambretta writes, "Larry—Remember, they're all the same upside down and that went for

Charles Nicol, an assistant professor of English at Indiana State University, is writing An Erotics of Nabokov's Novels.

Twinky, too! One who knows, French." The last page of Larry's yearbook is "Reserved for Tammy Croup," but Twinky leaves it empty; Wing-Ding Weisenheimer, the class's fat Lenny Bruce, writes there a series of obscene jokes. Game Larry took unattractive Eggy Eggenschwiler to the prom instead; although they went by bus, had a pizza after the prom, and came home early, she promises that this summer she will "come over and see you *all the time*!!!!" From her distant throne the school queen, Amana Swansdown Peppridge, attempts to soothe her subjects: "I think you're a *super* person and I'm *really* sorry about Twinky (Eggy is a *wonderful* human being, too . . . hint, hint!). See you this summer when you come over to mow our lawn."

Some other members of this collection of imprisoned misfits deserve mention. With careful reading, one can establish that the sick Mad Crapper, whose series of excremental atrocities have befouled the school all year, is actually the new principal, Humphrey C. Cornholt. Wing-Ding, the school madcap, injects a note of dismal sanity into the syrupy "In Memorium [*sic* again]" by commenting on the victim of tuberculosis, "What a dipshit!" The exchange student, the dumb rich kid, the easy lay, the young scientist, the lone black, the pimply militarist, the fey artist, the pregnant girl, the glad-handing high-school debater, the artsy-craftsy girl—all the losers and few winners who trod our own linoleum-floored halls are here.

Plato used to argue that all art was automatically third-rate stuff, since it merely imitated objects in our world that were themselves imitations of the ideal; and if Plato was wrong about art, he was right about parodies. They always seem third rate because they are centrifugal, hollow, destructive, exaggerations of weaknesses in the parodied object (which, if it is really open to parody, must itself be second-rate material). With no controlling idea or guiding intelligence, the average parody is mere anarchy; the center cannot hold because it doesn't exist. By this definition the *1964 High School Yearbook Parody* is no parody at all, since it takes an object that is itself inchoate and imposes order upon it. This yearbook is a structure, a construction, unmistakably a work of art. □

GAME

VERBAL VOYAGE

by Sharyn Yacono, West Haven, Conn.

The mention of one word often quickly brings another to mind. If one lets enough words slip in and out of his mind, a trip of sorts can be taken along a string of associated words, ending up, in a great-circle route, back at the first one. An example:

> Tangerine—tangent—tan gents—black men—Black and Tans—orange and gold—Halloween—hollow weiners—empty hot dogs—hungry burning dogs—fire—orange—tangerine

This month, readers are invited to create their own word wanderings. Leaps from one word to the next must be plausible the circle must contain no more than teen associations. Send your entries postcard to "Verbal Voyage," Har Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New Y N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postma by April 6, and become the proper *Harper's*. Winning entries will be publ in the June issue. Decision of the edit final.

First Prize: *P. H. Emerson: Photogr of Norfolk*, by Peter Turner and Ric Wood (David R. Godine).

Runners-up: A Miracle folding sui

Winners of "Slimericks," the February game that asked readers to compose slender limericks based on the recession, food shortages, or other hard-times themes, are:

First Prize
The Century Collection of Civil War Art (American Heritage):

Big Three balk
At low price talk;
Rebate
Too late:
Learned to walk.
—Elaine Stallworth
Willow Grove, Pa.

Runners-up
Watership Down, by Richard Adams (Macmillan):

Yummy, tender
Meat extender.
Boy!
Soy!
The great pretender!
—Jeff Murray
Rye, N.H.

In arid lands
Sheiks rub hands.
In West
We quest
For oily strands.
—B. H. Liebes
San Francisco, Calif.

Bad times,
Sad times,
Means
Beans
Mealtimes.
—Jo Ann Gill
Sacramento, Calif.

Contemplate
Yer last rebate:
Chrysler
Buys yer
Next V-8.
—Gary Wynan
Houston, Texas

When recessions
Breed depressions,
Think
Shrink,
And double your sessions.
—Richard Durbin, Jr.
New Brunswick, N.J.

Oil glitch,
Arabs rich.
Britain
Smitten.
What a switch!
—Guy Blaisdell
San Diego, Calif.

Discontent,
My muse is spent.
Simon,
Rhymin'
Pays no rent!
—Kenneth Karst
Santa Monica, Calif.

Of Gerald's skill
I've had my fill.
Skiing,
D. C.-ing,
It's all downhill.
—Floyd Mihill
Richmond, Va.

Economy squeeze?
Say, "Spaghetti, please."
Nice
Price.
Pass the cheese.
—Richard Bordell
New Orleans, La.

Cars are fewer,
Gas stamps surer.
A horse?
Of course!
Meat and manure!
—Marcella
Portland,

The dollar fell—
What the hell.
Stash
Cash?
Midas well.
—Alan Van
Hempstead,

When weather's cold,
We've been told:
Sweater
Better
Than black gold.
—Nancy F
Rochester,

A garden plot
Saves cash somewhat.
Seeds?
Weeds?
It's your lot!
—Dee
Paramount,

Serve sowbelly and be
In poverty scenes.
Stuff
Rough
Dandelion greens.
—Isabelle Bal
Englewood,

When you drive,
Help us thrive.
Go
Slow:
Fifty-five.
—Scott O
Santa Fe, N.

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who games eventually published in the magazine will receive $50.

AKING CONNECTION

nding Exteriors





to see in the city: look up

nagine that a traveling exhibition of Modigliani's portraits of en comes to your local museum. You rush to the opening and over that all the canvases are marred. Moustaches have been d on the faces, across the eyes, all over the bodies. Most peo- would consider this a criminal act or, at the very least, an edingly cruel and destructive joke.

ne work of art is a far more sacrosanct object to Americans its near relative, the work of architecture. We disregard, de-, and maim most of our historic architecture. Placing an alu- im or fiberglass false front on an old structure—be it beaux Italianate, or Greek Revival—is tantamount to pasting a stache on a Modigliani: both deface the original composition. e are a nation of architectural know-nothings; perhaps such a le deserves the buildings it gets. The cover-it-up fetish that inates American downtowns arrived after World War II. The ging plastic and aluminum industries convinced builders, mer- ts, and some architects that to be up-to-date in Kansas City all had to do was cover over that worn-out old brick and stone ling. However, camouflaged behind oversized signs and hidden beneath phony plastic facades are handsome brick and stone exteriors.

Within the past few years attitudes have changed; slowly people have begun to recognize that preservation design starts when you pull the paste-on-moustaches off the buildings. We have had well-designed stores and offices throughout our history, but we have succumbed all too often to the appeal of the new and the big. Now preservationists in Western cities like Portland, Seattle, Denver, Salt Lake City, and Boise as well as San Francisco are proving that our recent architecture merits preserving and adapting as much as the older buildings in the East and South.

The construction industry is being forced to learn that "newer" and "bigger" are not necessarily better. The thousands of old buildings in our cities and towns are a most important resource; recycling them saves energy, and can be part of the answer to our housing shortage. Allowed to return to their original designs, diminutive, elderly buildings look good, work well, and adapt easily. With restoration, cleaning, and care, they revive neighborhoods and remind us that good design has been with us for a long time.

—Alan Minskoff

Alan Minskoff is a free-lance writer and founder of Friends of Old Buildings, Boise, Idaho.

e museums. I like to look out of their windows."
—Gertrude Stein (1874-1946)







Cervin Robinson, *Skyscraper Style*

PAROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

NDOWRAPAROUNDOWR

Le Corbusier coined the word "Citrohan" as a pun on the "Citroën" automobile. He described his Maison Citrohan as "a house like a motor-car, conceived and carried out like an omnibus or a ship's cabin. The actual needs of the dwelling can be formulated and demand their solution. . . . We must look upon the house as a machine for living in or as a tool," he said.

The Temperate Zone

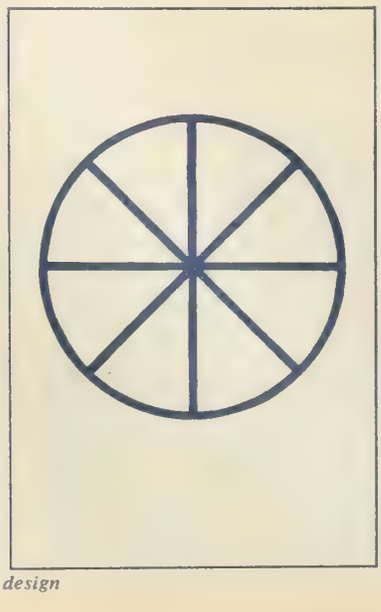
To the esthete and the design technician, the most relevant issues are those pertaining to performance characteristics and the consequent choice of appropriate forms. That the dominant forms of modern industrial design have been largely geometric is usually explained in terms of functional suitability, although, in fact, geometric forms have a strong emotional appeal, associated not only with painting and sculpture but also derived from the values established by what used to be called "moral philosophy."

Esthetic predilections would seem to be inescapable, but for even the most dedicated enthusiast of good design certain kinds of objects elude esthetic criteria simply by being what they are. Toilets, for example, are in fact no less eligible for rational design analysis than any other artifact; and yet to most of us, it seems safe to say, no matter how elegant or sculptural or rational a toilet may be, it is difficult to take its design altogether seriously. Weapons, on the other hand, are often superb examples of form perfectly adapted to function, with a concomitant esthetic excellence. But few of us are ready to appreciate the esthetics of weapons without reservation, because they are objects whose very purpose seems to deny the value of such excellence. Our attitude toward function, in other words, is not neutral. Some objects are made worse by being made better; it would be fatuous to pretend that excellence of design could make a well-upholstered chaise and an electric chair equally worthy of admiration.

Most objects occupy what may be called a psychological temperate zone. They make few emotional demands on us. They are neither so trivial as to merit removal and destruction, like packing crates, nor so significant that they impinge on our consciousness by being explicitly beautiful. Undemanding objects are often particularly agreeable; the wine bottles, guitars, and pipes seen in cubist paintings are attractive partly because they have a certain friendly appeal, different from mere inoffensiveness. Most such objects seem to belong to categories of use pertaining to pleasure and renewal: eating, drinking, making music. The telephone, when it is not presented to us as an instrument of efficiency, is sometimes advertised in a similar context of relaxation—but the association is not altogether convincing.

—Mildred Constantine and Arthur Drexler
The Object Transformed / The Museum of Modern Art, 1966





Perfect design

Creature Discomforts

Watching the auto ads on TV is pretty much like visiting a zoo or a game preserve. After observing leopards and other ferocious felines perform seductive antics for some time, I succumbed and went to a Chevrolet salesroom to get one of these creatures. Unfortunately, the station wagon I purchased did not belong to the cat family. It was a dog.

First, the promise of an expansive interior quickly dissolved when I tried to move a desk my sister gave me. The twiggy lines of the car allowed a height of only twenty-two inches. I had to rent a U-Haul.

"Americans are getting like a Ford car—they have all the same parts, the same upholstery, and make exactly the same noises." —Will Rogers
Autobiography, 1949

Vane-Glorious

In the first century B.C., the Greek astronomer Andronicus built a horologium, which he called "tower of the winds." . . . To give character to his tower, Andronicus crowned it with a huge bronze figure of Triton, and in the hand of this half-fish, half-man demigod of the sea, he fixed a rod. The figure turned in the wind, like a modern mobile, pointing its wand in the direction from which the wind blew. It was the first known attempt to make the wind vane something more than a practical scientific instrument, and it set the custom, which has prevailed for centuries, of decorating architecture with an esthetic object, the weather vane.

—Leah Gordon
Natural History
January 1972

FOUR-SIDED POWER

A new cold war issue has developed: should the conference table be round or square? Round, said the Russians; square, said the Western powers. . . . What was involved was the Western conception of the meeting as a four-power conference versus the Russian effort to bring in other nations.

—The *New York Times*
May 17, 1959

Then I noticed the steeri wheel was so angled that if sat parallel to the wheel I w staring at a point about thir degrees to the right of the roa At first I thought this featu was peculiar to my car and th there was a defect in the whe However, an examination other Chevies revealed they a all that way.

My car's seats are slante like those in an airplane. If y lean back for support, you w not be looking ahead but at t sky. The headrests are situat so that, to use them, you ha to arch your spine outwa while tilting your head back.

As to the "Body by Fishe the car's roof is about six inch narrower than the body on sides. As a result, the windo slant. If you open them ev slightly when it is raining, t water pours down into yo lap. When I brought the c in for its first servicing, I w told there was a molded cha nel available that acts as drain, but that it was option Furthermore, the windshie wipers blurred the windo destroying visibility. At th same service station I was to this was caused by a wax the windows that would we off in time. After 15,000 mil I am still waiting.

With the wheel at a thir degree tilt to the left, the b tom of it is abnormally close the seat. Getting in and out the car, I've developed an int esting ridge on my thighs th draws exclamations, and soon imagine, blood. Once I'm e sconced as comfortably as th contortive vehicle permits, t top of the steering wheel bloc my view of the speedometer. I either have to guess my spe or keep arching up or slinki down to catch an occasio reading. Also, the roof slants front and back as well as the sides. The rear slant reduc storage space. The front sl brings the roof smack up agai my forehead, and I'm only f foot eight.

I could keep on and on h no matter. The soaring pr of gasoline will soon make t auto extinct like some of t other animals. The ads s "Chevrolet knows what's go for America." Maybe tha why we're in such a mess tod

—Eugene K. Tonkono
Eugene Tonkonogy, a real-estate co sultant, is writing a book about island he owns in the British Virgi

ROUNDOWRAPAROUN

Near the Heart

eapons are almost certain- e ultimate tools. Ordinary ements, such as the com- or coffeepot, solve mun- problems. They modify uality of life. But the one lem that weapons are de- d to solve—staying alive confronted by a danger- adversary—preempts all problems. The care and smanship with which weap- ave always been fashioned eflection of the importance heir function. They are to last, and to perform stently.

the same time, however, ons too clearly remind us r mortality; hence, the ef- that has gone into making works of art as well as uments of death. Swords daggers are often studded gems, inlaid with gold and , engraved with scenes of s on the wing, deer leap- over fallen trees, women ng seductively over bare lders. Only the finest wal- rosewood, and curly or s-eye maple are used for stocks of rifles and shot- . Pistol grips are common- made of mother-of-pearl, barrels nickel-plated.

w of man's inventions com- the elements of style and ion as superbly as the handgun. A man, especially, will admit to a feeling of excitement when an elegant German Luger is placed in his hand, and his fingers curl around its slender butt. Hefting a stocky .45 semiautomatic, its clip packed with slugs almost a half-inch wide, imparts a feeling of awe and power. Should I blast that rock to dust? Should I shoot at that bottle, and watch it instantaneously disintegrate into countless, sparkling slivers? For sheer power, consider the incredibly destructive .44 Magnum, or its little brother, the .357 Magnum: with the right bullets, these guns—small enough to tuck into one's trousers—will shoot through both doors of a Cadillac, through the brick walls of a luxury brownstone, through small trees. A 200-pound man, hit in the sternum with a .44 Magnum, hollow-point bullet, will fly off the ground, flip backward, and land on his head. An elephant will crumple under its impact.

Picking up a gun, one cannot help but be conscious of the godlike force lying dormant within its sealed chamber. The engraving, the gold inlay, the checkered grip all pale before the awful presence of death, or the exhilarating threat of extreme violence.

—Lawrence S. Burns

Lawrence Burns is on the staff of Harper's.

mmature artists imitate. Mature artists steal."

—Lionel Trilling
Esquire, September 1962

ock It Off

hat could possibly be more rican than jeans? Jeans, or arees, were knocked off the heavy blue cotton den- ousers (from Nîmes, France) by Indian sailors. "Jeans" from *Jene*, Middle Eng- for Genoa, where the s were copied, and "dun- " is a knock-off of *Dun-* the section of Bombay e they originated. Keep ing and you'll discover knock-off is at the heart ost American design. Look e ubiquitous Parsons table. inally a simple, solid, len worktable, it now ap- s in the Sears, Roebuck ogue as "an up-to-date ac- piece . . . constructed of ble hi-impact styrene with four-sided legs for extra stability. Use as an end table for a lamp . . . $18.99." A smaller knock-off, for use as "a handy accent or snack table . . . $6.99." Then there's self-knock-off. Remember the very first Ford Thunderbird in the early Fifties? It was small, and sleek—not bad-looking for an American car. The Ford people went on to make it a bit larger ("roomier"), and the copy outsold the original. Next, they changed it (for the worse) a bit more, and son of knock-off racked up even higher sales. By the time they dumped ("retired") the line, the last Thunderbird bore almost no resemblance to the original.

—Sam Antupit

Sam Antupit, a book and magazine designer, is a cofounder of Subsistence Press.

The Life and Death of a Box

The box was a shiny, almost arrogant black. Bright blues, reds, greens, and yellows leaped off from all sides. On the front, a yellow blob boldly demanded, "Eat!" The list of ingredients included "authentic sugar," "legitimate butter (3%)," "plus all the ingredients that all America has been asking for: emulsifier, BHT and beta carotene!" But the real clincher was on the back, the reason someone would buy the box without having the slightest idea of what was inside. "Win a continent!" it proclaimed in dazzling rainbows, along with other tidbits: "One day, someone (Arnold probably) said, 'Why don't we eat all the Zonkers I've been saving?' So they did. And although it didn't make the people less hungry, it was still a nice gesture." None of it made any sense, but then it wasn't supposed to.

The product was introduced in 1969. Psychedelic style was in, and Screaming Yellow Zonkers (that was what was in the box) fit right into the cultural milieu. Sales quickly broke virtually every record in the book; profits soared into the millions in the first year. The Hurvis, Binzer & Churchill advertising agency, which had created the package, won awards in almost every design competition in the country. The bubble burst after everybody bought one package of the rather jaundiced-looking, sugar-coated popcorn, which tasted like starchy cotton candy.

A snack food has to have a repeat of 50 percent to be worth distributing; only one buyer in twelve picked up a second box of Screaming Yellow Zonkers. Today sales figures have nosedived, the package has been stripped of its craziness, and the box no longer contains "one/five thousand four hundred twenty-seventh of a metric ton," but six-and-a-half ordinary ounces.

"An object never serves the same function as its image—or its name."

—René Magritte (1898-1967)

FAVORITES

We asked some prominent people in the art world what their favorite object was. Here are the results.

Jo Mielziner, set and lighting designer: "Chartres Cathedral. It is a work dedicated to God by people—masons, stonecutters, and architects. There is a sense of devotion to faith that is now rare, if not nonexistent."

Ivan Chermayeff, graphic designer: "The osprey egg. My next choice is the 10,000-dollar bill."

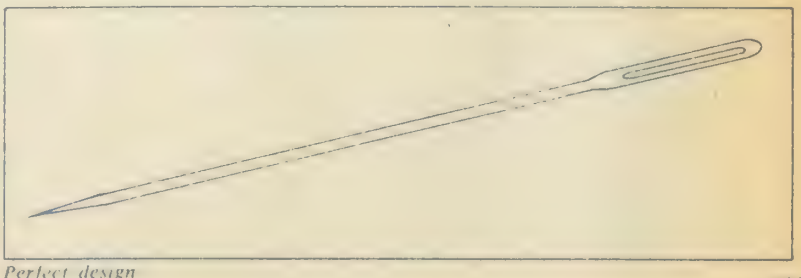
Inge Morath, photographer: "Château Talcy, near the Loire. The proportions of the exterior and interior are in harmony. Also, great poetry by Ronsard, Agrippa, and d'Aubigné was written there."

Milton Glaser, designer: "My small Brion Vega portable radio. It's a little yellow box of Milanese design that folds in on itself. I also have a French pâté box of porcelain and steel that I love."

Richard Avedon, photographer: "My Fiskars Finland scissors. They fit the hand perfectly. I work with them all the time and never fail to get pleasure from their design."

Philip Johnson, architect: "The Ruyanji Garden in Kyoto, Japan. It is a mystical arrangement of stones for contemplation that is very moving to me."

Marshall McLuhan, director of the Center for Culture and Technology, University of Toronto: "The design of the City Hall of Toronto immediately comes to mind. It is elegant and beautiful. Ravelle used the concept of the yolk and white of an egg in formulating his design. The two complementary modes, the fluting, and the white limestone never fail to please me. The inside was mangled, but the outside is grace."



Perfect design

Nostalgia and Shelter

Sentimentality is the most accessible refuge from modernity. In 1965 the Museum of Modern Art organized an enormously popular exhibit entitled "Architecture without Architects." The catalogue, by Bernard Rudofsky, was published by Doubleday ($4.50). A marvelous book: hundreds of photographs show us the beauty, the economy, the durability of an architecture, worldwide in scope, that one no longer dares to call primitive. Incan theaters, Italian hill towns, Saharan fortresses, Anatolian caves, Chinese underground villages—all display the ingenuity, imagination, and "natural" sense of design which we think of as the glory of premodern man. (A narrower subject, the wonderful conical stone houses of Apulia, Italy, is excellently treated by Edward Allen in *Stone Shelters*—MIT, $4.95.)

Unsurprisingly, the catalogue scarcely bothers to conceal its reproach to contemporary design, and to the technology that makes it possible. "Vernacular architecture," writes Rudofsky, "does not go through fashion cycles. It is nearly immutable, indeed, unimprovable, since it serves its purpose to perfection." Of what structure or urban design today could it be said that it serves its purpose "to perfection"? The easy answer is the wrong one.

Only a sentimentalist finds teleological perfection in anything made by man; only a cynic measures by such a standard. Surely a more sensible view is that stability, commodity, and delight—the classical norms of architecture—are found as abundantly on the land- and city-scapes of our time as in the Golden Age. The difference between the vernacular and the technological modes of design is the difference between an economy of means so frugal that mistakes are hardly possible and one so generous that mistakes are inevitable.

Yet the pull of the primitive, the indigenous, the natural, the organic is a constant in Western thinking about the design of our shelters. In 1909 Adolf Loos wrote:

"The peasant wanted to build a house for himself, his kin and his cattle, and he has succeeded. As his neighbor and his ancestor succeeded. As the animal succeeds, guided by its instincts. Is the house beautiful? Yes, just as beautiful as the rose and thistle, the horse, and the cow."

The quotation appears in a brilliant monograph that we also owe to the Museum: *On Adam's House in Paradise*, by Joseph Rykwert ($4.95). With elegance and erudition in fine balance, Rykwert explores the history of an idea, the idea of the primeval house as a touchstone of architecture. It is an amazingly fruitful line of research, leading us from Vitruvius to Gropius, from Ovid to Frank Lloyd Wright. The author presents us, not with a photocatalogue of real structures in imaginary Edens, but with an eloquent documentation of a constant theme in the history of design, the tension between nature and reason, between the artificial and the spontaneous, between the works of God and the works of man.

Vitruvius believed (and who is to say he wasn't right?) that men first learned to create shelters for themselves "in imitation of the nests and building of swallows out of mud and wattle." As speculation, the notion is intriguing, and anyone wishing to follow it into a verifiable world couldn't do better than to read *Animal Architecture*, the fascinating new work of ethologist and Nobel laureate Karl von Frisch (Harcourt Brace, $12.95). Not that von Frisch indulges in such speculations himself. Instead, he carefully describes the shelters that animals make for themselves and their young. We learn how wrens make their nests, bees their hives, and termites their castles. Von Frisch firmly resists our temptation to anthropomorphize these startling activities of the lower orders. No analogies are drawn here between a spider's web and the roof of Paddington Station. For that, too, is sentimentality, even if of a kind more flattering to technological man. (It was, after all, only the development of advanced technology that made it possible for human building to approximate the complexity of some animal structures.)

There should be a book (perhaps there is, but I don't know of it) that offers a *catalogue raisonné* of the American vacation home from the Golden Age of Newport to our own age of the manufactured log cabin. It would show, I suspect, that a nostalgia for the primeval in design is only the rationalization that memory can bestow on relatively meager finances, but I'd like to read it anyway.

—Nelson W. Aldrich

Nelson Aldrich is senior editor of Harper's.



The "well-digger" jawfish in his tube, which is lined with pebbles and the shells of snails and bivalves



Tailorbird with upward pointing tail perched beside its skillfully sewn nest

Turid Hölldobler in *Animal Architecture*, by Karl von Frisch Copyright © 1974

"Has your imagination t gout, that it limps so?"
—Edmond Rosta
Cyrano de Bergerac, 18

The Discriminating E

We also recommend the f lowing books because th widen and deepen our wor and show us how to see.

Your Engineered House, Rex Roberts (M. Evans, $4.9 explains how to design a build your own home so t it will be a personal expressi of yourself, more functiona satisfying and aesthetica pleasing than most houses the market. By following R erts' advice on materials a interior design, the cost can kept below $10,000 without s rificing quality. A percepti well-written guide to the a and pleasures of turning hon into castles.

Urban Spaces, by David K neth Specter (New York Grap Society, $15), is an educati in how to appreciate success cities, which Specter calls dynamic and complex blend the rational and irrational, t planned and the unintentiona To illustrate his thesis, the a thor uses his own superb ph tographs of, among other thin comical-looking garbage ca paving patterns of a Copenh gen sidewalk, and chaos-prod ing traffic signs.

The Craftsman's Handbo (translated by Daniel V. Thom son, Jr., Dover, $2) was writt in the fifteenth century by Ce nino d'Andrea Cennini "for t use and good profit of anyo who wants to enter the prof sion." Painters and would-painters will be fascinated by l explicit instructions on how draw on tinted paper or parc ment, how to grind colors, h to get the effect of velvet layering paints of different co sistencies, and a multitude other Renaissance tricks of t trade.

Ornamental Design, by Clau Humbert (The Viking Pre $16.95), is an essential manu for anyone whose work mak use of ornament, whether is a professional designer or amateur artist, potter, or wea er. Humbert has collected mo than 1,000 ornamental patter from every epoch and eve part of the world. On just o page are illustrations of a p Columbian motif, a Byzanti

TOOLS FOR LIVING

of the sixth century, a Indian pattern, and a Stone Age geometrical from Greece. The group- similar designs allows appreciate the connec- between ancient and mod- as well as between the disparate of cultures.

imaginative character of and its affinity with the explored in *The Art of c Forms,* by Philip C. ush (Smithsonian, $10). ects photographs of paint- raphics, and sculpture to ow artists have been in- d by visual and aesthetic in biology; and photo- of molecules, protoplasm, nd seashells to show how tric principles and rhyth- armonies find objective ce in organisms.

Many Ways of Seeing, anet Gaylord Moore d, $10), is written espe- for the uninitiated. The recommends that "if you the city, it is important out into the country, or park, into the woods, e water, anywhere where e in direct contact with ." To help you under- nature and the visual en- ent, there are more than productions of paintings Giotto to Picasso. In ad- to the more familiar there are Chinese land- paintings, which the au- xtaposes with a Turner Fragonard in order to re line, form, and color. lea is to see through the f the masters and develop riminating eye of your

IDEAS

is the strongest member r family? Whom in your do you love the most? he most?

hese parlous times, what ything—gives your fam- ense of itself?

do you teach your chil- family traditions, family ?

your replies to the Department, WRAP- ND, Harper's Magazine, ark Avenue, New York, 10016.

THE ARTISAN'S LEGACY

In the past, particular cultures were built up largely by their artisans, who were craftsmen, and predominant feelings—not only emotions, but the pulse of work and of surrounding nature—recorded themselves in the design of weapons and implements as a general style.

In our world, the artisan has disappeared, but his responsibility has not. Someone has it, even if "someone" does not avow or discharge it. The artisan-craftsman has been superseded by the industrial designer; and industrial design is next to architecture in shaping the visual scene. So it is in our things—our countless things, multiplied fantastically *praeter necessitatem*—that we must find some significance: a look of simple honesty in ordinary utensils, of dignity in silverware, and of technological elegance in our machines.

—Susanne K. Langer

"The Social Influence of Design," *Who Designs America?* 1965

POSTER GARDEN

These two-by-three-foot plant prints have beautiful colors, faithfully reproduced by the Bronx Botanical Gardens people, who found the pictures in one of their old books. One is a giant sunflower, one a lavender, one an assortment of herbs. The three of them look splendid together, but you can also order them separately. To keep the poster in good condition, buy corfoam—a lightweight styrofoam sandwiched between two layers of cardboard—at an art-supply store, rubber-cement the poster to it, and wrap the whole thing with acetate. Each poster is $4.85, and the set is $12.75. (A-1)



EARLY BLOSSOMS

Consider the simplicity and beauty of one asymmetrical branch. Forced into early bloom, it has no green leaves and the blossoms look very delicate against the wood. Examine a branch of any fruit tree you have—quince, cherry, apple, pear—for a slight swelling of buds. When you find the right branch, cut it off, crush the base with a hammer, and immerse it in lukewarm water mixed with some plant food. Wait two or three weeks. You won't have to change the water very often. You will see the buds slowly open, one by one, and form blossoms.



HERE'S A TIP

Caran d'Ache, a Swiss company, makes a superior porous-tip pen called a Fibralo marker. The assortment of colors is tremendous, and the life of each pen is considerably longer than that of most markers. The nylon Fibralo tip distributes the ink evenly onto paper. The tip does not change shape as many cheaper versions do, and if you lose one of its tops, don't worry —stand it straight up in a jar. The ink will not clog in the top and will flow freely through the pen. You can use it that way for many weeks more. A set of fifteen colors is $7.50 from us. (A-2)

THE GOOD GRIND

Remember the old square wooden coffee grinder? You could hold it between your knees and turn the handle and feel the beans crack and crunch inside. The best thing was the little drawer at the bottom that was always too full and spilled over.

Moulinex makes a modern electric coffee grinder that is compact and well thought out. As a safety measure, it will not start until you push down the lid and hold it—thus you can't accidentally get your fingers caught. It has no ridges for the coffee to get stuck in, and you can clean the mill easily by wiping it with a dry cloth.

Different kinds of coffee need different grinds. Here is a list to make your grinding easier:

Percolator: six seconds
Drip: ten seconds
Vacuum pot: fifteen seconds
Melita: thirty seconds
Turkish: fifty seconds

The Moulinex comes in off-white and orange, and costs $14.95. Try it with a pound of the finest Mocha-Java coffee beans. (A-3)

TRUCKING

Durability, play value, and the possibility of passing toys in good condition on to another child are important considerations for economy-minded parents. This Montgomery Schoolhouse wooden truck is handcrafted in Vermont and has no metal or plastic parts. Its blocks can be taken out and replaced with a favorite little bear or model car. Its shape is compact, yet there is a feeling of mobility about it.



It is specially designed to be safe—no edges that chip, no wheels that come off. The wood is finished with linseed oil, which gives it a mellow look and protects it from weather and water—as long as the truck is not left outdoors indefinitely. Montgomery Schoolhouse figures children up to ten will enjoy this truck, which is available through us for $4.75. (A-4)

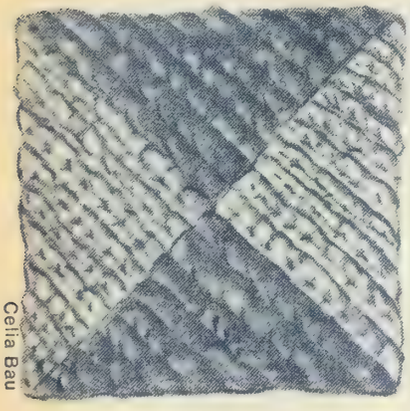
—Margot Moes-Hunt

UNDWRAPAROUND

ADDING TRIANGLES

This rug is simple to make and striking to look at. Knit one triangle, then another, and yet another. With four you have a square, and the beginning of a rug. Each square measures approximately twelve inches. You can play with the triangles to form different designs. Begin as small as you want and keep adding. The size will depend on your need and time.

A rug of four squares by six squares will take a total of twenty-four skeins of yarn in two colors—white and blue, or rust and cream. For $41 you can buy a kit from us that includes the yarn, needles, and instructions. (A-5)



Celia Bau



SEEING THROUGH TO THE TEA

Tea can soothe the nerves, quiet an upset stomach, cleanse your skin, even dye your ribbons. Its aroma is very subtle; not until you take your first sip can you really appreciate the special fragrance of the Darjeeling, orange pekoe, oolong, or tisane. And the full flavor of the tea can't be brought out unless the water is boiling furiously and the tea can steep properly.

The Museum of Modern Art liked this teapot's appearance so much that it's been placed in the design collection there. The teapot, made out of strong, thin, glass, is pure joy in its shape and simplicity. Tea leaves go into a glass cylinder with slits in the bottom. When the hot water is poured through the leaves and into the pot, a brown cloud spreads slowly through the water until it reaches a consistent color and you know the tea is ready to drink. The problem with most pots is that the leaves stay in, making the second cup too strong. With this pot, you stop the brewing instantly by simply removing the cylinder.

You can get the Jenaer Glas teapot from us for $23. (A-6)

—Margot Moes-Hunt

BE IT EVER SO HOMELY...

Build a mousetrap that c more mice, and grow rich a beautiful mousetrap, and it end up behind glass at th seum of Modern Art.

Our Puritan heritage on stubbornly in the con of many that everything not—in fact, should n beautiful. The corollary is the idea that if a thing is tiful it cannot be anythin One feels instinctively th blackened, misshapen can er will be a more faithf vant than the suspicious gant white plastic mode the exquisite, feminine bu woman could not hav brains and drive to run pany. It can also be com to come home to a beat-up

IDEAS

The tall tale is a pec American phenomenon. tall tale is told in your re in your family? We'd l know. Send your contrib —500 words or less—to fetched Department, W AROUND, Harper's Ma Two Park Avenue, New N.Y. 10016.

CALCULATING LOOK

Want to know what President Ford's new oil tariff will cost you this year? Let's say your car gets twelve miles per gallon, you drive 13,500 miles annually, and the tariff causes gas to go up 1.3 cents a gallon. If you can say, "13,500 divided by 12 multiplied by .013 equals . . ." you can run any of the plethora of small electronic calculators on the market today: just push (1) (3) (5) (0) (0), then (÷), then (1) (2), then (×), then (.) (0) (1) (3), and, finally, push (=). The red lights blink and you have the answer: $14.63. All you have to remember is that you are talking about dollars, not doughnuts.

If you use either the Sinclair Executive ($79.95) or the Cambridge ($29.95), you will have not only the right answer, but also one of the best-designed calculators available. In fact, the Executive has been selected for the Permanent Design Collection at the Museum of Mod-



ern Art. It is small—sl et-size—thin, and lig The buttons are tiny, and springy to the to make no sound when The Executive also has ory" unit, which enabl do a set of calculatio the result, do another multiply, divide, add, tract the second result one already in the "r

The Cambridge is ev er, though slightly thi about the same weight. tons are larger and ma nified, quiet click. Bot operate on batteries o Executive's batteries twelve hours, the Ca for twenty-four. Neithe recharged. These calcul available where other tors are sold, or from $2 for postage and h

Sinclair calculators a in England. The comp us they are working on et-size TV set. We'll l posted. (A-7)

PAROUNDWRAPAROU

owdy apartment, depend- your level of insecurity; e to feel you don't have up to your furniture.

real horrors, though, are rated by people with the f intentions. To them the ous lamps hung with col- risms and decorated with al scenes, and the chairs ok like rococo iron maid- present high status, sub- , and house pride. Unable ord the furnishings of the y, they surround them- with what they see as imitations.

some, the way to good de- n a budget is clear enough: mple things. Unfortunate- re is no way to make peo- e furniture they find anti- and cold, whose simple emind them they can't af- nything elaborate and ex- e. People like chaste sim- when it's a matter of , not of necessity: it was ildren of the well-to-do, ose of the poor, who in the gave up comfortable , pretty clothes, and meat. champions of good taste e found propounding their city solution from living done in Louis Seize or y Victorian.

ther enemy of design is pression—or what passes The home decorating ed- desperate to fill up her each month, tells you to s yourself by painting blameless little commode ta, or gluing felt flowers telephone. The "art nee- nt" manufacturer encour- you to release your sup- d talents by following his ed pattern.

even worse than the false pression is the uncon- kind. For it isn't a lack owledge of form, color, tyle that's responsible for people's decorating mis- the way you design your eflects the way you feel it. I know a couple who to each other seldom and reat difficulty; their house eagerly furnished with that have nothing in on. No, expressing one's ality is not what the dec- s and fashion consultants d be preaching. If they smart, they'd be showing w to conceal it.

—Rhoda Koenig

Koenig is the copy editor of 's.



HOW IT STACKS UP

The Museum of Modern Art uses this china in their cafeteria, no doubt for aesthetic as well as practical reasons. It is stackable, durable, and solid. The sound of the china when in stacks together is very subdued, and it is very hard to chip, even when handled carelessly. The amount of cabinet space you will need to store this china is negligible. The cups with small handles, for instance, stack right into each other so that only the handles and the rims show.

We like the china best in pure white because you can combine it with pieces in other colors, and it doesn't clash with the food. Made by the Thomas division of Rosenthal, it sells for $15 a five-piece setting. (A-8)

HOW TO ORDER

Harper's will get you any item (including any book) for which we mention a price. If you would like to order through us, specify the item(s) you want, how many, and what color (if that's relevant). Include the order number that appears at the end of each Tool description. The price listed includes postage and handling, unless otherwise stated. BankAmericard or Master Charge may be used on orders over $15.

Send to: Tools for Living, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Order Number	Item	Quantity	Price

Total (N.Y. State residents, add appropriate tax) $_____

☐ Check enclosed (Make payable to Harper's Magazine)
Charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Card number _____ Expiration date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

HEAD BEAUTIFUL

On looking at a motorcycle helmet, the first thing that struck me about it was its unity of form and function. How human its skull shape, how tough its armored white baldness.

The metal snaps that hold the visor look as if they grow out of the surface and not until your eyes travel to the leather-trimmed rim and padded chin strap do you see anything pliable about it.

Meant to keep a human head in one piece against incredible odds in case of accident, this helmet is made by the Bell Company, one of the best helmet manufacturers. The molded foam that lines the inside is specially structured to absorb the shock of a crash. The chin strap cannot be too high or too low; otherwise it could break your neck. The whole helmet fits like a glove around your head and has to be pulled away from the ears to get it off. Motorcyclists, parachutists, even snowmobilers, are all candidates for safety helmets. Sized like men's hats, they can be ordered through us for $39.95. (A-9)

TRASH ELEGANT

It's hard to believe that this beautiful thick plastic container, designed by Crayonne, is a small garbage can. It looks like a length of shiny green Plexiglas pipe, topped off with a circle of black rubber. Scratch-resistant and shatterproof, it is made to be looked at and admired.

My objection to most trash cans is that either they do not have a lid, or they have one that won't come off with one hand, so you have to juggle a handful of dripping garbage while you yank. The push-pedal variety is okay, but it just doesn't have quite the style this Crayonne model does.

The cylinder closes with a thick rubber flap that is attached with four prongs on one side. You peel it back to open the can; it seals all odors in neatly. If you want to use the container for umbrellas, you can take off the whole rim, plus lid. I think it's super. The Crayonne garbage can is available from us, for $27.70. (A-10)

—Margot Moes-Hunt

INFORMATION

CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: $1 per word. (10-word minimum. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to run six times; deduct 20¢ a word if ad is to run twelve times.)
All ads must be **prepaid** at the time you send your insertion. (If you are ordering more than one insertion, please send full amount to qualify for discount.) Replies to *Harper's* box numbers should be sent to the address below. You may now request the use of a *Harper's* box number. There is a $2 charge. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP Codes count as one word.
Copy must be received by the 8th of the second month prior to the issue date.

Harper's Magazine
Classified Advertising Department
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

TRAVEL

Idaho Whitewater trips: licensed guides, interpretive program. Color brochure: Wilderness World, 1342 Jewell, Pacific Grove, Calif. 93950.

Tour English waterways on history professor's private boat, $175 weekly. Brochure. England Afloat, Box 2083, Springfield, Mass. 01101.

Wildflower—birding tours, Lisbon Area. Thomas Braden, Santos Matos, Lote 1, Amadora, Portugal.

Rafts North: Unique, all-inclusive tours on northern Canadian rivers. Seeking new challenges? Try legendary Nahanni or Coppermine to Arctic Ocean. Tours on Alberta rivers also available. For brochure, write: North-West Expeditions Limited, Box 1551, Edmonton, Alberta.

Ontario wilderness canoe trips. Each canoe trip tailormade exclusively for your party, completely outfitted and guided by Jeff Miller. No experience necessary. Dr. Weston, 310 Garyray, Toronto, Ont. (416) 742-5140, (416) 921-2514.

Roam the world by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home. Freighters, 15-27X Parsons, Flushing, N.Y. 11357.

For high-school students and graduates—safari in Africa. Or stay in Soviet Youth Center. Ski Mont Blanc in July; bike through Denmark; hike or ride horseback in Alps; live with European family; sun on French Riviera; speak French in France, Spanish in Spain. Festivals, theaters in London, Paris, Moscow. Unique summer travel in Europe—Russia—Africa. 24th year. Write: George H. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vt. 05346. (802) 387-5885.

Raft expeditions on Fraser, Chilcotin Rivers from $290. Free brochure. Cascade, P.O. Box 46441, Vancouver, Canada V6R 4G7.

Worldwide freighter guide—$1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger-carrying freighters. TravLtips, 40-21 X Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

Australia. Authentic information is freely available *without charge* from the Australian Embassy in Washington, D.C. (202) 797-3000, and the Australian Consulate General in New York (212) 245-4000, San Francisco (415) 362-6160, Los Angeles (213) 380-4610, and Chicago (312) 329-1740.

REAL ESTATE

Government lands . . . from $7.50/acre! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review," listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-HP, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Canadian government lands—from $5/acre! Vacation paradises, farming, or investment opportunities! "Canadian Land Opportunities" includes complete information. Send $2 (money-back guarantee). Canadian International, Box 6586-HP, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Central Ontario—Choice 640-acre sportsmen's paradises still available—$20 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures, $2 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 64, Ontario, Canada.

RESORTS

High Hampton Inn & Country Club. In Southern Blue Ridge Mtns. at 3,600 feet. Spectacular scenery. Rustic decor. Good food. Private 18-hole golf course, 8 tennis courts (special golf/tennis package available), 3 lakes. Fishing. Boating. Swimming. Private stables. Skeet & trap field. Open May thru Oct. Write or phone (704) 743-2411. High Hampton Inn, Dept. HM, Cashiers, N.C. 28717.

VACATIONS

Whitewater Float trips, Utah & Wyoming. Slickrock River Co., Box 10543, Denver, Colo. 80210

Enjoy a new vacation experience—where you choose—rent-free. Write Viking Home Exchange, Box 3007, St. Paul, Minn. 55165.

New vacation money-saver. A Colorado Mountain Ranch retreat offers hiking, horseback, dance, seminars in health, occult, Yoga, astrology, education, photography, arts-crafts, psychology, construction, cooking, etc. Write C. H. Arnold, Mountain Institute, Gold Hill, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

Family seeks vacation house in tropical location from August to ?? Would swap homes. Dr. Mazade, 708 William Circle, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Southwest Safaris: Air tours of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and Arizona. Camping, hiking, riding, rafting. Geology, archaeology, history. The ultimate in creative holidays. Free brochure. P.O. Box 945, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

$98 weekly for two—at "Strawberry Fields," Jamaica's tropical beach campsite. Double-bed tents/cottages; cooking equipment; reggae music. Information: Strawberry, 54 West 56 St., N.Y.C. 10019. (212) 247-4505. Or Eastern Airlines/travel agents.

Parador Martorell, family inn by world-famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

Hike, vacation, relax in a remote private park—480,000 acres of the original Maxwell Land Grant in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains of New Mexico offer a unique, secluded vacation paradise. Meals and lodging are outstanding. For information write Vermejo Park, 900 H, Southwest Tower, Houston, Texas 77002.

Swinging vacations. List of "kicky" places, trips, resorts for sociable singles, doubles, groups. $2. McKenna Travel Library (HA), Box 22086, St. Louis, Mo. 63126.

Experience the magnificent beauty of the Pacific Northwest by day and Wagner by night at the first summer Wagner Festival in the Western Hemisphere. Presented by Seattle Opera. Two cycles (German/English) of Richard Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung*. July 15-27, 1975. For a detailed brochure write: Pacific Northwest Festival, P.O. Box 9248, Seattle, Washington 98109.

Camp Sequatchie—Ten teen-agers living on a nonelectric homestead; coed; organic gardening; three weeks—$300. Camp Sequatchie, Sequatchie, Tenn. 37374.

GOURMETS

Piroshki recipes—delicious fillings, $1. Little Russia, 994 Dettaro, San Francisco, Calif. 94107.

CONFERENCES

Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. August 12-24, 1975. Lectures, workshops, conferences in fiction, nonfiction, poetry, children's literature. Write Bread Loaf, Box 402, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. 05753. (802) 388-7662.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Dulcimers—traditional mountain styles handcrafted in aged solid woods. Gotzmer Stringed Instruments, Rt. 2, Box 2286 A, La Plata, Md. 20646.

Kits! Build dulcimers, balalaikas, guitars, kalimbas, banjos, mandolins, harps. From $2.95. Finished dulcimers from $23.95. Free catalogue, 8665 West 13th Avenue—HM, Denver, Colo. 80215.

Learn to play the recorder—Free Catalogue. Recorders, recorder music—beginners' birchwood recorder, instruction book, $12.95. Amster Recorder Company, 1624 Lavaca, Austin, Texas 78701.

Dulcimers—totally handcrafted four & six string. Large soundboard—loud, clear sound. Write: Diamond Dulcimers, 2317 Briggs Rd., Silver Spring, Md. 20906.

TAPES

Cassette recording tapes. Discount price list, 25¢. Tower, #33098, Washington, D.C. 20028.

RECORDS

Show albums—rare, out-of-print LPs. 52-pg. list, 50¢. Broadway/Hollywood Recordings, Georgetown, Conn. 06829.

MOTION PICTURES

Super 8mm, 16mm, 8mm silent and sound film classics. Free catalogue. Niles, 1141-HP Mishawaka, South Bend, Ind. 46615.

ART

Award-winning collectors' series of airplane prints. Full-color 9 x 12 lithographs ready to frame. Illustrated catalogue. Johns-Byrne Co., 161 West Harrison, Chicago, Ill. 60605.

Your house in pen and ink. $20. Christmas cards, 20¢. Samples. Studio House, Box 273, Ocean City, N.J. 08226.

Portfolio of 10 limited-edition Andrew Wyeth prints. Signed frontispiece. $2,000. Box 178, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

COLOR SLIDES

GAF color slides. 12,500, all countries. Catalogue, 25¢. Worldwide 7427-B, Washburn, Minneapolis, Minn. 55423.

BIOFEEDBACK

Biofeedback training center in S ern California. EEG, EMG, and Temperature training avai (213) 780-1478.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

Beautiful postcard album—w finest; holds 200 cards—$8.95 paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. V well, 276 Transit Bldg., Boston, 02115.

Finest paperback book jacket. eyback guarantee. $1.00—4646 vois, St. Louis, Mo. 63116.

SCHOOLS

Private-school placement se Student's individual require primary consideration. 163 Street, Middletown, Conn. Telephone: (203) 346-5111.

Acupuncture training, home-stud gram and supplies. Hing, Box 2 Toronto, Canada M6M 4Z2.

Study programs in France. Lan fine arts, performing arts. For mation: Paris American Acade Rue des Ursulines, Paris 5.

Non-residence degrees! Honora grees. Nationwide faculty. Cata $3. UNITED STATES UNIV AMERICA, Box 4552-HA, Wa ton, D.C. 20017.

Futures Lab: global, social-en mental studies (BA). Box 120 Station, Providence, R.I. 0290

Parapsychology. Complete course, certificate. Free inform American Parapsychological Re Foundation, Box 5395-M, Sh Oaks, Calif. 91413.

Study—Ski. Accredited private lege. Write Colorado Alpine Ca Steamboat Springs, Colo. 8047

High Mowing School—co-ed, 9-12. College preparatory, Steiner/Waldorf approach. We ceramics, organic gardening, a care, auto mechanics, eurythmy, ing, drama, music, sculpture, ed., carpentry. 200 wooded Call/write Mr. Pratt, Wilton, 03086. (603) 654-2391.

Earn a British degree in Philos Arts and Sciences. Catalogue $ mailed (refundable). Dept. H, tary, Sussex College of Techn Highfield, Dane Hill, Sussex 7EX England.

Wildlife Wilderness School offe citing courses in Colorado R and Utah. Accredited Colorado versity. Minimum age 16. Box Silverton, Colo. 81433.

International college on the Br speaking Cayman Islands (B. Small, private, higher educatio eral arts. Open year-round. laureate program. Tuition: $1 credit hour. *Associated Statesid gram on Graduate Level.* Cata P.O. Box 125H, Hamilton, Ind.

Thoreau, transcendentalism, c nities. Five weekly seminars. cord, Mass., July. College/gr credit. For information write Harding, SUNY, Geneseo, 14454.

Pottery workshops in Colorado. derful opportunity for learnin vacation on Rocky Mountain All aspects of clay studied, beg and advanced. John Dunn, Su Canyon, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

lege in Mexico. Instituto fers full undergraduate, nd serious non-credit pro- nglish, specializing in arts, ing, Spanish, and social . Office of Education and val. Perpetual sunshine, living. Mexico's most lonial town. Free illustra- us. Instituto Allende, Box uel de Allende, Guanajua-

ree at home. Your choice Easy tuition plan. Free . Elysion College, B.C. San Ysidro, Calif. 92173.

ademy of Martial Arts. rograms in T'ai Chi, , Kung-fu and Aikido ind-body harmony and in an exquisite mountain 1939, Aspen, Colo. 81611.

CATALOGUES

l products catalogue, free. 681, Kainco, Dept. H, Pa. 15419.

ult-witchcraft catalogue. ios, unusual jewelry, bi- lany. Importers, Box 2010, e, Calif. 91602.

stained glass catalogue. wholesale/retail. Send $1. ios, 7th and Addison Sts., Calif. 94710.

ge color catalogue—self- craft gifts from 25 coun- V Program, Church World enter, Box 365-H, New Md. 21776.

BOOKS

ist of books by Rudolph nthroposophic Press, Inc., y Hollow, Spring Valley,

overstocks catalogue. kseller, 30-6 Chambers, Conn. 06810.

nt on new books. (Add 35¢ OOKQUICK, B-2, Rose- 07068.

r book! Join our success- s: publicity, advertising, beautiful books. All sub- d. Send for free manu- rt and detailed booklet. ss (Dept. HZP), 84 Fifth C. 10011.

ysteries, war, science. Free Sunmount Books, Box lowdale, Ont., Canada.

to Higher Consciousness, eyes. Effective growth sys- rought increased happiness ment to many thousands ng Love Center, 1730-G erkeley, Calif. 94709.

of fine editions—Beauti- ated special editions. Each cased; handsome bindings; ality paper. The kind of didn't think still existed. in reach of any book buy- for gifts, or for building a y of your own. Sample *ves of Grass, Moby Dick, of Sherlock Holmes, Trea- d, Wind in the Willows, Shelley, Wuthering Heights, e Mohicans.* For catalogue titles available, send $1 to ress, Avon, Conn. 06001. Discounts available to cata- rs.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Out of Print Bookfinder. Box 663HA. Seaside, Calif. 93955. Send wants.

Name the book—we'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Box 636-H, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

BOOKPLATES

Personalize and protect your library! Send name and $3.50 for 50 imprinted bookplates. No CODs. Lakeside Specialties, Box 153, Auburn, Mich. 48611.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Writing—Editing—Research. Confidential. Wordsmiths, Box 5882, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Scholarly treatises, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. RC Research, Box 120-A, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Literary help, any problem. Professional writer. Harper's Box 201.

Books printed from well-typed manuscript! Biography Press, Rt. 1, Box 745, Aransas Pass, Texas 78336.

Manuscripts, reports, academic writing, editing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. RC Research, Box 138-H, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Poetry published free. Write: Young Publications, Box 166-H, Appalachia, Va.

Publish your poems. Our guide tells how/where. $2.50. LYF-AF, Box 1872, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201.

All the law that writers should know by former judge listed WW in A. Marquis. Details free. A. L. I., Box 341, Piggott, Ark. 72454.

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, distributed. Send for Free Booklet, HP-2 Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th St., N.Y.C. 10001.

Academic writing, research, and editing. Versatile, expert staff, reasonable prices. Berkeley Research, Box 4094-H, Berkeley, Calif. 94904. (415) 848-6710.

Publish your poems. Our guide tells how/where. $2.50. LYF-AF, Box 1872, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201.

Editing, typing manuscripts, cassettes. Marye Myers, Box 2435-D, Pasadena, Calif. 91105.

Writers, poets! Unique opportunities for writers in any field. Send work. Free-Hill Publications-HM, Box 793, Dumas, Texas, 79029.

Poetry wanted. Possible inclusion in cooperative volume. Include return envelope. Editor, Box 4444H, Whittier, Calif. 90607.

FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS

Worldwide English newspaper. 65 countries! Sampler: 9 newspapers/9 countries: $3.98. Free Brochure, MULTINEWSPAPERS, Box DE-7 Dana Point, Calif. 92629.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

The Berkeley Center—offering an intensive experience in individual primal process. 1925 Walnut St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704. (415) 548-3543.

Educational research from our catalogue now as low as 90¢ per page. Send 40¢ to: Writer's Unlimited, Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

Collectibles! Buy or sell. Details, $1. St. Mark's Associates, Box 1359, Warner Robins, Ga. 31093.

Any material you select—poetry, fiction, religion, science—read onto cassette tapes by professional readers. Reasonable. For information: Stone, 19 Baldwin, Newton, Mass. 02158.

PUBLICATIONS

High times—only magazine dedicated solely to getting high. Dope articles, entertainment, information. Dope price index. A glossy quarterly. $2 for two recent issues. $10/12-issue subscription. High Times, Dept. HP, Box 386, Cooper Sta., N.Y.C. 10003.

Rediscover rural America. Receive a different weekly newspaper each week. Nationwide or regional selection. One year, $15. Free brochure or send $4 for 3-month trial subscription. Countrynews, Box 40, Olema, Calif. 94950.

Wind power systems information/planning manual. $3. Wind Power, Box 233, Mankato, Minn. 56001. Engineering consultation available.

Personal growth/social change. Book, poster catalogue free: Times Change Press, Box 98-HC, Louisa, Va. 23093.

Wanted: Subscribers to *New Letters,* the literary quarterly with SFAPPSE (satire, fiction, art, poetry, photography, scholarship, etc.), David Ray, Editor, University of Missouri-Kansas City-D, 64110. Only $8 annually.

Volume of unabashed love poems, $1.50. A-L-M Press, Box 8593, Minneapolis, Minn. 55408.

Raw, naked emotion poetry. 78 pp., $3.25 ppd. Gilbert's Gallery, 865 Third St., Santa Rosa, Calif. 95404.

Where have all the hippies gone? Read *Utopian Eyes,* a quarterly communal magazine, and see. Send $5/yr. Storefront Classroom, P.O. Box 1174, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

BUMPER STICKERS

Earth: love it or leave it! Bumper stickers, $1 each. Walt Smith, P.O. Box 430935, South Miami, Fla. 33143.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Import-export opportunity, profitable worldwide, mail-order business from home, without capital or travel abroad. We ship plan for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. A1022, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

Import, mail-order opportunity. Earn $15,000 annually or owe nothing. Free one-year trial. Details: Northeast Imports, Box 121H4, Fremont, N.H. 03044.

Interested in owning a franchise?—business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 448, 1460 Hancock Center Chicago, Ill. 60611.

How to make money addressing, mailing letters. Offer details, 10¢. Lindbloom, Dept. HRP, 3636 Peterson, Chicago, Ill. 60659.

Make two to three times your cost on hundreds of products. $2 brings wholesale catalogue. Wherry, Box 180, Western Springs, Ill. 60558.

Your gold mine! 10,000 below-wholesale imports. Product list, overseas suppliers $3. Ginio Imports, Springdale, Enterprise, Ala. 36330.

How to make money writing short paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right away. Send for free facts. BARRETT, Dept. C-77-A, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago 60660.

Turn $10 into $1,000! Guaranteed! Free details. Money Hotline, Box 3155-Q, Springfield, Mo. 65804.

Learn psychic phenomena mysteries. Sought from the beginning of time. Never before revealed anywhere. Earn $500-$1,000 monthly making knowledge available to others. For information send stamped, self-addressed envelope and 25¢. Rev. Les, 1821 Bedford Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219.

Win $50+ writing. Details, 25¢. Glasser, 241A Dahill, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Men! Women! Jobs on ships. American, foreign. Guide, $3. Seafax, Dept. W-3, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

Teachers, administrators—Current school, college openings list in U.S., $5; Abroad, $5. Leading placement sources U.S., $3; foreign, $4. EISR, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

Exciting overseas jobs. Directory, $1. Research Associates, Box 1750-H, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

Overseas Jobs—now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay. Free transportation, tax benefits. Latest computerized reports—$2. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90302-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

Australia, New Zealand Want You! 50,000 jobs! Paid Transportation! Latest information and forms, $1. Austco, Box 3623-H, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

Worldwide opportunities . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All occupations! $700-$4,000 monthly! Employment International, Box 29217-HP, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Overseas opportunities—now available! Free transportation! Complete information . . . plus directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2. International Opportunities, Box 29232-HP, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Backpacking, ski touring equipment, canoes, kayaks. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 53, 63 Park St., Andover, Mass. 01810.

LICENSED MOVERS

Morris Moving Vans. Since 1899. Experienced and careful movers. Local and long distance to Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Canada. 475-7537. #303. 91 East 7th Street, N.Y.C.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Pope John's photo engraved on metal pendant. Mail $1.50 ea. Brown, Box 1156, Cupertino, Calif. 95014.

Magnificent stained-glass windows—circa 1890s. Photographs and prices, $5 deposit. Box 1243, Albany, N.Y. 12201.

Buy wholesale. Join Alamo Discount Club. Free details. 542 Pleasanton Rd., San Antonio, Texas. 78214.

Save hundreds of $$$ on most makes of furniture and carpeting. Send $1 and large, self-addressed envelope for full details. Mutual, 5th floor, 225 W. Hubbard St., Chicago, Ill. 60610.

Equal time for foremothers! 21 historical postcards depicting women aviators, doctors, artists, architects, suffragists, and more. Beautiful photos and detailed captions. Fine limited edition on heavy stock, for collectors, correspondence, gifts. Complete set, $5. Our customers love history, art, literature, justice . . . and our cards. 40% of them reorder. Helaine Victoria, Box 5747, Santa Monica, Calif. 90405.

Can't sleep? read? . . . Mack's "Pillowsoft" Earplugs. Moldable Soundproofing. Ear doctor recommended. Guaranteed! $2.99. Harrington, 430-A East 66 St., N.Y.C. 10021.

Movie posters, stills, and TV scripts, 50¢ for large catalogue. Flicks, Inc. Sublette, Kans. 67877.

Wallpaper ordered at 30% discount. Ottco, Box 411, Frankfurt, Ky. 40601.

Kill the sound of obnoxious TV commercials from your chair. Easily installed: instructions, $4 postpaid. J. Groff, 212 Hillcrest Road, Quakertown, Pa. 18951.

WANTED TO BUY

Old toy trains (pre-1940) wanted for private collection. Wide-gauge Ives, Lionel, etc. Box 66, McLean, Va. 22101.

PERSONALS

Amusing European honorary medals and fictitious degrees. For color brochure send $2. International Awards Committee, Dept. H, 2350 Bean Creek Rd., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060.

Snoring problem? For free information explaining the first and only guaranteed cure ever offered, write Crostronics, Box 8143, Corpus Christi, Texas 78412.

Penfriends. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927-H 15th St., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Nationwide introductions! Free information! "Identity," Box 315-HC, Royal Oak, Mich. 48068.

Interesting penfriends! 35¢ handles. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, Calif.

Learn professional astrology at home. Write World Astrological Services, Inc., Box 471, Murray, Ky. 42071.

Intensive and group therapy—Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd. Austin, Texas 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute. $2,000 for three-week intensive; subsequent groups are $10 each.

Ocean Park Feeling Center. Primal-based process: three-week live-in intensive period. Six-month to year program. Weekly small group and individual sessions. 1307 University Ave, Berkeley, Calif. 94702 or call (415) 841-6649 or 339-2284.

Hearing aids! Batteries! Repairs! Wholesale Discounters! AidMart, Drawer Z-5, St. Petersburg, Fla. 33731.

Handwriting analysis in depth. $10 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29 St., N.Y.C. 10016.

Instant memory—New way to remember. No memorization. Release "photographic" memory. Stop forgetting! Liberates extraordinary knowledge, talents, ESP. Free information. Institute of Advanced Thinking. Box 606-H, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

Moving to Cleveland? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. (216) 751-2155.

Play chess by mail! Information: CHESSNUTS, 25-HA Mount Vernon, Saugus, Mass. 01906.

Financial wealth increased by a proven, step-by-step method. Send $2 for our booklet. P.O. Box 8071, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Pocketbook of passionate, beautiful Haiku. $2. Box 11, Guilford, Conn. 06437.

Astrological readings by R. Baldwin, M.A. Character, destiny, advice on specific questions if desired; $20. Send birth data including place and time to 209 W. 21st St., N.Y.C. 10011.

Political wealth and freedom! Presidential pardon, $2. Rockefeller gift certificate, $1. Ace in the Hole, Box 2262, Los Angeles, Calif. 90051.

Wealth and happiness for you! Simple step-by-step procedure. Send $2. O'Rourke, 3 Garden Heights, Woburn, Mass. 01801.

Contraceptives for men—by mail! Thirty top brands—Trojan, Nuform, Jade, and many more. Twelve assorted samples: $3. Deluxe sampler: $6. Free illustrated catalogue with every order. Plain package assures privacy. Fast and reliable service. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full. POPLAN, Box 2556—Dept. HAC-10a, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Vietnamese war orphans adoption information, $2. VACF, P.O. Box 14543, Houston, Texas 77021.

Please help Ireland. Send $1 to Michael Flynn, 788 North Jefferson St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53202.

Your perfume! Your very own. Request chart. Helene Christina, Box 273, Ocean City, N.J. 08226.

Millionaire—Help me become one. Send any amount to Perry, Box 235, Arlington, Texas. 76013.

East European writer needs financial assistance desperately. Please, help if you can. T. Z., Box 182, Adelaide Street Postal Station, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5C2J1.

Bed-wetting, simple method that helped me. $1 and stamped self-addressed envelope to LRD-A1, Box 2763, Arlington, Va. 22202.

Writer. Will go anywhere. Prefer full employment. Thirty. Male. Alone. Mayes, P.O. Box 2996, St. Louis, Mo. 63130.

Biorhythms—Fact or Fiction? See for yourself! Chart physical, intellectual and sensitivity cycles for yourself, family, friends. Packet includes complete instructions. Bio-Curve, 24 graphs. $4.95. PSI Rhythms, Inc., 2382H South Dixie, Dayton, Ohio. 45409.

Make friends worldwide through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, Germany.

Law student with proven record requires financial support to continue school. Contribution receipts available. Paul Neville, Box 205, Arapahoe, Wyo. 82510.

Several years ago we devoted an issue of **WRAPAROUND** to the notion of "getting high." That was fine for several years ago, but life has taken distinctive turns since then. We face potential hard times. We may be in the throes of something serious right now and not smart enough to see it yet. Indeed, getting *smart* has suddenly become as important as getting high was back then. If you're smart, you can carve out a niche for yourself in this new period of shifting alignments.

In a future **WRAPAROUND** we hope to explore this notion of getting smart, and we need your help because you're as smart as we are and there are more of you. Have you experienced anything lately that taught you a valuable lesson? Have you renounced old ideas in favor of new ones that could help wise us all up? Are there any formulas for getting smart? Whom do you know that's smart, and how did they get that way? Part of being smart is knowing where your true interests lie. But how do you decide something like that? How do you find out what's really good for you, what you really want, what will make you feel the best?

If you have any thoughts along these lines, we'd like to read them, especially if they're presented in about 300 words. Send them to us c/o Central Intelligence Department, WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

BOOKLETTER/
BOOKSERVICE

Bright, lively, literate
free for a month

If you love books but hate money and time on bad on want to become a Charter of *Harper's* **BOOKSERVICE** Membership includes a sub to the new *Bookletter,* a fa guide to the world of boo lished every other Monday (a year), and a unique bo service that offers you the o ty—but NEVER the oblig buy hardcover books at a 2 savings.

Yes, please enter my Chart bership to **BOOKSERVICE** special rate of just $10 for or instead of the regular $15. stand that I may read the issues at your expense. If I d them, I'll write "cancel" acr bill, send it back, and that's ☐Please send bill for $5 n $5 six months from now)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____Zip____

Harper's Magazine/**BOOKSE** 381 West Center Street, Ohio 43302.

Reprints Available

Fantasies of Famin

From the February 1 issue

The Worst American From the January 1975

$.25 each, $20 per hun

Reprint Departmen Harper's Magazine Two Park Avenue New York, N.Y. 100

Help Make A Better World

Learn a language, history, culture. Volunteer for PEACE CORPS opportunities, architects/planners, MBAs, CPAs, nurses, math/science degrees, agriculture, engineering. Africa, Asia, South America, Pacific. Transportation, living, medical expenses paid. Singles or couples. Apply/Information: Lynn Rotenberg, ACTION, ORC Box P-12, Washington, D.C. 20525, or call toll-free (800) 424-8580, Ext. 25, 9-5, Eastern Time.

Architecture **City and Regio**
Landscape Architecture **Planni**

Career Discovery at Harvard

Monday, June 23 to Friday, August 1, 1975

A unique six-week summer program for students, gradua and teachers who want to learn about the design and planning professions. Scholarship aid is available.

For further information:
R. C. Morse, Coordinator **414 Gund Hall/GSD**
Harvard University Cambridge, MA 02138 617/495-2

CIA COVER-UP

An insider's story

INTRODUCI
SPECIAL SECTIO
BOOKLETTER

May 1975 $1.00

Harper's

Magazine

Pigeonholing facts on Vietnam and Cambodia
by Sam Adams



DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • ©SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N. Y., N. Y.

LOUIS SLAUGHTER and EDWARD CARR

HOME: Kansas City, Missouri

OCCUPATION: Writer/Artist team

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created a highly successful comic strip which is drawn and distributed completely by Blacks.

QUOTE: "We use our comic strip to point out the problems faced by poor people in the ghetto ...and to make people laugh at themselves rather than at others."

PROFILE: Carr (25) is gregarious, people-oriented—likes to play drums and sing. Slaughter (32) is an introvert, preferring the solitude of fishing or reading.

Together, they're a highly imaginative, inventive team. They know "what's going down" in the ghetto, and they want to influence what they see.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"®



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards we set down in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.


herine Deneuve for Chanel
N°5
CHANEL
PERFUME
CHANEL N°5
rfume in the classic bottle 12.00 to 400., Spray Perfume 9.50 Eau de Toilette 8.00 to 22.00 Eau de Cologne 5.50 to 25.00 , and Spray Cologne 7.50

Harper's

MAY 1975 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 250, NO. 1500

WRAPAROUND 3 **Family: The Blood-Red Inkblot**
98 Tools for Living 100 Classified

Barney Collier 18 THE MOST EMBARRASSING LIST IN WASHINGTON
Who's (officially) worth saving in a nuclear holocaust?

George Crile, Jr. 30 THE SURGEON'S DILEMMA
Why Americans pay too much money for too many operations

Sam Adams 41 COVER-UP: PLAYING WAR WITH NUMBERS
A former CIA analyst recounts his struggle to get the Agency to accept the facts about the Vietnam war

SPECIAL SECTION 45 Introducing **BOOKLETTER**
Essays by Helen Rogan, Paul Zweig, and Lewis H. Lapham. Reviews by Ralph Tyler, Hayden Carruth, Frances Taliaferro, Robert H. Pilpel, and others. Book news and gossip.

Annie Dillard 74 INNOCENCE IN THE GALAPAGOS
A look at the landscape of time

Spencer Brown 86 HUNTERS UNLIMITED
A modest proposal for a human season

BOOKS

A. J. P. Taylor 90 WRONG TURNING

COMMENTARY

103 IN DEFENSE OF OLD HYPOCRISY, by Carl G. Croyder

104 HISSTORY IN THE SEVENTIES, by Dennis Halac

DEPARTMENTS

11 LETTERS
On invading Saudi Arabia
and a correction

97 GAME

Cover photograph by S. Varnedoe

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Robert Shnayerson; **MANAGING EDITOR:** Lewis H. Lapham; **ART DIRECTOR:** Sheila Berger; **SENIOR EDITOR:** Nelson W. Aldrich, **COPY EDITOR:** Rhoda Koenig; **ASSOCIATE EDITORS:** Gwyneth Cravens, John Fischer; **WASHINGTON EDITOR:** Taylor Branch; **STAFF EDITO** Valerie Brooks, Lawrence S. Burns, Melanie Pulik; **EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR:** Angela Santoro; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** George Crile, Tim Dickinson, Annie Dillard, Barry Farrell (West Coast), Jim Hougan, Russell Lynes, George Plimpton, Marion K. Sanders, Earl Shorris, Kurt Vonnegut, **CONTRIBUTING ARTIST:** Martim Avillez; **BOOKLETTER EDITOR:** Suzanne Mantell

PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard; **ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER:** Griff Ellison; **ASSISTANT PUBLISHER:** Ernest M. Walker, Jr.; **CONTROLLER:** Louis A. Isid **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCTION MANAGER:** Louis Seeger; **REPRINTS/PERMISSIONS:** Lucy Mattimore

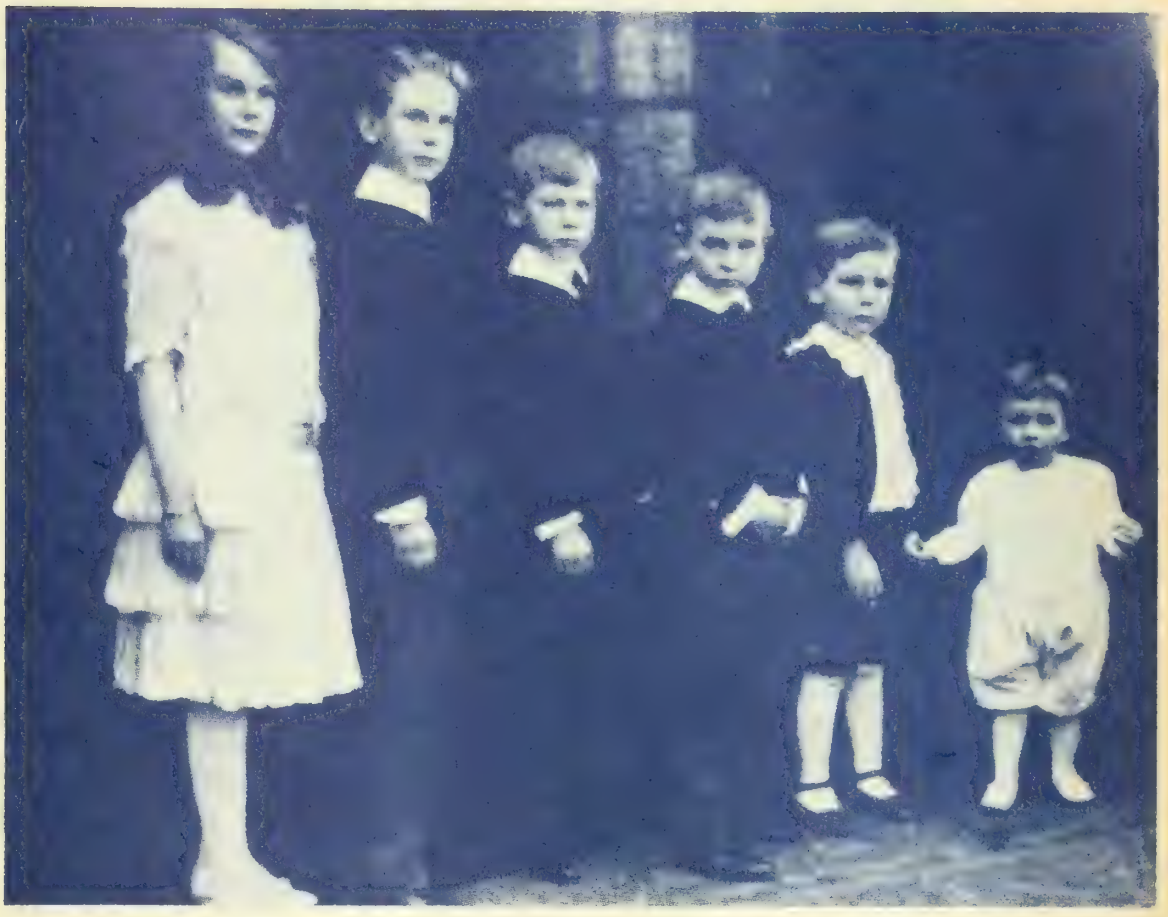
HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; R Shnayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.97 one year; $17.94 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, Presi Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.
For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadel and San Francisco.

Copyright © 1975 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Com under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated.

Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and tional mailing offices.
POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

WRAPAROUND



AMILY: The Blood-Red Inkblot

eedom from definition is no n in liberty in a bureaucratic . The notion of family has so far been legally defined. s must be accounted a bless- and, like all blessings, a prise.

or the points of intersection ween families and the state countless. Family demands rish its institutions: today lic education, tomorrow pub- medicine. Family failures the guardians of the law oud cries for order and loud entations over nursing homes heard in the land. Family rels endow arcane special- of the legal profession, and vide action for the police- n on the beat.

he state has, of course, found seful to define marriage. Af- all, marriage, stripped of ev- thing that makes it worth- le and interesting, remains a tract, and the state has al- s been concerned about con- cts. But marriage is not fam- and family has nothing to with contracts. Family is r than that.

t is a bureaucratic age but an age of cynicism and sentimentality, and the mere association of family with freedom will seem peculiar, if not laughable. It will seem so especially to the sophisticated, who are apt to imagine themselves created, not born; to the young, whose families are too much with them; and to novelists undergoing psychotherapy. Since these family members enjoy unequaled access to the means of communication, the notion of family has recently been the target of assaults, analyses, and libels unparalleled in ferocity since Christ adjured us to call no man father, or Lenin demanded devotion to the party above all.

This **WRAPAROUND** explores the myriad forms that families assume and lauds the general resistance of the thing to definition. We celebrate a liberty close to license. For family is where everything is possible, and the permissible may never find its limits. It is a place close to home, which is where, as Frost's farmer says, "when you have to go there,/they have to take you in." But also a place that the farmer's wife Mary characterizes more gently: "I should have called it/ Something you somehow haven't to deserve."

Family is a place/time from which we try to escape at our peril. Honor thy father and mother, for they will be with you always. Sooner or later we have to go home again. Family is the Great Inkblot in Blood Red: see in it what you will, and what you see in it, so it will seem to be. Dance to the Oedipal rag or the sibling quadrille. Family is a dark continuum where we learn to act out hatred and love, and to bear them. It is a thing of literally incalculable consequence; what happens in families cannot be measured, quantified, or even reduced to triviality.

Family is the bastion of the nonrational, the implicit, the ongoing, the universal. It so resists determination that every genius (Darwin, Marx, Freud) *must* find a theory to explain how it works, and every idiot an explanation to excuse how he behaves.

That the geniuses have fallen short and the idiots succeeded is testimony to the perversity of family. It is a thing of sublime adaptability; in it you will discover at least neglect (call it privacy), at best, forgiveness (call it emotional blackmail, but it's better than jail). The state would have you deserve welfare; the corporation would have you deserve a raise; friends would have you deserve their friendship. In a family the flow of love and money obeys no meritocratic rules. The first are sometimes last, the last sometimes first, and those in the middle sometimes learn to laugh.

The family, in short, is problematical. It is also (and therefore) Balzacian, Dostoevskian, and Dickensian; also psychological, sociological, and economic; also you, me, "they," and all the rest of us.

—Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.

"We are the children of many sires, and every drop of blood in us in its turn betrays its ancestors."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882)

tos from As They Were *by Tuli Kupferberg and Sylvia Topp. Copyright © 1973 by Tuli Kupferberg and Sylvia Topp. Published by Links Books*

WRAPAROUNDWRAPA



Ernest Hemingway (center, age four) with some of his family

ROLE REVERSAL

Of filial affection there have, it is true, been unlimited instances all over the world, but one at Rome with which the whole of the rest could not compare. A plebeian woman of low position who had just given birth to a child had permission to visit her mother who had been shut up in prison as a punishment, and was always searched in advance by the doorkeeper to prevent her carrying in any food. She was detected giving her mother sustenance from her own breasts. In consequence of this marvel the daughter's pious affection was rewarded by the mother's release and both were awarded maintenance for life; and the place where it occurred was consecrated to the Goddess concerned, a temple dedicated to Filial Affection.

—Pliny

Natural History, c. 70 A.D.

In a 1973 survey conducted for the Institute of Life Insurance, 80 percent of the respondents chose "a happy family life" over any of the other goals offered them. The other goals were "the opportunity to develop as an individual" (12 percent), "a fulfilling career" (4 percent), and "making a lot of money" (3 percent).

Industry v. the Spirit

American family life is shaped in large part by the industrial system. The economic system prevents involvement; it is within the family that people struggle to become involved in one another. The economic system generates competition; it is within the family that parents and children must try—and often fail—to live a life without competition. The occupational world creates feelings of inadequacy; it is within the family that the members attempt to prove themselves adequate. The economic system causes hostility, fear, and suspicion; it is within the family that these feelings must be worked through and subordinated to love. The emphasis on love in the American family seems almost in direct proportion to the orientation toward profit, competition, destructiveness, and de-personalization of the outer world. "Out there" a man is a boss, a member of the "labor force," or a mass-produced customer. Only in his family does he have a chance to be a human being.

—Jules Henry

Culture Against Man, 1963

It Sure Did

"Something happened to both my children that I cannot explain and cannot undo. I can't be good to them, it seems, even when I want to."

—Bob Slocum in
Something Happened
by Joseph Heller

In the family of which I constitute one quarter, there are three people of whom I am in total awe. This intense feeling of reverence and tenderness, liberally sprinkled with frustration, resentment, and befuddlement, comes of the knowledge that we four have lived, sometimes together, sometimes apart, for all of my twenty-three years, and have somehow managed to survive as an indestructible family unit. Miracles do happen.

My parents have seen two human creatures through as many ups and downs as the old Coney Island Steeplechase, through our Wonder Bread years, into and beyond those pimply and pudgy pubescent years during which one can metamorphize from a docile lamb into a seething cheetah and back again in seconds. We have withstood the petty traumas and heated arguments to which all families with members possessing brains, hearts, and nervous systems are vulnerable, and now at last my brother and I have entered that dynamite period—our adult years. For all of the delightful verbal acrobatics that our family performs, however, I have always been acutely aware of a gap between old and young which would be impossible to bridge. It is the *Upstairs, Downstairs* of the nuclear family.

What "happens" to Bob Slocum's children, that ineffable and awesome thing that he can neither explain nor undo, that change in his children that leaves him feeling so alone and so inept at human contact, is simply that his kids have grown up, have matured. They have sprouted minds, values, morals, and little insular worlds of th
own that transcend Slocur
own domain. A terrible thi
this business of growing up, b
it happens to the best of us.

Everything that surrounds
small child seems colossal
him. Parents are giants, pudd
are veritable oceans. And it
a sad day indeed when eve
little girl inevitably learns th
her daddy isn't a prince (unle
of course, he happens to
one). And that parents are
gods but only parents. All t
Fudgsicles, late nights watchi
Leave it to Beaver, dolls, a
ice-skating jaunts of yestery
don't much matter in the e
What does matter, ultimately
whether or not the influen
of my family on myself ca
me to feel worthy of such
travagant indulgences today.

My own theory on succe
ful family living is indeed
cynical and depressing one,
is, I am convinced, foolpro
Learning to live with the me
bers of one's family involv
the painful process of recc
ciling oneself to the various d
appointments in each memb
Sad, but true. Add to this r
ipe for the happy home t
stipulation that this process
allowed to unfold with a mc
icum of hair-tearing, door-sla
ming, and chest-beating. Th
brain of mine is certainly
microwave oven—I just kn
that growing up in a fam
means adjusting yourself to t
shortcomings of those imme
ately around you, realizing th
limitations and being glad th
they are no more abunda
than they are. I am wholly co
vinced that the mind makes t
trip, and even if mama a
papa have nurtured that mi
there has to be a day when o
awakens to the fact that he
solely responsible for himse
For myself, family life is t
experience of simply jumpi
in and getting wet, grabbing
the good I can possibly
from it all and then going
into the world to transcend t
disappointments. The umbili
cord was created in order
be cut, I'm certain.

At any rate, everyone see
pleased with the way I've tak
command. (Ha, ha.)

Ho, ho. **—Erica Hell**

*Erica Heller, the daughter of Jose
Heller, will graduate from New Yo
University this year. This is her fi
published piece.*

**"I never saw an oft-removed Tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed Family,
That throve so well as those that settled be."**

—Benjamin Franklin
"The Way to Wealth," 1758

UNDOWRAPAROUNDOW

wiss
aily Pfaff

p in the jungles of the
ev Kelvinators, the Hubba
ul a tribe goes about its quest
or od chanting the maxim
at overns communal life in
os parts: "The family that
re together, stays together."
ov while the Hubba Hubba
ay e unique in their penchant
or hanting maxims and in
ow hey go about the hunt (all
qu zed together in a 1948
m Roadmaster), the sense
f hat they chant and why
ne chant it is universal. Fam-
ie stay together out of the
ec sity to survive.

Ta ce the Smidlap family of
ea Station, Tennessee—please.
va Smidlap, Mom, son Gay-
or and daughter Lugene are
or squabblers who enjoy so
th in common that each has
ar ed a different language in
n effort to reduce communica-
or with one another to the
ar t minimum. Yet the Smid-
ap hang together in their ill-
ur red multilingual ménage,
en ng, if not admitting, that the
ef tion of any one member
wo d ruin the entire family's
ig ly Parcheesi tournament.
th consider the Zitoni family
f ggio Calabria. Plunged in-
w lethal spider web of in-
en cine hatreds dating back
ge ations into their Sicilian
od, the sixteen Zitonis have
ot llowed one civil word to
as among them since August
f 934. And yet *tight-knit* is
on too strong a term for the
it is when this clan of acro-
at is assembled onstage as the
lu an Rhomboid, forming a
an ial chain of interlocking
m so closely linked that a
ej ew's sneeze can be an un-
in hernia. "United we stand,
iv ed we fall"—it's an urgent
in of Zitoni life daily includ-
ng natinees.

r another example, let's
w h from show business to
id business and the case of
fa us Blitz, famed "father of
in utomatic refrigerator light."
Yo all know of the lifelong
en between Blitz and his sole
or Chester. Yet Blitz needed
ha vent the automatic refrig-
ra r light in order to survive
a scientist, and he needed
ch ter to aid him in his quest.
Ch ter, for his part, needed his
ne r to let him out of the re-
fri rator. That day in the lab
th Blitz slammed the door

Catch-23

"And Judah said unto Onan, Go unto thy brother's wife, and marry her, and raise up seed to thy brother. And Onan knew that the seed should not be his; and it came to pass, when he went in unto his brother's wife, that he spilled it on the ground, lest that he should give seed to his brother. And the thing which he did displeased the Lord: wherefore he slew him also."

—Genesis 38:8

for the millionth time and heard Chester exclaim from inside the fridge, "It's off, it's off, now let me out of here, you old lunatic!" was perhaps a dark one for family warmth, but a bright one for the survival of the Blitz family.

But why stick with only clinical examples? Western literature simmers with examples of families clinging together to survive, cf. the immortal *Swiss Family Robinson*, and families *not* clinging together to survive, cf. the immoral *Swiss Family Pfaff*. Those fractious Pfaffs—so rent by bickering that not only did they miss the boat train that would have whisked them to the ship that was later wrecked, but they never even got out of their tumbledown Alpine shanty to meet the stagecoach that would have met the boat train that would have met the ship. They just stayed home; and although what they did to each other in that little hut was the cause of the book's being banned in Berne, burned in Lucerne and blacklisted in Basel, suffice it to say that the Pfaffs survived after a fashion, without having to learn how to catch giant gerbils with a trap made from Pop's old suspenders. For after all is said and done—and you haven't heard the half of it here—family survival boils down in the end to nothing less complicated than "to each his own." Blood is thicker than water; yet, as physics reminds us, buttermilk is thicker than both. **—Bruce McCall**

Bruce McCall, a free-lance writer, is one of a family of six children, and thinks he may someday be able to talk about it.

"He that hath a Wife and Children, must not sit with his Fingers in his Mouth."

—Thomas Fuller
Gnomologia, 1732



Margaret Mead (about five) with her brother Richard

ORIGINS OF THE COLD WAR

In the great majority of cases today, at least in the possessing classes, the husband is obliged to earn a living and support his family, and that in itself gives him a position of supremacy, without any need for special legal titles and privileges. Within the family he is the bourgeois and the wife represents the proletariat. In the industrial world, the specific character of the economic oppression burdening the proletariat is visible in all its sharpness only when all special legal privileges of the capitalist class have been abolished and complete legal equality of both classes established. The democratic republic does not do away with the opposition of the two classes; on the contrary, it provides the clear field on which the fight can be fought out. And in the same way, the peculiar character of the supremacy of the husband over the wife in the modern family, the necessity of creating real social equality between them, and the way to do it, will only be seen in the clear light of day when both possess legally complete equality of rights. Then it will be plain that the first condition for the liberation of the wife is to bring the whole female sex back into public industry, and that this in turn demands the abolition of the monogamous family as the economic unit of society. **—Friedrich Engels**

The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State, 1884

There is every reason to believe that the family, in the form of a more or less permanent union between a male and a female and their children, is the oldest of human institutions. In spite of nineteenth-century theories, it is now generally accepted that there never was a period in human evolution which was characterized by promiscuous relations between the sexes. The oldest of all human institutions, the family will continue to endure as the basic institution upon which society rests, no matter what social changes may develop. For a time, the Soviet Russians thought that they could eliminate the family, but they soon discovered how unworkable such an idea was. **—Ashley Montagu**

Man: His First Million Years, 1957

"There is no love on earth comparable to that of a mother. Our best description of it is that, of all types of earthly love, it most nearly approaches the divine."

—Lyndon B. Johnson
"To Our Mothers," 1930

APAROUNDWRAPARO

Caseworker's Report

Subject: The "Ç" Family

1. R. C., age forty-three. Unstable personality. Quit last job eight years ago. Virtually unemployed since. Very bitter toward former coworkers. Easily irritated. Has minimal contact with his children, but evinces marked hostility toward eldest son. Appears to be in poor health. (CONFIDENTIAL: medical records reveal condition of advanced tertiary syphilis, date of infection unknown.)

2. J. C., age thirty-eight. Unemployed. Known to have had at least one extramarital affair of long duration. Apparently has not engaged in intramarital coitus for a number of years. (CONFIDENTIAL: medical records reveal no sign of venereal infection.) Shows only an erratic interest in her children. Has difficulty handling money matters.

3. W. C., age eighteen. Suffers from speech defect. Prone to respiratory illness. Weak constitution. Disciplinary problem in school. Poor student. Frequently fails examinations despite special tutoring. Evinces self-destructive tendencies.

4. J. S. C., age twelve. Submissive and indecisive. Appears intimidated by rest of family. Does well in school, however. Appears to hero-worship his brother.

Analysis:

1. The C's present clear symptoms of family disintegration. R. C. and J. C. apparently married without the blessing of the former's parents, who did not attend the wedding; latter's parents seem to have been unenthusiastic about the union even though they acquiesced to it. The birth of W. C. seven-and-a-half months after the marriage ceremony did nothing to ameliorate the situation, and his "premature" arrival may be partly responsible, along with Oedipal factors, for R. C.'s obvious hostility to him.

2. Both J. C. and R. C. move in a subculture of sexual promiscuity not at all conducive to family stability. Extramarital adventures appear probable for the period between births of W. C. and J. S. C. and certain for the years following. Cohabitation within the marriage seems to have ceased nine or ten years ago.

3. Parental neglect of the children in terms of psychological and emotional nurture has been fairly chronic throughout. It has been aggravated by blatant favoritism toward the younger child on the part of J. C., and a similar favoritism—if an absence of hostility can be so called—on the part of R. C. W. C. shows clear signs of maladjustment. His misbehavior at his first school is said to have become "legendary." In secondary school he stayed consistently at the bottom of his class. He appears to have repressed his (understandable) hostility toward his parents and turned it against himself. Recently he jumped off a thirty-foot-high bridge while "playing," on the theory, as he explained it, that he would grab onto a nearby pine tree and thereby break his fall. He ruptured a kidney instead and was invalided for two months. Seems prone to depression.

4. J. S. C. suffers from a marked lack of self-direction. He tries very hard to please and be agreeable, sensing himself inadequate to deal with the three high-powered personalities around him. His autonomy seems seriously impaired.

Prognosis:

Poor. R. C.'s health will continue to deteriorate. J. C.'s indiscreet sexual dalliance seems likely to continue also. In any case, the neglect of the children will not abate. J. C. and R. C. essentially lead separate lives now, observing only the formalities of a marriage relationship. Neither has a compelling interest in their sons, and neither seems competent to handle family finances. W. C. appears certain to have further severe problems of adjustment ahead of him, and he is ill-equipped to cope with them. J. S. C. seems to have a chance for healthy development, but he must overcome his timidity and avoid mimicking his brother's dubious exploits.

Summary:

For all practical purposes this family has ceased to exist as a viable social unit.

26 September 1893

Updates:

R. C. died in 1895.

J. C. died in 1921.

J. S. C. became a stockbroker in 1900.

W. C. became Prime Minister of Great Britain in 1940.

—Robert H. Pilpel

Robert Pilpel's book Churchill in America *will be published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich in 1976.*

"I despair of teaching the ordinary parent how to handle his child. They spank him when he does something wrong, instead of praising him for doing something right. They have no idea of the proper use of reinforcement. I would prefer to turn child-raising over to specialists."

—B. F. Skinner
quoted in *Behavior Mod*
by Philip J. Hilts, 1974

"Do not let your children become better than you."

—Sicilian proverb

"When a man marries, l... divorces his mother."

—Yiddish prover...

Bring the Chicken Sou...

"What was the purpose, chi... dren, for which I reared you
For all my travail, and wea... ing myself away?
They were sterile, those pai... I had in the bearing of yo...
Oh surely once the hopes I ha... poor me,
Were high ones; you woul... look after me in old age,
And when I died would de... me well with your ow... hands;
A thing which all would ha... done. Oh but it is gone,
That lovely thought."

—Euripid...
Medea, c. 460 B.C...



Nikolai Lenin (age four) with his sister Olga

A CHANGE OF HEART

"The first part of the Yippie program, you know, is kill you... parents. And I mean that quite seriously. Because until you're... prepared to kill your parents, you're not really prepared to chang... the country because our parents are our first oppressors."

—Jerry Rubi...
Speech, Kent State University, 197...

"Well, I think you have to rebel against your parents to dis... cover your identity, and then you have to love your parents t... love yourself, because you are your parents."

—Jerry Rubin, on *The Dick Cavett Show*
April 197...

cent into Hist

en only quarrel over mat- f ancestry," says the Tal- Whether the early Galut, ceful and contented com- y of the People of God, really such rabid snobs is nportant than that the say- oes suggest the degree to most traditional societies bsessed with descent as an of worth.

obility," said William Ce- man of the barest gentility became the greatest of beth I's ministers, "is but nt riches," and he set his scholars to prove he was nded from the Roman Ca- with the principal effect of ing the rumor that the y was really named Sitsilt rse). The great figures of eval Jewry—the exilarchs, eonim, some of the great s—claimed, or had claimed hem, descent from David; however complete the ge- gies, which if certain prove their present fam- unquestionably the longest- nded on record, these s were made too late to rifiable.

more serious title to estab- descent goes to the Japa- imperial house, which, dis- ing all myth, has main- some kind of princely for 1,500 years. And at ther end of Eurasia, the ill clan of Ireland may be d; certainly Lord O'Neill, rather harassed Protestant emier of Northern Ireland, trace himself far beyond of the Nine Hostages. The is that he descends from mber of an English family, Chichesters, who estab- themselves by force of under Elizabeth and one hose members married an ill heiress 100 years ago. Chichester changed his . Today the head of the y in the strict male descent ned by Irish custom, Hugo ill, lives in exile at Lisbon, ave twelve generations of amily before him.

w subjects are so fruitful ying and fantasy as lineage. dukes of Luynes are said ave displayed a picture of entering the ark carrying uynes genealogy; the great- f English noble families, itzalan-Howards, still pub- assert that their most an- title, the earldom of Arun- del, was created in 1137 instead of 1301 at the earliest; the Pastons, feeling a little under-ancestored, hired an antiquarian to provide them with 150 extra years of family history complete with a thrilling imprisonment in the Tower. The kings of Sweden called Charles are numbered VII to XIV rather than I to VIII because the chronicler Olaus Magnus reinforced national pride by inventing six extra ones in the sixteenth century.

The families most likely to survive are those who, "made of the willow, not the oak," do not press their claims to great things. The Roncalli, the family of Pope John XXIII, have worked pretty much the same land for 500 years and were not particularly conspicuous in so doing; one French peasant family has been traced on its land to 913. The tiny handful of the English squirearchy whose names are those of their villages—and in reverse of the American situation almost always derive their names *from* the villages—are almost uniformly obscure; the Gatacres had happily vegetated in Gatacre for 750 years when one of them became a general; on his first active command, he was resoundingly defeated twice in six months and removed; the family seems to have learned its lesson, and has given no further trouble in the past seventy-five years. The Haigs have been so long in one place—on the Scots borders—probably since about the year 1000—that they became a proverb in the land:

Tide, tide, whate'er betide,
Haig will be Haig of Bemerside.

While families of politicians —like royalty—may go on indefinitely, scientific and intellectual families tend to have rather brief spans. Few reach to the third generation, and rarely with distinction. Darwin records that the third of the Professors Monro who taught anatomy at Edinburgh from 1720 to 1846 was reading his grandfather's notes verbatim in the 1830s ("When I was in Leyden in 1719. . ."). But there are exceptions. Four generations of Struves in Russia and the U.S. have added luster to astronomy; in four generations again, nearly a dozen Fries have been the great ornament of Swedish botany, and as many Bernouillis in Switzerland and Russia have advanced the frontiers of mathematics. The Bach genealogy includes more than thirty musicians and composers, from the illustrious to the merely distinguished, over five generations.

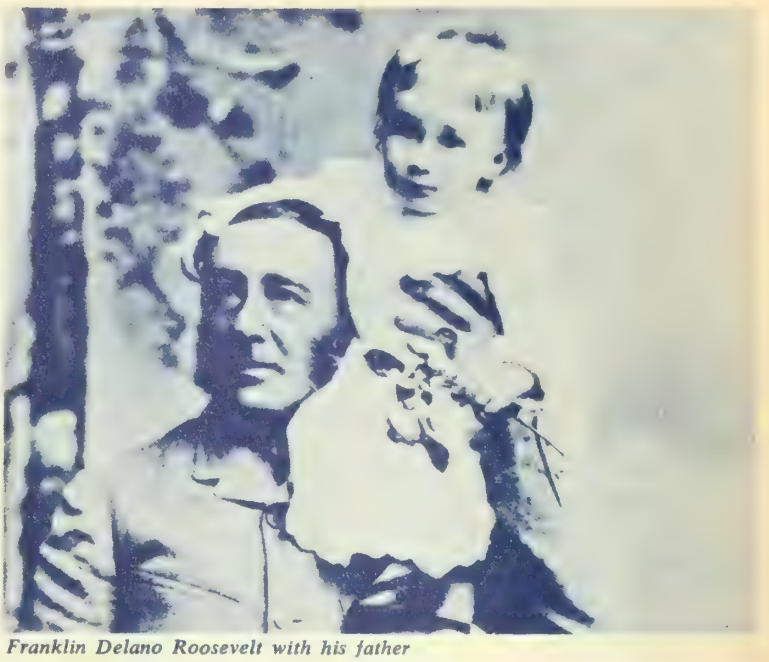
Genealogy and the consciousness of descent, except where it comes to the tracing of diseases, has always struck me as fun, but not much to the point. The extensive German princely house of Reuss made its genealogists work for their living by baptizing all its male members for centuries as Heinrich. The problem of descent is also vitiated by at least one fundamental question: La Rochefoucauld tells of a certain duke bending over his eldest son's deathbed and saying cheerfully, "He won't last long: I saw his poor father go just the same way." For years geneticists were puzzled by certain communities of Southwestern Indians which had a relatively high proportion of albinism, although the gene was recessive. Then it was pointed out that the albinos were considered unfit to work in the fields alongside the other men.

Such peoples and classes as keep written records of their families can pride themselves infinitely and surprisingly—the only family tree I ever traced demonstrated, quite truthfully, the descent of one of *The New Yorker*'s lawyers from Charlemagne. Family pride has its odder uses—I remember how the otherwise unremarkable member of a great Boston family routed some burglars he surprised in his house with the cry "Do you know who I am?" On the rare occasions I ever get to thinking about my descent or anyone else's I remind myself that, discounting inbreeding, at twenty generations' remove one's famous ancestor is struggling for place with 1,048,575 fellow ancestors. I also think of Matthew Prior:

Ladies and nobles, by your leave,
Here lies the grave of Matthew Prior:
The son of Adam, and of Eve:
Can Bourbon, can Nassau, boast higher?

—Timothy Dickinson

Timothy Dickinson is a contributing editor of Harper's.



Franklin Delano Roosevelt with his father

A family named Yeater, with roots in New Paris and Goshen, Indiana, publishes a newsletter called "The Yeater Cousins (and their Kin)." Subscriptions to this professional-looking publication cost $6 per year ($10 for two years, $12 for three). A recent twelve-page issue featured Mama Jessie Yeater on the cover and included photographs of the Ferder sisters, the Paul O. Yeater family, the late Roy and Callie Yeater, Carol Yeater, another Roy Yeater, many other Yeaters, and candids of the third annual Yeater Cousins' Association gathering at New Paris. The newsletter has 183 subscribers, of whom only 44 are named Yeater.

AROUNDWRAPAROUN



John F. Kennedy (second from right) with his mother, sisters Eunice, Kathleen, Rosemary, and brother Joe, Jr.

Small World

America and Great Britain almost had a third war in 1861, when the U.S.S. San Jacinto halted the British steamer Trent and removed two Confederate envoys without carrying out the proper legal procedures. In the ensuing dispute, Bertrand Russell's grandfather (John, Earl Russell, Britain's foreign secretary) complained to John Adams's grandson (Charles Francis Adams, Sr., the U.S. minister to London) that John Wilkes's nephew (Capt. Charles Wilkes, U.S.N.) had illegally arrested Murray Kempton's great-grandfather (Commissioner James Mason).

BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE

Much has been said about the new sense of responsibility shown by the young in their early acceptance of marriage and parenthood. But time may show that the cocoon of a large-familied home is—like that of a large corporation—the best protection from the loneliness of thought and a voluntary abdication of the burdens of personal freedom.

—Marya Mannes
The New York Times Sunday Magazine
February 3, 1960

COTTON'S SEED

True to their noble rank the reverend families tended to marry into each other. For a century and a half such marriages were very numerous. It seemed to be according to social propriety for ministers' sons to marry ministers' daughters. Pastors often married into the family of their predecessors—often the daughter, sometimes the widow. Many families may be cited as exhibits of interrelationship among ministers. The "Mather Dynasty" is a conspicuous case in point. Richard Mather's second wife was the widow of John Cotton. Their children, Increase Mather and Mary Cotton, were as brother and sister but were married and became the parents of Cotton Mather. The sons, grandsons, and great-grandsons of Richard Mather entered the ministry. The girls in the same generations married ministers. Thus the Mather blood fertilized the remote quarters of New England. **—Arthur W. Calhoun**
A Social History of the American Family, 1917

The Youngest Child

People seem to have known for a long time that the youngest child is usually a peculiar type. This is evidenced by the countless fairy tales, legends, Biblical stories, in which the youngest always appears in the same light. As a matter of fact he does grow up in a situation quite different from that of all other people, for to parents he represents a particular child, and as the youngest he experiences an especially solicitous treatment. Not only is he the youngest, but also usually the smallest, and by consequence, the most in need of help. His other brothers and sisters have already acquired some degree of independence and growth during the time of his weakness, and for this reason he usually grows up in an atmosphere warmer than that which the others have experienced.

Hence there arise a number of characteristics which influence his attitude toward life in a remarkable way, and cause him to be a remarkable personality. One circumstance which seemingly is a contradiction for our theory must be noted. No child likes to be the smallest, the one whom one does not trust, the one in whom one has no confidence, all the time. Such knowledge stimulates a child to prove that he can do everything. His striving for power becomes markedly accentuated and we find the youngest very usually a man who has developed a desire to overcome all others, satisfied only with the very best. **—Alfred Adler**
Understanding Human Nature, 1962

Twins

From the beginning we w
Cain and Abel. Pressed a
gether against placental tis
he struck out from his de
sive fetal posture, permane
denting my left ribs. Pus
from the uterus twenty min
before I was, he secured
only victory he would ever h
in our competitive lives.

At age seven, unable to b
the laconic manner in which
was pitching hay, I jabbe
pitchfork into his butt, and
shocked and exhilarated by
howls. At age nine, frustra
by his refusal to take my ad
for the preparation of a sa
I seized a knife, chased hi
the hallway stairs, and hu
the weapon. It missed by ha
foot, spinning through a co
plate-glass window in the f
door. My parents, one after
other, beat me savagely ac
the backs of my thighs wit
two-by-four.

I had concentrated in mys
as agent and victim, the
lence of the entire family. I
impotent in a neighborh
where every kid could pum
me; my brother became
only person over whom I p
sessed an absolute power of
timidation. With both of us p
hibited from any expression
anger or hostility by an auth
itarian father, my twin beca
the natural target for deflec
Oedipal rage.

I predominated intellectua
musically, athletically—in
ery possible, desirable w
Even when we were altar bo
little priests serving mass tw
a week, I genuflected m
gracefully than he on the alt
center stage. In high school
ached to be accepted, and
did he. But he had no so
skills to negotiate his raw ne
and I was acutely ashamed
his awkward, pleading man
I pushed him away; he demea
my social worth.

Shunning him in public,
fondled him in private. Ly
naked on our parents' bed (
neath a crucifix), I coaxed h
into an adolescent's ritual fo
play and mutual masturbati
Unexpectedly, our father
turned home early and came
to the room before we co
get out. Incensed by this bl
phemy of his bed, his wom
and his religion, our father
nounced us as disgusting pig
In business school my tw

brc er sought the compulsive sat actions of double-entry bookkeeping, the clean leaves of lgers and graphed accounts, the successive recording of kn n quantities. Women were vir s to him, holy spirits be- yo the pleasures of the flesh; he aded the conflict of sexual po cs. Later, in the seminary, he ayed for divine guarantees of ve and security, pursued a pu ied sense of order through a eology he transformed into he py.

despise the values of his life resist their echoes ringing n hy psyche during weaker mo ents. While feeling guilt tha the roots of my own strong- er ill flourished in the defeats I shed upon him, I still want to ield prose knives, to con- ve this act of writing into an- oth murder.

e is a polite man, a strange na being divested of aggres- sio leading a shadow life of fe ul retreat. Yet, in all his na d, dark need, he touches up a gentler, more deeply hu- na part of myself. He creates in ne—through some myste- ri s, profound movement of sy pathy—a wish to acknowl- ed that he is unconditionally my brother, a wish free from th distortions of guilt and rage. Th false symmetry of melo- dr ha would have us reconciled as quals; it is a naive notion th belies the complexity of a re ionship that began with our ab lute identification as twins, ar ended where no one would ne guessed. But the blood al- e nce of family is real, and it acts its measure of loyalty, ne ever conditioned by what ha gone before.

—Thomas Kennedy

"Thomas Kennedy" is the pseud- ym of a free-lance writer living in Ne York.

Hindsight

In the twelve months before my father died the two of us spent a great deal of time talk- ing together about the way things once were.

I flew down to Miami from New York every month just to visit and talk with him. He was seventy-two, but the cancer that had already begun to metasta- size throughout his body made him look a thin and frail ninety. We would sit in the den drink- ing whiskey or move to the porch and watch the fat, white clouds floating over Biscayne Bay, but always we talked about times past—times in Ohio, in the old frame farmhouse on the hill, and later times in Miami Beach, times when we were to- gether as a family.

The odd thing was, we never were much of a family, hadn't been for a very, very long time. Business usually kept him in the North, and for holidays he and my mother would go on their vacation, to some resort or to a Caribbean island.

Yet, during those monthly visits, all he wanted to do was talk about the old days. We talked about our first trip to Florida in 1947, three inter- minable days on a train so bad- ly sprung that none of us slept, and about the weekend we all drove to Key West and I fell off the seawall. We talked about summers at the farm, and how much he wanted to see it again.

Though he grew progressive- ly weaker during that year— weakened first by radiation treatments, then by surgery, and finally by the drugs—he loved to get out. And on those days when he felt strong enough, on the warm sunny days of that spring, I would put him in the car and we would drive, and always he wanted to go to the same places. Over Haulover Bridge, to park by the sight of the old Lighthouse Restaurant and talk about the giant turtles that once filled the fish tank there. Down Ocean Drive to where we lived that first win- ter, to park there by the beach and talk about the little juice stand where my brother and I had a charge account, and about our red Ford convertible that came all the way from Ohio by freight train. Always the good times, the family times.

It was as if he were skimming back over the years, stopping only to pick up those incidents which showed us together. His memory for detail was excel- lent, but the over-all picture was sadly distorted. What he recalled were not examples of our family life; they were all of our family life. In the course of that year I bet we discussed each and every episode lived by the four of us. Minuscule frag- ments from the past, blown up to represent a way of life that never existed.

I could not understand if the events had suddenly become more important to him, or if the pain and medication and disappointment were taking their toll. Not that it mattered. He enjoyed those talks, and, frank- ly, so did I. In all the time I had known him—all my life— I had never had the luxury of so much time simply to be with him. And those things he chose to recall, though I had forgot- ten many, were the best parts of my childhood, and I was thrilled to have them back.

My father died that winter, on a Thursday night, while I was driving to the airport to catch a plane for Miami. I tried to reach my mother before boarding the flight and, getting no answer, called my brother in Ohio. I needn't have called him. When she hadn't answered, I knew.

I remember strapping myself into my seat. Then the sitting, waiting for the engines to start, thinking about my father. How clever he had been, weaving those few, carefully selected memories into a childhood filled with family. And as the plane taxied into line on the runway, I could think of nothing else.

—Skip Rozin

Skip Rozin is a free-lance writer based in New York City.

FREUD'S POP

In 1896 Freud's father died. Soon afterwards he wrote: "I feel now as if I had been torn up by the roots." In 1908, re- membering his mourning, he generalized from this experi- ence that the death of a father was the most important event in any man's life. It certainly was in his, because in the fol- lowing year, after an agonizing struggle with an anxiety neu- rosis, he initiated his self-anal- ysis and began to understand the importance of family rela- tions—he began to interpret his own Oedipus complex.

—Stephen Kern
History of Childhood Quarterly
Winter 1974

"Take . . . the father who throws his baby into the air and catches him. Does he do this to demonstrate his own unfailing ability to catch the little bun- dle of humanity, so precious to him? Is he trying to reveal his superiority, his complete mas- tery over the child?"

—Ladies' Home Journal
May 1938

"A father and son are like two mute souls who look at one an- other across an abyss on either side of the mother, unable to speak or embrace."

—Léon Bloy
Le Désespéré, 1886



Margaret Sanger (left) with her sister Ethel and Mary Higgins

AROUNDWRAPAROUND

"The press likes to put the Manson family in quotation marks—'family.' But it's a real family, with real feelings of devotion, loyalty and disappointment. For Manson and all the others it's the only family they've ever had." —David Felton and David Dalton
Mindfuckers, 1972

REIGN OF TERROR

Century after century of battered children grew up and in turn battered their own children. Public protest was rare. Even humanists and teachers who had a reputation for great gentleness, like Petrarch, Ascham, Comenius, and Pestalozzi, approved of beating children. Milton's wife complained she hated to hear the cries of his nephews when he was beating them, and Beethoven whipped his pupils with a knitting needle and sometimes bit them. Even royalty was not exempt from battering, as the childhood of Louis XIII confirms. A whip was at his father's side at table, and as early as 17 months of age, the dauphin knew enough not to cry when threatened with the whip. At 25 months regular whippings began, often on his bare skin. He had frequent nightmares about his whippings, which were administered in the morning when he awakened. When he was king he still awoke at night in terror, in expectation of his morning whipping. The day of his coronation, when he was eight, he was whipped, and said, "I would rather do without so much obeisance and honor if they wouldn't have me whipped."

—Lloyd deMause
The History of Childhood, 1974

The killing of infants under one year of age increased in the U.S. during the 1960s. In 1957 the infanticide rate was 3.1 per 100,000 infants. By 1970 it had risen to 4.7.

In 1745 the Superior Court in Boston decided that the child of an unmarried female slave by a male slave who "had kept her company with her master's consent" was not a bastard.

"The Dani women want to work in the garden, herd around their pigs and cook in the hunila. They consider children a nuisance to their industry.

"Most of the women resign themselves to bearing one or two children. If they find a third is on its way, they induce self-abortion with the help of a sharp bamboo stick."

—Wyn Sargent
People of the Valley, 1974



William Saroyan (right, age three) with his brother Henry

Why I'm Childless

All happy families are alike, according to one of the most famous opening lines in all fiction. They are alike, I would say, in that on closer scrutiny they are really not all that happy. Well, let's say that in households (usually provincial and nonintellectual) where the idea gap between generations is minimal and ideological tensions are negligible, harmony may prevail. But in the restlessly fluid, intellectually competitive, pulsatingly megalopolitan milieu in which my friends and I live, relations between parents and children are at best distant and melancholy, at worst close and fiercely embattled. Just as the Mafia is also known as the Family, most families could be known as internecine mini-Mafias. I know that I have been a disappointment as a son, which is the easier role; in the much harder part of the father I have every reason to expect an even worse performance from myself.

This is one of the reasons that, though I have been and might someday again be married, I doubt very much if I would have children. I write a great deal—about plays, films, books, and other cultural matters—and the energy that would go into raising children I put into raising questions about our arts and society. Ideas live just as much as children, even if in a different way, and we must all have the kind of family that suits us. Children, aside from being otherwise costly, are a great drain on the energy and time I would rather use for other things. Worse yet, the one-to-one relationship between man and woman, which seems to be the greatest source of creative energy for both of them, is always endangered and often sabotaged by children. When those alternatingly passionate and cozy hours together are bitten into by the need to change diapers or make breakfast for the kiddies, see whether they are asleep yet or check on why they are crying; when one cannot go out on the town or travel to other cities without them, or without making elaborate provisions for their surveillance; when the burbling or babbling little one becomes ly-nilly the *terzo incomodo* mance has a way of yiel to the rat race.

Selfish? Perhaps. But wh "unselfish" people have child? To perpetuate name, to have it amuse with its cute ways, to help with the household chores make *them* feel self-satisfie they answer its questions disburse *their* superior wisc to be *their* crutch in old And what about the supr selfishness and irresponsib of further populating this ready vastly, groaningly, ex sively overpopulated pla Like any pitiable woman out by repeated childbea and child-rearing, Mother E is sick, literally sick, of b a mother. But this sick mo is not merely a hazard t nuclear family—she gra imperils the prospects of the tire family of man.

"Population is rushing and soil fertility is rus down," wrote that sage Aldous Huxley in a letter; that in a couple of generati most of the planet will be a bowl inhabited by the star and ruled (since democrac incompatible with hunger) tyrants." That was in 1948, we are now closer by one eration to that intolerable s of affairs. That the birth has fallen off here and there the world is not nearly eno as long as in adjoining a procreation charges ahead a suicidally full blast. That, contributes to my remain childless, and even having come associated with the tional Organization for N parents. Along with NON, I lieve that the childfree s must be made socially resp able in a society that thro countless means—from relig to advertising, from sch books to soap operas—enco ages mindless multiplying. those whose chief talents lie the direction of parenthood produce, albeit with mode tion; let others, otherwise clined, remain unpressured undiscriminated against—free to be childfree.

—John Sim

John Simon, theater critic of York *and* The Hudson Review, *film critic of* Esquire, *also w criticism of the arts for* The Leader.

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE

LETTERS

Defense or tribute?

I am appalled by the callous proposal that Mr. Ignotus set forth in the March issue ["Seizing Arab Oil"]. He advocates preventive war, at any rate an invasion, and he projects a scenario in which Israel would be used as the launching pad for this holy war. If the intention of publishing these ideas is to blackmail our opponents, Ignotus and his colleagues in high government circles must believe that such a threat is realistic, will be convincing to others and will therefore have its desired effect.

God help us if Mr. Ignotus's ravings reflect U.S. government thinking even remotely. He has thought of everything: the Arabs would be unable to retaliate if we select the right spot; the Russians will be unwilling to risk war. How does he know that the Russians, even if unwilling to fight, will not feel obliged to bluff, too? If Mr. Ignotus plays poker, he knows that once you start raising it becomes more and more difficult to stop—and one side finally has to take a loss. He may have calculated that the risk amounts to only 10 percent and that we have a 90 percent chance to win—or even 99 percent chance! Yet, as long as there is a 1 percent chance of a nuclear war, a responsible government should be prepared for more than a tiny little military expedition into Saudi Arabia.

But suppose Mr. Ignotus wins, and the Russians don't threaten us directly. How does he expect to transport the oil? By land, it would have to pass through countries which are hostile; by air, it would be as costly to bring the oil in as to pay the extortionist price of the sheiks; by sea—supertankers are sitting ducks. The Russians need not take any direct military action against the United States; they could just choke off Europe—and that would be counter-blackmail. If someone in the Pentagon or in Foggy Bottom thinks that fear of losing their thrones might make some oil sheiks amenable to our demands, then fear of revolution in Europe should work for the Russians.

I invite Mr. Ignotus to visit Jerusalem in 1976. I assume that his plan would require the U.S. to inform the Israelis in good time that Israel is going to be used as a launching pad. If I were then the Prime Minister of Israel, faced with such a proposition, I would take the next plane to Moscow and ask Chairman Brezhnev for protection. Why should Israel accept a scenario which condemns it to eternal enmity with the increasingly powerful Arab population? Why should Israel renounce the strategy, until recently urged upon it by the U.S. Secretary of State himself, to seek accommodation with the Arab powers? Mr. Ignotus proposes a suicidal strategy for Israel. Moreover, he would have to sell his intervention to the American people as a war to save Israel. The result would surely be an increase of anti-Semitism.

I have deliberately left out the ethical arguments, to which Mr. Ignotus might be impermeable. But I would like to mention one point that borders on the ethical. Being a successful imperialist requires submitting oneself to a certain harsh discipline. Mr. Ignotus says that Americans will not stand for rationing or any measures that might hurt a little. The Romans and the Germans could have empires because they accepted the habit of sacrifice. Not so the Americans, who are now less inclined than ever to act or think like imperialists. If they rejected even a little rationing—and I agree with all the experts that this corrupt nation would create a gigantic black market—why would they accept a little war in Saudi Arabia? And if they would? One should recall Hegel's remark that terror is the weapon of people who are afraid; one might add that frightened nations often go to war because they cannot solve their domestic problems.

In moral as well as political terms, a frankly colonial expedition would have an enormous price tag attached to it. I suggest that Mr. Ignotus make a little calculation of the real costs of putting this nation on a war footing, as compared to the cost of a program of energy conservation and development. What we are now paying the oil sheiks is unconscionable; it is said that the expansion of energy

CORRECTION

In the April *Harper's*, Helen Lawrenson's article ("Covering the Waterfront") about her late husband, Jack Lawrenson, was accompanied by a photograph which was intended to represent Mr. Lawrenson. Instead, the man in the picture we published was Joseph Curran, former president of the National Maritime Union. *Harper's* regrets the error and offers special apologies to Mrs. Lawrenson.

—The Editors

As your introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CU

The most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosoph ever published... for only $17.50

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL
You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose.

PUBLISHER'S LIST PRICE: $99.50

The complete contents of the original eight-volume $219.50 edition
now in a handsome four-volume reader's edition

IN ARISTOTLE'S TIME, or Voltaire's, or even during the early 1900s, it was possible for one scholar to absorb the whole of philosophy and to write a thorough, accurate and readable encyclopedia for the layman to enjoy. But not today. Today, with so many revolutionary developments taking place in philosophy and related fields, no one person can hope to master the subject, much less make it comprehensible to others. Only a group of experts, with a vast collective knowledge of the field, could undertake to present a truly comprehensive and intelligible study of who the great philosophers are and what they have thought and said. Such a study, by such a group of experts, is presented in *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, the only major philosophical reference work to be published in English since 1901 and one of the greatest repositories of philosophical information available anywhere.

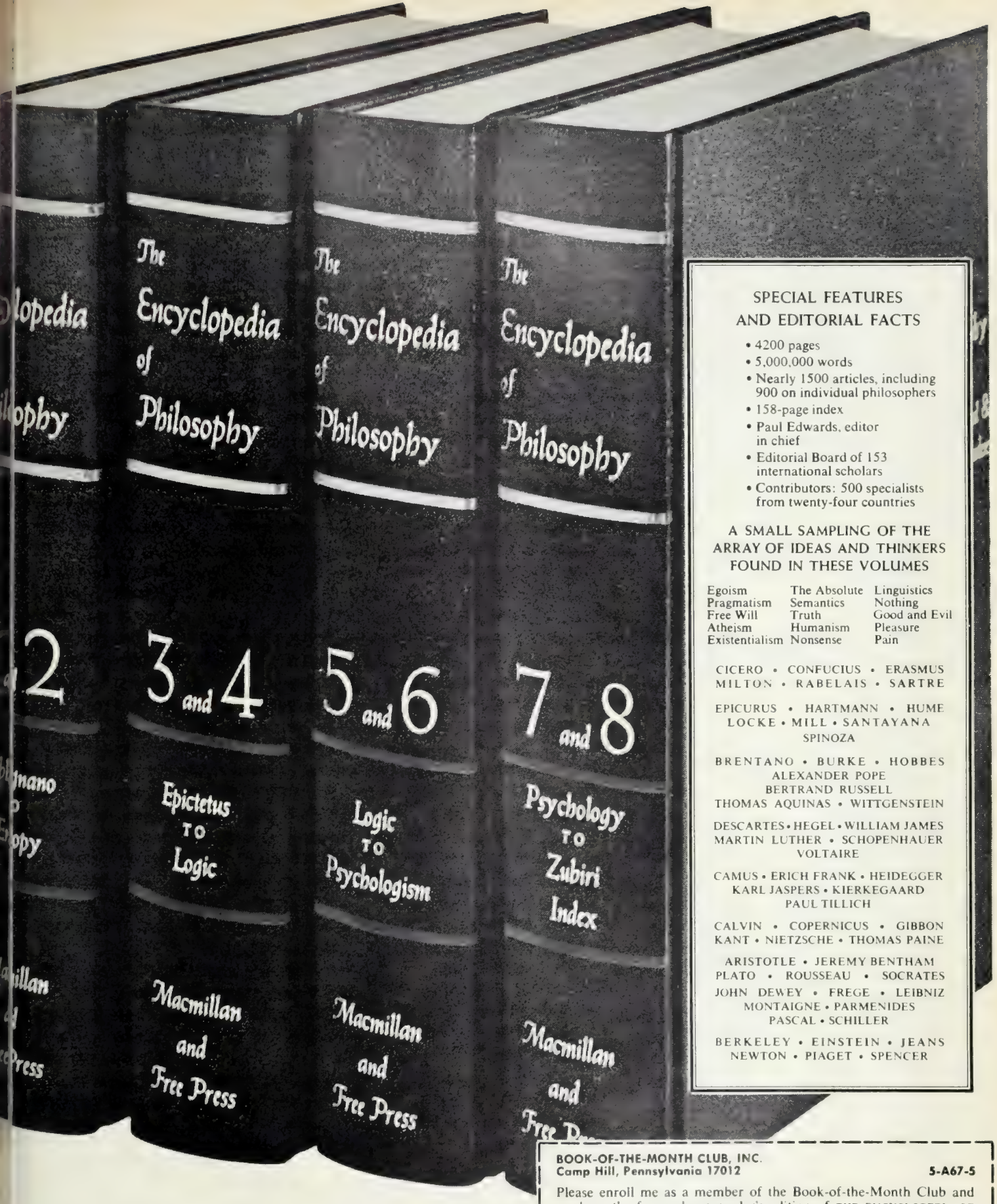
In this unique 5,000,000-word work can be found clear, authoritative answers to almost any question concerning philosophy – ancient, medieval and modern, Eastern as well as Western – and the disciplines that relate to it. And because the work represents the collaboration of a great number of the world's foremost philosophers and students of philosophy more than 500, from twenty-four countries – the nearly articles represent every shade of opinion. No thinker or movement was dismissed as too radical, no issue was omi too controversial. There are articles, for example, that di such contemporary matters as the ethics of suicide and euthanasia and the benefits and dangers of computing ma Nor is the lighter side of philosophy neglected. In a deligh article on Lewis Carroll, for instance, one learns why phy celebrate the Red Queen while philosophers respect the White Queen.

Clearly, *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy* belongs in ev personal library, particularly in homes where there are hi school or college students. Up to now its high retail price kept it out of the reach of most families. But, as a new member of the Book-of-the-Month Club, you may own it less than a tenth of the cost of the original eight-volume edition. A limited number of sets have been set aside for t offer. Please do not hesitate too long to send in your appli for membership, if you are interested.

"There has never been anything like this splendid work in English. The only word for it is superb." —*Classical World*

"A remarkable and unique work. The manifold aspects of philosophy systematically explored for the first time in 65 years." —*Saturday Review*

"The roster of contributors reads like international *Who's Who* of philos and cultural history." —*Library Jou*



SPECIAL FEATURES AND EDITORIAL FACTS

- 4200 pages
- 5,000,000 words
- Nearly 1500 articles, including 900 on individual philosophers
- 158-page index
- Paul Edwards, editor in chief
- Editorial Board of 153 international scholars
- Contributors: 500 specialists from twenty-four countries

A SMALL SAMPLING OF THE ARRAY OF IDEAS AND THINKERS FOUND IN THESE VOLUMES

Egoism	The Absolute	Linguistics
Pragmatism	Semantics	Nothing
Free Will	Truth	Good and Evil
Atheism	Humanism	Pleasure
Existentialism	Nonsense	Pain

CICERO • CONFUCIUS • ERASMUS
MILTON • RABELAIS • SARTRE

EPICURUS • HARTMANN • HUME
LOCKE • MILL • SANTAYANA
SPINOZA

BRENTANO • BURKE • HOBBES
ALEXANDER POPE
BERTRAND RUSSELL
THOMAS AQUINAS • WITTGENSTEIN

DESCARTES • HEGEL • WILLIAM JAMES
MARTIN LUTHER • SCHOPENHAUER
VOLTAIRE

CAMUS • ERICH FRANK • HEIDEGGER
KARL JASPERS • KIERKEGAARD
PAUL TILLICH

CALVIN • COPERNICUS • GIBBON
KANT • NIETZSCHE • THOMAS PAINE

ARISTOTLE • JEREMY BENTHAM
PLATO • ROUSSEAU • SOCRATES
JOHN DEWEY • FREGE • LEIBNIZ
MONTAIGNE • PARMENIDES
PASCAL • SCHILLER

BERKELEY • EINSTEIN • JEANS
NEWTON • PIAGET • SPENCER

FACTS ABOUT MEMBERSHIP

…will receive the Book-of-the-Month *News*, a literary magazine published by …b fifteen times a year. The *News* de- the coming Selection and scores of …ates, and will be sent to you approxi- every three and a half weeks.

…u wish to purchase the Selection, do …g and it will be shipped to you auto- …lly.

…u do not want the Selection — or you like one of the Alternates or no book — simply indicate your decision on the …orm always enclosed with the *News* and so we receive it by the date specified.

• If, because of late mail delivery of the *News*, you should receive a Selection without having had at least ten days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.

• If you continue after your trial membership, you will earn at least one Book-Dividends® Credit for every Selection or Alternate you buy. These Credits enable you to acquire for your library a wide variety of books, called Book-Dividends, at astonishing savings — *at least 70% of publishers' list prices*. Under this unique system, more than 100 Book-Dividends will be available to choose from every year.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania 17012 **5-A67-5**

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the four-volume reader's edition of THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF PHILOSOPHY, billing me $17.50. I agree to buy at least four Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

65

MR. / MRS. / MISS _____
(Please print plainly)

Address _____ *Apt.* _____

City _____

State _____ *Zip* _____

sources in this country would be too expensive. Expensive in what terms? The result would increase profits and wages, and stimulate our flagging economy. John Maynard Keynes once said jokingly, at the time of the Great Depression, that we need only bury some banknotes in the ground and then ask private enterprise to dig them up; that would be sufficient to overcome the depression. The earth already contains those banknotes: shale oil, coal that can be liquefied (or why don't we simply go back to coal heating?). Dig this up, and we can supply not only ourselves but also our friends, provided we all use a little less energy. In our free-market economy, that result is obtained by raising the price; it would be somewhat cheaper by rationing (even allowing for black-market activities). The best way would be to have a national plan. But that would be socialism; it seems that some of us would rather have a war.

HENRY PACHTER
New York, N.Y.

Miles Ignotus must have been exhausted after keeping his tongue in cheek long enough to write "Seizing Arab Oil." Such stuff as dreams are made of!

I'm puzzled by his mathematics. "Oil payments to the Arab members of OPEC amounted to $8.5 billion in 1972, and are projected at . . . $101 billion for 1980—an increase of just under 200 percent in eight years." Not bad, if his figures are correct. Didn't sugar, produced by United States companies, go up more than 200 percent in less than two years? Shall we ask the Israelis to come to our rescue in the sugar crisis, or shall we just send the Marines to East Grand Forks, Minnesota, to seize the American Crystal Sugar Company?

JESS BOWERS
Minneapolis, Minn.

You are to be complimented—I think—for publishing "Seizing Arab Oil." Our enlightened press should bring to public attention for discussion and reaction the various seriously held options for the solutions to important public problems. The oil problem is important enough, and I suspect that the option of military seizure of Arab oil fields is indeed being given high-level consideration in certain government circles, particularly those in which the Watergate morality reigns. Yes, the option should be discussed.

And emphatically rejected. What of our commitment to the United Nations not to attack a member nation? Is the treaty just a scrap of paper? Or do we claim that the Arabs are strangling us, and our very survival requires such an attack? Let's just examine for a moment how badly our nation is being strangled. Something like 10 to 20 percent of the oil we use comes from outside the country. We are so wasteful in the use of oil (not inexcusably, because it's been cheap) that it should require only minor self-discipline to cut our need for foreign oil to zero. Yes, there will be temporary hardship. Oil will cost us more no matter what happens, not primarily because the Arabs or anyone else exploit their squatter's rights on the oil fields, but because oil inherently becomes more valuable in our technological civilization. We shall just have to get adjusted to that.

But the case for strangulation is even weaker. We are a rich nation, and we can after a few years of belt-tightening actually continue our wasteful oil use if we wish and have all we need for economic growth. How? By spending a little money for coal liquefaction plants. We are fortunate to have 100 years of readily accessible coal within our borders. The conversion plants are expensive, but there is no significant technical problem here. Even assuming a continuation of our wasteful use, in ten years we could build the needed coal liquefaction plants to supply all our foreign-oil needs. If we really worked hard at it, I have no doubt that the job could be done in half that time.

So much for the strangulation of America. How about the less well-endowed nations? Can we sit by in relative comfort and watch *their* strangulation? First, we should not be so certain that the Arabs are set upon a policy of severe hardship for the oil-poor nations; it may be just a matter of "soak the rich." If, however, these other nations are badly hurt by Arab oil policies and issue a collective cry for help, I for one will then be ready to support the application of American military force, but only if this country acts as the agent of the human community, not as the self-righteous and self-directe policeman of the world.

I am amused by Ignotus's descri tion of the military campaign cheap, quick, and easy. Napoleo Hitler, et al. must have all used th line in making their pitch. And, course, no nuclear bombs will fall

The final sentence in the Ignot article suggests that we are payi the $85-billion-a-year military b for the power to engage in ventur like the seizure of Arab oil. This certainly not what I want my tax d lars to be used for. Other than as a enforcer of world-community justic as already mentioned, the milita is needed to protect the count against precisely those foreign lea ers who have the Ignotus mentalit

PAUL R. TRUMPLE
Wayne, P

Who is this faculty-club-chair ge eral, this gung-ho Uriah Heep wh in an oily orgasm of anticipated mi itary glory reveals how we may r deem our national ego (and indulg his) step by step over, once agai the broken and bleeding bodies young Americans?

Hell, no! Let *him* go.

JO KILLINGSWORT
Fresno, Cali

For about five years I have bee an ardent foe of the neo-Nevill Chamberlain who has been misd recting U.S. foreign policy both a National Security Adviser and, cu rently, as Secretary of State. Lon before the Yom Kippur war (i which Dr. Kissinger saved the Egyp tian and Syrian Armies from ann hilation and later began building hi "Mid-East peace" upon quicksand I had a gut feeling that an oil bo cott would hit the West and Japa At that time, I advocated to m friends that, should war break o and a boycott be threatened, the U.S should give Moshe Dayan its bles ing to bomb Arabian oil installation After all, the U.S. was the only na tion with the capacity to put bac the pieces—but at a price!

Once the blackmail began, I ad vocated the closing of all Weste ports and airports to OPEC member and the immediate and total cessa tion of exporting foods, medicine and manufactured goods to them un til the blackmail ended. Also, I es poused the total nationalization of a

75 Polaroid Corporation Polaroid® SX-70™



One pack of film and you're in love.

OPEC investments in Western nations once they were in deep enough. However, as the West and Japan appeased the blackmailers, treating the petty sheiks as if they were all honest, high and mighty sovereigns who truly represented their "exploited peoples" (and not like the self-gratifying hoods they are), I concluded that our only escape from economic, political, and social collapse lay in the swift and mighty use of conventional military force. That is, he who hits the first, the fastest, and the hardest will win the day and the future. I do not believe that many of the Western nations can hold up much longer in the face of OPEC blackmail. The time for talk and appeasement are long over. We must act before it is too late—act while we still have the ability to save ourselves.

So, it was with great interest and some relief that I read "Seizing Arab Oil." I only hope that the peace-at-any-price-in-our-time leaders of the West read it and follow its advice. On our present course, we are being led down the bloody path to another Dunkirk—but a Dunkirk from which there will be no retreat, a Dunkirk from which there will be neither the time nor the ability for the West to regroup and launch a victorious counterattack. Further, we have no Churchill to rally round!

However, while I agree with Mr. Ignotus's overall argument, I must wonder about his certainty that the Russian Navy cannot blockade the Strait of Hormuz. Let us not forget that in a few short months, Dr. Kissinger will have reopened the Suez Canal (at U.S. taxpayers' expense) for the benefit of the Russian Navy. He has solved their logistical problem of supplying a fleet out of Vladivostok. Since, it seems, the U.S. will not launch its attack before the Russian Navy will have the time to flood the Arabian Sea, the Gulf of Oman, and the Persian Gulf with a sizable fleet, who and what can prevent their domination of those sea lanes before we act? Further, the Philadelphia press has quoted both Admiral Zumwalt and Admiral Rickover, and their statements do not give one much confidence in the current might or fighting status of our Navy and its line officers.

Also, after the invasion, stronger safeguards than those proposed by Mr. Ignotus must be developed and enforced in order to prevent a repeat of the almost treasonable acts by many of the oil companies since they helped bring us to our present condition.

My only hope for the present situation and the future is that Dr. Kissinger is being as uncandid to the OPEC leaders about America's suicidal appeasement policies as he has been to the Congress and the people about other matters in the past (cf. William Safire, "Puppet as Prince," *Harper's*, March). I truly hope that the U.S. will follow Mr. Ignotus's plan come late May or early June, when the Syrians kick the U.N. force off the Golan Heights.

RICHARD A. SHAPP
Merion Station, Pa.

If this nation didn't do too well as the world's policeman, how will we fare as the world's filling-station attendant?

GEORGE M. CALDWELL
Cambridge, Mass.

Plaudits to Prof. Miles Ignotus for his proposal for an American invasion of Saudi Arabia. It's good to know that the spirit that moved H. L. Mencken's great bathtub hoax still lives.

PETER GOUDINOFF
Tucson, Ariz.

"Miles Ignotus" is a most transparent nom de plume for Dr. Strangelove, who clearly inhabits the Pentagon, and will continue to demand more of the American taxpayer's, and the world's, resources until he is permitted to destroy himself and all of the rest of us.

ARTHUR W. MICHALSON
Rockford, Ill.

MILES IGNOTUS REPLIES:

As one who opposed the Indochina war long and hard, I cannot but be pleased that the letters reflected a healthy post-Vietnam skepticism about the utility of military power as well as a heightened moral sensibility. But this does not mean that direct comparisons between intervention in the Persian Gulf and the Indochina conflict are valid. Open-ended warfare for intangible objectives of secondary significance in adverse circumstances, cannot be compared to a limited use of force in pursuit of concrete and primary objectives.

Henry Pachter makes the mistake of some Israeli sympathizers w overlook the essential connection tween the welfare of the West world as a whole and that of Isra An operation would have to be ba in Israel. The only alternative b complexes are inadequate or else available for political reasons. If E rope continues to sink, Israel v find it much harder to float.

Mr. Trumpler's disagreement partial: he too would support int vention *if* a collective cry for h was heard from the victims of OPE Unfortunately, until the prospect intervention is made thoroug credible, the victims cannot take risk of asking for forcible help.

The ultimate question is whet or not the integrity of Western c ilization is worth defending agai terrorism, cartels, and hostile pov blocks. My answer is yes.

One option few

It has been brought to our att tion by several readers of John Sisk's article ["In Praise of P vacy," February] that he state "The advantage of the O'Neills' op marriage can be seen as a net ga in available options—to which, cording to a late report, they ha themselves added the option of vorce."

In neither of our two books, *Op Marriage* nor *Shifting Gears*, have discussed divorce as an alternati or available option to anyone's m riage, whatever kind they may ha We simply have not discussed And in neither book did we ever fer in any way to our own marria If his intent was to imply that w ourselves, have added the option divorce to our marriage—i.e., ter nated our marriage—we hasten inform you that such is definitely the case. The "late report" or a rumors to this effect are entirely roneous. We are still very much ha pily married.

NENA AND GEORGE O'NEI
New York, N.

JOHN P. SISK REPLIES:

My observation was based on newspaper report that the O'Nei were getting a divorce, not on t proposal of divorce as an option anything they have published. I gret that the misinformation a peared in my essay.

Rare taste. Either you have it. Or you don't.



Yes, the whiskies in J & B are rare indeed. But the essence of J & B Rare Scotch is in our uncompromising quest for perfection. For more than 100 years, no one has ever matched the rare taste of J & B. And never will. That's why J & B has it. And always will.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky© 1975 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

Barney Collier

THE MOST EMBARRASSING LIST IN WASHINGTO

Who gets saved when the balloon goes up?



IN WASHINGTON certain subjects are still almost unspeakable. Consider the mystery of just whom the government deems worth saving from a nuclear attack. Which members of which branches of government are included on the ultrasecret lists of those to be evacuated? That is almost unspeakable: the lists are almost never talked about in public, and only rarely in the most intimate of circumstances.

Rep. John Rhodes, for example, upon his elevation to the post of House Minority Leader in late 1973, discovered that his name was being added to the secret survivors lists. Until he was asked about it recently, for purposes of publication, he had never spoken about the matter, even with his wife.

The question put to Congressman Rhodes was:

"The Office of Preparedness has lists of people in the federal government who are considered 'essential and noninterruptible' in case of a 'catastrophe,' as they say. Do you know if you are 'essential and noninterruptible'?"

He answered in a shy but forthright voice.

"I am not sure how heavily classified all this is now, but, yes, I am considered noninterruptible. I am considered essential. There are certain plans made so that I should survive." Not long after Congressman Rhodes had assumed his new job, a military officer privately informed him that certain selected functions of government are rat vital enough to the continuity of g ernment operation to merit that t performer of those functions saved, if possible, in case of nucle devastation. The essential and no interruptible functions would be c ried on in underground bunkers in hidden valleys until the smoke a fallout of battle cleared. Among the priority functions, Congressm Rhodes was told, is the job of Min ity Leader of the House.

Congressman Rhodes says he w not told who else in the Congress, anyone, had also been chosen as possible survivor. Nor was he to who had been empowered to choo his job or him. He was not to whether the Supreme Court wou survive, nor how many members the Executive Branch—a handful, hundreds, or thousands—were bei

Barney Collier, together with Maggi Castelloe, a photographer, has produced a book about the Washington press corps, Hope and Fear in Washington (The Early Seventies), *to be published by Dial in the fall.*



Experience IRELAND



1 Historic Rock of Cashel, *County Tipperary.* / **2** Georgian revels in Tailor's Hall, *Dublin.* / **3** The clash of ash at the All-Ireland Hurling finals. **4** Dublin and the River Liffey at night. / **5** Fishing time on Lough Corrib, *Galway.* **6** Back-packing through the Dublin Mountains. / **7** Round tower at 7th century Clonmacnois, *County Offaly.* / **8** Stately Westport House, *County Mayo* **9** The 700-foot Cliffs of Moher, *County Clare.* / **10** Cruising on the River Shannon. / **11** Golfing at Killarney, *County Kerry.* **12** Spring tulips at Ashford Castle, *County Mayo.*

Europe's corner of enchantment

tors are special people in our enchanted island. Our majestic nery, the pervasive magic of our history and ancient culture, genuine warmth of our people will make you feel at home oad. And our prices will do something special for you too.

l and breakfast in a charming farmhouse — $4. An evening at famed Abbey Theatre — $1.25. Stay in a luxurious modern el, or a mediaeval castle. Go golfing on any of our 240 rses. Sing in our pubs, where a pint of stout is 55 cents. We e the lowest air fares to any country in Europe. Find out more ut us by clipping this coupon.

Irish Tourist Board
Box 1200, Long Island City
New York, 11101

N-1

Aer Lingus
Irish Airlines
(212) 757-9200

Yes, I want to experience Ireland. Please send me your free, full-color, 32-page booklet, "Ireland Personally Yours."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip ____

My travel agent is _____

WINE TALK

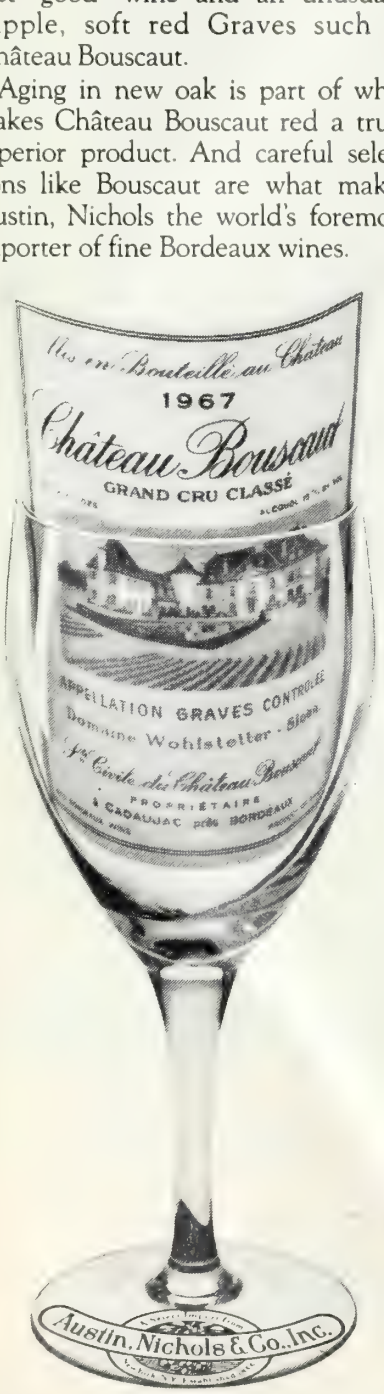
by Austin, Nichols

At Château Bouscaut, they do not believe in putting young wine in old casks.

Château Bouscaut is one of the few châteaux in its classification that matures each vintage exclusively in new casks of Limousin oak. The Limousin is rare and costly, but it helps impart to the wine an unmistakable flavor and a better balance. Also, Bordeaux lore has it that the wine "falls bright" sooner and "lives" longer when aged in new oak.

At Austin, Nichols, long years of wine-tasting have taught us to respect these, the finer points of wine-making. For we have learned that attention to detail makes the difference between just "good" wine and an unusually supple, soft red Graves such as Château Bouscaut.

Aging in new oak is part of what makes Château Bouscaut red a truly superior product. And careful selections like Bouscaut are what makes Austin, Nichols the world's foremost importer of fine Bordeaux wines.



planned for. He did not ask many questions, as he recalls. He was warned not to mention his "essential and noninterruptible" rating to *anyone,* as it was a military secret and so highly classified that, as he recalls, "even the existence of the plan is a top secret and must not be revealed."

I asked, "Why is it so highly classified?"

"More habit than anything else," he said. "I don't understand it at all."

"Don't you have any idea who else is on the list to survive?"

"I'm not privy to that. I'm not *critical* of the list! No. No. I'm not critical."

"What if there are nonfederal people on that list. Would that surprise you?"

"Yes. Yes, it would surprise me. . . . But I can see how you would have to mobilize the population, in government and out of government. *Look,* I didn't dream up the plan. All I was told was not to discuss it."

"Did you discuss it with your wife?"

"I never discussed it with my wife, no."

"Was your wife included in the plans to save you?"

"My wife was not included, to the best of my knowledge."

"Was anybody else in your family included?"

"Nobody else was included."

When I asked House Majority Leader Thomas P. ("Tip") O'Neill, Jr., if he was essential, he said boldly, "Yes, they think so."

"Who are 'they'?"

"The Department of Defense, the Department of State, and the Executive department."

"How do you know that?"

"They gave us maps to go to a certain place."

He called to a woman in his office, "Bring me that DOD envelope."

He paused for a few seconds, and then his tone changed.

"Look, this is highly confidential. I can't be quoted on a thing like that."

"You already answered," I said.

"I have a highly confidential document," he went on. "I'm not supposed to discuss it—with no person living."

"How about your wife?"

"I never discussed it with my wife. I took the envelope from DOD and put it in the files. I don't want to answer any more questions."

And he didn't.

ALL OF WASHINGTON hopes t "the day the balloon goes u will never arrive. Nevertheless, th are people throughout the Execut Branch who prepare plans every d for precisely that contingency. O the years—at least since the time President Eisenhower, and perha before—those planners have dev oped a skeleton version of the f eral government that they exp would hold the reins of control in aftermath of a series of back-a forth nuclear-missile attacks t would incinerate from 5 to 100 m lion or more of their fellow Am cans.

These unspeakable plans have merous code names, but in gene they are called "continuity of g ernment" and "postattack" pla Although the details of these pl are kept secret, their broad d line can be described. According Air Force Gen. Leslie W. Bray, (Ret.), who is the director of Office of Preparedness, "The Of of Preparedness, as the federal ag cy covered by Executive order, preparing to relocate the gove ment. Its plans are *not* for relocat of the judicial or legislative branc

"Who takes care of the Supre Court and of the elected represen tives?" I asked.

"You talk to them on that," G eral Bray said. "Our assignment a responsibilities do not include tha

The general's responsibilities include coordination of all plans which various departments and ag cies of the nonmilitary side of Executive Branch of governm would be evacuated and cared fo nuclear weapons destroy Washi ton, D.C.; he also oversees plans secure communications among nests of government survivors.

The bulk of the nonmilitary em gency relocation centers, and ternate sites," as some of the p tective shelters are called, are loca in the mountains and valleys of w General Bray refers to as "the F eral Relocation Arc."

"This is a series of facilities," said, "that runs in an arc from District of Columbia to Pennsylva out to Virginia and West Virgi and south to North Carolina. We p in relocation to move the federal g ernment to many different areas locations along the Federal Relo tion Arc in order to get away fr the high-risk area and to disperse

Be Rich
in a way that few other people are rich.

There are riches in this world more rewarding than money.
Yet relatively few people ever acquire these riches for themselves. Many people have seen great works of art . . . but few have known the luxury of really appreciating fine art. Few have actually understood the vital scientific discoveries of our time, or the most important ideas from all the ages of mankind. And few have even suspected the meanings of mankind's most significant historical experiences . . . or penetrated for even a moment the magnificent enigmas of Nature.
If these are things you would like to do — if these are riches you would like to possess —

The Smithsonian Institution, through the magazine, Smithsonian, invites you to join us now, in a unique treasure hunt of the mind, the spirit and the senses.

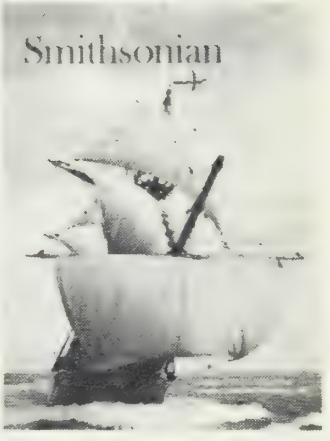
The very edge of stellar space. The interior of the smallest particles known to man. The seldom-visited storage vaults of great museums. The vast abyssal plain at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. The depths of a rain forest in the Amazon Basin. The highest reaches of the precipitous Himalayas.

These are but a few of the places you will journey with us each month, in the pages of SMITHSONIAN—searching with us for the answers to questions like:

- Did continental drift bring about the demise of the dinosaurs?
- Is Jupiter not a planet at all—but a star that failed?
- Why did Columbus decide the earth was pear-shaped, not round?
- Will the lowly fungus prove to be one of our leading sources of energy in the future?
- What are the concepts of how Jesus Christ looked?
- What is being done to save our closest relatives in nature—the apes—from imminent extinction?
- Do the rituals and spells of Indian medicine men work to cure the sick?
- Why is U.S. agriculture not nearly as efficient as most of us always thought?

With us, you will re-examine little-known episodes in American and world history. You will voyage with Drake aboard the *Golden Hinde*, and to the outer planets of the solar system aboard Pioneer 10.

You will see magnificent medieval tapestries, ancient goldwork, elegant vases and paintings from early dynasties, the sumptuous diamonds that were once worn by Marie Antoinette, dazzling paintings and sculpture from all the schools of modern and traditional art, beautiful photographs of rare species of birds and flowers—and you will see all of these things (and more) in superb color, because each issue of SMITHSONIAN is printed in full editorial color.



SMITHSONIAN, in short, will bring you *a unique experience* of riches every month. There are many art magazines. There are many nature magazines. There are many magazines of the sciences, of history and of current affairs. But there is *only one magazine* that combines pictorial excellence, scientific accuracy, historical perspective and enjoyable reading with a broad spectrum of important knowledge as SMITHSONIAN does.

Travel program, discounts on books, and other benefits

When you become a National Member of the Smithsonian Associates, you also become eligible for exclusive Smithsonian trips and tours. You are entitled to discounts of 10% on books and gifts purchased through the Museum Shops. And, when you visit Washington, D.C., use of the Members' Reception Center.

All this—12 issues of SMITHSONIAN, travel opportunities, discounts and special reception privileges—is yours for only $10.

To become a National Member of the Smithsonian Associates, simply send in the attached card today. Or, if the card is missing, return the coupon below.

Explore. Discover. Enjoy.

Please begin my year's subscription to SMITHSONIAN Magazine, and enroll me as a National Member of the Smithsonian Associates.

Bill me for $10.00

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Smithsonian Institution
Circulation Service • P.O. Box 2606 • Greenwich, Conn. 06830

B5E026

many little towns and villages, away from big towns or target towns.

"It is also required," General Bray continued, "that we plan so that there does not develop a force outside the government to take over the nation by force. The thing that concerns me most in a time of cataclysmic damage to the U.S. is to prevent *not* what I would call 'organized anarchy' but a fifth column to take over the government. The government has to survive so that people have confidence in the government, so hysteria doesn't develop, and looting."

The general said that every Executive Branch function has been classified into one of three categories: "A" for a "must-continue, essential, noninterruptible function"; "B" for a function that "can be resumed later"; and "C" for a function that "can be deferred."

The list of A, B, and C functions is highly classified, General Bray insisted, "because such a list would tell an enemy, 'These are the ones they must have, and these they can do without.' To disclose such a list would make an enemy's job much easier. As much doubt as possible is what is necessary."

Exactly which individuals are included in the A category is the result of a "joint determination" between each department or agency and General Bray's office.

"Are you an A function?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, smiling.

Later I asked if any nonfederal people were carried on any of the lists.

"Yes," he said. "There are certain nonfederal people, especially communications people, like the telephone company, who have priority. But *only* if they are under *contract* to the government."

"But not the Congress or the Supreme Court?"

"No. Not beyond the Executive Branch of government," he said.

SEN. HARRY FLOOD BYRD, JR., of Virginia, a member of Congress for more than nine years, said, "I've never been invited to join the President and his party if it goes to the bomb shelters. But as a Senator from Virginia, I have visited one or two. Most of them are in my state."

"What are they like?"

"It's supposed to be classified."

"If you've seen them, is there room for the Congress?"

"No-o-o-o-o. So far as I know there is none."

"Why not? The Congress appropriated the money for them, didn't it?"

"Well, there are 535 of us. It would take a hell of a big establishment to take care of that many. But there *is* room to take care of a lot of Executive, and none to take care of the Congress."

I said, "Certain members of Congress may survive."

"Oh, *no*!" Senator Byrd replied. "That wouldn't be fair. If all don't survive, why should any survive?"

Senator Byrd was beginning to be very amused that Senator Byrd of Virginia, a man of breeding, stature, and graceful manner, was not going to be a member of the club after Armageddon. He started to laugh a deep, rollicking, honest belly laugh such as one almost never hears from a politician, and he answered questions through his laughter, which grew louder and harder.

"Did Governor Rockefeller get a pass to the shelters when he became Vice-President?"

"I think so," Senator Byrd said.

"Did he have one when he was Governor Rockefeller?"

"I assume he did not."

"Who gets one outside government?"

Now he was laughing so heartily it was an effort to ask him any more questions. But I did.

"Does Henry Ford get one?"

"I . . . don't . . . know."

"Who knows?"

"*I don't know who knows!*"

He was laughing so hard that I made my thanks and then asked him if he could conceive of any other questions I might ask.

"I can't conceive of *any*. Those are the funniest questions I've ever heard. It makes me feel like a second-class citizen to the Executive Branch."

He was still laughing when we hung up.

THE FACTS OF THE unspeakable matter are that there are no verifiable and accurate facts of the matter available to the Congress, the Supreme Court, or most of the Executive Branch, including men and women very close to the President, and perhaps the President himself. (The President could not be ask to respond to any question on t subject, an assistant press secreta was told to say.) The popular pre as far as can be determined by search in public-library files, has n published or broadcast anything b the faintest whisper of actual g ernment planning for the most di catastrophe. Certain members of t press, however, have known f more than a decade that arrang ments had been made for a handf of them to be saved. At one time du ing the Kennedy Administration the were plans for the evacuation of many as twenty White House co respondents. These few were he coptered at night to tour briefly supersecret installation somewhe in the Virginia mountains.

One of the reporters who took t tour that night vividly recalls it. B the reporter pleaded not to be quot by name since he is no longer a r porter and fears that the securi clearance he now holds might b downgraded or revoked.

A former White House staff mem ber who helped arrange the pre tour also remembers it, but he do not want to be named for fear o being known in government as a c vilian blabbermouth. It was remem bered, too, by a former governmen policy planner, who once worked a one of the relocation sites—a sit recently exposed in the press a "Mount Weather" when a TWA je crashed outside its fence near Up perville, Virginia, on December 1974.

What happened was that, durin the Cuban missile crisis, when plan to evacuate the skeleton of gover ment were activated and taken ver seriously, someone in the Whit House realized that the writing pres had no serious provision made fo it at its accustomed place hot on th heels of the President. The planner had not regarded the function of th press as any more vitally essenti and noninterruptible than the fun tion of the Congress.

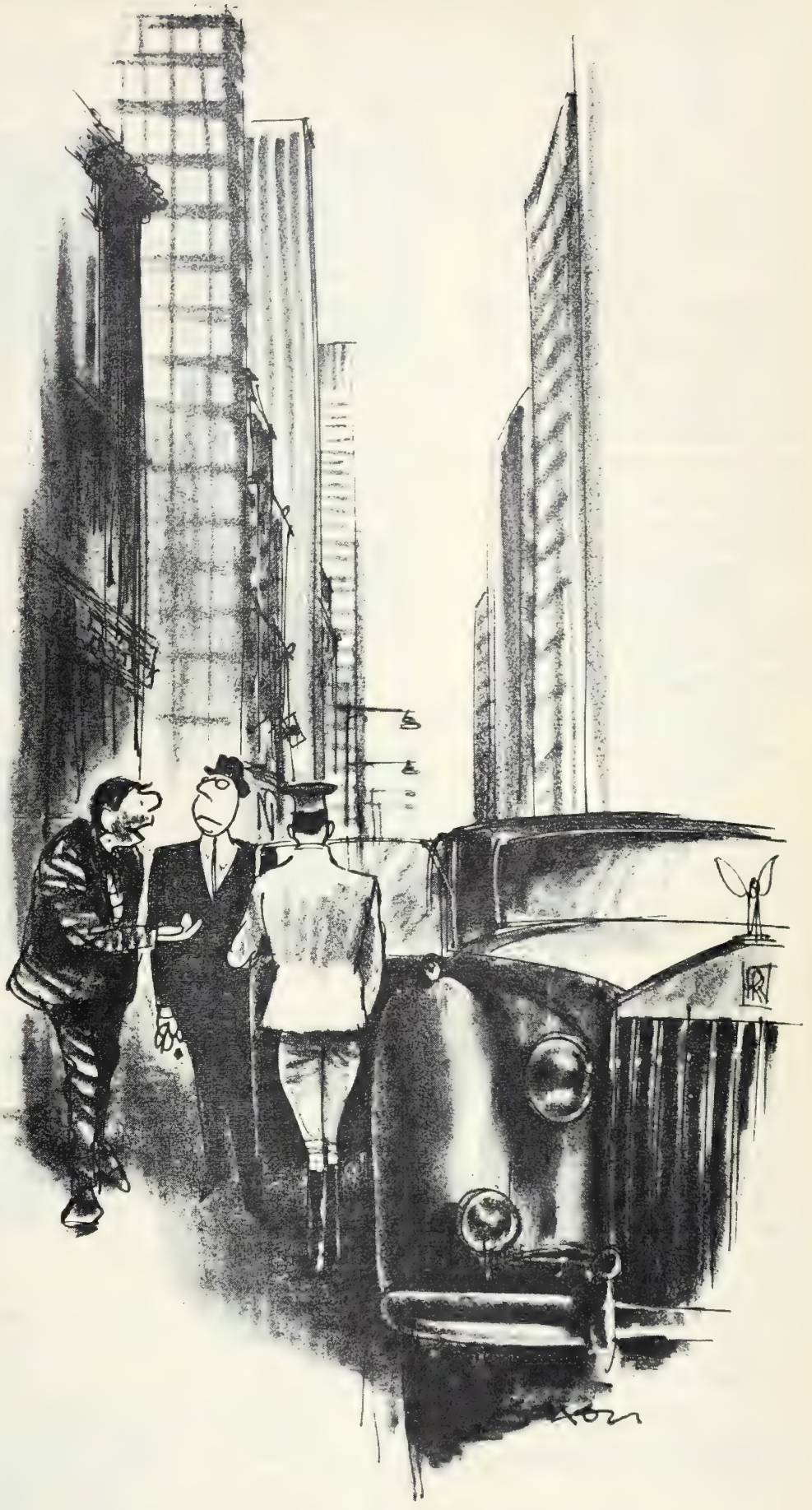
Under the direction of Pierre Sa inger, President Kennedy's pres secretary, a list of "key" Whit House reporters was drawn up, in cluding the snoopiest of the lot. The were taken to an astonishing, far tastic rabbit hole that may or ma not have been Mount Weather.

Great doors, thicker than a ban vault's, slid open and closed. Ther

as a blacktop road leading down a ng tunnel. The press people rode a little trolleylike car until they me out at the bottom, in the foyer a modern, windowless government fice building. The lighting, the alls, the hallways were as fluores-ntly cold and sterile as the new ate Department.

The press was shown a room arked "Press Briefings." It con-ined telephones, old wooden desks, pewriters, and even, someone agged, "extra ribbons." They saw kitchen, some bunks, and bath-ooms. They were told that supplies food were sufficient to hold out or the duration" if necessary. No ne asked how long a duration. But ne reporter said, "What good is it have a reporter in a very secure ace? Whom would he report to?" there was an answer, it was vague ough to satisfy almost everyone ncerned.

Aside from space for reporters, ere was also room in the under-round command posts and fallout cilities for several thousand indi-duals who were ranked "essential nd noninterruptible" in their fed-al functions, including supportive nctions such as cooking, doctor-g, housecleaning, and secretarial tivities. These people were given ecial passes after thorough secu-ty investigations. Some were given ecial credit-card-size credentials, ith their photograph, gold strips r electronic computer recognition, nd numbers on it. These cards were uplicated at the shelter security ate. Only those whose duplicate ard was on file at the gate would e admitted; without that, presum-bly, the unwitting cardholder would e kept helplessly outside the door. he facilities at Mount Weather ntained small offices for most of ne federal departments, including esks for Cabinet officers. There ere hundreds and hundreds of blue esh hammocks known among the chnicians as "hot cots" because ey hung as close together as those elow decks in a troop ship and were be continuously slept in on eight-our shifts. If there was room for the ongress, the Supreme Court, or for ny non-Executive functions, apart rom the press, the former policy lanner does not recall it. The one ff-limits area to the high-level plan-er and the others was the wing nown as "the White House." The



"Could you spare $12.00 for a fifth of Chivas Regal?"

12 Years Old Worldwide • Blended Scotch Whisky • 86 Proof
General Wine & Spirits Co., N.Y.

Amfac

In its first $1 billion year Increased Return on Stockholder Equity to 18.2%, up from 10.4%

Return on Total Assets to 7.5%, up from 4.1%

Return on Sales to 4.8%, up from 3.1%

For the Seventh Straight Year We Increased Earnings Per Share, Net Income and Revenues

Financial Highlights
(In Thousands)

	1974	1973	% Increase (Decrease)
Revenues	$1,145,362	$881,368	30%
Net income	55,923	27,022	107
Primary earnings per share	4.86	2.36	106
Total assets	749,824	659,246	14
Stockholders equity	306,765	259,354	18

We've been in retailing and asset management, in hospitality and food processing for more than 125 years, first in Hawaii, then in the American West, too.

For additional information about this growing consumer service company, write:

Amfac, Inc.
Department 132
P.O. Box 3230
Honolulu, Hawaii 96801

Amfac
Serving People in the U.S. and the Pacific Basin

anteroom to this wing was as far as most people could go.

FORMER VICE-PRESIDENT Hubert Humphrey says emphatically, and with what he claims is a clear and unwavering memory, that "when I was Vice-President I knew exactly where to go and what to do in such an emergency. Then, when I came back to the Senate, I waited for a briefing and waited for a briefing, and, interestingly enough, I'm still waiting. They never came again."

Senator Humphrey says he remembers clearly that during his time as Vice-President there was room in the protective shelters for Congress.

"In fact," he said, in his dead-sure way, "the whole Congress would be relocated."

"Do the members of Congress know what to do or where to go in such an emergency?"

"*I* do not know," he said. "Maybe there are some that do. In turn, they might notify the Congress."

"If you don't know where to go and what to do, are there members of Congress more important than you who do know?" I asked.

"I don't know. The Executive Branch made the arrangements for me as Vice-President."

"But not in the Senate?"

"I'll tell you, sir, that was *not* the way it was in *my* time," he snapped. "I have walked through the facilities. It was not the way it was explained to me when I was Vice-President. I saw the entrance, how it opened. I saw the kitchen, the beds, the food storage. For the Congress I saw a regular chamber. Like a nice little chamber, rostrum and all."

"For all 535 members?"

"Of course, yes."

"But nobody has given you any new instructions on how to get there?"

"You know, that has struck me as odd," Senator Humphrey said.

The thought caused him to complain bitterly for a few moments about the Executive Branch. When he was through, I asked him if he had discussed the matter of his relocation and protection with his wife, Muriel, whom he calls "mama."

"I assume I was sworn to secrecy. But yes, I did discuss it with the family, but my children never knew. I didn't feel very good about it. But I decided I had a duty—as an elected officer—just as if I were a soldie I'd have to go. I felt if the rules a regulations of national security we to apply, they should apply to m too. If you're drafted and you ha to go to war, you can't take mama

"Why did you have to go?"

"I was an *elected* official. I shou have gone."

"Are you an elected official still?

"Yes."

"But you no longer go."

"No, sir. *Now wait a minute.* I te you, the Congress *went* in my day.

"Would it surprise you if only few members of the Congress we now, and not you?"

"It would not only surprise m but *anger* me."

"Were the facilities you remembe nice?"

"There were just bunks, hundre of bunks. There was no Vice-Pres dent's seal or anything else on th bunks. It was very modest."

"How did it make you feel?"

"It's good for an executive offic to find out you're just folks," Se ator Humphrey said.

The then Chief Justice of the S preme Court, Earl Warren, did n precisely share Vice-President Hum phrey's feelings of duty about bein a soldier in wartime.

Chief Justice Warren's private se retary for twenty-one years, Mr Margaret McHugh, recalls that man went into the Chief Justice's o fice one day, and the two held a pr vate meeting.

After the man left, the Chief Ju tice told Mrs. McHugh that he ha been presented with a plan to eva uate the Supreme Court in case o extreme catastrophe. Warren ha asked the man if his wife could g

"Well," said Mrs. McHugh, "the said his wife couldn't go, so he sai he wouldn't go."

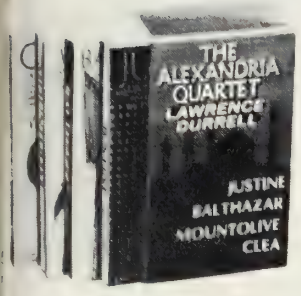
"Why not?"

"He had a very close family life, she said. "You'd have had to kno the man. He didn't want to get u some night to a telephone call, tel ing him to go somewhere, and he' be there and she'd be someplac else, and that's the end of it, ma be. He loved his wife. That's th way he was." Among the planners o the emergency preparedness grou the refusal of the Chief Justice, o personal grounds alone, is a legen of faithfulness that has a lastin ring of heroism.

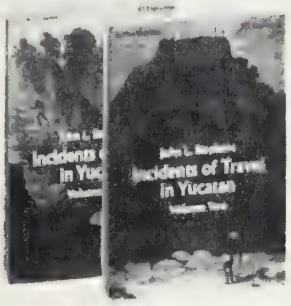
Barrett McGurn, the public infor

The best way to acquire the best paperbacks

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE



183. Pub Price $7.95



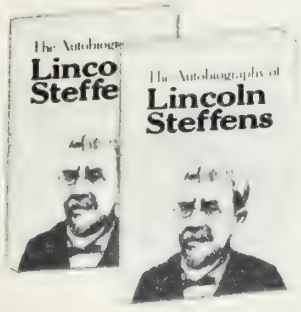
185. Pub Prices Total $5.50



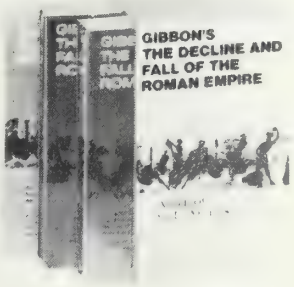
113. Pub Price $7.95



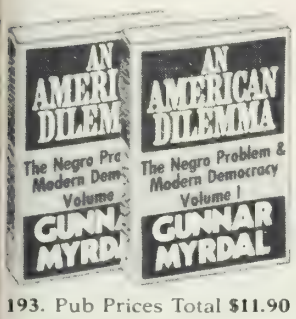
151. Pub Price $8.95



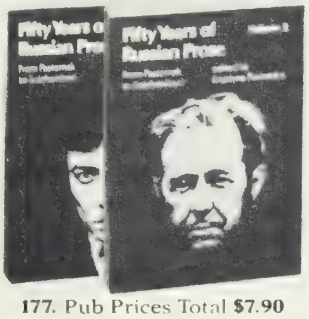
190. Pub Prices Total $7.50



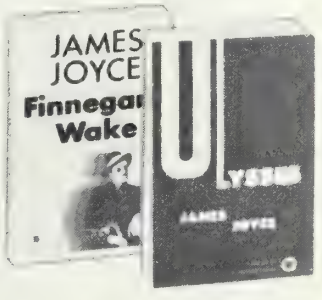
133. Pub Price $4.95



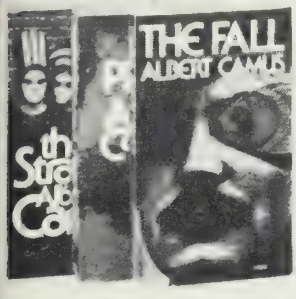
193. Pub Prices Total $11.90



177. Pub Prices Total $7.90



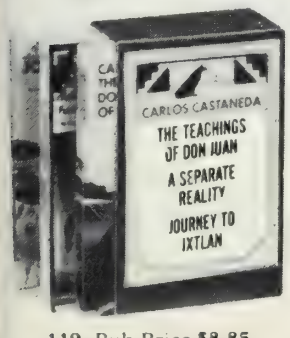
115. Pub Prices Total $6.90



126. THE FALL, THE PLAGUE *and* THE STRANGER *by* ALBERT CAMUS. (3 Vols.) Pub prices total $5.55



132. CAT'S CRADLE, SLAUGHTER-HOUSE-FIVE *and* BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS *by* KURT VONNEGUT, JR. (3 Vols.) Pub prices total $7.95



119. Pub Price $8.85



171. Pub Prices Total $6.35

IF YOU PREFER your books in fine paperback editions, membership in the Quality Paperback Book Service is surely worth a trial. Not only does this service offer a wide, wide range of the best paperbacks in print, new and old, it delivers the ones you want right to your door. It also saves you money in the bargain—a guaranteed 20% on every Main Selection, not to mention the savings you'll enjoy through our Free Book Plan. Give QPB a whirl—you won't regret it, intellectually or economically!

Choose any 3 sets for only $1 each

You simply agree to buy six more books or sets within the next year and as a member you'll immediately qualify for our Free Book Plan

HOW MEMBERSHIP WORKS

1. You will receive the *QPB Review* fifteen times a year—about every 3½ weeks. This informative catalog describes the Main Selection plus at least fifty Alternates. **The Main Selection is always offered at a 20% discount.**

2. If you want the Main Selection, do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more of the Alternates—or no book at all—just indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *Review* and return it by the date specified.

3. **Free books.** For every book or set you buy (exclusive of your introductory choices for $3) you earn at least one Bonus Point, and the Bonus Points you accumulate entitle you to free books and sets. (You pay only shipping charges.)

4. **Return privilege.** If your *Review* is delayed in the mail and therefore you receive the Main Selection without having had ten days to notify us if you did not want it, you may return that Selection at our expense.

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057 **5-QB67-5**

Please enroll me as a member of the Quality Paperback Book Service and send me the sets whose numbers I've indicated in the boxes below. Bill me only $3 plus shipping. My only obligation is to purchase six more books or sets during the coming year, receiving a 20% discount on every Main Selection I take. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy the six additional books or sets. A moderate shipping charge is added to all shipments.

INDICATE BY NUMBER THE SETS YOU WANT [ ] [ ] [ ]

5

Mr.
Ms. } (Please print plainly)

Address

City &
State Zip

Q-74

qpb

QUALITY PAPERBACK BOOK SERVICE, INC.
Middletown, Pennsylvania 17057

mation officer of the Supreme Court, said none of the present justices of the Court would comment on the matter. He refused to say whether he would inform Chief Justice Warren Burger that a request to ask him a question had been made. "I consider that internal Court business," he said.

SEN. MIKE MANSFIELD, the Democratic Majority Leader, answered his own telephone at his home. When asked if he was ranked as "essential, noninterruptible," he answered in a brusque but polite way:

"I have no comment."

"That's very brief."

"I'm usually briefer."

"Is it that you can't say or you won't say?"

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"I just *can't*!"

"All we want to know is 'Are you as the Majority Leader of the Senate aware of plans to evacuate you in case of grave enemy attack?' "

"I couldn't comment."

"Can you explain why not?"

"I can't explain."

"Would you be surprised if other members of Congress were not under evacuation plans?"

"Nothing would surprise me," he said.

"Why not?"

"When you get to be as old as I am, you might not be surprised by anything, either."

"Did anything on your recent trip to China surprise you?"

"No."

"Are you really *that* old?"

"Yes," he said.

Sen. Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, the Minority Leader, was asked, through his press secretary, if he would answer a question concerning his personal safety in a nuclear emergency. His reply, also through his press secretary, was even briefer than Senator Mansfield's: "No."

The post of Minority Whip of the Senate, the number-two Republican job after Senator Scott's, is held by Sen. Robert P. Griffin of Michigan. His reply to whether or not he was essential and noninterruptible was a burst of laughter. He said: "You must be kidding."

Rep. Robert H. Michel, a Republican from Illinois, is the Minority Whip of the House and number two after Congressman Rhodes on the Republican side. "I can't conceive that anybody in the Congress is on such a list," he said. "I can't conceive of anybody wanting to be. We are elected officials, but the only difference I consider there to be between me and the people back home in my district is that I got my feet wet in politics. We represent the people, and secretly saving ourselves would be alien to the whole concept of what we stand for. I am offended by the idea."

The number-three man in the House on the Republican side is Rep. John B. Anderson of Illinois, chairman of the House Republican Conference.

"Nobody has ever informed me," he said, "that I would be one of a select group, to be whisked away in case of nuclear attack. I'd like to think I were on such a list, the list to be taken on the ark. You've left me rather desolate. If anyone asked me if I should be included, I'd say yes. I think that it is very selfless of the Congress to provide the funds for such shelter and not be admitted itself. But, to be honest, we live in a world where we don't really contemplate such things. When we ride on a plane, we don't expect it to crash. Nonetheless, I would accept the honor with great alacrity if it were offered to me."

"Other colleagues of yours may have already accepted such an honor," I suggested, "and they don't seem to speak about it."

"It's like on a ship," Congressman Anderson said. "The lifeboats would get too overcrowded. I think they guard their honor rather jealously. However, I shall make some inquiries on how I can get on the list."

The other members of the House and Senate leadership, and Speaker of the House Carl Albert, who is next in the line of succession to the Presidency after the Vice-President, did not reply to telephone calls. John Rhodes and Tip O'Neill remained the only Congressmen who would publicly confirm knowledge and acceptance of evacuation plans.

I ASKED RON NESSEN, President Ford's press secretary: "Do you have a place with the President in a nuclear catastrophe?"

"I don't think so," he said. "Maybe they feel that I'm dispensable.

Nessen isn't a tight-lipped soul by nature, which makes him mildly popular among the White House press corps. Instead of playing coy Nessen simply added, "I haven't been here all that long. I assume I'd go with the President, but didn't know there was any list. I thought that went out with the Fifties and Sixties."

"Weren't you ever among those in the press who was tapped to go?"

"I covered the White House under Johnson, and I never even *heard* about it," he said. "I guess I was dispensable. Nobody wants me."

"Will you check who's on the list and if Congress and the Supreme Court is, and if any representatives of the press or other nonfederal and non-Executive Branch people are?"

"Sure. That's intriguing," he said. "I'd like to be one who is saved in a nuclear holocaust."

He promised to call back with the answers, on his honor as the President's press secretary in an "open administration."

Louis Thompson, an assistant press secretary, called back the next day.

"Ron is busy," he said, "but those things you talked to him about have never been discussed at all in public. They are not talked about now and never have been."

"Nonetheless," I asked, "are there such plans?"

"Yes," he confirmed.

"Are the Congress and the Supreme Court included?"

"It's just not discussed. I can't comment."

"The press?"

"It is safe to assume that in our open society the press is included."

"Are you included?"

"No, I am not included."

"Well, if you and Ron are not included, and the press is included isn't something wrong?"

"I assume Ron is included," Thompson said.

"He said he wasn't," I said. "Please check back with Ron because I am planning to quote Ron."

Moments later Thompson called back.

"Ron says he can't comment any further. As a matter of information, Ron hasn't been here too long. But he says to tell you he's going to get a credential to go with the President sometime in the near future." □

Saving energy

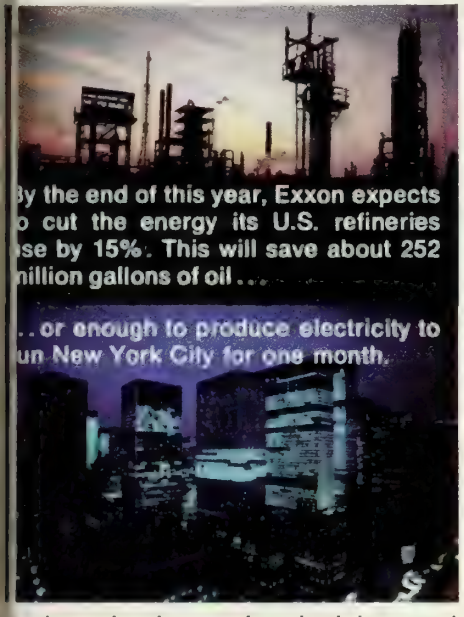
American industry offers a tremendous potential for energy savings right now.

Cle way to reduce our dependence c foreign oil is to use energy more iciently. This means using less elec- city and heating oil in our homes d saving gasoline in our cars.

American industry also offers a great tential for using energy efficiently hy? Because industry uses at least e-third of all the energy consumed the U.S. today.

xon will save enough energy run New York City for 30 days.

l major industries require large nounts of energy. In fact, 25 percent all our energy is consumed by just industries: farming and food pro-

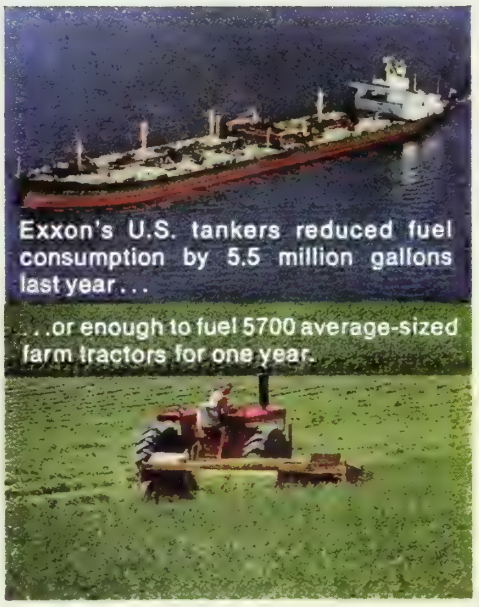


essing, aluminum, chemical, iron and eel, paper, and petroleum refining.

In the case of Exxon, we use energy make energy. But, by the end of this ar Exxon expects to cut energy us- ge at our U.S. refineries by 15 per- nt of what we used in 1972. The nergy we save could heat the homes Pittsburgh for one year or provide ough electricity to run New York ty for one month.

o more "full speed ahead."

ship captain can save fuel the same



way you save gasoline in your car. By slowing down our U.S. tankers and towboats and by cutting nonessential power demands, Exxon saved 5.5 million gallons of fuel last year. That is enough to power 5700 farm tractors for a year.

Last year, our 54-story headquarters in New York cut energy requirements by nearly 35 percent. Our Houston office reduced consumption of electric-



ity by 7.3 million kilowatt-hours. That is enough electricity to power 575 average-sized homes for one year.

Recently Exxon switched all company cars from standard size to intermediate or compact size. We expect that this will save 500,000 gallons of gasoline annually—or enough to run 500 cars for one year.

There is evidence of progress.

As a nation, there is evidence that we are making progress on curbing



energy use. Figures from the U.S. Bureau of Mines and the American Petroleum Institute show that demand for energy *dropped* 3.3 percent in 1974 as compared to 1973. Gasoline consumption alone dropped 2 percent.

Take a good look at how you run your operation, whether it's a corporation, a small business, or a home in the suburbs. We think you'll be surprised at the ways you can use energy efficiently to conserve our nation's energy supplies. And you'll save money too.

EXXON

George Crile, Jr.

THE SURGEON'S DILEMMA

The built-in conflict of interest in medical fees

As to the honor and conscience of doctors, they have as much as any other class of men, no more and no less. And what other men dare pretend to be impartial where they have a strong pecuniary interest on one side?

—George Bernard Shaw
preface to The Doctor's Dilemma



The Granger Collection

TODAY IN THE United States there is one profession in which conflict of interest is not merely ignored but loudly defended as a necessary concomitant of the free-enterprise system. That is in medicine, particularly in surgery.

Conflict of interest occurs when someone acting as a judge has personal interests that are affected by his decision. Thus the surgeon who decides whether or not to perform an operation is faced with a conflict of interest: he is paid if he operates and not paid if he doesn't. A further conflict arises if he has a choice between performing a major operation, for which he will receive a large fee, or a minor one, for which the fee might be only a fifth as much. Finally, if he knows that he is not expert in performing a certain type of operation and that others would be able to perform it better and more safely, his decision as to whether to do it himself or refer the patient to a specialist is again subject to a conflict of interest. In short, there are many surgical decisions in which the best interest of the patient is in sharp conflict with the financial interest of the surgeon. And the surgeon is the judge. Would you trust a judge whose pay depends on whether the verdict is for the plaintiff or the defendant? No more, says Shaw, than you would trust "a general in the pay of the enemy."

Before discussing the reasons for my opposition to fee-for-service surgery, I wish to state that I favor private as opposed to state medicine, and when I speak of surgeons being paid by salary instead of fee for service, I am referring to salaries from medical schools, clinics, or hospitals, and not to payments from the state. The institution collects all fees and pays the surgeon a salary that does not deperd primarily on the amount of money he earns.

Just how the method of payment affects the number of operations the surgeon may do is a little-explored question. But no one, so far, has argued that more operations ensure better health. Indeed, there are studies demonstrating that the overall mortality rate from appendicitis, i cluding deaths resulting from the su gery itself, were highest in are where the most appendectomies o curred. And if a recent study by D C. B. Esselstyn, Sr., is correct, the will be more appendectomies (a other surgery) performed in areas fee-for-service medicine than in are where patients subscribe to a prepa ment plan.

Dr. Esselstyn's study showed th a selected group of fee-for-servi patients underwent surgery at twi the rate (69 per 1,000) of a grou of prepayment plan subscribers (3 per 1,000). The latter, of course, ha made annual payments to the pla their illnesses were cared for wit out further charge, and their docto were salaried; it was therefore in th financial interest of the plan to avoi unnecessary operations. In the fe for-service, Blue Shield type of pla however, the situation was reverse It is hard to avoid the conclusio that the financial arrangement ha something to do with twice as man operations being performed on th fee-for-service patients.

A 1973 article in *Medical Ec nomics* entitled "What Makes Ame icans So Operation-Happy?" reporte that "Americans have operations double the British rate." Dr. J. I Bunker of Stanford compared oper tions done in the United States wi those done in England and Wale and found that twice as many oper tions per unit of population were pe formed in this country. He relate this to our having twice as many su geons per unit of population as Bri ain. In the same article, Dr. Charl E. Lewis of the University of Califo nia concluded that the method of pa ment appeared to play an importan if unmeasured, part in producin these figures and that the incentiv

George Crile, Jr., M.D., is emeritus consultant of the Department of General Surgery at the Cleveland Clinic.

BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, IMPORTERS · NEW YORK, N.Y. · DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND · BLENDED 86 PROOF



...and now it's time for a Cutty.

of a fee for service may tend to increase the number of operations in borderline cases.

MY OWN EXPERIENCE in trying to change what in my view are outdated surgical practices has been chiefly in treating diseases of the thyroid and the breast. My aim has been to simplify the matter, taking advantage of modern advances in diagnosis to avoid unnecessary operations, and substituting simple operations for radical ones. Economically, of course, such changes are counterproductive. For in a fee-for-service system the economic logic not only weighs in favor of *more* operations, but also bigger ones.

Take the thyroid. For nearly a century a lump in the thyroid has been viewed with suspicion because of the slight but definite possibility that it might be a cancer. Even though cancer of the thyroid is one of the rarest causes of death by cancer, and even though between 5 and 10 percent of all older women have lumps in their thyroids, many surgeons advocate removing all thyroid nodules. If this were actually done by all surgeons, the number of deaths resulting accidentally from the operations would far exceed the number of patients whose lives were saved.

In recent years, pathologists have become so expert in interpreting Pap smears that they can tell from very small specimens withdrawn through a needle whether or not cancer is present. Needle biopsy of the thyroid has therefore gained wide acceptance abroad and in a few institutions in this country. Practicing surgeons, however, have been slow to accept it. Could this be because a negative report from a needle biopsy eliminates the need for surgery and substitutes a small, inexpensive office procedure for an operation that commands a large fee? Perhaps it is just the reluctance of surgeons to change their ways, but I believe that if the office biopsy commanded a larger fee, surgeons would be quicker to change.

Another classic example of this problem is the breast. Radical mastectomy for breast cancer was devised more than a century ago when most of the cancers were huge and by modern standards inoperable. Today there have been remarkable advances in public knowledge of the disease and in diagnostic techniq which now often show the can even before it can be felt; yet ritual radical mastectomy that moves the muscles of the chest and often causes severe deform and disability is still used routin in some parts of the country in treatment of all operable breast c cers. In Europe and in most of C ada the radical surgery has b nearly abandoned in favor of mutilating operations. Yet in country it was not until three ye ago, when the subject of breast c cer began to be discussed in wome magazines and on television, t women began to refuse to have r cal operations. It was then that surgeons of America began to s plify their techniques.

Blue Shield's payment plans (to three times as much for a rad as for a simple operation) may h something to do with the fact that United States, virtually the last W ern nation still dominated by a for-service system, is likewise the to give up the radical procedure. (insurance carrier does not wish have its fee schedule published dollars, but gave me the follow information about the relative f for different operations. Valuing largest general surgical operatio such as resection of the rectum. 100, various operations on the bre were valued as follows:

Radical mastectomy	75
Modified radical mastectomy	55
Simple mastectomy	45
Partial mastectomy	25
Open biopsy	15
Needle biopsy	8*

Needless to say, not all physici agree that the mode of remunerat affects decisions as to treatmen do not mean to suggest that all geons are consciously affected their decisions by the fee struct The problem is subtler than t closer to an anecdote related by Kerr L. White of Johns Hopkin the *Medical Economics* article ferred to above: "I know of a ca he says, "where a physician was n ing a helluva lot of money perfo ing tonsillectomies on a fee-for-

* This refers to a complicated in-h tal biopsy. On the same scale, needle piration of a breast cyst or aspira biopsy of a tumor in the office would 1.5 to 2.5.



Kahlúa 53 Proof Coffee Liqueur from Sunny Mexico Maidstone Importers 116 No Robertson Blvd Los Angeles Calif 90048

basis. Then he went on an an- retainer, and his tonsillectomy dropped sharply. He was just as tled as anyone else; he hadn't consciously pushing tonsillec- ies, just performing them rou- ly."

When I suggested in a newspaper rview the existence of a relation- between fees and practice, there a sharp response from the local ical community. The Ethics Com- ee of the Cleveland Academy of licine (American Medical Asso- ion) asked me to appear, and , disregarding the fate of the 00 women who each year will be ted for new breast cancers, the mittee concluded that I should have informed the press of my be- that radical mastectomy was ar- ic and no longer necessary. It le surgeons who did radical oper- ns subject to criticism by their ents, the committee explained. committee took no official stand the suggested relationship be- en the fee and the selection of ration. This is the letter they sent

The Ethics Committee has considered in some detail the remarks you have made to the news media regarding why radical mastectomies continue to be performed in the United States. Although the Ethics Committee appreciated your obvious sincerity, it felt that your comments impugned the motives of many well-intentioned physicians. Although the Committee felt your comments did not violate specific medical ethics, they are nevertheless reprehensible. The Committee was disturbed over your obvious lack of concern for the patients who have had a radical mastectomy performed and the impact that your comments have on these women. Furthermore, the Ethics Committee took note of the fact that your comments have already had a deleterious effect on the relationship patients have with their surgeons—all different specialties of surgeons—in permitting another obstacle to be erected between the confidence and understanding so necessary for success in an operative procedure.

The Ethics Committee is at this time informing the many physicians who lodged complaints against you of the findings of the Ethics Committee in accordance with established procedure.



Minolta helps you hang around.

Find the fun in every day with a camera that let's you respond to life's simple pleasures.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on the picture, because the viewfinder shows all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing. You never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, so you're ready to catch the one photograph that could never be taken again.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a complete system of interchangeable lenses, from "fisheye" wide angle to super-telephoto.

Let a Minolta SR-T become part of your day. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.



Minolta SR-T 100/Minolta SR-T 101/Minolta SR-T 102

Is your camera a means of self-expression? If so, enter the Minolta Creative Photography Contest. Grand Prize: two weeks in the south Pacific islands for two, $1000 cash, and a Minolta SR-T 102. 1428 other valuable prizes will be awarded. Nothing to buy. Minolta equipment not required. See your Minolta dealer for details and registration. Or write: Minolta Creative Photography Contest, Box 1831, Blair, Neb. 68009.

SURGICAL DECISIONS would be clear and easy if medical science had progressed to a point of agreement as to which treatment was best in every case. Unfortunately, it hasn't. And so it seems fair to say that economic considerations sometimes motivate the physician to accept that part of the scientific evidence that best supports the method that gives him the highest monetary return. An example is the use of the needle to aspirate the contents of a cyst of the breast.

A cyst of the breast may be cured by simply inserting a needle and sucking out the fluid. If, after aspiration, no tumor can be felt, no further treatment is necessary. For more than half a century in Scandinavia, England, and many parts of the United States this procedure has been used as the standard treatment of cysts. Repeated and extensive clinical and laboratory studies have shown that, even when needles are inserted into cancers to obtain a biopsy, the tumor is not spread nor is its growth stimulated.

Dr. George Rosemond, president of the American Cancer Society, has written eloquently on this subject, urging surgeons to treat cysts in the office by simple aspiration. Yet there are areas in the country in which most surgeons admit their patients to the hospital and remove the cysts and surrounding tissue, explaining to their patients that this avoids any danger of spreading the tumor in case it is malignant. Replies to a recent questionnaire sent by a medical school to a group of surgeons in New Jersey, for example, showed that 42 percent never used a needle for aspiration, and 27 percent of them rarely did. Is it that these findings are related to the small fee for aspiration of a cyst in the office compared to that obtained by an open operation?

Still another example of a conflict of interest occurs in the case of a small, low-lying cancer of the rectum. Such a cancer can be treated either by a radical resection that removes all of the rectum and establishes a permanent colostomy through which the bowels move, or by electrocoagulation; that is, by burning it out. Electrocoagulation is done through the rectum like a proctoscopic examination. There is very little risk or discomfort, and in properly selected cases it results in rates of cure that are as high as or higher than those resulting from the radical operati The advantages of the method are safety, its comfort, and the fact t a colostomy is not necessary. insurance carriers, however, pay o about a fifth as much for electr agulation as for resection. It may be an accident that in this cou surgeons have not been quick adopt the conservative operation.

This bias, I should add, is har peculiar to American doctors. O recent trip to Spain I met a surg who worked in a publicly fun hospital there. I asked him what eration was commonly used to tr breast cancer. "Simple or modi mastectomy in the Social Secu hospitals," he replied, "but most geons do the radical mastectomy the private patients they treat their clinics." The latter, of cou paid their surgeons by fee for vice, and the bigger the service bigger the fee.

MUCH OF A surgeon's practice c sists of patients referred to by other physicians. The surge then, must please the referring ph cians. Sometimes this is best acc plished by doing what those ph cians approve of or desire to done. When these desires run c trary to the best judgment of the geon, conflicts of interest again pear. If the surgeon does what referring doctor thinks is best, may not be acting in what he belie to be the best interests of his pati Not that the referring physician often in conflict with the surge moreover, the physician's judgm may be right and the surge wrong. Nevertheless, some physici become accustomed to dictating b diagnoses and treatments, and ex the specialists to comply. It is t that conflicts of interest arise. S was the case with the surgeons whom a friend of mine, an eld internist, was accustomed to s patients with abdominal pains which no cause could be found.

The internist himself had had termittent abdominal pain for s years. Finally, he had a typical tack of acute appendicitis. The pendix was removed, and therea my friend had little or no abdom pain. A less fortunate consequenc the operation was that he hencef advised an appendectomy for any tient of his who complained of va



Holland America presents a most unusual cruise. Alaska, the Pacific, and the Orient.

m.s. Prinsendam, 34 days, 13 ports. From Vancouver Sept. 27, 1975.
The crystal majesty of Alaska's glaciers. The endless blue Pacific. The fascinating contrasts of Japan, with a visit to Expo 75 in Okinawa. The ancient cultures of Taiwan. Bustling Hong Kong. And Singapore, the Crossroads of the East. A totally new travel experience on a gem of a ship. And the Fly/Cruise combinations are unlimited. The ports—Alaska: Ketchikan, Juneau, Glacier Bay, Valdez, Anchorage, Dutch Harbor. Japan: Hakodate, Yokohama, Kobe, Okinawa. Taiwan: Keelung, Kaohsiung. Hong Kong, Singapore. Rates from $1925 to $3140.

Holland America Cruises,
Two Pennsylvania Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10001
Tel: (212) 760-3880
or toll-free at
(800) 221-6657.

You may never want to get off
Holland America Cruises

Please send the Alaska-Orient Cruise brochure.
____Also your brochure on the Transpacific Cruise: May 5, 1975, 17 days. Singapore to Yokohama to Vancouver. 133-AP-5

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Travel Agent_____

Cruise fares per person, double occupancy, subject to availability. The m.s. Prinsendam is registered in the Netherlands Antilles. Minimum rates may not be available on all the above listed sailings.

minal pain, a procedure that
y relieved the symptoms, and of
e resulted in the needless re-
l of many normal appendices.
, after a while, it became ob-
that none of the mature and ex-
nced surgeons on the staff would
ong with his advice, the intern-
egan referring patients to the
gest man on the surgical staff,
s with a telephone call or note
ating clearly what he thought
wrong and that appendectomy
he treatment. Flattered to have
e referred personally by the sen-
ternist and afraid of offending
by not complying, many of the
g surgeons would go ahead and
ve these appendices. Their wil-
ess to comply having now been
lished, their practices were en-
ed by a steady stream of pa-
s referred for unwarranted ap-
ectomies.

HE PAST TWENTY years, surgery
become more complex and
specialized. Not only has the
ral surgeon stopped dabbling in
surgery, orthopedics, and urol-
but the gynecologists have large-
ken over the pelvis and the tho-
surgeons the chest. Vascular
ons often do most of the blood-
l surgery, and more and more
e plastic surgery and the special-
surgery of the colon and rectum
ing to specialists in these fields.
within what is left of general
ry there is specialization, some
ons limiting their practices to
urgery of children, others to the
ment of cancer, others having
al interests in surgery of the
id, parathyroid, pancreas, and
rth.
sually the surgeon who has a spe-
field of interest will have more
rience in this field than his more
ralized colleagues, and usually,
his competence increases along
his experience. This gives rise
conflict of interest; for if a pa-
requires a relatively rare and
plicated operation, the general
eon must decide whether to refer
atient to a specialist who would
orm the operation better and
less risk than he himself could.
e decides to do the operation
elf he gets paid; if he refers the
nt to a specialist he does not.
his sort of decision does not have
e faced very often; most opera-
tions—hysterectomy, appendectomy, removal of the gall bladder, repair of a hernia—are not only common but not particularly dangerous or complicated. Probably they are performed about as safely and as well by any qualified and experienced general surgeon as by a surgeon with a special interest. But there are some dangerous operations in which the chances of survival are closely related to the judgment, skill, and experience of the surgeon.

One of the most difficult and dangerous general surgical operations is radical resection of cancer of the pancreas. The reported mortality rates of the operation vary by a factor of 7 to 1—from less than 7 percent in the hands of a surgeon who has a special interest in diseases of the pancreas and has done hundreds of operations on it to 46 percent, as reported by an unspecialized teaching hospital. The mortality rate in the hands of the average surgeon is reported as 32 percent. The worst of it is that the outlook for patients with the usual type of cancer of the pancreas is so poor that even if they survive the operation they have only a 1-to-2 percent chance of being cured. Should a surgeon who is not specialized in this intricate type of surgery assume responsibility for a 30 percent chance that his patient will die at once of the operation? Or should he perform a small and relatively safe operation to relieve the jaundice and make the patient feel better during the short span of life probably left him? Or should he refer the patient to a specialist whose mortality rate is low enough to make it worthwhile to do the radical operation and gamble for a cure?

Unfortunately, the cards are stacked against the patient. If the surgeon decides to do the big operation he may collect a minimum fee of $1,000. If he does the small, short-circuiting one, he is paid about $250. If he refers the patient to a specialist, he receives a $25 consultation fee. In all of the decision-making process the patient has little to say. He usually does not know or ask about the surgeon's training and experience, or the mortality rate for the operation. Nor is the surgeon apt to volunteer this information. That is why I believe that hospital mortality rates should be published and posted in the hospital as a means of allowing the

Could you build a $200 Rolls?



Send for this free brochure and find out.

The classic Rolls Royce Phantom II Sedanca Coupe. 26-1/2" long. Reproduced in exact 1/8 scale in Pocher d'Italia's incredibly authentic car model kit. You build it with nuts and bolts and screws. No painting, no special tools needed. Doors, hood and trunk open. Steering, crankshaft, connecting rods, gears, fan, generator operate. Windows open. Headlights turn on. 2,199 separate parts of brass, stainless steel, copper, rubber, high-impact plastic. Complete details on this and three other classic car kits from $100 in our free full-color brochure.

Deluxe Classics, Dept. H5
5900 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 2760
Los Angeles, California 90036

Please send me your free full-color brochure.

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

State/Zip: _____


Hirmer Fotoarchiv München

A moment in the Carras Experience.

One picture of a votive relief from Melos doesn't give you Greek civilization. Because some things are so special they have to be felt. Experienced. You have to be there for them to happen.

Our purpose is to provide the conditions and opportunities for these unique moments. Starting July 26, 1975 our newly christened 100th Anniversary Celebration ship, m.t.s. Daphne, will sail on six remarkable voyages. To historic maritime capitals. To the 4,000-year-old palaces of Crete. To Homer's birthplace and the Blue Mosque. To native festivals, Vivaldi concerts and deserted beaches. Some will visit our own new resort, Porto Carras.

All of them will include the special freedom of doing absolutely nothing but enjoying every amenity of gracious relaxation aboard one of the most spacious ships afloat.

For a 36-page, full-color brochure describing our Experiences, please contact your travel agent or Carras. Reading it won't be the same as joining us. It will just make it very hard not to.

Carras

What can't be described must be experienced.

Carras, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10020, (212) 757-0761.
The m.t.s. Daphne, 17,000 gross tons, will sail under the flag of Greece

patient to know what risk he is
ning and of helping to give him
most important of his rights—
formed consent.

A RECENT STUDY conducted in
Orleans by Dr. M. A. Ric
and presented at a meeting of
American Heart Association sho
that the mortality rate for the by
operation for coronary artery h
disease varied widely from hos
to hospital. The highest morta
rate was 31 percent and the lowe
percent, a difference of more tha
to 1. Again, these figures do not
late to deaths from heart disease
to deaths as a direct result of
operation used in its treatment
seems unlikely that the pati
would have elected to have had t
operations done at the high-risk
pitals if they had known of these
ferences in mortality rates.

If every patient were fully infor
not only of the benefits to be ga
from an operation but also of
risks involved, he could assum
good part of the responsibility a
whether an operation should be d
and as to what operation should
done.

When the risk is high, I beli
it should be discussed frankly w
the patient, as should all of the op
ation's common complications a
side effects. If this practice were
lowed and if patients were fully
formed, there would be little or
conflict of interest in the decisi
making, for the patient would sh
in it. The information should inclu
the fees expected for the various
erations, the probability of cure, a
most important, the mortality ra
not measured against some pheno
enally low rate published by a s
cialist, but that of the hospital
which the operation is to be do

An example of a tragic situati
that arose chiefly through lack of
formed consent occurred in a wom
thirty-seven years old who had sev
upper abdominal pain. She lived
a small town and was operated on
the community hospital. Her s
geons, who had no particular qual
cations in abdominal surgery, to s
nothing of the highly specialized s
gery of the pancreas, found a m
in the head of the pancreas.

Although cancer of the pancreas
almost never found in people und
forty, and although almost all

s with cancer of the head of the reas have jaundice rather than , the surgeon made a diagnosis ancer of the pancreas and pro- ed to do the radical operation h, as we have seen, has an aver- mortality rate of 32 percent. He 't take a biopsy. The pathologist d that there was no cancer, just lcer that had penetrated into the reas and which could have been d by a simple and safe opera-

year later I was asked to see the nt because of her severe malnu- n, a common and usually irre- ible side effect of the radical op- on. She was a living skeleton, ly incapacitated for work or even comfortable living. Little, if any- g, could be done for her. Two tions arise: (1) Would the sur- have done the operation if he been working for a salary in- l of fee for service? (2) Would woman have chosen to have a al resection of the pancreas at this hospital and by this sur- if she had known of its risk or ible side effects?

he treatment of breast cancer of- another opportunity for informed ent. I'm not referring now to the tality of the operation but to its bidity—the often crippling side ts of the conventional radical op- ion. Since there is a split in the ical profession, both here and ad, as to whether the radical ation confers any better chance urvival than the simpler ones, it ld appear that women should be nformed and should have some- g to say about the decision. The e is true in the case of very l and apparently localized can- of the breast, some of which can reated as successfully by partial oval of the breast as by mastec- y. Here again it seems to me that woman should have something to Many, justifiably worried about possibility of recurrence, elect ave the entire breast removed. ers are eager to save the breast, if there would be increased risk ecurrence and of secondary oper- ns. When there is debate in medi- circles as to whether, in selected s, there is any advantage to total tectomy, is it not reasonable for woman herself to take part in the sion?

am under no illusion that in- ed consent is easy to achieve. There is a formidable imbalance between the doctor's knowledge and the patient's. Yet it seems clear that the ignorance and dread of disease common among Americans makes informed consent all the more imperative. It is absurd to resign ourselves to the condition of men in the Middle Ages, when people had been so well taught to dread the devil that they were content to burn the body in which the evil spirit was said to reside. I refuse to believe that people cannot learn to understand the basic facts about cancer and its treatment. If they will not do so, they should know that they are putting themselves at the mercy of a new kind of high priest in a new Inquisition. In our concern to exorcise cancer we may sacrifice not only the quality of our lives, but in some cases even life itself. Nor must we ever forget that one of the reasons for the persistence of the Inquisition was that all the property of the devil-possessed creature who was burned reverted to the Church.

ALTHOUGH I BELIEVE that conflict of interest makes it dangerous to remunerate surgeons on a fee-for-service basis, the traditional methods of payment may have some advantages in the practice of internal medicine. In this field the decisions are not so dramatic nor so irreversible as in surgery. If one kind of medicine doesn't work, another can be tried. If one diagnosis does not fit, there is usually time to change to another. Also, since there is more time for discussion with the patient and his family, the patient's consent to treatment is based on better information than can be obtained in the crisis atmosphere of the operating room. I would be content to have many internists and family physicians paid by fee for service unless they were involved in a highly specialized hospital-based practice that could be rendered more efficient by having the physician employed on a full-time salary.

The advantage of fee for service is that it provides a greater incentive for the physician to give prompt service and personal attention. Its disadvantages are that it offers the temptation to overtreat, to give costly injections instead of pills, and to continue to treat the patient when he should be referred to a specialist. But all these temptations are minor



ALMADÉN SOLERA SHERRIES

Almadén Flor Fino, light and bone dry, the perfect aperitif. Serve chilled.

Almadén Cocktail Sherry, delicate, pale and dry, delicious on the rocks.

Almadén Golden Sherry, nutty and medium dry, appropriate before, during or after any meal.

Almadén Cream Sherry, rich, soft and moderately sweet, delightful with cheese and fresh fruit.

Almadén Vineyards, Los Gatos and Paicines, California

compared with those faced by surgeons. Most of them, moreover, can be controlled by having a prepayment medical scheme (such as the nonprofit Kaiser Foundation) in competition with the practice of fee for service. Since prepayment plans make more money when they give less service, and since physicians in fee-for-service plans make more money by giving more service, it seems that a happy medium can best be attained by the checks that competition between the two types puts on the abuses to which each is prone.

THE FOREGOING may imply that if surgeons were paid straight salaries all conflicts of interest would cease and that a new era would dawn. It is not as simple as that. The temptation of fee for service is only one of the factors involved in decision-making. Others are more subtle and more difficult to control. I refer to professional pride, and to what Konrad Lorenz calls *Funktionlust*.

Surgery combines science, art, and skill. The judgment of a surgeon is based mainly on his mastery of science. The art of surgery depends on adapting the operation to the needs of the particular patient. The skill of the surgeon is based on his technical ability and by his experience.

Surgeons who are interested in the art of surgery emphasize close relationships with their patients. They like people, they like to take care of people, they are proud of their large practices, and therefore they may be loath to refer patients with special problems to better-qualified surgeons. But again these circumstances are relatively rare. It is *Funktionlust* that gives the greatest temptation.

The gifted surgeon who operates rapidly, carefully, and with consummate skill is justly proud of his ability. He enjoys operating just as a ballet dancer enjoys dancing or a skilled weaver enjoys weaving. This is *Funktionlust*—the love of doing a thing—and *Funktionlust* can be a temptation to surgeons and can provide almost as sharp a conflict of interest as fee for service.

A surgeon may be highly skilled in some fields of surgery—that of the colon, for example—but may have never learned to do any operation for cancer of the rectum except the radical resection with colostomy. This he does routinely for all rectal c cers, justifying the procedure by unwarranted conclusion that beca this operation is the biggest it is r essarily the best. Other specialists this field could save the rectum a avoid colostomy in many cases, performing the radical operat quickly, skillfully, and safely is s a source of satisfaction to this s geon that his mind precludes in tigation of the other methods. same may be true in the case of s geons who have learned to be exp in performing the radical mastecto for breast cancer. *Funktionlust* p vides a temptation that makes it h to accept changes in the scient data on which the use of his ope tion is based. "My results are goo the surgeon says. "Why change?" he continues to perform his favo operation.

Yet pride and *Funktionlust* are deeply buried in human nature t it would be next to impossible (e if desirable) to extricate them. only major conflict of interest t would be easy to correct, and wh in most advanced countries has fact been corrected, arises from muneration of the surgeon by fee service.

Shaw's question—"What other n dare pretend to be impartial wh they have a strong pecuniary inte on one side?"—expresses a gene ization that is far from true in individual cases. I have the high regard for the integrity of most the surgeons I know, even thou most of them are paid by fee for vice. If such fees were abolished morrow, I doubt there would much immediate improvement medical practices.

Moreover, most established s geons are well enough off so that t don't have to worry too much ab income, and most are too set in th habits to make a sudden change is on the young surgeon, struggl to make a living, that the cha would have its greatest effect. Th when the young surgeons who sta out by being paid a straight sal came to maturity and began to p form most of the nation's operatio the quality of surgery would be v ly improved—provided, of cou that they continued to be emplo as salaried members of hospital st instead of as free agents, subject the constant temptations involve fee-for-service payments.

Hacker Art Books

Largest collection of art books in the world
SPRING CLEANING SALE

Up to 80% reduction. An incredibly fine group of art books at incredibly low prices. Books from the best publishers, here and abroad, sought-after subjects—African art, Americana, antiques and collecting, contemporary architecture, coins, erotic art, illuminated manuscripts, medical facsimiles, Oriental art, prints, limited editions, etc. All lavishly illustrated with fine color plates and available at these prices from no one but us.

Illustrated catalogue available.

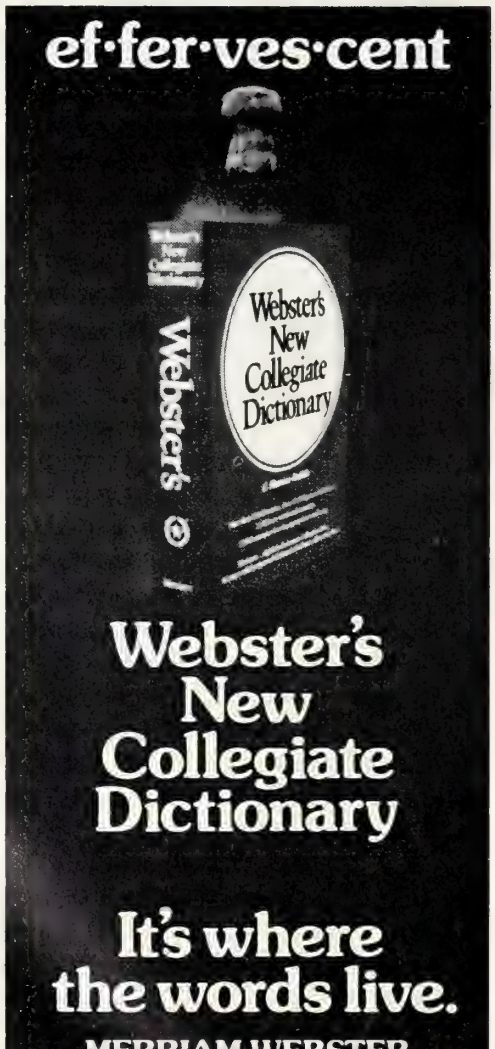
Hacker Art Books, Inc. 10
54 West 57 Street, N.Y. 10019
212 PL 7-1450

Please send me the Spring Cleaning Sale catalogue at no charge.

Name_____

Address_____

City/State/Zip_____





Your telephone service. Such a small price to pay for such an important part of your life.

Here's good economic news from the Independent Telephone Companies.

(Those people outside the Bell System who are responsible for one out of six U.S. telephones.)

It's that over the last decade, the price of telephone service has risen only *a third* as much as the other key prices you pay.

A bargain, when you figure you're getting the world's best service and equipment.

What's in store?

Well, we're waging war against inflation, too.

It's especially tough, since we have to have good earnings to attract sufficient financing.

And that's the only way to provide you with even better service.

As you fight inflation, remember: the best bargains are the essentials that don't cost much.

The telephone, for example.

The Independent Telephone Companies.

Statistics from Consumer Price Index, U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. For more information, write U.S. Independent Telephone Association, 1801 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

There are times when only the very best will do.

A birthday.
Happy homecoming.
Welcome to fatherhood.
The Holiday season.
Bon voyage.
Welcome to the neighborhood.
Thank you.
Father's Day.
An anniversary.

...these are just some of the times you instinctively feel the gift should be equal in every way to the thought. You wish the best; you give the best.

What is best?

We'd like to give you an easy answer. We'd like to say that Maker's Mark is the finest whisky to come out of Kentucky.

But Bill Samuels, our president, won't let us say it.

He says there's no such thing as a universal "best" in whisky — that it's always a matter of personal taste.

We do know this, Bill set out to make the very best whisky he knew how — and as a fourth generation Kentucky distiller, he knew how.

And in his own eyes, he succeeded. In other words, he believes Maker's Mark is the best Kentucky whisky to be had at any price. And we can say that there's a large and steadily growing number of people who agree with him.

There is no way our little distillery can put up enough Maker's Mark to go around everywhere. So you may not be able to find it the first place you try — but that's another reason why those who receive a bottle will value it all the more.



Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

Just for giving?

So far, we haven't touched on those times when you yourself might feel especially deserving. All we can say is this: Try a bottle of Maker's Mark. There's a good chance you will consider it the best you've ever tasted. And if so, you'll be all set for those times when only the very best will do.

Free booklet.

When you're in our neck of the woods, we cordially invite you to visit our little distillery on Star Hill Farm near Loretto. Meanwhile, if you have an interest in the history of whisky-making in the Bluegrass state, write for a free copy of our little booklet, "The Wonderful World of Kentucky Whisky."

Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, Ky.,
Ninety Proof - Fully Matured.

Harper's

Sam Adams

VIETNAM COVER-UP: PLAYING WAR WITH NUMBERS

A CIA conspiracy against its own intelligence

N LATE 1965, WELL AFTER the United States had committed ground troops to Vietnam, the A assigned me to study the Vietcong. Despite e almost 200,000 American troops and the vanced state of warfare in South Vietnam, I s the first intelligence analyst in Washington be given the full-time job of researching our uth Vietnamese enemies. Incredible as it now ems, I remained the only analyst with this assignment until just before the Tet offensive of 68.

At CIA headquarters in 1965 nobody was dying the enemy systematically, the principal ort being geared to a daily publication called e "Sitrep" (Vietnam Situation Report), which ncerned itself with news about the activities of uth Vietnamese politicians and the location Vietcong units. The Sitrep analysts used the est cables from Saigon, and tended to neglect formation that didn't fit their objectives. The hnson Administration was already wondering w long the Vietcong could stick it out, and nce this seemed too complicated a question for e Sitrep to answer, the CIA's research departent assigned it to me. I was told to find out e state of enemy morale.

Good news and bad news

LOOKED UPON THE NEW JOB as something of a promotion. Although I had graduated from arvard in 1955, I didn't join the Agency until 963, and I had been fortunate in my first assignment as an analyst of the Congo rebellion. y daily and weekly reports earned the praise of my superiors, and the Vietcong study was given to me by way of reward, encouraging me in my ambition to make a career within the CIA.

Without guidance and not knowing what else to do, I began to tinker with the VC defector statistics, trying to figure out such things as where the defectors came from, what jobs they had, and why they had wanted to quit. In short order I read through the collection of weekly reports, and so I asked for a ticket to Vietnam to see what other evidence was available over there. In mid-January 1966, I arrived in Saigon to take up a desk in the U.S. Embassy. After a couple of weeks, the CIA station chief (everyone called him "Jorgy") heard I was in the building adding and subtracting the number of defectors. He called me into his office. "Those statistics aren't worth a damn," he said. "No numbers in Vietnam are, and, besides, you'll never learn anything sitting around Saigon." He told me I ought to go to the field and start reading captured documents. I followed Jorgy's advice.

The captured documents suggested a phenomenon that seemed incredible to me. Not only were the VC taking extremely heavy casualties, but large numbers of them were deserting. I got together two sets of captured papers concerning desertion. The first set consisted of enemy unit rosters, which would say, for example, that in a certain seventy-seven-man outfit, only sixty men were "present for duty." Of the seventeen absent, two were down with malaria, two were at training school, and thirteen had deserted. The other documents were directives from various

Sam Adams is a fourth cousin, seven times removed, of President John Adams. His great-great-great-great-grandfather, also named John, lost an ear at the Battle of Bunker Hill. Mr. Adams raises cattle in Leesburg, Virginia, and is writing a book about his now-aborted CIA career.

Sam Adams

PLAYING WAR WITH NUMBERS

VC headquarters telling subordinates to do something about the growing desertion rate. "Christ Almighty," they all seemed to say. "These AWOLs are getting out of hand. Far too many of our boys are going over the hill."

I soon collected a respectable stack of rosters, some of them from large units, and I began to extrapolate. I set up an equation which went like this: if A, B, and C units (the ones for which I had documents) had so many deserters in such and such a period of time, then the number of deserters per year for the whole VC Army was X. No matter how I arranged the equation, X always turned out to be a very big number. I could never get it below 50,000. Once I even got it up to 100,000.

The significance of this finding in 1966 was immense. At that time our official estimate of the strength of the enemy was 270,000. We were killing, capturing, and wounding VC at a rate of almost 150,000 a year. If to these casualties you added 50,000 to 100,000 deserters—well, it was hard to see how a 270,000-man army could last more than a year or two longer.

I returned in May to tell everyone the good news. No one at CIA headquarters had paid much attention to VC deserters because captured documents were almost entirely neglected. The finding created a big stir. Adm. William F. Raborn, Jr., then director of the CIA, called me in to brief him and his deputies about the Vietcong's AWOL problem. Right after the briefing, I was told that the Agency's chief of research, R. Jack Smith, had called me "*the* outstanding analyst" in the research directorate.

But there were also skeptics, particularly among the CIA's old Vietnam hands, who had long since learned that good news was often illusory. To be on the safe side, the Agency formed what was called a "Vietcong morale team" and sent it to Saigon to see if the news was really true. The team consisted of myself, acting as a "consultant," and four Agency psychiatrists, who presumably understood things like morale.

THE PSYCHIATRISTS had no better idea than I'd had, when I started out, how to plumb the Vietcong mind. One of the psychiatrists said, "We'll never get Ho Chi Minh to lie still on a leather couch, so we better think up something else quick." They decided to ask the CIA men in the provinces what *they* thought about enemy morale. After a month or so of doing this, the psychiatrists went back to Washington convinced that, by and large, Vietcong spirits were in good shape. I went back with suitcases full of captured documents that supported my thesis about the Vietcong desertion rate.

But I was getting uneasy. I trusted the opinion of the CIA men in the field who had told the psychiatrists of the Vietcong's resilienc The South Vietnamese government was in o of its periodic states of collapse, and somehow seemed unlikely that the Vietcong would falling apart at the same time. I began to su pect that something was wrong with my predi tion that the VC were headed for immine trouble. On reexamining the logic that had l me to the prediction, I saw that it was based three main premises. Premise number one w that the Vietcong were suffering very heavy ca ualties. Although I'd heard all the stories abo exaggerated reporting, I tended not to belie them, because the heavy losses were also reflec ed in the documents. Premise two was my fin ing that the enemy army had a high desertio rate. Again, I believed the documents. Premi three was that both the casualties and the d serters came out of an enemy force of 270,00 An old Vietnam hand, George Allen, had a ready told me that this number was suspect.

In July, I went to my supervisor and to him I thought there might be something rad cally wrong with our estimate of enem strength, or, in military jargon, the order battle. "Maybe the 270,000 number is too low I said. "Can I take a closer look at it?" He sai it was okay with him just so long as I hande in an occasional item for the Sitrep. Th seemed fair enough, and so I began to put t gether a file of captured documents.

The documents in those days were arrange in "bulletins," and by mid-August I had collec ed more than 600 of them. Each bulletin co tained several sheets of paper with summari in English of the information in the pape taken by American military units. On the afte noon of August 19, 1966, a Friday, Bulleti 689 reached my desk on the CIA's fifth floor. contained a report put out by the Vietcon headquarters in Binh Dinh province, to the e fect that the guerrilla-militia in the provinc numbered just over 50,000. I looked for ou own intelligence figures for Binh Dinh in th order of battle and found the number 4,500

"My God," I thought, "that's not even tenth of what the VC say."

In a state of nervous excitement, I bega searching through my file of bulletins for othe discrepancies. Almost the next document looked at, the one for Phu Yen provinc showed 11,000 guerrilla-militia. In the offici order of battle we had listed 1,400, an eighth the Vietcong estimate. I almost shouted fro my desk, "There goes the whole damn order battle!"

Unable to contain my excitement, I bega walking around the office, telling anybody wh would listen about the enormity of the ove sight and the implications of it for our conduc of the war. That weekend I returned to the o fice, and on both Saturday and Sunday

arched through the entire collection of 600-ld bulletins and found further proof of a gross ıderestimate of the strength of the enemy we ıd been fighting for almost two years. When I rived in the office on Monday a colleague of ine brought me a document of a year earlier hich he thought might interest me. It was from ietcong headquarters in South Vietnam, and it ıowed that in early 1965 the VC had about 00,000 guerrilla-militia in the south, and that ıey were planning to build up to 300,000 by ıe end of the year. Once again, I checked the fficial order of battle. It listed a figure of ex-ctly 103,573 guerrilla-militia—in other words, alf as many as the Vietcong said they had in arly 1965, and a third as many as they planned have by 1966.*

* A document was later captured which showed ıe Vietcong not only reached but exceeded their ıota. Dated April 1966, it put the number of guer-lla-militia at 330,000.

No official comment

THAT AFTERNOON, August 22, I wrote a memorandum suggesting that the overall order of battle estimate of 270,000 might be 200,000 men too low. Supporting it with references to numerous bulletins, I sent it up to the seventh floor, and then waited anxiously for the response. I imagined all kinds of sudden and dramatic telephone calls. "Mr. Adams, come brief the director." "The President's got to be told about this, and you'd better be able to defend those numbers." I wasn't sure what would happen, but I was sure it would be significant, because I knew this was the biggest intelligence find of the war—by far. It was important because the planners running the war in those days used statistics as a basis for everything they did, and the most important figure of all was the size of the enemy army—that order of

"If the Vietcong army suddenly doubled in size, our whole statistical system would collapse. We'd be fighting a war twice as big as the one we thought we were fighting."

None love the messenger who brings bad news.
—Sophocles, *Antigone*



The Granger Collection

battle number, 270,000. All our other intelligence estimates were tied to the order of battle: how much rice the VC ate, how much ammunition they shot off, and so forth. If the Vietcong Army suddenly doubled in size, our whole statistical system would collapse. We'd be fighting a war twice as big as the one we thought we were fighting. We already had about 350,000 soldiers in Vietnam, and everyone was talking about "force ratios." Some experts maintained that in a guerrilla war our side had to outnumber the enemy by a ratio of 10 to 1; others said 5 to 1; the most optimistic said 3 to 1. But even if we used the 3 to 1 ratio, the addition of 200,000 men to the enemy order of battle meant that somebody had to find an extra 600,000 troops for our side. This would put President Johnson in a very tight fix—either quit the war or send more soldiers. Once he was informed of the actual enemy strength, it seemed inconceivable that he could continue with the existing force levels. I envisioned the President calling the director on the carpet, asking him why this information hadn't been found out before.

Nothing happened. No phone calls from anybody. On Wednesday I still thought there must have been some terrible mistake; on Thursday I thought the news might have been so important that people were still trying to decide what to do with it. Instead, on Friday, the memorandum dropped back in my in-box. There was no comment on it at all—no request for amplification, no question about my numbers, nothing, just a routine slip attached showing that the entire CIA hierarchy had read it.

I was aghast. Here I had come up with 200,000 additional enemy troops, and the CIA hadn't even bothered to ask me about it, let alone tell anybody else. I got rather angry and wrote a second memorandum, attaching even more references to other documents. Among these was a report from the Vietcong high command showing that the VC controlled not 3 million people (as in our official estimate) but 6 million (their estimate). I thought that this helped to explain the origins of the extra 200,000 guerrilla-militia, and also that it was an extraordinary piece of news in its own right. A memorandum from my office—the office of Current Intelligence—ordinarily would be read, edited, and distributed within a few days to the White House, the Pentagon, and the State Department. It's a routine procedure, but once again I found myself sitting around waiting for a response, getting angrier and angrier. After about a week I went up to the seventh floor to find out what had happened to my memo. I found it in a safe, in a manila folder marked "Indefinite Hold."

I went back down to the fifth floor, and wrote still another memo, referencing even more documents. This time I didn't send it up, as I had the others, through regular channels. Instead, I carried it upstairs with the intention of giving it to somebody who would comment on it. When I reached the office of the Asia-Africa area chief, Waldo Duberstein, he looked at me and said: "It's that Goddamn memo again. Adams, stop being such a prima donna." In the next office, an official said that the order of battle was General Westmoreland's concern, and we had no business intruding. This made me even angrier. "We're all in the same government," I said. "If there's a discrepancy this big, it doesn't matter who points it out. This is no joke. We're in a war with these guys." My remarks were dismissed as rhetorical, bombastic, and irrelevant.

On the ninth of September, eighteen days after I'd written the first memo, the CIA agreed to let a version of it out of the building, but with very strange restrictions. It was to be called a "draft working paper," meaning that it lacked official status; it was issued in only 25 copies, instead of the usual run of over 200; it could go to "working-level types" only—analysts and staff people—but not to anyone in a policy-making position—to no one, for example, on the National Security Council. One copy went to Saigon, care of Westmoreland's Order of Battle Section, carried by an official who worked in the Pentagon for the Defense Intelligence Agency.

BY THIS TIME I was so angry and exhausted that I decided to take two weeks off to simmer down. This was useless. I spent the whole vacation thinking about the order of battle. When I returned to the Agency, I found that it came out monthly and was divided into four parts, as follows:

Communist regulars	About 110,000 (it varied by month)
Guerrilla-militia	Exactly 103,573
Service troops	Exactly 18,553
Political cadres	Exactly 39,175
	That is, 271,301, or about 270,000

The only category that ever changed was "Communist regulars" (uniformed soldiers in the Vietcong Army). In the last two years, this figure had more than doubled. The numbers for the other three categories had remained precisely the same, even to the last digit. There was only one conclusion: no one had even looked at them! I decided to do so right away, and to find out where the numbers came from and whom they were describing.

I began by collecting more documents on

(Continued on page 62)

SPECIAL BOOK SECTION

prepared by the editors of

BOOKLETTER

OW TO WRITE A GOTHIC NOVEL
y Helen Rogan

t the first sign of winter, prudent readers, like so ny squirrels, can be found quietly ransacking drug res and libraries in their search for that most innoct form of mental anaesthesia, a good Gothic. In the st, names like Mary Stewart, Daphne du Maurier, zabeth Goudge, Phyllis A. Whitney, Catherine skin, and Victoria Holt, all with a well-educated, ll-bred British ring, were clear signposts to the best ailable combination of romance, suspense, and al/historical color. But these days the signposts are inting in strange directions. The term "Gothic" is ng loosely over anything, from the novels of Jean ys to *The Exorcist* to Richard Brautigan's latest tour force, which he calls a "Gothic Western" (and for r purpose must be called a red herring).

Publishers themselves are muddled. Some who ould hesitate to use the label inaccurately do not ld back on the *aura*, which is so marketable. Mary gate's *The Sound of the Weir*, for instance, features a dy on the front who is both apprehensive and unrclad, in pink, but the book is a prize-winning nglish crime novel. Other publishers describe their uality Gothics in altogether loftier terms. "In England they're comparing it to *Wuthering Heights*" trumeted the advertisements for *The Malvie Inheritance* by mela Hill, the most interesting and talented of the ewer Gothic writers. The book, a kind of Gothic's reatest Hits, encompasses in its 500-odd pages phans and outcasts and blindness and bastards, and might equally well have been likened to *Jane Eyre* or *rna Doone*. Yet clearly the publishers thought it too od to be Gothic.

In the face of such dismal change and decay, some eflections on the true nature of the Gothic seem appropriate. The following remarks are intended to encourage writers who would rescue the formula from the abuses of commercial misrepresentation.

A thorough grounding in the literature is essential, not simply in order to pluck out and adapt the best bits, but also to steep oneself in the atmosphere. The medal-winners are, of course, *Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, and, only a whisker behind, *Rebecca*. *Rebecca* is the textbook example of what can be done with minor themes. Relatively unburdened by plot or characterization, the book rests on one slim idea—that of the mousy girl who never dares ask. Nobody minds much, however, because du Maurier has done such a wonderful reworking of two hitherto underestimated motifs—the sinister domestic, and the stately home. Mrs. Danvers and her close relations hover in many of the current Gothics. Manderley is a familiar, evocative name (even though many people will be thinking fondly of the wrong place, Kipling's Mandalay); no self-respecting novel of romantic suspense lacks a convincing replica.

Supplementing these sourcebooks is R.D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, which is set on Exmoor and illustrates the windswept side of things very well. *John Halifax, Gentleman*, Dame Maria Mulock's little-known classic (available in Everyman), is a well-written, exceedingly weepy moral tale, and not at all Gothic, but it does offer a useful example of illness. A terribly disfiguring or incapacitating illness can be timely when the direction of the plot needs changing. Here Mulock has taken the sickly Edgar character from *Wuthering Heights*, developed him into a saintly cripple, and used his disability to great effect. Finally, there are the complete works of Anya Seton and Georgette Heyer. Their novels fall outside the basic requirements, but not their romantic heroes.

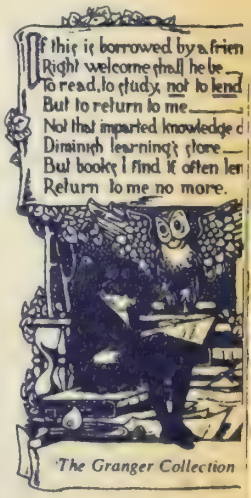
INTRODUCTIO

In the following pag Harper's *presents th best of* BOOKLET *a new biweekly published by Harpe Magazine Company* Bookservice. *Most o the books discussed can be obtained through* Bookservic *(For information on ordering books at members' prices, see page 60.) All editor material in this spec section of* Harper's *published by permission of* BOOKLETTER.

—The Editor

CONTENTS

5 How to Write a Gothic Novel by Helen Rogan
6 Victim of the Zeitgeist by Frances Taliaferro
7 Emissaries to the Abyss by Paul Zweig
8 News and Gossip
9 Flashback by Robert H. Pilpel
50 The Pleasures of Reading by Lewis H. Lapham
51 Images by Hayden Carruth
52 Who, What, Where, When by Nathalie D. Frank
53 The Nature of the Beast by Ralph Tyler
54 Fly on the Wall by Michael George
55 Books in Brief



The Granger Collection

After two weeks of concentrated study the brain should be bursting with possible *dramatis personae*. As long as they are introduced gradually, there is no limit to the number of people one may include. The heroine is perhaps the easiest character to tackle, since she will narrate the story and be free to reveal her true self in a leisurely manner. Jane Eyre is the perfect model, if a little too masochistic. The lady should, in any case, be older (about twenty-five to twenty-nine) and alone in the world. She must be calm and level-headed in direct proportion to her age. Her intelligence is a variable—Rebecca, after all, was irredeemably dim—but such intelligence as she possesses should be of the quiet, almost intense kind. Her prettiness will be understated, with the emphasis on clear eyes and a mouth that is a little too generous.

What of the man who will spot the passionate nature behind this exterior? Well, *he* will hardly be understated. Simon Aske, in Pamela Hill's *The Devil of Aske*, was "very tall and dark . . . with a black lambent gaze." His "disturbing eyes, dark and glowing like coals," frequently took on "a frown drawing his thick black brows together." "At times he seemed to burn with a dark flame and frightened those nea him." Such a splendid fellow, for all his Satanic n esty, will be world-weary and deeply unhappy, face marked with lines of dissipation (*very importa* Although he scowls, glowers, and laughs harshly rare moments of trust he will show a gentleness appealing as to make readers greedily return to relevant passages. Call him Nicholas.

A good Gothic will set up an alternative to Nic las—an apparently boring bailiff type, with a stu name like Ian, Roger, or Henry. His physical char teristics are not exciting: "reddish brown hair, an humorous look in his eyes, and big hands with kn by knuckles" (Rob Fraser in Frances Lynch's *Ti Ten Thousand Miles*). Dependability is his biggest as In *Sea Jade*, Phyllis Whitney admirably demonstra the right way to handle this triangular situati Miranda Heath must, for inheritance reasons, ma Brock McLean. He is a large, dark man who rega her with cold contempt. Miranda is both fascina and enraged by him, but she places all her trust in Pryott, who promises her friendship in a friendl household. At book's end Ian is revealed as a m derous fortune-hunter and Brock as the master loving husband we all hoped he could be. The alt native would be to let the girl choose the boring bai instead of the brooding, tortured type, an idea t has little to recommend it, since it is difficult to co up with a reason. Thus in *Twice Ten Thousand Mi* Hector, Viscount Albioni, confirms his ineligibility putting on a dress and swallowing poison.

The number of supporting characters depends the size of the house. There will be a housekeeper cook dispensing motherly advice and seedcake. least one sinister domestic, of the type mention earlier, will utter gnomic remarks or simply lu "Tolson stood in the doorway . . . His black, mor mental frame seemed stooped, his shoulder round more than before, his arms hanging loosely like sor great animal . . ." (*The Property of a Gentleman*, Catherine Gaskin). Thank you, Tolson, that will all.

If the book is to be an authentic Gothic, beset problems of inheritance, the house must be crowd with relations—grandfathers and stepbrothers, bitt aunts, and possibly a jealous niece. Tangled relatio ships do have to be taken very slowly if they are n to become as tedious as begats. A conversation Phyllis Whitney's *The Turquoise Mask* reveals t complex history of no less than nine people befo page 30, thereby extinguishing any small flickers interest one might otherwise have felt in their affai

Lapping around the shins of all concerned is wh Freud called the "black tide" of sex. It goes little hig er, for the people in the book, like many of t readers, will be thinking about sex instead of havi it. What little sex there is will be late in coming (wi the exception of rape; rape should occur soon enou for the victim to recover from her catatonia and me someone else). However, to prevent the reader fro straying, the book must carry a powerful charge sexuality, albeit latent. The technique is, basically, make a little go a long way. Much can be done with "half-choked" or "broken" voice, and sudden mov ments, e.g., "He roughly jerked me to my feet ar stared intently into my eyes. Then he abruptly turne on his heel and stalked from the room . . ."

Helen Rogan is a British writer and teacher living in the U.S.

VICTIM OF THE ZEITGEIST

Alinsky's Diamond, by Tom McHale. Lippincott, $8.95

Anyone who finds novels a serious pleasure probably has, if not an actual list, at least some intentions of what to read some day or other. The imperatives may be historical: I really do care about the development of the novel and I *do* mean to read *Clarissa* all the way through, one of these days. I also have honorable intentions toward Mrs. Gaskell and Balzac. Other resolutions may be more contemporary. How a living novelist gets on that list is uncertain; osmosis seems likely, when one can't exactly remember reading a review, thumbing through a copy, or hearing anything specific. Reputations are in the air, and it is with a feeling of vaguely guilty interest that one recognizes certain names. I feel that way about South American novelists: an early taste of García Márquez produced a real, if not apparent, curiosity about Cortázar, Puig, and José Lezama Lima. I really must read some of them one of these days. But the group that hovers at the periphery of my conscience is maybe not even a group, only I haven't read them yet so I'm not sure. I mean Tom McHale and Thomas Berger, and maybe John Barth and John Gardner. So it was with glad cries of exploration and self-improvement that I fell upon *Alinsky's Diamond* by Tom McHale, anticipating a fine time with an author whom the zeitgeist had made me associate with brilliance, savagery, and black humor.

Reputations communicated by the zeitgeist are not a good reason for reading a book. *Alinsky's Diamond* is not funny, not savage, and not brilliant. It is a terrible novel. Its humor is supposed to be worldly and mordant. It is, however, based on whatever comedy resides in the situation of a whore, a pimp, a drunk, and an abortionist making a religious crusade from France to Jerusalem. Not very funny per se, and not much funnier for the addition of Meyer Alinsky, an ex-Iowa halfback who conceived the whole sordid business for reasons of his own. Murphy, the drunk, is pointedly presented as a Christ figure; Alinsky turns out to be a megalomaniac with a secret sorrow; Alinsky's mother is a salty, improbable combination of Molly Goldberg and the Mater Dolorosa. The plot is correspondingly gimmicky; it leaves a vacuum unfilled by virtuoso writing, Redeeming Social Value, or even pornography.

I feel victimized not by McHale but by the whole apparatus of book merchandising, by the marketing of trendy writers as commodities. I am repelled by the glibness of jacket copy that assumes the existence of a "McHale tradition"—after two novels. I am also ashamed of the feeble willingness with which I periodically succumb to this sort of cant, and there must be thousands like me. Of course it's our own fault if we choose to read *Alinsky's Diamond* instead of *Middlemarch*, and no Reign of Virtue is going to legislate the permanent availability of the good, the true, and the beautiful. I just wish we weren't so regularly offered the overpraised, the tacky, and the meretricious.

—Frances Taliaferro

enerally speaking, it is only permissable to write icitly about sex if it is *historical* sex; and the more orical the subject, the sexier the book may be. ela Hill is well aware of this; *The Malvie Inheri-e* (set in the eighteenth century) has some remark- vigorous scenes. Yet her colleagues mostly w the example of Victoria Holt, Gothic's leading . Whether she is writing Gothics or Tudor-and-rt historical novels under the name of Jean dy, Holt treats sex with the same studied vague-: "I gave myself up to his embrace, and it was derful beyond my imaginings" (*Mistress of lyn*).

x may be beastly, too. The Gothic landscape teems h idiot children, demented first wives, and geous young men with fatal flaws. And all of them e their unfortunate circumstances to unnatural , that is, sex with the wrong person. Hector, Vis-nt Albioni, is a good example—his aristocratic glish mother unwisely ran off with an Italian soner-of-war. Doubtful parentage, whether literal figurative, is as essential to the Gothic novel as the rary is to an English detective story. It turns ugly cklings into swans, music teachers into duchesses. Catherine Gaskin's *A Falcon for a Queen*, it permits ung Kirsty Howard to inherit a Scottish distillery ile rendering incestuous her violent passion for llum Macdonald Sinclair. There must be many ilar permutations which are almost as neat.

Although the characterization and plot may prove ficult to handle, it is always possible to divert at-tion from any unevenness or inconsistencies by a eful choice of setting. This vague term covers a ltitude of interesting buttressing devices. The most vious setting is somewhere in history. As one edi- said: "Our readers expect a good Gothic to have t historical *atmosphere* which the English do so ll." A basic Christmas-card landscape will suf-e—with coach and horses and men striding around riding capes. The important thing is to build up a ditional feeling, and an imposing mansion with nily portraits and a west wing will be more effec-e than a wealth of historical detail.

Alternatively, the setting can be geographical, ich is less taxing, as there are not so many details be marshaled: maids bobbing curtsys, deviled kid-ys for breakfast, etc. The Celtic fringe—Wales, Scot-nd, Ireland, and Cornwall—has long been the tradi-nal craggy backdrop, although anywhere with oors or cliffs serves the purpose.

The more skilled Gothic writers have begun developing this geographical aspect into an informative, environmental one. A pathfinder was Victoria Holt, with *Mistress of Mellyn*, published in 1960. She chose Cornwall for the setting, and instead of being content to drop names like Trelawney, she wove into her narrative little snippets of Cornish life and lore. Names of wild flowers were carefully mentioned, and the yokels talked very local. At times it all became somewhat overwhelming: "Which sort of pie will you have? Giblet, squab, nattling, or muggety? Ha, here's taddage too . . ." However, the technique is now widely-used. One of the best current Gothics, *Longleaf*, by Rose Brock, gives a powerful picture of voodoo in post-Civil War New Orleans. One of the worst, Phillis Whitney's *The Turquoise Mask*, is set in New Mexico, with *arroyo* and *mesa*, Navajo jewelry, and adobe houses around every corner.

A disturbing side-effect of this trend is a preoccupation with miscellaneous cultural data. Mary Stewart is one of the most frequent offenders. Her books have always been top-heavy with archaeological or historical information, but now she appears to be slipping hopelessly back into the Dark Ages, with strange tales about Merlin and King Arthur. Catherine Gaskin currently "combines romance and suspense with the details of a professional occupation," her publishers stoutly report. In the past she has applied herself to the distilling of Scotch whisky. Most recently she has chosen the antique business (*The Property of a Gentleman*), a topic unlikely to grip the reader into the small hours. It smacks too much of involuntary education, an unpleasant process that historical novel readers learn to detect at an early age. While such excesses are to be avoided, a well-controlled specialty, along botanical or archaeological lines, lends a substantial, dignified air to an otherwise unexceptional tale. It will also balance the heroine's bookish instincts, which should be allowed full rein. After all, Jane Eyre buried her childhood miseries in books. Mary Stewart's breezy women quote yards of Shakespeare and toss off Latin tags, and one Lalage Kingston in Alice Dwyer-Jones's *The Rainbow Glass* reflects thus: "I was remembering that first evening of all, when I had sat in the same place, disconsolately, rather like Mrs. David Copperfield in the first chapter of the famous book."

There are thousands among us who can quote from Dickens, Tennyson, or Shakespeare, who reread Heyer when they get the flu and *Pride and Prejudice* when they get the time. These are the people who should arise, change their names if they choose (Rosemary is a good start), and rescue the Gothic. Until then we shall all have to bear with the formula. □

MISSARIES TO THE ABYSS
y Paul Zweig

A century or so ago, the Western portion of man-nd began to get disturbing news about its place in e scheme of existence. James Hutton, the father of odern geology, discovered that one could read the eats and wrinkles of the earth's surface as evidence an immeasurable past. In the biography of the orld, however, it turned out that man was hardly orth mentioning. Geological time contained no in-rval small enough to account for him. Not long terward, Darwin suggested that man might be no more than a passing episode in the play of biological possibility. The game of natural selection, he argued, had obtained the result, *Homo sapiens*, on its way to some further, unforeseeable result: insect, fish, or mammal? One did not know.

Meanwhile the known world had abruptly expanded. There were half-discovered oceans and savage continents; there were peoples whose social behavior resembled something out of a civilized man's nightmare, including cannibalism, strange sexual practices,



and a variety of other human surrealisms. All at once, the world had become a primitive, measureless sea on which floated one crowded peninsula known as Europe, along with its former colony, the United States.

People dream about what they don't have: prisoners about naked women, starving men about food. On the crowded peninsula, with its distended cities, its rat-warren factories, and its parceled-out land, the dream was of space: empty spaces of geological time filled with the silence of man's absence; wide whispering seas; deserts inhabited by elusive tribes; an wind, mountains, and jungles. Reading Alan Moor head's famous accounts of African exploration in *Th White Nile* and *The Blue Nile,* one gets the odd in pression that Africa was invented in London by men bers of the Explorers Club, and that the surviv stories of such nineteenth-century greats as Livin stone and Stanley were part of an urban fantasy th sent men out not to fill the places in, but to repo back on the emptiness.

Joseph Conrad was probably the first writer t understand this. It is in London and Brussels, h tells us, that men dream of the impenetrable Cong It is a power-hungry city dweller, Kurtz, who turn the jungle into an archaic nightmare. Conrad's famou "heart of darkness" turns out to lie not in the prim val wilderness of Africa but in the hearts of the u bane, civilized men who sit on their pleasure yach hypnotized by Conrad's Buddhalike storyteller, Ma lowe.

The city dweller lives in a world without horizon His coordinates are largely social. His environme is an artifact. The phases of the moon, the weathe the experience of distance and silence, timele indifferent noises like wind in a tree or a dyi animal: all of these recede, until they have become decorative element. Their place is taken by soci rhythms in which man is near to man, and far fro everything else. And so he begins to dream, not on of legendary South Pacifics and trackless deserts, b of the other aloneness he possesses: his interio spaces. The Moslem Sufi mystics, for example, did n originate in the unworldly spaces of Arabia, as on might expect, but in the cities of the Middle Eas The Moslem city is designed to flood the senses; i crowded markets and twisting narrow streets crus out the very conception of space. They are, in a sens an answer to the desert. That is where the great Su mystics interiorized the desert. They, too, were urba emissaries to the abyss, as were the yogis of India an the Zen masters of anthill Japan.

Since the end of the Middle Ages, however, ou Western specialty has been outward space. The psych historian might come to interesting conclusions wer he to study the mental connection between the gre voyages of discovery in the sixteenth and seventeent centuries and the growth of the European cities. Y by the end of the nineteenth century, as one of Cona Doyle's heroes complains: "the empty spaces on th map [had] all been filled in," except for the Pol regions and the Sahara Desert, which took a decad or two longer. In our own day, in any case, it is sa to say that the age of exploration is over, or at th very least in abeyance, until we reach the planets.

In 1974, virtually unnoticed, the New York E plorers Club lost its tax-free status as an organizatio of public utility. The bureaucrat's insect-eye tells n lies: the map is done. The city has finished stitchin its garment of longitude and latitude, of geomo phological features and place names, over the en tire world. This doesn't mean that our crowde

Paul Zweig teaches comparative literature at Quee College. His most recent book of nonfiction is The A venturer; *his most recent volume of poetry is* The Da Side of the Earth.

NEWS AND GOSSIP

Nearly twenty years after it was written, Kenneth Anger's notorious underground classic, *Hollywood Babylon,* is to have its first official English-language publication, courtesy of Straight Arrow Books, who are bringing out a lush, revised, updated, and unexpurgated $14.95 edition, due in April. This exposé of wicked, wicked goings-on in Hollywood's Golden Age first appeared as articles in the influential French journal *Cahiers du Cinéma,* in the late '50s, when Anger was writing to finance his movies. Fans, 16,000 of them, bought the subsequent book, published by Editions Pauvert at $10, now a collector's item at $27.50. A 95¢ pirate American edition, purveyed by one Marvin Miller, whom *Life* magazine called the "king of porn," ran to two editions and sold at least 2 million more copies before the angry author had it stopped by a court injunction.

The idea of a new authorized version came from Jeffrey Steinberg, the young founder of Stonehill Publishing Co. He wrote to Anger, offering a $10,000 advance which was accepted, brought him from Europe to New York, and then installed him in a hotel to work on the book. Mounting stress and hotel bills led to another sale: Straight Arrow bought the rights for a "solid five-figure advance," while guaranteeing Steinberg a royalty. Anger was dispatched to California for further solitary labors, to be rewarded with a first printing of 50,000 copies—25,000 of which Playboy Book Club has printed for its Full April Selection. Latest word from San Francisco is that Anger has supervised every detail, and, to everyone's relief, the book, 300 pictures and all, will be out on time.

Meanwhile, Steinberg has had more good ideas. He, after all, was one of the people at Chelsea House who brought us the Sears Roebuck catalogue reissue. ("We got the idea from Professor Fred L. Israel who was using it in his nineteenth-century American civilization course at City College; then we tried to get copublishers but no one was interested. So we did it ourselves, Random House distributed it, and we made $1 million profit in a month.") The same energetic opportunism characterizes two of his current concerns at Stonehill: a tussle with *Publishers Weekly* and the first official publication of Freud's writings on cocaine.

PW is to books what *Variety* is to showbiz, though less fun to read, and its policy effectively excludes front-cover advertising to any publisher who has over a year bought less than thirteen full pages of inside advertising (at about $1,000/page). Steinberg wants this "discriminatory" policy changed and is taking legal advice on a possible test case.

There are no legal problems over Freud's *Cocaine Papers,* previously unpublished and here supplemented by letters, notes, and biographical reminiscences. Anna Freud, who holds much of the copyright, rejected many previous offers, "but she liked our approach," Steinberg says cheerfully. Apparently Freud bought his cocaine from E. Merck of Darmstadt, whose descendant, the Merck of Merck, Sharp and Dohme, has bought over 12,000 copies of the book for distribution to psychiatrists in the U.S., and plans to sell thousands of translated copies worldwide.

Future Stonehill books will not necessarily be cult- or occult-oriented. Steinberg hopes to publish about fifteen books a year, including good new novels, poetry, and any promising reissues. *Rolling Stone*'s Jonathan Cott has been brought in as editorial director.

ntalities have stopped dreaming, or that the voy-
rs have stopped voyaging. It simply means that
ertain disguise has outlived its usefulness. Urban
n can no longer pretend that his emissaries are
sible, positive men. He can no longer drape a
g over his fascination with empty places. The voy-
r still goes, but now he goes for nothing, or by
ident. The explorer has given way to the adven-
er, launched by compulsion, and to the survivors,
occasional few who fall accidentally out of the
hioned palm of our god, technology, into the raw
ment of space, ocean, or desert.

e world of survival begins anywhere at all, with
iled motor, a faulty compass reading, a leaky hull.
minute before, you were a passenger encased in a
table fragment of city—a boat, a plane. But now,
hout warning, you have fallen into the emptiness.
thout any preparation, you are suspended at the
e of life. Should you survive, the news you bring
k will be devoured passionately by the others.
es," you will tell them, "the world exists. It is
ked and epic; it is rich with powers. But a man
n live there." To hear this news, reporters will
e halfway around the world to interview you.
owds will cluster at airports and books will be
itten. For the rest of us, listening to the news will
like hearing from the dream. Because of it, for a
rt time, we will see our lives with a certain irony
d humor. Our crowded existence will suddenly
m smaller, like an elaborate graffiti scrawled on
slab of forgotten reality. But now, for a moment,
glimpse the reality: the indifferent profusion of
e world we whistle through to keep our spirits up.

Probably the first survival story in Western litera-
e was told by Odysseus about his ten lost years of
ndering in the myth countries of the Mediterra-
an. Later examples are Apuleius's *Golden Ass,* and
rhaps, stretching the point a bit, Dante's *Inferno.*
e shipwreck in the early eighteenth century of an
known sailor, Alexander Selkirk, on an island off
e coast of Chile, may have been the source for the
st known of all survival tales: *Robinson Crusoe.* It
s with the age of exploration, however, that sur-
val descended definitively out of myth and into the
lm of experience: Livingstone and Burton in Africa,
loughty in Arabia, Scott in Antarctica—his tragedy
rded in all its moving detail in the journal which
s found with his frozen body. These famous men
d their tales are the ancestors of a rich genre to
ich new examples are added each year.

Several remarkable tales of survival have been pub-
hed during the past year or so. Last spring I read
offrey Moorhouse's *The Fearful Void,* an awesome
e of his 2,000-mile walk across an uncharted area
the Sahara Desert. Since reading Moorhouse's
ok, I spent a month in the Sahara myself, traveling
ne in a Citroën 2CV. The relative safety of a
hicle enabled me to preserve a certain detachment
ring my trip. I could wonder day by day at the
rrosive vastness of the desert and the small mira-
s of life that somehow hold out against the most
human climate in the world. I often felt as if I were
ing seared from within by the visionary expanse I
veled through. Moorhouse, however, had less time
r such thoughts, because there was nothing between him and the desert. He was on foot, pulling a mean camel, trying to outwit his crafty guide who, it turned out, knew less than he did about the blank space of desert they had to cross. It seems clear that Moorhouse got more than he bargained for, which is why I mention his book among survival stories. He set out, with an Englishman's admirable stupidity, to cross the Sahara from the Atlantic to the Red Sea because it seemed like a fine thing to do. He discovered quickly that thirst and hunger are powerful companions, that the soft scalding desert sand does frightful things to feet that have thousands of miles to go, that wells in the desert are harder to find than islands in the sea, and that the gritty desert wind contains seeds of madness. Moorhouse's journey became so intense and lonely that it transformed him from a pop journalist with a mind full of clichés to a lean, scoured man whose writing, at its best, is wholly gripping.

Two other recent stories of survival serve as odd mirrors for each other: *Survive the Savage Sea* by Dougal Robertson and *Staying Alive!* by Maurice and Maralyn Bailey. Within a year of each other, the Baileys and Robertsons started from England in small sail cruisers, bound around the world. Both were attacked by whales in the area of the Galapagos



FLASHBACK

Rome And A Villa, by Eleanor Clark. Pantheon, $10; paper, $4.95

There are guidebooks and guidebooks: red ones, blue ones, green ones, etc. Essentially they are pocket encyclopedias, compendia of raw information selected and arranged with a ruthless utilitarianism that simultaneously maximizes and delimits their value to a traveler. On the same shelf with these but far at the other end is what I would call the literature of places, the Tuscan variety in the case of D. H. Lawrence, Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres in the case of Henry Adams, Edinburgh in the case of Robert Louis Stevenson, and, easily on an equal level in terms of evocative excellence, Rome in the case of Eleanor Clark.

Pantheon has chosen to reissue *Rome And A Villa* on the advent of the first Holy Year since the one in 1950 that saw the book's original publication. Clark has added two new chapters (one on Rome today and the other on the Protestant Cemetery where Keats and Shelley are interred) but otherwise, "except for a few words and corrections," the book is in its pristine form. This is the way it should be; Eleanor Clark is a consummate literary stylist and a "sightseer" of exceptional acuity. She appears to have the gift of thinking in whole paragraphs rather than phrases or sentences, and her thought units are both elegantly structured and of unfailing intrinsic interest as a result.

Rome And A Villa is an epicurean feast from start to finish. In her new chapter on the Protestant Cemetery, an example of the *hauteur* of the *cuisine,* Clark puts her finger on the salient defect of expatriatism that I have been trying to articulate to myself ever since I decided to abandon permanent residence in Rome several years ago. Describing the transplanted foreigners buried in the cemetery she says at one point: "There are bound to have been quite a few... who positively loathed their own country . . . and so were happy to pay the price, if they were even aware of it, of living where nothing happening around them would be really any of their business, ever again."

Such startling insights are common throughout the book. Another favorite passage concerns the colony of cats residing behind the market in Piazza Vittorio Emanuele; no one since Blake has handled felines so well in print. *Rome And A Villa* can be savored even if one has never been east of East Hampton. For those who have been to Rome, however, and for those who aspire to go there, the book is an absolute must.

—Robert H. Pilpel

Islands and sank instantly. In each case, the survivors had time to throw only a little food and water, some fish hooks, line, and a few tools into their rafts and dinghys. While they teetered on the unsteady swells of the Pacific, the survivors had to decide: shall we live, or die. They chose to live, which meant to become members of the vast predatory emptiness sporting around them.

The Robertsons and Baileys solved the puzzle of survival with similar exploits of ingenuity and luck. They felt the same despair, the same stripped-away sense of closeness to God. They experienced the same profound remaking of their interior lives which, finally, amidst illness, depression, and chronic fatigue, made them wonder if they had not cut the last mental links with land and become one with the sea.

Staying Alive! is the clumsier and more amateurish of the two books, yet it is in some ways more extraordinary, because it reveals to what extent "ordinary" people can be enlarged by the power of their experience. The Baileys were newcomers to the sea. They had a minimum of survival skills and knew little about ocean currents or weather patterns. They survived for an incredible 118 days, on a leaky raft and dinghy, butted painfully from beneath by dolphins, flung about by storms, weakened by dehydration and despair. The alternate journal entries by Maurice and Maralyn create an overlapping depth of vision which adds to the power of their story. Under the whip of necessity they learned how to kill sea turtles and catch fish with an improvised trap. Most of all, they learned how to stay sane. They spent weeks of empty days designing their next boat, from keel to silverware. They became visionaries of food, passing a part of each day describing dish after succulent dish to each other. They allowed themselves t melt into the aloneness of the sea, as a part of it, an this gave a spiritual dimension to their ordeal. Afte 118 days, yet another of several ships they hav sighted seems ready to pass them by, and Mauric writes: "I was oblivious of the ship's movements a I knelt in the dinghy. Maralyn was still imploring th ship to return. Let it go on, I thought, this is ou world now on the sea, amongst the birds, and the tur tles and the fish." Three and a half months of strip ping down on an upturned eggshell of a dinghy, an they have been remade, not into savages or animals but into a new species of floating creature whose lif is defined by three square yards of boat and an in finite ocean.

This time, however, the ship spots them, and thei ordeal comes to an end. The contrast between th exacting solitude of their experience and its news worthiness is a paradigm of some sort: from silen amphibians, they instantly become public figures Telegrams flood in on them, welcoming committee rush to greet them. One imagines them graduall shedding their three-and-a-half-months' metamorpho sis to become one of us again, in the crowded land The final irony, one imagines, occurs when the or deal has once again come to resemble a dream whic they have lived not only for themselves, but for u

Survive the Savage Sea tells much the same stor in a more polished, suspenseful style, with the adde problem of coping with numbers: six people in a tin space, although for a shorter time (38 days). Bot books, in their chatty, unpretentious way, tell wha happens when people like us, family people, full o faults and foolishness, fall, through no fault of the own, into the timeless, epic world of survival.

THE PLEASURES OF READING
by Lewis H. Lapham

On first opening a book I listen for the sound of the human voice. Instead of looking for signs, I form an impression of a tone, and if I can hear in that tone the harmonies of the human improvisation extended through 5,000 years of space and time, then I read the book. By this device I am absolved from reading most of what is published in a given year. I have found that few writers learn to speak in the human voice, that most of them make use of alien codes (academic, political, literary, bureaucratic, technical) in which they send messages already deteriorating into the half-life of yesterday's news. Their transmissions seem to me incomprehensible, and unless I must decipher them for professional reasons, I am content to let them pass by. Too many subtle voices divert my attention, to the point that when I enter a bookstore I am besieged by the same sense of imminent discovery that follows me through seaports and capital cities. This restlessness never troubles me in libraries, probably because libraries are to me like museums. It is the guile of commerce that accounts for the foreboding in bookstores; I have a feeling of the marketplace, of ideas still current after 2,000 years, of old men earning passage money by telling tales of what once was the city of Antioch.

The murmurings of these voices often reduce me to a state of hesitation in which I cannot choose betwee opposite directions. Nor is it any easier on those da when I have the capacity for decision. I feel the su den compulsion to buy as many books as I can carr everything from the complete works of Trollope German translations of *The Golden Bough*. As I ha grown older the impulse toward recklessness h become stronger rather than weaker, with the resu that I have been obliged to impose minor disciplines haven't the strength of character to buy only one bo on a single afternoon, and so I permit myself tw (counting works of two or three volumes as one boo as a defense against profligacy. I no longer buy clot bound books unless forced into it, and even amo paperbacks I make distinctions. I try to avoid t shoddier imprints and will search for several mont if I know that a title has been published by Anch New Directions, or the Penguin Classics. T pleasure that I take in the Penguin volumes has quality of sensual obsession that other men confine porcelain or polished woods. It is a pleasure th derives from the weight of the paper and the way t pages fall under the hand, from the typefaces (part ularly Monotype Garamond and Monotype Bem and from a clarity of design that seems to achieve precise balance between substance and grace. It a

as to do with the grandeur of a publishing conception that attempts an entire history of man's wandering inland from the Jurassic sea. I can think of no other publishing house that offers not only the more familiar roster of authors from Homer through Joyce but also the works of Exquemelin, Zarate, Basho, Pausanias, and Notker The Stammerer. As a result of my addiction to the Penguin Classics I have rearranged my library for what I hope to be the last time. Whereas in earlier periods I divided it into conventional parts (fiction and nonfiction, alphabetically by author, by nationalities, by literary genre, alphabetically by subject), I now have arranged it in a chronology that follows the sequence of an author's date of birth. This gives me a sense of the distance traveled and allows me to remember that John Bunyan was born in the same decade as Molière and that Livy, despite his belief in the old pieties, belonged to a generation later than that of Catullus.

My habits of reading are as random as my buying of books. I cannot read without a pencil in my hand, and in books that I have liked I discover marginalia ten and twenty years out of date, much of it revised at intervals of two and three years to accord with the shifting images of myself. In an edition of Flaubert's *Sentimental Education* I find a scribbled note in what I take to be my handwriting at the age of nineteen, a note subsequently crossed out and contradicted by the remark "Foolishly romantic." Usually I read three or four books at the same time, preferably by authors of different centuries. It sometimes happens that I find myself reading of different periods in the history of the same landscape (Herodotus and T.E. Lawrence on the rivers of Mesopotamia; George Orwell and Samuel Johnson on the treachery of London); when this effect is compounded by the superimposition of marginalia reaching across twenty years in cities as unlike one another as Chicago and Rangoon, I begin to understand the analogy between music and what the modern physicists have in mind when they try to describe the continuum of space and time.

As a student, and later as an observer of the avant garde, I felt obliged to finish every book that I undertook to begin. This I no longer do. If within the first few pages of the text I cannot hear the harmonic tonality in the author's voice— no matter if he promises to introduce me to the court of Cyrus or the inner councils of the Democratic party—I abandon him at the first opportunity. I do this even with authors of great reputation, preferring to blame myself for whatever fault can be assigned and so to pass on to an author in whose company I can feel the warmth of recognition. After some years I return to the author of great reputation in the hope that I have learned enough to appreciate his greatness. When I was twenty I couldn't read Aldous Huxley; by the time I was thirty I no longer could read Herman Hesse or F. Scott Fitzgerald.

I don't count myself a literary critic, which relieves me of the necessity to make judgments or form consistent opinions. I can contradict myself without apology or embarrassment, and within a period of months I can declare a former enthusiasm inoperative. I look for writers with whom I can imagine myself holding a conversation, who have seen enough of the world to remark on its wonders and vanities without bemoaning the loss of their youthful illusions. It is for this reason that I prefer the ancient writers, or those among the moderns (modern being defined as no later than 1924) who have survived the winnowing of time and the misfortune of inept translation. I seek an understanding of the character of man, and so I don't much care whether the author chooses Paris of the 1840s or present-day Washington for his mise-en-scène.

My preference for the ancients often involves me in arguments with two kinds of critics: those who nominate writers to hierarchies and classifications and those who insist upon the miraculousness of the new. As a defense against the second, more numerous, fac-

IMAGES

Facing the Tree, by David Ignatow. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $6.95; paper, $3.95

In his earlier poems David Ignatow wrote about the city, very tough, bitter poems about life in New York. In his more recent work he has brought the same attitudes to psychological and metaphysical themes—loneliness, estrangement, death. "There must be something wrong with me," he says, "wanting to keep going through the endless griefs." It seems as if everything is against him.

> Live for myself
> said the wind
> Live for myself
> said the rain
> Live for myself
> said the night
> I bent my head
> turned up my collar.

Yet he does keep going. And he does keep searching for what is "wrong" with him, this peculiar stubbornness that forces him on. He tests himself, explores himself endlessly. If he finds a little node of pleasure he examines it.

> I enjoy watching myself
> grow old and gray
> I am authentic I say
> I belong with the others.

That isn't much but it's something. Living on the edge of the world, the edge of the universe, he still belongs, somehow, to the human community, and because of this he can still find human moments of beauty and purity in spiritual awareness, which he can express with words that mean more than they say.

> A leaf lies shaking
> at my door, about to be
> blown away.
> If I should
> bring it into the still
> air of my room, it would
> lie quietly on the windowsill
> facing the tree
> from which it fell.

To tell the meaning of this poem would be to destroy it. Yet the poem will bear reading many times, not just to search its meaning more deeply, nor to discover and savor more of its verbal felicities of sound and motion, but simply to rest, over and over, in its perfected resolution. And this is the way it is with many of Ignatow's poems, even his toughest and most bitter. He is a fine poet, and his new book contains some of his finest writing. —Hayden Carruth

tion, I have adopted the strategy of waiting at least three years before reading any book that receives unanimous acclaim or purports to tell an inside story. On first hearing, the truth usually strikes most people as outrageous, indecent, and wrong, and so when I come across a book about which nobody can find anything unpleasant to say, I assume that it contains a comfortable sermon. I doubt the reliability of all in side stories, and the interval of three years allow sufficient time for the politician to lose an election o for the question of the moment to exhaust the engine of publicity.

The delay also grants me sufficient time to modif my own ignorance. Among the ancient authors th fogs of superstition take the form of religious or magi cal beliefs through which, living at a later period i the history of science, I can sometimes see. Amon the moderns the equivalent superstitions take th form of social or political prejudice to which I also fal victim. With a few contemporary writers (Richar Hughes, Evan S. Connell, Jr., Loren Eiseley, W. H Auden) I know myself to be in the company of me less easily deceived than I, but in most of what passe for modern literature I find the same ideological ran that crowds the journals of informed opinion Perhaps this is the fault of the age. Writers retrea into dogma or journalism when they feel they cannc locate a coherent image of man in what they see a the rubble of his society. Thus their despair, thei choice of narrow argument, and their flight into th little rooms of sexual fantasy. The ancient authors, a least those among them who remain in print, do nc keep themselves in cages. They approach the study c man as if he were a universe unto himself, so vas and so mysterious as to defy the promulgation c doctrine and the making of smaller mystifications t conceal the fear of an empty stage.

Having learned to admire the spaciousness o Voltaire and Montaigne, I have come to think that th most astonishing books are those that I can begin a any point in the narrative. The books that must al ways be read in sequence I think of as mediocre, th tricks of a magician at a child's birthday party as com pared to the musical navigations of the blue whale No matter where I take up the essays of Montaigne whether in the midst of a discussion of cannibals or o presumption, I do not feel that I have missed the firs act. I notice the same effect with novels that I rea more than once; I do not need to go back to the begin ning to remember the baldness of Vautrin or the ar dent expectations of Dorothea Brooke.

From an author whom I admire I will listen to any thing and everything—to reports of marvels and por tents at Tarentum, to accounts of emperors gone sic with cruelty or of giant ants standing watch ove treasuries of Indian gold, to explanations of th revolution of 1848 or polemics against the Jesuits, t chronicles of love requited and love betrayed, even t the music criticism of Rameau's nephew. It is all th same story, all proof of the same mind, which, if I ar to believe the evidence of the evolutionary record, i also my own. Cicero seems no less real to me tha Winston Churchill or Richard Nixon. They inhab the same continuum, in which everything takes plac in the same instant, and in which they depend fo their reality on an act of my imagination.

Despite the recent events in Washington, I expec that Cicero has had more to do with the shaping c my life than Richard Nixon. As a boy I read hi philippics against Antony and Verres (acquiring a

Lewis H. Lapham is managing editor of Harper's Magazine.

WHO, WHAT, WHERE, WHEN

"What are the best reference books for home use?" We're asked this question often. The following suggestions are from Nathalie D. Frank, associate professor at the Graduate School of Library and Information Science, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York.

Like favorite foods or faithful friends, reference books chosen for the home collection are as individual as the owner's needs and interests. Based on private and professional experience, I recommend the following core reference collection.

Of the many excellent encyclopedias available, the two-volume *Lincoln Library of Essential Information* (Frontier Press, $65.95; $67.95 deluxe) lures the browser to self-instruction with articles grouped in twelve broad subjects: the English language, literature, history, geography and travel, science, mathematics, economics, government and politics, fine arts, education, biography, and miscellany such as parliamentary law, nicknames, California missions, accidents and disasters, orders, societies, and organizations.

Almanacs—actually encyclopedic compendia—offer basic information, oddities, and useful contemporary facts annually revised. One can choose the *World Almanac* (Newspaper Enterprise Association, $5.95; $2.75 paper), with its concise style and broad subject coverage favoring facts and events, or the *Information Please Almanac* (Simon & Schuster, $5.95; $2.45 paper), which emphasizes popular items, contains maps, and has timely articles on such subjects as ecology, space, and sports. For the best of both, alternate editions annually.

For domestic and international current events, try the annual *News Dictionary* (Facts on File, $9.50; $6.75 paper); facts are accessible by name, place, or subject. During this bicentennial era, it may be helpful to have a copy of Gordon Carruth's *Encyclopedia of American Facts and Dates* (Crowell, $9.95). It's arranged chronologically in four parallel tables (politics, arts, science, and popular culture); the book's exhaustive index provides another way to get a unique collection of facts.

A modern atlas is a necessity. For a first choice, one like the *Hammond Ambassador World Atlas* (Hammond, $16.95—a very good buy) would serve well. It has ample state and world maps, including thematic, and political subdivisions are clearly defined. The 100,000-name index includes zip codes. But for a new view of the old globe, *The International Atlas* (Rand McNally, $35), a remarkable cartographic work, emphasizes regional and demographic patterns, reliefs in three-dimensional effect, city maps, proportionate scales for comparisons, and native names. The index locates 160,000 places by latitude/longitude. German, French, and Spanish parallel the English text.

As for dictionaries, a basic standby is *Webster's New Collegiate* (G.&C. Merriam, $8.95; $9.95 thumb indexed). *The Random House Dictionary of the English Language* (Random House, $35) appends to its quarter million judiciously selected, concisely defined modern English words a "library" of information: an atlas; French, German, Spanish, and Italian bilingual dictionaries; lists of biographical, geographical, historical, and other useful facts; plus a short catalogue of reference books on a variety of subjects. The innovative *Barnhart Dictionary of New English since 1963* (Harper & Row, $12.95) gives, often through original contexts, the meanings of 5,000 frequently encountered new words. A delightful word book, it's a useful complement to the standard dictionary and to that other essential recourse for words—last, lost, famous—John Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* (Little, Brown, $15).

—Nathalie D. Frank

ression of politics and the state); I will continue to l his correspondence long after Mr. Nixon has d from living memory (revising my impression olitics in the light of later commentaries, not so h on Nixon as on Caesar). This is not merely a ary conceit. Cicero's execution coincided with the re of the Roman Republic, which in turn gave to the ruin of the Empire, which gave way to the arians and the priests, who in turn provoked the kery of Voltaire, who borrowed from Cicero, and whom Jefferson acquired the ideas that in- ed the writing of the Constitution. And so forth ugh infinite computations. If I knew enough t what I was doing, I could begin anywhere, king the thread backward and forward through loom of time, weaving the design of a single and inuous narrative, always and everywhere pres- If I possessed the imagination of a poet or the wledge of a biologist, I could discern aspects of the gn not only within every civilization that man had the temerity to raise up from the mud but within the life and present metamorphosis of ev- individual. I am told that in the space of nine ths the human embryo ascends through a se-

quence analogous to 50 million years of evolution, that within the first six years of life the human mind dreams of its travels through another 5,000 years of the historical journey from Sumer. Occasionally I am reminded of these distances when I pass a man on the street or when I happen to notice an expression in the eyes of a woman in a foreign town. The force of the recognition strikes me more poignantly when traveling in another country. At home, among friends and familiar dissonance, the sound of the human voice often eludes me. Muffled by politics or social convention, it hides itself in the language of whatever profession offers the most impenetrable code.

But in the pages of a book it sometimes declares itself in a tone as unmistakable as that of woodwinds. No wonder I am seized with dreadful expectation when wandering among the shelves of a bookstore. It is as if I were presented with the possibility of a thousand melodic lines, each of them subject to as many variations, all of them forming a counterpoint with a thousand other melodic lines to compose a harmony that I will never know. With the writers in whom I can hear fragments of the music, I gain an impression of its size. □

HE NATURE OF THE BEAST

dik, by Richard Adams. Simon & Schuster, $9.95

a sustained act of the imagination, *Shardik* is awing. Richard Adams has devised for his 526- story not only characters linked in a complex but an ancient empire as well, complete with minted languages and myths, children's games birdsongs, customs and topographies (maps are ided). The cities of his chimerical realm ring as though he had wielded a spade at the digs excavated them.

lams's people are not as believable. Like those nt rabbits in his first book, *Watership Down*, haracters in *Shardik* owe more to literature than e—stepping out, as it were, in blue blazers from nglish boys' adventure tale. The spirit of the school pervades both novels, and while this did little harm to *Watership Down*—it may even helped that persistent bestseller become one of ew modern novels to be read by both adults and children—it somewhat undermines the more tious *Shardik*, which carries in itself a heavy en of religious allegory.

the story's outset, an immense bear fleeing a t fire stumbles onto the island of Ortelga and, a mighty blow, saves Kelderek the hunter from laws of a leopard. Kelderek is that familiar figure ythic and folk tales, a simple man fond of chil-

sees in the bear the return of Lord Shardik, tionally believed by the Ortelgans to be God's nic agent among them. Kelderek is then caught n a long and arduous adventure as a "vessel" in is taken to be the beast's mission to make God's known to man. First, by misusing the force of bear, Kelderek achieves a summit of power for self and his people; he then is brought cruelly n, and finally he gains a measure of wisdom. His fate and the bear's are interwoven throughout. Uncannily, Adams is always able to make the bear act as a real bear might; it is the Ortelgans themselves who read his acts as supernatural.

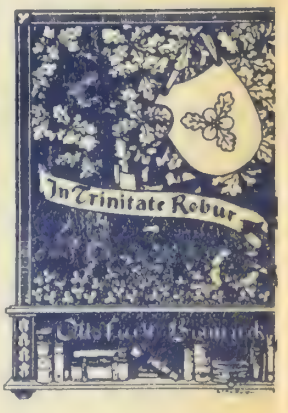
As the book's epigraph Adams has chosen the words of Carl Jung: "Superstition and accident manifest the will of God." The reader is tempted to expect some highly significant revelation; the will of God, after all, is no small matter. The revelation does come, but it is pedestrian. It is like being given a glass of water at meal's end instead of the anticipated heady brandy. But perhaps Adams would argue that the cosmic message truly is so banal.

Though the end of the journey is disappointing, though Adams's characters have been encountered in other books, still their passage through his invented landscape is worth following. The word "bemused," meaning both "lost in thought" and "stupefied," appears often in *Shardik*. Bemusement seems to be the author's intention. He knows how to tell an adventure that builds hypnotically to a gasp.

At one point in the telling (when the hero is captured by a sadistic slave trader, Genshed, who deals in children), Adams gets carried beyond good judgment. There is too much here about castration, torture, sexual abuse, and mutilation. Considering that many of the children who read *Watership Down* will attempt *Shardik*, it is a mistake. Even an adult will be surfeited with its horrors.

No doubt anticipating this reaction, Adams says in a note: "Lest any should suppose that I set my wits to work to invent the cruelties of Genshed, I say here that all lie within my knowledge and some —would they did not—within my experience."

Granted this world can supply any amount of verifiable cruelties—and to children. Still, authors are



people who must pick and choose. Adams is circumspect enough when telling of the love of his hero for a fallen priestess, although love in many people's experience is more physical than theirs. He could have used some of this discretion in recounting the evil deeds of his demented slaver.

By the way, the archaic tone of Adams's n which conveys the impression of being written wit quill—certainly not with a typewriter—is the tone is maintained with impressive consistency throu out the book. Not once does he blunder into the tw tieth century. —Ralph T

FLY ON THE WALL

Before the Fall: An Inside View of the Pre-Watergate White House, by William Safire. Doubleday, $12.50

William Safire first met Richard Nixon in a kitchen in Moscow. The former was there to sell the kitchen (Safire was press agent for the builder of the typical American house), the latter, the free enterprise system in which such kitchens were built. The Nixon hard sell (it was in Safire's kitchen that the famous debate with Khrushchev took place) marked a turning point in the life of the press agent: he decided to go to work for Nixon. That was in 1959.

Safire's reward for his years of chronic campaigning in the political wilderness of the Sixties was a $28,000-a-year job, with an office in the EOB, as a Special Assistant (read speechwriter) to the President. His place on the winning team was confirmed by that man of the marketplace, H. R. Haldeman: "You'll be good for us, we're too stiff. I can't remember a joke. I try; I used to be a salesman, I needed jokes, but they would fly right out of my head...."

Life on board was not all fun and game plans. In addition to his various duties as a self-styled "articulation aide," Safire undertook, with the Boss's approval, the notation of every exchange to which he was privy. And now that Doubleday has rushed in where Morrow declined to tread, it is possible to determine how well "our phrasemaker" (as the Boss once referred to him) acquitted himself as a White House fly on the wall who dipped his wings in ink.

Safire's *Before the Fall* is pitched—clumsily, embarrassingly, egregiously—between a nailing down of old planks in the Nixon platform and an *apologia pro vita sua.* Not least, it is a profile in courage of the man who "may be the only genuinely tragic hero in our history." If the Watergate-sated reader should venture on the ocean of Safire's self-serving prose, he will find that he has let himself in for one big wallow in policies, platitudes, pieties, personality profiles, and sheer propaganda. Of course, when Safire first contemplated his bid for the attention of posterity as chief memorialist of the Nixon White House, the coming storm of Watergate was not so much as a cloud on the horizon of four more years. That Watergate was wrong, that the Boss himself did wrong, is, however, only an aspect of the composite picture with which the author seeks to impress the reader. What is perfectly clear from the balance of Safire's account and his more recently accrued benefits of hindsight is that the former "flack" is still hunkered down in Richard Nixon's corner; louder than the slapping of wrists can be heard the st cooing of praise. That much of what Safire reco of court life *avant le déluge* has what he calls "a Nixon 'tilt'" might be considered a matter of donable, if questionable, loyalty were it not for fact that the erstwhile sabre-rattler and spearca of the palace guard is advancing King Rich standard again.

Safire asks, "Should a baseball slugger who is thr out at home be denied credit for hitting a trip Let us look at the evidence for the defense. In a tion to his worked-up notes, Safire presents the re with ponderous quotations from speeches whic helped draft, transcripts of manually and mechan ly recorded conversations, dips into briefing b excerpts of Cabinet discussions, telephone logs, entries, talking papers, "eyes-only" memoranda, ollections of former colleagues, as well as a m numbing superfluity of the author's wit and wis As a chronicle of events, *Before the Fall* is fla by both a lack of objectivity and a failure of s tivity; put more simply, it is too much. This is raw material of history, not the thing itself.

Willy-nilly, Safire's grotesquely underedited cumulation of information yields the uncomm persevering reader a quantity of amusing anec and revealing insights. Even as the mind reels Safire's low blows to the language of political course and the logic of history, the eye lights grate on the fatuous detail and the gossipy trivia with w his account is replete. It is nice to know that Rose Woods's cabin at Camp David was named "W Hazel." It *is* reassuring to hear Nixon and Brez agreeing, with much laughter, to send Henry singer to Siberia if the SALT talks break down. it adds considerably to the humanity of our fo leader to see him wearing "bright yellow paja ribbing Bebe for his choice of movie as First Fa fare, getting mad when Pat drops a bowling on his toe, enthusiastically composing group ph "in love" with a quick succession of top adv babbling about Melbourne and Disraeli to his Cab directing Agnew to "go to a department store salesgirls will go right up the wall," glowerin Haldeman for keeping him waiting, giving a pre of the "You know, my mother was a saint" sp to a black Bible-reading cleaning woman in the tol at dawn, et cetera.

"Politics is poetry, not prose," said Richard N However they scan, the lines which are recorde tape are still a likelier source of information abou administration whose record this author attemp set straight. —Michael Ge



OOKS IN BRIEF

Fiction

okout Cartridge, by Joseph McElroy. Alfred A. opf, $10

Lookout Cartridge is not a novel to be savored in omfortable armchair by the fire. It should be read a metal desk in a pale green office under fluores- it lights—or perhaps over a cup of coffee at some g-forgotten Automat. It is a mean and lonely piece work.

The plot concerns Cartwright, an American film- ker living in London, and the mysterious, violent ple he gets involved with as he travels back and th from New York to England in search of the prit who destroyed a reel of his latest movie. Cart- ght also wanders around inside his memories, and metimes, one suspects, his hallucinations. I never decide whether or not the narrator was mad. The y he tells has no release in it and no emotional tification. There is only the tension of constantly umulating facts as Cartwright reports them.

The plot, however, seems unimportant next to the blems presented by McElroy's prose. He puts words ether in a manner so unrelenting that reading the k for long stretches of time induced in me actual sical discomfort—a kind of vertigo with an accom- ying tightness in the cords of the neck. McElroy created a style with all the syntactical complexity Joyce, but without the lush Celtic melody to carry along over the bumps.

Whether McElroy is a superb writer or merely a icult one is too fine a point to answer after one ling of one novel. But he's certainly in earnest is to be taken seriously if one is tough enough to him at all. —Carol Holmes

e Mandrake Root, by Joy Cowley. Doubleday, 95

n *The Mandrake Root,* New Zealander Joy Cow- s fourth novel, the author dabbles in psychological traiture: her twenty-one-year-old heroine, a fledg- ; artist named Elizabeth Stilwell, returns to her ents' home following a six-month stay in a mental itution. Frightened and wounded (her wrists bear ness to a suicide attempt), Elizabeth flutters about er a barbed family wing (how they wish she'd a plastic surgeon erase those scars) and pecks y at the mystery surrounding the death of Har- , her rock-star brother and lover. Her progress in olding the silences enshrouding Harvey's death allels with remarkable symmetry Elizabeth's in- sing stability: the more abundant the sordid facts Harvey's life become, the stronger our "poor little row" grows, and the freer she is to fly.

What is troublesome about Cowley's novel—more the ribbons of imagery that virtually strangle life out of her characters—is the popular romantic chology it peddles. A diluted and cheapened ver- sion of Laingian logic, the book characterizes mental disturbance as a mark of moral purity in a spiritually cancerous world (Elizabeth's scars are her badge of innocence), stubbornly ignoring the nature of mental illness while exploiting its blistering surface tensions. When hitting upon an occasional idea of substance—in describing her mother's fears, for example, Elizabeth notes, "She keeps looking for a gap between her behavior and mine and when she finds it, she cries with relief"—Cowley tosses it aside, as though its promise might explode the novel's tidy structure. What emerges here—rather than a portrait of some generalized malignancy testing the very concept of sanity—is a prosaic sketch of a localized infection, no deeper than an irritating rash. —Catherine Plumb

Celebration, by Harvey Swados. Simon & Schuster, $8.95

Like *Oedipus at Colonus,* which it resembles more than flippantly, *Celebration* concentrates on a very old man who must settle the unfinished business of his life before he can properly die. Oedipus's later life is just as instructive as his notorious middle years. He was the object of some greedy maneuvering at the end; relatives and political groups wanted either his body or his blessing. Such is the case with Harvey Swados's central figure, Samuel Lumen. He is the Grand Old Man of American education: imagine a combination of A. S. Neill, Robert Frost, Pablo Casals, and Bertrand Russell, and you approach him. Lumen stands for all that is admirable in progressive education, child welfare reform, and organized pacifism. He's a Seminal Figure, still alive and accessible. At the age of eighty-nine, he is offered a particularly American apotheosis: he is to be the subject of a TV documentary, and a great Children's Center in Washington is to be dedicated to him by the President. This projected celebration is the cause of personal wrangles among the members of Lumen's household and political moves by the Children of Liberty, a radical organization bent on "trashing" the beliefs and the artifacts of mainstream American culture. They want Lumen's blessing, just as Polyneices wanted Oedipus's; their demands precipitate a moral, emotional, and indeed Oedipal crisis in Lumen's life.

Sam Lumen tells his own story, in diary form. It's honest and sometimes a little tedious, as an octogenarian's diary might in fact be. But the point of view is thoroughly refreshing. Sam Lumen's situation is both touching and invigorating; Swados treats it unpretentiously, sketching some rather large truths in plain human terms. *Celebration* is by no means a great novel, but it's a good one. To readers mired in fiction by adolescents of all ages, it offers a special pleasure: the energetic voice of a vigorous senescence. —Frances Taliaferro

The Clockwork Testament or Enderby's End, by Anthony Burgess. Alfred A. Knopf, $6.95

When we last saw our old friend and minor poet F. X. Enderby (in *Enderby,* 1964) he was in Tangier, where, as we now find out, he battled the filmmakers who obscenely distorted his script for a film of Gerard Manley Hopkins's "The Wreck of the Deutschland." The present volume deals with Enderby's New York



period: his teaching at the "University of Manhattan" and his eventual death by heart attack. Again it is Enderby against the world, trying to write and teach poetry in a school, a city, a country that couldn't care less. Enderby deals with this world first by yielding (he eats Sara Lee cake and smokes White Owl cigars) and then, just when he seems to be assimilated, he attacks. Viciously but to the point. On the subway he uses a sword cane to defend a nun, in his class on minor Elizabethan dramatists he attacks his wise-guy students ("Chinese, skull-capped Hebrews, a girl from the Coast who piquantly combined black and Japanese, a beer-fat Irishman with red thatch, an exquisite Latin nymph, a cunning know-all of the Kickapoo nation") with inventive nonsense, in his poetry class he attacks with form and structure, on a talk show he attacks with eloquence. It's America, sweet and sour—like Enderby's breakfast with H. P. Steak Sauce on one side of the plate and maple syrup on the other.

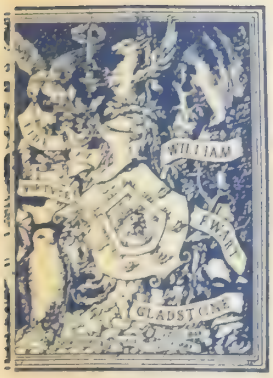
Enderby is more than a little like his creator, Anthony Burgess. He even makes the same defense for the violent movie made from his script that Burgess himself made for *A Clockwork Orange*: "if you get rid of evil you get rid of choice." Both are lapsed Catholics with a strong sense of original sin; neither has much hope for America.

Humorously, seriously, even didactically, Burgess examines the state of our culture. Americans are undernourished, physically and intellectually, their schools "a whorehouse of progressive intellectual abdication." Enderby—and Burgess—fight to maintain intellectual standards.

The Clockwork Testament resembles Nabokov's recent novels; like *Transparent Things* it is about death, and like *Look at the Harlequins!* it is about its author (though Burgess, unlike Nabokov, writes in the third person). Nabokov and Burgess are our two leading English-language novelists, and the convergence of their themes is intriguing. (Enderby, afraid that a lady out to kill him has erred, shouts, "'That's Nabokov. ... not me. *Pale Fire*,' he clarified.") Nabokov and Burgess are both dedicated to words, to language, but Nabokov is detached and ironic, whereas Burgess/Enderby jumps right into the scuffle. Every battle Enderby fights is over words.

He dies as the TV image of a Thirties college musical changes to a poetic film about Augustine and Pelagius. So Burgess uses the popular culture of New York and transforms it into a personal comic vision. The last chapter is a helicopter shot of the city as Enderby lies dead. "Another installment of the human condition is beginning." Very cinematic. The book, incidentally, is dedicated to Burt Lancaster.

—Stephen W. Soule



The Wind Chill Factor, by Thomas Gifford. Putnam, $8.95

This new addition to the ever-growing subgenre of Fourth Reich fiction uses, like the others, Nazis as a contemporary metaphor for all that is evil. It is easily the equal of Frederick Forsyth's *Odessa File*.

In this version, John Cooper, a washed-up, thirty-four-year-old scion of an old Midwestern family, is brooding precariously on the edge of sanity in Cambridge, Massachusetts, at work on a novel about being wealthy and washed-up. A cryptic telegram arrives from his elder brother—a self-made millionaire, s dom heard from—stating that John must meet him a prescribed date in the Minnesota town that be the family name. The telegram says something abo shaking a few loose apples out of the family tree.

It seems that young John Cooper's grandfather w America's number-one Nazi during the 1930s a was kept under armed guard by the U.S. Army f the duration of World War II. John was absolv of his grandfather's treason, however, through his o father's heroism fighting for the RAF in the Bat of Britain. And, while John's father was gallan giving his life to fight against everything his gran father stood for, his mother and younger sister w killed in the London blitz. From the point that Jo Cooper sets out on his mysterious quest to Minnes to the finale where we find him uneasily making on daily doses of thorazine and psychoanalysis, are confronted with a maze of conspiracies a shadow powers that make the Gordian knot look li a soft pretzel.

Gifford's work is well mapped and fast movi But it's curious to me why masters of the spine-ting are more apt to make some clandestine fatherla the meat of their mysteries when current realit offer ever more frightening potential. With so mu double-dealing available from a mere perusal of a daily newspaper, I think an admonition is in or to architects of paranoid plots. Let sleeping Nazis

—Al Robb

Nonfictio

The Incredible Pierpont Morgan, by Cass Canfie Harper & Row, $17.50

Whether getting railroads together or art, J. Morgan (1837-1913) acted fast, talked little, a spared no expense. Without this archetypical capit ist, there would have been neither the Morgan Lib ry nor U.S. Steel nor even, perhaps, the United Sta as we know it, and our museums would have be the poorer by some priceless paintings, tapestri and artifacts. Since he also saved the original *Ha er's* from bankruptcy, one could say he made p sible this book as well as its author, the pres house's senior editor. Still, unless one is suscepti to the romance of big business (and can understa its language), he is not much more interesting read about than the rest of the Robber Royalty: M Ludwigs they were not. But at least he looked i posing, with his flaming acneous nose and penetr ing eyes; his very presence is said to have terrif subordinates.

Religious, in a Calvinistic, hymn-singing way, M gan had the kind of morality Ayn Rand has styli in her novels. He did not believe in democracy a contended that the duty of industry was to pro with all due probity, its investors. All the same, a one who hoped the first lion Teddy Roosevelt r on his African safari would do "its duty" can't h been all bad. Morgan didn't start plowing his pro back into art until he was in his late forties. In 19 he became president of the Metropolitan Muse which, under him and his handpicked board, acqui many important works. In typical collector's piq however, he didn't bequeath it his own treasu (worth $60 million at his death), because the c

dn't fork over for a new wing. (The wing the now owns was donated by his son.)
ough Canfield doesn't delve too deeply into r of these personae, he devotes six out of eight ters to Morgan's growth as a banker. About the oisseur, we get mostly warm anecdotes, with al black-and-white illustrations and sixteen color s bearing the main burden of the art. Neverthe- we do hear that Roger Fry, who curated paint- briefly at the Met under Morgan, was appalled he millionaire's nouveau-riche boorishness, ob- ng that "A crude historical imagination was the flaw in his otherwise perfect insensibility toward (Of course, Fry's sensibilities were conditioned ircles like Bloomsbury, where the money was .) Canfield, on the other hand, feels he was some- of an aristocrat in his own context, rather sh in fact. The Titan himself would hardly have cted to this sketch, though he might have ques- d the wisdom of retailing it at $17.50.

—Vivien Raynor

Vegetable Passion: A History of the Vege- n State of Mind, by Janet Barkas. Scribners,

nid constant alarms about cholesterol levels and ical food additives, Americans have grown in- ingly preoccupied with their stomachs; but we ardly thank Adelle Davis for inventing the idea you are what you eat. African tribes are known ve eaten human hearts to build courage, and ey points to Adam and Eve as the first proof of eril of bad food.

r those who believe people shape themselves and world at the dinner table, the choice of diet be- s a philosophical decision, and, by extension, an rtant subject for social history. In *The Vegetable on,* Janet Barkas ventures to survey this ne- d field in an intriguing study of vegetarianism prehistory to the present.

r subject ranges from the Jains, a group of In- who eat only the sparest meals and wear face s to prevent microorganisms from being killed eir inhalations, to George Bernard Shaw, who en- curried chestnuts and ate meat extracts on occa- to cure anemic blood. Interesting, too, are the cu- paths of illogic that lead people to forswear meat. Jacques Rousseau argued, for example, that a less diet is obviously nature's way because an in- nt babe presented with a steak and a pie will iably choose the pie. Sylvester Graham, of graham er fame, claimed that "excessive verbiage" could ured by eating whole wheat.

rkas forays into Freudian terrain with her hy- sis that some vegetarians, like Hitler, Gandhi, and inci, imagine themselves swallowing their moth- breast along with her milk, and so develop an ion to meat because of their closeness to their ers. This generalization seems far-fetched; but iohistory is always a dangerous business, so as should be commended for her usually sensible ach. Her suggestions that vegetarianism may be dolescent's rebellion or a means of self-punish- and self-control fit her data well.

speculation about the past is rather risky, fore- of what's to come are Russian roulette. A vege- tarian herself, Barkas predicts that meatless meals will dominate the menus of generations to come. Civilized nations will shun meat-eating, she says, just as we abhor cannibalism today. Perhaps, then, the next phase will be Samuel Butler's world where we eat only "cabbages that died a natural death."

—Julia Brody

Thurber: A Biography, by Burton Bernstein. Dodd, Mead, $15

Burton Bernstein might have called this authorized biography "The Secret Life of James Thurber," for it reveals the dark side of one of America's greatest humorists by delving into his voluminous personal correspondence. Even in correspondence, however, writers are notorious for making virtues of their habits, and one would never guess that the same man who wrote such gentle, humane work as *The Male Animal* and *The Wonderful O* could, after working hours, transform himself into a drunken, paranoic bully. Unfortunately, Bernstein allows the correspondence to set the tone of the book and he fails to make the necessary connections between Thurber the writer, husband, friend, and (to quote Brendan Gill's phrase in *Here At The New Yorker*) Thurber the man "whose nature it was to inflict pain."

By keeping this biography wedded to Thurber's "own words," Bernstein has unwittingly diminished Thurber's stature. If it's hard to appreciate Thurber piecemeal, it's even harder when the only critical perspective we have is Thurber's. What overwhelms the reader, despite the generally affable tone of many of the letters, is Thurber's irritating lust to publish and his childish need to continually test a select band of loyal friends—including Elliott Nugent (coauthor of *The Male Animal*), E. B. White, and Harold Ross, *The New Yorker*'s erstwhile editor.

What emerges from the book is a picture of Thurber that dwells on the humorist's near-blindness, mammoth inferiority complex, and erratic moods: all of which make Thurber seem little more than pathetic. Perhaps he was, but his satiric outlook, his style, and impact deserve attention, too. So, although *Thurber* is copious and literate, it is less than the sum of its parts. Annotated correspondence, embarrassing anecdotes, and a chronological envelope are just not enough to suggest Thurber's pervasive influence on the way Americans think and laugh.

—Gary Blake



CONTRIBUTORS

Frances Taliaferro teaches English at The Brearley School in New York. Robert H. Pilpel's *Churchill in America* will be published in 1976 by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Hayden Carruth is the author of several volumes of poetry, including *From Snow and Rock, from Chaos: Poems 1965-1972* (New Directions) and *The Bloomindale Papers* (University of Georgia Press). Ralph Tyler, a free-lance writer and sometime poet, served as literature editor for *Britannica 3*. Michael George writes periodically for the *Washington Post* and *Saturday Review/World*. Catherine Plumb and Carol Holmes are both free-lance writers living in New York. Stephen W. Soule publishes and edits a film magazine. Al Robbins is a staff editor of *Harper's Weekly*. Vivien Raynor is the art critic for *The New Leader*. Gary Blake, a free-lance writer and critic, wrote his doctoral dissertation on Herman Shumlin, producer and director of *The Male Animal*. Julia Brody, whose work has appeared in *The New Republic* and *The Progressive*, lives in Wisconsin.

THE CLASSIC FAIRY TALES, edited by Iona and Peter Opie. Oxford University Press, $12.95

The original heroine of "The Three Bears" (a mean old crone not much like today's Goldilocks), the authentic Tom Thumb, and many other classic fairy-tale characters reappear as they were first described in this elegant book featuring lavish illustrations by thirty of the greatest illustrators of the last two centuries. For each tale, the Opies provide an introduction, showing the story's development and citing parallels in other countries.

"Sumptuously illustrated—worth possessing for the pictures alone. . . . It is hard to see how all this could have been done better."—Richard Adams, *New York Times Book Review*

COURAGE & CANDLELIGHT: The Feminine Spirit of '76, by Joseph J. Kelley, Jr., and Sol Feinstone. Stackpole Books, $8.95

Character-revealing portraits of Deborah Franklin, Abigail Adams, Peggy Shippen Arnold, Annis Boudinot Stockton, Phillis Weatley, Betsy Hamilton, and Sally Hemings are drawn from original sources. These are the historical facts that reflect the agony, cruelty, hardship, and—sometimes—humor of Revolutionary America that mellow the insight into these women who were the wives, widows, lovers, slaves, and dilettantes associated with some of America's most notable historical figures. These are the women who endured loneliness and adversity, whose cultural accomplishments have for the most part gone unheralded, and who had a profound effect on the political thinking of the founding fathers.

OWLS, by Tony Angell. University of Washington Press, $12.95

From the diminutive elf owl only five inches long to the great gray owl which may measure thirty-three inches in length, there are eighteen species of owls resident in North America. In over sixty handsome drawings based on twenty-five years' experience with owls in the field and in his own home, Tony Angell portrays them as they play their roles in the natural community. Short but vivid essays describe their identifying characteristics, habitat, and range, and an introductory section discusses their special adaptations for life as nocturnal predators.

YOUR RIGHTS: The Layperson's Guide to Law, by Foster Furcolo, foreword by Eugene V. Rostow, introduction by John W. McCormack. Acropolis Books, $7.95

The first book written by a lawyer that gives general knowledge of the law in non-technical language. A "must" book for every person—the business person the social worker, the student, the para-legal, the consumer, the parent, the teacher.

Judge Furcolo, former Congressman and Governor of Massachusetts, explains those laws and legal problems that are apt to confront you in your daily life. From adoption, alimony, and arrest to wills, workmen's compensation, and women's rights, Judge Furcolo tells how the laws apply to *you*. Here's knowledge that will save you time and money before a legal emergency occurs.

Unlike other books that merely catalog terms and give definitions, Judge Furcolo describes the law in action.

GETTING FIRED: An American Ordeal, by John J. Tarrant. Van Nostrand Rinehold, $9.95

An estimated 500,000 managers are fired each year in America and are suddenly confronted with the necessity of coping with the consequences. John Tarrant, a business executive and business writer, has written a survival manual for the person abruptly unemployed. He offers outspoken advice on how to obtain maximum benefits from the situation, and how to proceed step by step toward economic rehabilitation. The book probes the conventional acceptance of firing as a fact of business life and takes a hard look at the costs, human and economic.

"Valuable for millions . . . who depend on wages or salaries for a livelihood."—*National Observer*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: A Documentary Life, by S. Schoenbaum. Oxford University Press, $50

S. Schoenbaum, noted Shakespearean scholar, brings together in one rare, magnificent book the entire body of our present knowledge of Shakespeare's life along with all the major documents from which that knowledge is drawn. The combination of documents—birth, death, and marriage records; excerpts from diaries; drawings—and the first-rate biography written around them forms a fascinating picture of the Bard.

"The book gives the reader a sense of reality much more strongly than in any previous biography of Shakespeare. . . . Schoenbaum has out-distanced all competitors and superseded all predecessors."—T. J. B. Spencer, The Shakespeare Institute

THE ILIAD, by Robert Fitzgerald, illustrated by Hans Erni. Doubleday, $15

In preparation for ten years, this new translation of *The Iliad* will immediately take its place with Robert Fitzgerald's Bollingen Award-winning translation of *The Odyssey*, probably the most widely-read in the English language. A major poet in his own right, Fitzgerald has achieved that rare miracle of translation from an ancient language: a version that is both lyrical and easily understood.

THE MYTHIC IMAGE, by Joseph Campbell. Bollingen Series C, Princeton University Press, $37.50 until May 31; $45 thereafter; deluxe signed and numbered edition, $100

"This is a beautifully mounted and exquisitely illustrated, learned expedition through the worlds of myth and dream. The illustrations range from Michelangelo and Blake to Van Gogh and Jackson Pollock; many of the photographs are in color and all are striking. The underlying psychology is Jungian, the Oriental discipline accompanying it is that of Yoga, and the intellectual conception throughout focuses on traditions of Buddhism, Christianity, and Islam. . . . The book is dazzling."—*Kirkus Reviews*

"Campbell's words carry extraordinary weight, not only among scholars but among a wide range of other people who find his research down mythical pathways relevant to their lives today."—*Time*

OUTDOOR SURVIVAL SKILLS, by La Dean Olsen, foreword by Robert Redf Brigham Young University Press, pa $4.95

Mother Nature can sometimes be mean old lady. A time may come w you have to face her wrath and sur on your own prowess and ingenuity. L Dean Olsen, one of the foremost auth ities on survival (he served as techn advisor for the film *Jeremiah Johns* helps you learn the basic skills neces to survive even the most barehanded uation.

"Everything from how to make a b and arrow to recognizing wildflowers building wooden traps and even using sects as a life-saving source of food a super-seller among paperbacks."—G Shalit, *Today Show*

THE EYE OF CONSCIENCE: Photo phers and Social Change, by Milton M zer and Bernard Cole. Follett, $6.95

"The ways of American woe are for preserved in *The Eye of Conscienc* chronicle kept by ten of our most se tive photographers, including Louis H Dorothea Lange, Timothy O'Sullivan, cob Riis, and Ira Nowinski. Here, in g mest black and white, are children coal miners and children in wheelch Depression farmers, dying Confede soldiers, refugees from flood and drou bandits on Mulberry Street, Young L on the march, and old men on the s *This* is the American graffiti."—*New Magazine*

The authors present a view of A ican life, through the eyes of the pho raphers, which reaffirms the traged the human condition.

POLITICAL ANIMALS, by Walter Tro Doubleday, $10

Walter Trohan went to Washing D.C., to work first as a reporter and as bureau chief of the *Chicago Trib* Now this top-ranking journalist reveals inside stories he never printed: how first came into FDR's New Deal Wash ton slightly right of center and woun a self-professed liberal who covered s of the most dramatic events in U.S. tory.

Trohan endured for almost half a tury as one of Washington's gre newsmen. How friends and enemies acted to such a man is the essenc this lively and important memoir.

THURBER: A Biography, by Burton B stein. Dodd, Mead, $15

The man from Columbus whose stories and cartoons left an inde stamp on American letters is often id fied with the strange world he cre *Thurber*, the definitive biography of J Thurber, by Burton Bernstein, a *Yorker* staff writer, offers a multidi sional view of a complex, often torme yet always fascinating, human being.

Thurber is based on private papers letters, most of which had never available before, and on intensive sonal interviews with those closes Thurber. The book is a sensitive, re ing portrait of a man and his times; trated with Thurber drawings and a lery of photographs, many in print fo first time.

)RE THE FALL: An Inside View of the Vatergate White House, by William ». Doubleday, $12.50

major historical and biographical ment, not just for today, but for ever and wherever people want to the truth about government and . . . William Safire, an 'old Nixon ' and speechwriter for Nixon from to 1973, has supplied us with the complete and arresting description e White House in the Nixon era. . . ." njamin Stein, *Wall Street Journal*

n enormous contribution to under- ding the phenomenon called Nixon. You will find the subalterns cut down ze . . . and trace the running for- s of those whom, in Safire's meta-, Nixon successively fell 'in love' with tchell, Moynihan and Connally. . . . one is more savagely cut down to than Henry Kissinger. . . . The first post-Watergate view of Nixon by one who was both there and inno- "—Daniel Schorr, *The New York Times Review*

LORD OF THE RINGS (Collector's on), by J. R. R. Tolkien. Houghton n, $35

mirers of Tolkien's work will wel- this handsome one-volume collec- edition of J. R. R. Tolkien's *Lord of Rings,* containing the complete text e three-volume edition: *The Fellow- of the Ring, The Two Towers,* and *Return of the King,* including the six ndices.

e volume consists of 1,232 pages ed in two colors and bound in red nt-grained Lexotone embossed with dala motifs, designed by Professor en, and fitted with a slipcase covered d Lexotone.

CH CASSIDY MY BROTHER, by Lula er Betenson, as told to Dora Flack, vord by Robert Redford. Brigham g University Press, $7.95

re is the true story of Robert LeRoy er, alias Butch Cassidy, as told by sole surviving member of his family. book will lay to rest many of the s about Butch Cassidy. He *was not* l in the shootout in Bolivia, and he eturn to the United States. Lula Par- Betenson's years of silence are bro- as she tells intimate family-held de- about the life and character of her ndary brother.

cluded in the book are nearly fifty os, many of them unpublished orig- taken from private collections.

MAYOR'S MAN, by Barry Gottehrer. leday, $8.95

he book is . . . a hyper-emotional ac- t of how the author started out as a ar-old former journalist cum elder sman to the Lindsay 'kiddy corps' moved in the city's ghettoes, made with the biggest hoodlums he could and served as City Hall liaison to a y of troublemakers, from Abbie Hoff- to Meir Kahane to Joe Columbo. . . . *Mayor's Man* simmers with both pas- and self-delusion, with pride and ness. It is one of the most remark- personal stories ever written by any- who worked in city government."—*New York Times Book Review*

Bargains

Through a special arrangement on behalf of readers of Harper's Magazine we are pleased to be able to make available the below-listed titles at prices far below the original. From time to time, as more books become available to us, we will list them in future issues of Bookletter.

INDIAN ART IN AMERICA, by Frederick S. Dockstader. Promontory Press, $27.50; member's price, $13.47

The magnificent art and decorative craftsmanship of the Indian tribes of North America appear in all their colorful variety and complexity in this superb volume. Examples are included of the work of every major region in the areas now comprising the United States and Canada, of most of the numerically important or artistically preeminent tribes. Also all the major techniques employed by Indian artists are included. 68 color plates and 180 black-and-white illustrations.

THE AMERICAN HERITAGE PICTURE HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II, by C. L. Sulzberger. American Heritage, $20; member's price, $10

This 610-page work is the largest, most inclusive single-volume history of World War II ever published. The full drama and tragedy of the mightiest conflict of all time are revealed in hundreds of drawings and photographs, many of which are appearing for the first time, and a superb, incisive 150,000-word text by Sulzberger, the Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist. With 720 illustrations, 92 in full color.

BEN SHAHN, by Bernarda Bryson Shahn. Harry N. Abrams, $50; member's price, $29.95

Ben Shahn's art is universal. With vision and consummate skill, he captured the essence of human sensibilities—the joy and despair, the aspirations and the suffering, and above all the indomitability of man. This is the first monograph to encompass his major work in all its variety of techniques and disciplines from 1921 to his death in 1969. Included are his murals, illuminated verse, stained-glass windows, mosaics, stage decor, posters, graphics, and paintings in tempera, watercolor, and gouache. 354 illustrations, 154 in full color.

MAGELLAN'S VOYAGE: A Narrative Account of the First Circumnavigation, by Antonio Pigafetta; translated by R. A. Skelton. Yale University Press, $100; member's price, $50

A handsome, slipcased edition in two volumes, translated by R. A. Skelton, former head of the map room at the British Museum, and produced by the firm of Joh. Enschede en Zonen in Holland. Volume one contains Mr. Skelton's introduction, the translation, and twenty-six pages of black-and-white illustrations. Volume two is a facsimile of the manuscript with twenty-three pages of illustrations reproduced in eight colors.

"The best and most lucid critical summary of the eyewitness evidence concerning the voyage. . . ."—*The New York Times Book Review*

MAXFIELD PARRISH, by Coy Ludwig. Watson-Guptill, $25; member's price, $12.98

Maxfield Parrish created a magical kingdom filled with genies, gnomes, mythical heroes, and classical nymphs reclining beside shimmering lakes. These lakes reflected cloud-encircled castles, colored mountains, and multihued caverns and valleys.

In addition to the 184 illustrations (64 in full color) the book includes an examination of Parrish's unusual techniques, materials, and methods, his use of photography, and his unique way of glazing.

MICHELANGELO THE PAINTER, by Victor Mariani. Harry N. Abrams, $75; member's price, $23

Published in coordination with the Italian National Committee to Honor Michelangelo, this magnificent book contains and exhibits brilliantly all of Michelangelo's artistry in more than 120 illustrations, including more than 100 full-color plates. Everything from designs, sketches, and paintings to the great frescoes of the Sistine Chapel is included in this beautifully bound volume which will enhance the personal library of every art lover.

A SENSE OF PLACE: The Artist and the American Land, by Alan Gussow. Saturday Review Press, $27.50; member's price, $10.98

This is a handsome, oversize, astonishing volume containing sixty-seven illustrations, sixty in vivid full color. Gussow captures American landscapes, from the sixteenth century to the present. Each scene is accompanied by descriptions of what moved the artist to select it. The 10½-x-13¼-inch book is filled with the color of the meadows and forests of America. No reader of this eloquent book will see art—or nature—in the same way again. Included in this study are Durand, Bierstadt, Homer, Wittredge, Audubon, Hopper, Richardson, and sixty others.

POSTERS, by Bevis Hillier. Stein and Day, $17.50; member's price, $9.98

With the development of color lithography, the poster came into its own in the late nineteenth century as an advertising medium, an instrument of national propaganda, and a new art form. Great artists designed for the "Gallery of the Boulevard" and some are as well known for their posters as for their paintings. They are all here—Lautrec, Sheret, Beardsley, Edward Penfield, and Charles Dana Gibson. The author traces the changes in theatrical and war posters as well as the poster's use in advertising, and ends in a survey of the modern psychedelic trends and student rebellion posters. Lavishly illustrated in full color and black and white.

HOW TO ORDER BOOKS

ORDERING INFORMATION

You may order any of the books listed below. All you need do is fill in the order form with the code number, title, quantity, and appropriate price along with your name and address. If you *are not* a member of *Bookservice* and *do not* plan to become a member, enter the publisher's price on the order form and check the appropriate box. If you *are* a member of *Bookservice* or would like to become a member now, enter the member's price on the order form and check the appropriate box.

HOW TO GET MEMBER'S PRICES

You may order books at member's prices now if you check the appropriate box, enclose your check for $5 (entitling you to six months' membership including twelve issues of BOOKLETTER) plus the amount to cover the purchase of the books. Please be sure to fill in the order form with the code number, title, quantity, member's price, and your name and address.

MEMBER'S BENEFITS

First, *Bookservice* members receive twenty-four issues a year BOOKLETTER with *no obligation* to buy any book *ever*. (So *Bo service* is definitely *not* a book club.)

Second, as a service to BOOKLETTER readers, books may be orde at special member's prices. This includes any book in print, whether m tioned in BOOKLETTER or not.

Member's prices save you at least 25% on general titles, includ any book on the *New York Times* bestseller list. You save up to 60% special bargains and even 15% on university and text books.

You may take a Charter Membership entitling you to full book b ing privileges at member's prices and twenty-four issues of BOO LETTER at the special rate of just $5 for six months (and $5 six mon from now)—instead of the regular $15 a year.

To receive BOOKLETTER and become a member of *Bookservic* whether you wish to order any books or not—just fill out the order fo below.

Code		PUBLISHER'S PRICE	MEMBER'S PRICE
	Titles mentioned in Helen Rogan's article		
A01	The Exorcist	$7.95	$5.97
A02	The Sound of the Weir	5.95	4.47
A03	Wuthering Heights	4.95	3.72
A04	The Malvie Inheritance	7.95	5.97
A05	Rebecca	5.95	4.47
A06	The Devil of Aske	6.95	5.22
A07	Sea Jade	6.95	5.22
A08	The Property of a Gentleman	7.95	5.97
A09	The Turquoise Mask	6.95	5.22
A10	Mistress of Mellyn	5.95	4.47
A11	Pride and Prejudice	5.75	4.32
	Titles mentioned in Paul Zweig's article		
A12	The White Nile: Deluxe Edition	17.50	13.25
A13	The Blue Nile: Deluxe Edition	17.50	13.25
A14	Heart of Darkness	7.50	5.67
A15	The Iliad	15.00	11.25
A16	Robinson Crusoe	3.95	3.17
A17	The Fearful Void	10.00	7.50
A18	Survive the Savage Sea	7.95	5.97
A19	Staying Alive!	6.95	5.22
	Features		
A20	Alinsky's Diamond	8.95	6.72
A21	Rome And A Villa	10.00	7.50
A22	Facing the Tree	6.95	5.22
B23	Lincoln Library of Essential Information	65.95	56.00
C24	World Almanac	5.95	5.06
A25	Information Please	5.95	5.06
D26	News Dictionary	9.50	8.08
A27	Encyclopedia of American Facts and Dates	9.95	8.47
A28	Hammond Ambassador Atlas	16.95	14.41
A29	The International Atlas	35.00	29.75
A30	Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary	9.95	8.46
A31	Random House Dictionary	35.00	26.25
A32	Barnhart Dictionary of New English	12.95	11.00
A33	Bartlett's Familiar Quotations	15.00	12.75
A34	Shardik	9.95	7.47
A35	Watership Down	6.95	5.22
A36	Before the Fall	12.50	9.38
	Books in Brief		
A37	Lookout Cartridge	10.00	7.50
A38	The Mandrake Root	7.95	5.97
A39	Celebration	8.95	6.72
A40	The Clockwork Testament	6.95	5.22
A41	The Wind Chill Factor	8.95	6.72
A42	The Incredible Pierpont Morgan	17.50	13.13
A43	Thurber: A Biography	15.00	11.25
A44	The Vegetable Passion	8.95	6.72

Code		PUBLISHER'S PRICE	MEMBE PRIC
	Publishers' Choice		
A45	William Shakespeare: A Documentary Life	$50.00	$4
A46	The Classic Fairy Tales	12.95	1
A47	Your Rights: The Layperson's Guide to Law	7.95	
A48	The Mythic Image	37.50	3
E49	The Mythic Image: Deluxe Edition	100.00	8
A50	Outdoor Survival Skills	4.95	
A51	Butch Cassidy My Brother	7.95	
A52	Courage & Candlelight	8.95	
A53	The Eye of Conscience	6.95	
A54	Owls	12.95	1
A55	The Lord of the Rings: Collector's Edition	35.00	2
A56	Thurber: A Biography	15.00	1
A57	Political Animals	10.00	
A58	The Mayor's Man	8.95	
A59	Before the Fall	12.50	
A60	The Iliad	15.00	1
A61	Getting Fired	9.95	
	Bargains		
G62	Magellan's Voyage	100.00	5
H63	Michelangelo the Painter	75.00	2
K64	A Sense of Place	27.50	1
H65	Maxfield Parrish	25.00	1
H66	American Heritage History of WW II	20.00	1
K67	Posters	17.50	
K68	Ben Shahn	50.00	2
K69	Indian Art in America	27.50	1
	Bestsellers		
A70	Centennial	12.50	
A71	Something Happened	10.00	
A72	The Ebony Tower	7.95	
A73	Sanditon	8.95	
A74	Black Sunday	7.95	
A75	Promise of Joy	10.00	
A76	The Seven-Per-Cent Solution	6.95	
A77	The Moneychangers	10.00	
A78	The Understudy	8.95	
A79	Harlequin	7.95	
A80	The Pleasure Bond	8.95	
A81	The Bermuda Triangle	7.95	
A82	Strictly Speaking	7.95	
A83	The Palace Guard	8.95	
A84	The Bankers	15.00	1
A85	Helter Skelter	10.00	
A86	Here At The New Yorker	12.95	
A87	A Time To Die	10.00	
A88	When I Say No, I Feel Guilty	7.95	
A89	The Ascent of Man	15.00	1

Yes, please enter my Charter Membership to *Bookservice* at the special rate of just $5 for six months (and $5 six months later) —*instead* of the regular $15 a year. This entitles me to full discount book-buying privileges and a year of BOOKLETTER (issued every other Monday—24 times a year). I may cancel at any time and receive a full refund.

☐ Please bill me for $5

☐ I enclose $5, plus
$_____ for books I want at member's prices.

☐ I *do not* wish to join *Bookservice* but enclose
$_____ for books at publisher's prices.

☐ I am presently a member of *Bookservice* and enclose
$_____ for books at member's prices.

name_____
(please print)

address_____

city_____ state_____ zip_____

Please send all orders for books and *Bookservice* to:
Book Order Department, HARPER'S MAGAZINE
Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Postage and handling included in prices

Code	Title	Quantity	Publisher's Price	Member' Price

Total_____ $_____ $_____

(N.Y.S. residents add appropriate tax on book orders) $_____

GRAND TOTAL OF BOOKS ORDERED_____ $_____

AX

Harper's Magazine Company Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

[y name is Tony Jones. I just quit my job s Associate Editor of Harper's Magazine ecause I had an offer I couldn't refuse.

see, for some time now I've been hoping to start an ely new kind of publication. Now the opportunity is —*if* I can persuade you to help me make the most of

not by subscribing. I need writers. Researchers. Editors. uirements: You are on your own.

by you, I mean *you*. The new publication I'm asking to help get started will be produced by its readers. ou, I hope.

matter of fact, the whole idea hinges on whether or you contribute. Let me give you some background: s proud to work on Harper's Magazine, and I worked on it, but Harper's and other top magazines are mitted to publishing the "best" writers in the world. is understandable. And I agree we need this kind of e.

this policy locks out communication of another, and y opinion just as necessary, sort—different, honest, pendent messages from the great numbers of intelli- and involved men and women who don't happen to riters who know editors.

nt to offer a variety of communications from real le about just about anything. Short and pithy. Or r if it plays that way. I'd have more by-lines than ther publication in the world. *If* my readers really ontribute.

real sense, this communication would be a collection ints of view. A swatch of our consciousness. An on- biopsy of our civilization.

n I announced my intention to Russell Barnard, the sher of Harper's, he pledged that if I could actually lop the kind of magazine I wanted, he would pub- t.

ve decided to revive the famous HARPER'S WEEK- a national newspaper that flourished concurrently the monthly Harper's Magazine from 1857 to 1916. people who ran that old weekly had the temerity to it "a journal of civilization." Well, that is exactly I have in mind for the new Harper's Weekly.

nt *you*, its reader, to write for it. I want you to write t your point of view from where you are. If you are inessman and you want to talk about business, go l. If you are a housewife and you want to write about ffects of permissiveness on children, I think you are y qualified. If you are a doctor who wants to pick pen and write a piece on your secret desire to be- a hod carrier, I think it would be interesting.

u see it? A magazine containing people's thoughts houts. A kind of extended variant of the Op-Ed of The New York Times, the letters to the editors of nes, hubbubby, and reflective of our civilization.

ly, many "experts" say Harper's Weekly doesn't a chance. Reason? That you won't believe that I really mean what I say about *you* writing for it or researching for it.

Friend, I not only mean it, I mean it so much that *my* main worry about this enterprise is that you *won't* contribute.

I believe we need more exchange. We need more men and women of letters. People who can sit down and think something through and then write about it—not necessarily for posterity but to get the rest of us *thinking*.

Look, I'm also going to go out and buttonhole a person I think we should hear from who may not be a subscriber. And ask him to write. And I'm thinking of challenging some young artists to see if they can do as well with cartoons as old Thomas Nast did. I reserve rights like that. But once again, reader friend, the nub of the magazine will be your contributions, clips, original writing, or responses to other writing.

I've always felt it was a distinctly American trait that we *had* something to say. All of us. And that we couldn't be scared off or even bored off from saying it.

That when it came right down to it, we stood up and spoke our minds and left it at: "That's my opinion, bub."

I believe this is still true. And I love it about us. As for the reading, I believe we have a genuine and unfulfilled hunger to talk to each other.

O.K. If you're interested, you can help us in any of 3 ways.

1. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan a wide variety of publications such as your local newspaper, specialized newsletters, professional, literary and political journals. Clip and send us items you think deserve attention. For each item we use, you'll receive a credit line and a research fee of $10.

2. *Write for us*, especially about things in your immediate experience that deserve sharing. Published contributions will carry your name and hometown, and you will receive an honorarium of $25.

3. *Support Harper's Weekly.* You can have a free look at Harper's Weekly and save $6

Harper's Weekly. "A Journal of Civilization." Or an inquiry into whether or not *personal accountability* is still a real force in us.

HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

☐ I'LL TAKE A FREE LOOK

Rush me my complimentary copy of the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. If I like it, I'll send $6.00 and get the rest of my subscription (24 issues in all). If I'm not satisfied, I'll write "cancel" on my bill and keep my first issue free.

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
Harper's Weekly, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

2047

(Continued from page 44)

the guerrilla-militia. These were "the soldiers in black pajamas" the press kept talking about; lightly armed in some areas, armed to the teeth in others, they planted most of the VC's mines and booby traps. This was important, I discovered, because in the Da Nang area, for example, mines and booby traps caused about two-thirds of all the casualties suffered by U.S. Marines.

I also found where the number 103,573 came from. The South Vietnamese had thought it up in 1964; American Intelligence had accepted it without question, and hadn't checked it since. "Can you believe it?" I said to a fellow analyst. "Here we are in the middle of a guerrilla war, and we haven't even bothered to count the number of guerrillas."

The service troops were harder to locate. The order of battle made it clear that these VC soldiers were comparable to specialists in the American Army—ordnance sergeants, quartermasters, medics, engineers, and so forth. But despite repeated phone calls to the Pentagon, to U.S. Army headquarters, and to the office of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, I couldn't find anyone who knew where or when we'd hit upon the number 18,553. Again I began collecting VC documents, and within a week or so had come to the astonishing conclusion that our official estimate for service troops was at least two years old and five times too low—it should not have been 18,553, but more like 100,000. In the process I discovered a whole new category of soldiers known as "assault youths" who weren't in the order of battle at all.

I also drew a blank at the Pentagon regarding political cadres, so I started asking CIA analysts who these cadres might be. One analyst said they belonged to something called the "infrastructure," but he wasn't quite sure what it was. Finally, George Allen, who seemed to know more about the VC than anyone else, said the "infrastructure" included Communist party members and armed police and people like that, and that there was a study around which showed how the 39,175 number had been arrived at. I eventually found a copy on a shelf in the CIA archives. Unopened, it had never been looked at before. The study had been published in Saigon in 1965, and one glance showed it was full of holes. Among other things, it left out all the VC cadres serving in the countryside—where most of them were.

By December 1966 I had concluded that the number of Vietcong in South Vietnam, instead of being 270,000, was more like 600,000, or over twice the official estimate.* The higher number made many things about the Vietnam war fall into place. It explained, for instance, how the Vietcong Army could have so many serters and casualties and still remain effect

Nobody list

MIND YOU, DURING ALL THIS TIME I di keep this information secret—just the posite. I not only told everyone in the Age who'd listen, I also wrote a continuous seque of memorandums, none of which provoked least response. I'd write a memo, documen with footnotes, and send it up to the seve floor. A week would pass, and then the pa would return to my in-box: no comment, the same old buck slip showing that every upstairs had read it.

By this time I was so angry and so disc aged with the research directorate that I be looking for another job within the CIA, pre ably in a section that had some use for numbers. I still believed that all this indiffere to unwelcome information afflicted only par the bureaucracy, that it was not someth characteristic of the entire Agency. Thro George Allen I met George Carver, a man the staff of Richard Helms, the new CIA di tor, who had the title "special assistant for V namese affairs." Carver told me that I was the right track" with the numbers, and seemed an independent-minded man who c circumvent the bureaucratic timidities of research directorate. At the time I had g hopes of Carver because, partly as a result o efforts, word of my memorandums had reac the White House. Cables were passing back forth between Saigon and Washington, an had become fairly common knowledge something was very wrong with the en strength estimates.

In mid-January 1967, Gen. Earle Whe chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, callec an order-of-battle conference to be held in H lulu. The idea was to assemble all the ana from the military, the CIA, and the Defens telligence Agency in the hope that they m reach a consensus on the numbers. I wer Honolulu as part of the CIA delegation. I d trust the military and, frankly, I expected t to pull a fast one and lie about the num What happened instead was that the hea Westmoreland's Order of Battle Section, Gains B. Hawkins, got up right at the begin of the conference and said, "You know, th a lot more of these little bastards out there we thought there were." He and his ana then raised the estimate of enemy streng each category of the order of battle; inste the 103,573 guerrilla-militia, for example, t come up with 198,000. Hawkins's remarks unofficial, but nevertheless, I figured, "the fi over. They're reading the same documents

* This was broken down as follows: Communist regulars, about 100,000; guerrilla-militia, about 300,000; service troops, about 100,000; political cadres, about 100,000.



The possible dream.

s.s. Veendam to the West Indies. 10 and 11-day cruises, 5 ports. Now through November. From $595.

Sure you can take a vacation this year—and it ust could be the best one you've ever had. For ne sensible rate with no hidden costs, we'll give ou the luxury and fun you thought you might ave to miss. A beautiful, roomy cabin—and lmost certainly an ocean view. A shipful of uperb food, dazzling entertainment, and service hat make you feel you're the only passenger board—all with no gratuities required. Plus ve of the nicest islands in the whole wide blue Caribbean. Sure you can do it. See your travel gent or mail the coupon.

Rates per person, double occupancy, subject to vailability. Minimum rates may not be available n all above listed sailings. The s.s. Veendam is egistered in the Netherlands Antilles.)

From New York's new Passenger Ship Terminal.

10-day cruises, Friday departures. To San Juan, St. Thomas, St. Bart's, St. Maarten, Bermuda. May 16, June 6: $595 to $1050. June 27, July 18, August 8: $630 to $1115. August 29, September 19, October 10, 31, November 21: $595 to $1050.

11-day cruises, Monday departures. To San Juan, St. Maarten, Martinique, St. Lucia, St. Thomas. May 5, 26; June 16: $655 to $1155. July 7, 28, August 18: $695 to $1225. September 8, 29, October 20, November 10: $655 to $1155.

No fuel surcharges or price increases after you book.

Holland America Cruises,
Two Pennsylvania Plaza,
N.Y., N.Y. 10001.
Tel: (212) 760-3880
or toll-free at (800) 221-6657.

You may never want to get off.

Holland America Cruises

Please send me information on Veendam West Indies Cruises from New York. 133-VW-5

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

My travel agent is _____

I am, and everybody's beginning to use real numbers."

I couldn't have been more wrong.

After a study trip to Vietnam, I returned to Washington in May 1967, to find a new CIA report to Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara called something like "Whither Vietnam?" Its section on the Vietcong Army listed all the discredited official figures, adding up to 270,000. Dumbfounded, I rushed into George Carver's office and got permission to correct the numbers. Instead of my own total of 600,000, I used 500,000, which was more in line with what Colonel Hawkins had said in Honolulu. Even so, one of the chief deputies of the research directorate, Drexel Godfrey, called me up to say that the directorate couldn't use 500,000 because "it wasn't official." I said: "That's the silliest thing I've ever heard. We're going to use real numbers for a change." Much to my satisfaction and relief, George Carver supported my figures. For the first time in the history of the Vietnam war a CIA paper challenging the previous estimates went directly to McNamara. Once again I said to myself: "The battle's won; virtue triumphs." Once again, I was wrong.

SOON AFTER, I attended the annual meeting of the Board of National Estimates on Vietnam. Held in a windowless room on the CIA's seventh floor, a room furnished with leather chairs, blackboards, maps, and a large conference table, the meeting comprised the whole of the intelligence community, about forty people representing the CIA, the Defense Intelligence Agency, the Army, the Navy, the Air Force, and the State Department. Ordinarily the meeting lasted about a week, its purpose being to come to a community-wide agreement about the progress of the war. This particular consensus required the better part of six months.

The procedure of these estimates requires the CIA to submit the first draft, and then everyone else argues his group's position. If one of the services violently disagrees, it is allowed to take exception in a footnote to the report. The CIA's first draft used the same 500,000 number that had gone to McNamara in May. None of us expected what followed.

George Fowler from DIA, the same man who'd carried my guerrilla memo to Saigon in September 1966, got up and explained he was speaking for the entire military. "Gentlemen, we cannot agree to this estimate as currently written. What we object to are the numbers. We feel we should continue with the official order of battle." I almost fell off my chair. The official OB figure at that time, June 1967, was still 270,000, with all the old components, including 103,573 guerrilla-militia.

In disbelief I hurried downstairs to tell my boss, George Carver, of the deception. He reassuring. "Now, Sam," he said, "don't worry. It's time to bite the bullet. You g back up there and do the best you can." Fo next two-and-a-half months, armed with st of documents, I argued with the military the numbers. By the end of August, the longer insisted on the official order of b figures, but would not raise them above 300, The CIA numbers remained at about 500, The meetings recessed for a few weeks at end of the month, and I left Washington my wife, Eleanor, to visit her parents in bama. No sooner had we arrived at their h when the phone rang. It was George Ca "Sam, come back up. We're going to Saig thrash out the numbers."

I was a little cynical. "We won't sell will we?"

"No, no, we're going to bite the bullet, said.

Army estin

WE WENT TO SAIGON in early Septemb yet another order-of-battle meeting, one convened in the austere conference roo Westmoreland's headquarters. Among the cers supporting Westmoreland were Gen. lip Davidson, head of intelligence (the mili calls it G-2); General Sidle, head of press tions ("What the dickens is he doing a OB conference?" I thought); Colonel Mo one of Davidson's aides; Col. Danny Gra head of the G-2 Estimates Staff; and, of co Col. Gains B. Hawkins, chief of the G-2 O of Battle Section. There were also nume lieutenant colonels, majors, and captains. equipped with maps, charts, files, and poin

The military dominated the first day of conference. A major gave a lecture on the low morale. I kept my mouth shut on the ject, even though I knew their docum showed a dwindling VC desertion rate. An officer gave a talk full of complicated stati which proved the Vietcong were running o men. It was based on something called the c over memo which had been put togethe Colonel Graham's staff. On the second da got down to business—the numbers.

It was suspicious from the start. Every I'd argue one category up, the military w drop another category down by the s amount. Then there was the little piece of p put on everybody's desk saying that the tary would agree to count more of one typ VC if we'd agree to eliminate another typ VC. Finally, there was the argument ov subcategory called the district-level se troops.

I stood up to present the CIA's case. I

I had estimated that there were about
nty-five service soldiers in each of the VC's
icts, explaining that I had averaged the
bers in a sample of twenty-eight documents.
iefly reviewed the evidence and asked
her there were any questions.

have a question," said General Davidson.
I mean to tell me that you only have twen-
ght documents?"

Yes sir," I said. "That's all I could find."

Well, I've been in the intelligence business
nany years, and if you're trying to sell me
mber on the basis of that small a sample,
might as well pack up and go home." As I
ned my seat, Davidson's aide, Colonel Mor-
turned around and said, "Adams, you're
of shit."

lieutenant colonel then got up to present
nilitary's side of the case. He had counted
t twenty service soldiers per district, he
and then he went on to describe how a
ict was organized. When he asked for ques-
, I said, "How many documents are in your
le?"

e looked as if somebody had kicked him in
tomach. Instead of answering the question,
epeated his description of how the VC or-
zed a district.

hen George Carver interrupted him. "Come,
e, Colonel," he said. "You're not answering
question. General Davidson has just taken
Adams to task for having only twenty-eight
ments in his sample. It's a perfectly legiti-
question. How many have you in yours?"

a very low voice, the lieutenant colonel
"One." I looked over at General David-
and Colonel Morris to see whether they'd
unce the lieutenant colonel for having such
all sample. Both of them were looking at
eiling.

Colonel," I continued, "may I see your
ment?" He didn't have it, he said, and,
des, it wasn't a document, it was a POW
rt.

ell, I asked, could he please try and remem-
who the twenty service soldiers were? He
d them off. I kept count. The total was
.

Colonel," I said, "you have forty soldiers
, not twenty. How did you get from forty to
ty?"

We scaled down the evidence," he replied.

Scaled down the evidence?"

Yes," he said. "We cut out the hangers-on."

And how do you determine what a hanger-on

Civilians, for example."

ow, I knew that civilians sometimes worked
gside VC service troops, but normally the
rs listed them separately. So I waited until
next coffee break to ask Colonel Hawkins
he'd "scale down" the service troops in a document I had. It concerned Long Dat District in the southern half of South Vietnam, and its 111 service troops were broken down by components. We went over each one. Of the twenty in the medical component, Hawkins would count three, of the twelve in the ordnance section, he'd count two, and so forth, until Long Dat's 111 service soldiers were down to just over forty. There was no indication in the document that any of those dropped were civilians.

As we were driving back from the conference that day, an Army officer in the car with us explained what the real trouble was: "You know, our basic problem is that we've been told to keep our numbers under 300,000."

"Here we are in the middle of a guerrilla war," I said, "and we haven't even bothered to count the number of guerrillas."

LATER, AFTER RETIRING from the Army, Colonel Hawkins confirmed that this was basically the case. At the start of the conference, he'd been told to stay below a certain number. He could no longer remember what it was, but he recalled that the person who gave it to him was Colonel Morris, the officer who had told me I was "full of shit."

The Saigon conference was in its third day, when we received a cable from Helms that, for all its euphemisms, gave us no choice but to accept the military's numbers. We did so, and the conference concluded that the size of the Vietcong force in South Vietnam was 299,000. We accomplished this by simply marching certain categories of Vietcong out of the order of battle, and by using the military's "scaled-down" numbers.

I left the conference extremely angry. Another member of the CIA contingent, William Hyland (now head of intelligence at the Department of State), tried to explain. "Sam, don't take it so hard. You know what the political climate is. If you think they'd accept the higher numbers, you're living in a dream world." Shortly after the conference ended, another category was frog-marched out of the estimate, which dropped from 299,000 to 248,000.

I returned to Washington, and in October I went once again in front of the Board of National Estimates, by this time reduced to only its CIA members. I told them exactly what had happened at the conference—how the numbers had been scaled down, which types of Vietcong had left the order of battle, and even about the affair of Long Dat District. They were sympathetic.

"Sam, it makes my blood boil to see the military cooking the books," one of the board members said. Another asked, "Sam, have we gone beyond the bounds of reasonable dishonesty?" And I said, "Sir, we went past them last August." Nonetheless, the board sent the estimate forward for the director's signature, with the numbers unchanged. I was told there was

no other choice because Helms had committed the CIA to the military's numbers.

"But that's crazy," I said. "The numbers were faked." I made one last try. My memorandum was nine pages long. The first eight pages told how the numbers had got that way. The ninth page accused the military of lying. If we accepted their numbers, I argued, we would not only be dishonest and cowardly, we would be stupid. I handed the memo to George Carver to give to the director, and sent copies to everyone I could think of in the research branch. Although I was the only CIA analyst working on the subject at the time, nobody replied. Two days later Helms signed the estimate, along with its doctored numbers.

That was that. I went into Carver's office and quit Helms's staff. He looked embarrassed when I told him why I was doing so, but he said there was nothing he could do. I thanked him for all he had done in the earlier part of the year and for his attempt at trying to deal with real rather than imaginary numbers. I thought of leaving the CIA, but I still retained some faith in the Agency, and I knew that I was the only person in the government arguing for higher numbers with accurate evidence. I told Carver that the research directorate had formed a VC branch, in which, I said, I hoped to find somebody who would listen to me.

Facing facts

IN NOVEMBER General Westmoreland returned to Washington and held a press conference. "The enemy is running out of men," he said. He based this on the fabricated numbers, and on Colonel Graham's crossover memo. In early December, the CIA sent McNamara another "Whither Vietnam?" memo. It had the doctored numbers, but this time I was forbidden to change them. It was the same story with Helms's New Year briefing to Congress. Wrong numbers, no changes allowed. When I heard that Colonel Hawkins, whom I still liked and admired, had been reassigned to Fort Holabird in Baltimore, I went to see him to find out what he really thought about the order of battle. "Those were the worst three months in my life," he said, referring to July, August, and September, and he offered to do anything he could to help. When he had been asked to lower the estimates, he said, he had retained as many of the front-line VC troops as possible. For several hours we went over the order of battle. We had few disagreements, but I began to see for the first time that the Communist regulars, the only category I'd never looked at, were also seriously understated—perhaps by as many as 50,000 men. No one was interested, because adding 50,000 troops would have forced a reopening of the issue of numbers, which everyone thou was settled. On January 29, 1968, I began laborious job of transferring my files f Carver's office to the newly formed Vietc branch.

The next day the VC launched the Tet of sive. Carver's office was chaos. There wer many separate attacks that someone was signed full time to stick red pins in the ma South Vietnam just to keep track of th Within a week's time it was clear that the s of the Tet offensive was the biggest surpris American intelligence since Pearl Harbor. I read the cables coming in, I experienced l anger and a sort of grim satisfaction. There just no way they could have pulled it off only 248,000 men, and the cables were be ning to show which units had taken part. M had never been in the order of battle at others had been taken out or scaled dow made a collection of these units, which I sho Carver. Two weeks later, the CIA agree re-open the order-of-battle controversy.

SUDDENLY I WAS ASKED to revise and ex the memorandums that I had been atte ing to submit for the past eighteen mo People began to congratulate me, to slap on the back and say what a fine intellig analyst I was. The Agency's chief of resea R. Jack Smith, who had once called me outstanding analyst" in the CIA but who ignored all my reporting on the Vietcong, c down from the seventh floor to shake my h "We're glad to have you back," he said. " know more about Vietnam than you did a the Congo." All of this disgusted me, and I cepted the compliments without comment. W was the purpose of intelligence, I thought, i to warn people, to tell them what to expect many as 10,000 American soldiers had l killed in the Tet offensive because the gen had played politics with the numbers, and I was being congratulated by the people had agreed to the fiction.

In February the Agency accepted my a sis, and in April another order-of-battle co ence was convened at CIA headquarters. W moreland's delegation, headed by Colonel ham (now a lieutenant general and hea the Defense Intelligence Agency) conti to argue for the lower numbers. But from point forward the White House stopped u the military estimate and relied on the estimate of 600,000 Vietcong.

All along I had wondered whether the W House had had anything to do with fixing estimates. The military wanted to keep low in order to display the "light at the e the tunnel," but it had long since occurre me that maybe the generals were under

IBM Reports

The computer and research

The computer serves society in many ways. It is an information organizer, helping deal with large amounts of data. It is a productivity tool, helping us make better use of our resources. It is a management tool, providing perspective on complex decisions.

The computer is also a major research tool, perhaps the most useful of any at the disposal of science today. It is being used to explore many different frontiers of the natural world mathematically—recreating and analyzing interactions that could not otherwise be observed or understood.

It is helping scientists develop a mathematical model of the nucleus of a human cell for use in cancer research. It is helping develop potential new energy sources such as the fusion reactor. It is helping weather researchers learn how to control air pollution.

In these and countless other activities, the computer is performing calculations that were often impractical, or even impossible, only a few short years ago—calculations that have now been made practical by rapid advances in computing speeds and storage capacity, and sharply reduced cost-per-computation.

It's particularly appropriate that the computer should play such an important role in scientific research, for research has played a key role in the computer's own development. A prime example is the remarkable evolution in the basic components of the computer—from the early technology based on large, relatively slow vacuum tubes, to transistors, to integrated circuits, to today's microscopically small high-speed circuitry.

IBM research scientists made critical contributions to these advances. Now they are helping look for the breakthroughs of tomorrow—exploring new techniques ranging from sophisticated lasers to devices much faster than even the most advanced circuitry now in use.

IBM's commitment to research, to finding new ways to do things better and to reducing the cost of doing them, is a continuing one. And it is a cornerstone of our expectation that the technological strides of the next twenty-five years will eclipse even those of the last twenty-five.

We are working toward that goal.

IBM

sure from the politicians. Carver had told me a number of times that he had mentioned my OB figures to Walt Rostow of the White House. But even now I don't know whether Rostow ordered the falsification, or whether he was merely reluctant to face unpleasant facts. Accepting the higher numbers forced the same old decision: pack up or send a lot more troops.

On the evening of March 31, the question of the White House role became, in a way, irrelevant. President Johnson made his announcement that he wasn't going to run again. Whoever the next President was, I felt, needed to be told about the sorry state of American intelligence so that he could do something about it. The next morning, April 1, I went to the CIA inspector general's office and said: "Gentlemen, I've come here to file a complaint, and it involves both the research department and the director. I want to make sure that the next administration finds out what's gone on down here." On May 28 I filed formal charges and asked that they be sent to "appropriate members of the White House staff" and to the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. I also requested an investigation by the CIA inspector general. Helms responded by telling the inspector general to start an investigation. This took two months. The director then appointed a high-level review board to go over the inspector general's report. The review board was on its way to taking another two months when I went to the general counsel's office and talked to a Mr. Ueberhorst. I said, "Mr. Ueberhorst, I wrote a report for the White House about three months ago complaining about the CIA management, and I've been getting the runaround ever since. What I want is some legal advice. Would I be breaking any laws if I took my memo and carried it over to the White House myself?" A few days later, on September 20, 1968, the executive director of the CIA, the number-three man in the hierarchy, called me to his office: "Mr. Adams, we think well of you, but Mr. Helms says he doesn't want your memo to leave the building." I took notes of the conversation, so my reproduction of it is almost verbatim. "This is not a legal problem but a practical one of your future within the CIA," I was told. "Because if you take that memo to the White House, it will be at your own peril, and even if you get what you want by doing so, your usefulness to the Agency will thereafter be nil." The executive director carried on this conversation for thirty-five minutes. I copied it all out until he said, "Do you have anything to say, Mr. Adams?" "Yes sir," I said, "I think I'll take this right on over to the White House, and please tell the director of my intention." I wrote a memorandum of the conversation, and sent it back up to the executive director's office with a covering letter saying, "I hope I'm quoting you correctly; please tell me if I'm

A short while later he called me back t
office and said, "I'm afraid there's been a
understanding, because the last thing in
world the director wanted to do was thre
He has decided that this thing can go forw

I waited until after the Presidential elec
Nixon won, and the next day I called the
enth floor to ask if it was now okay to sen
my memo to the White House. On Novemb
1968, Mr. Helms summoned me to his o
The first thing he said to me was "Don't
notes." To the best of my recollection, the
versation then proceeded along the follo
lines. He asked what was bothering me;
think my supervisors were treating me unf
or weren't they promoting me fast enough?
I said. My problem was that he caved in o
numbers right before Tet. I enlarged on
theme for about ten minutes. He listened
out expression, and when I was done he a
what I would have had him do—take on
whole military? I said, that under the cir
stances, that was the only thing he could
done; the military's numbers were faked
then told me that I didn't know what t
were like, that we could have told the V
House that there were a million more Viet
out there, and it wouldn't have made the s
est bit of difference in our policy. I said
we weren't the ones to decide about polic
we should do was to send up the right nun
and let them worry. He asked me who I wa
to see, and I said that I had requested appr
ate members of the White House staff and
President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory B
in my memo, but, frankly, I didn't know
the appropriate members were. He asked w
er Gen. Maxwell Taylor and Walt Rostow w
be all right. I told him that was not only ac
able, it was generous, and he said he w
arrange the appointments for me.

With that I was sent around to see the de
directors. The chief of research, R. Jack Sm
asked me what the matter was, and I told
the same things I had told Helms. The Vie
war, he said, was an extraordinarily comple
fair, and the size of the enemy army was or
his exact words—"a small but significant b
of the problem." His deputy, Edward Pr
now the CIA's chief of research, remarked,
Adams, the real problem is you. You oug
look into yourself."

Permission de

AFTER MAKING THESE ROUNDS, I wrote le
to Rostow and Taylor, telling them w
was and asking that they include a memb
Nixon's staff in any talks we had about
CIA's shortcomings. I forwarded the le



British Columbia, Canada.

These pictures are just a sample of what is waiting for you in British Columbia. 1. One of many intriguing shops that can be found throughout the Province. 2. Long Beach on Vancouver Island, 11 miles of unbroken beach on the Pacific Ocean. 3. The Williams Lake Stampede. Dozens of rodeos take place all summer long in British Columbia's cattle country. 4. An outdoor restaurant in Gastown, the original settlement of British Columbia's largest city, Vancouver. For more pictures and lots more information write: British Columbia Department of Travel Industry, 1019 Wharf Street, Victoria, British Columbia V8W 2Z2. Or see your local travel agent.







For the time of your life.

through channels, to the director's office, asking his permission to send them on. Permission was denied, and that was the last I ever heard about meeting with Mr. Rostow and General Taylor.

In early December I did manage to see the executive secretary of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, J. Patrick Coyne. He told me that a few days earlier Helms had sent over my memo, that some members of PFIAB had read it, and that they were asking me to enlarge on my views and to make any recommendations I thought were in order. Coyne encouraged me to write a full report, and in the following weeks I put together a thirty-five-page paper explaining why I had brought charges. A few days after Nixon's inauguration, in January 1969, I sent the paper to Helms's office with a request for permission to send it to the White House. Permission was denied in a letter from the deputy director, Adm. Rufus Taylor, who informed me that the CIA was a team, and that if I didn't want to accept the team's decision, then I should resign.

There I was—with nobody from Nixon's staff having heard of any of this. It was far from clear whether Nixon intended to retain the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board. J. Patrick Coyne said he didn't know. He also said he didn't intend to press for the release of the thirty-five-page report. I thought I had been had.

For the first time in my career, I decided to leave official channels. This had never occurred to me before, not even when Helms had authorized the doctored numbers in the month before Tet. I had met a man named John Court, a member of the incoming staff of the National Security Council, and through him I hoped for a measure of redress. I gave him my memorandum and explained its import—including Westmoreland's deceptions before Tet—and asked him to pass it around so that at least the new administration might know what had gone on at the CIA and could take any action it thought necessary. Three weeks later Court told me that the memo had gotten around, all right, but the decision had been made not to do anything about it.

So I gave up. If the White House wasn't interested, there didn't seem to be any other place I could go. I felt I'd done as much as I possibly could do, and that was that.

ONCE AGAIN I THOUGHT about quitting the Agency. But again I decided not to, even though my career was pretty much in ruins. Not only had the deputy director just suggested that I resign, but I was now working under all kinds of new restrictions. I was no longer permitted to go to Vietnam. After the order-of-battle conference in Saigon in September 1967, Westmoreland's headquarters had informed the CIA ... tion chief that I was persona non grata, ... that they didn't want me on any military ... stallations throughout the country. In CIA he... quarters I was more or less confined to qu... ters, since I was no longer asked to attend ... meetings at which outsiders were present... was even told to cut back on the lectures I ... giving about the VC to CIA case officers bou... for Vietnam.*

I suppose what kept me from quitting ... time was that I loved the job. The numbers b... ness was going along fairly well, or so I thou... and I was becoming increasingly fascinated w... what struck me as another disturbing questi... Why was it that the Vietcong always seemed... know what we were up to, while we could ne... find out about them except through captu... documents? At the time of the Tet offensive, ... example, the CIA had only a single agent in ... enemy's midst, and he was low-level.

At about this time, Robert Klein joined ... VC branch. He had just graduated from colle... and I thought him one of the brightest and n... delightful people I had ever met. We began l... ting back and forth the question of why ... VC always knew what was going to happen n... Having written a study on the Vietcong se... police in 1967, I already knew that the C... munists had a fairly large and sophisticated ... pionage system. But I had no idea *how* la... and, besides, there were several other ene... organizations in addition to the secret po... that had infiltrated the Saigon governm... Klein and I began to sort them out. The bigg... one, we found, was called the Military Prose... izing Directorate, which concentrated on ... cruiting agents in the South Vietnamese Ar... and National Police. By May 1969 we ... things were beginning to fall into place, but ... still hadn't answered the fundamental quest... of how many agents the VC had in the So... Vietnamese government. I decided to do the ... vious thing, which was to start looking in ... captured documents for references to sp... Klein and I each got a big stack of docume... and we began going through them, one by o... Within two weeks we had references to m... than 1,000 VC agents. "Jesus Christ!" I sai... Klein. "A thousand agents! And before Tet ... CIA only had one." Furthermore, it was c... from the documents that the thousand w... found were only the top of a very big iceb...

Right away I went off to tell everybody ... bad news. I had begun to take a perverse p...

* In mid-1968 I had discovered that Agency offi... sent to Vietnam received a total of only one h... instruction on the organization and methods of op... tion of the Vietcong. Disturbed that they shoul... sent up against so formidable a foe with so l... training, I had by the end of the year increased ... hours from one to twenty-four. I gave most of ... lectures myself.

in my role as the man in opposition at the ncy. The first person I spoke to was the l of the Vietnam branch of the CIA Clandes- Services. I said, "Hey, a guy called Klein I just turned up references to over 1,000 agents, and from the looks of the documents overall number might run into the tens of sands." He said, "For God's sake, don't that Pandora's box. We have enough trou- as it is."

he next place I tried to reach was the Board Iational Estimates, which was just conven- its annual meeting on the Vietnam draft. use of the trouble I'd made the year before, because the meeting included outsiders, I 't allowed to attend. By now, Klein and I come to the very tentative conclusion, based ly on extrapolations from documents, that Military Proselytizing Directorate alone had 00 agents in the South Vietnamese Army government. This made it by far the biggest t network in the history of espionage, and s curious to know whether this was known aigon. I prompted a friend of mine to ask CIA's Saigon station chief—back in Wash- n to give another briefing I wasn't allowed tend—just how many Vietcong agents there in the South Vietnamese Army. The sta- chief (a new one; Jorgy had long since d) was taken aback at the question. He'd r considered it before. He said, "Well, the h Vietnamese Military Security Service has t 300 suspects under consideration. I think about covers it." If Klein and I were any- e near right with our estimate of 20,000, made the station chief's figure too low by ast 6,000 percent.

New discoveries

CIDING THAT WE DIDN'T yet know enough make an issue of the matter, Klein and I back to plugging the documents. The more ead, the wilder the story became. With a deal of help from the CIA counterintelli- staff, we eventually found that Vietcong s were running the government's National e in the northern part of the country, that any years the VC had controlled the coun- elligence branch of the South Vietnamese ary Security Service (which may explain why the station chief's estimate was so low), and that in several areas of Vietnam, the VC were in charge of our own Phoenix Program. Scarcely a day passed without a new discovery. The most dramatic of them concerned a Vietcong agent posing as a South Vietnamese ordnance sergeant in Da Nang. The document said that the agent had been responsible for setting off explosions at the American air base in April 1969, and destroying 40,000 tons of ammunition worth $100 million. The explosions were so big that they attracted a Congressional investigation, but the military managed to pass them off as having been started accidentally by a grass fire.

The problem with all these reports was not that they were hidden, but that they'd never been gathered and analyzed before in a systematic manner. Although CIA men in the field were aware of VC agents, Washington had failed to study the extent of the Vietcong network.

This is exactly what Klein and I attempted in the fall of 1969. By this time we had concluded that the total number of VC agents in the South Vietnamese Army and government was in the neighborhood of 30,000. While we admitted that the agents were a mixed bag—most of them were low-level personnel hedging their bets—we nonetheless arrived at an extremely bleak overall conclusion. That was that the agents were so numerous, so easy to recruit, and so hard to catch that their existence "called into question the basic loyalty of the South Vietnamese government and armed forces." This, in turn, brought up questions about the ultimate chances for success of our new policy of turning the war over to the Vietnamese.

In late November Klein and I had just about finished the first draft of our study when we were told that *under no circumstances* was it to leave CIA headquarters, and that, specifically, it shouldn't go to John Court of the White House staff. Meanwhile, however, I had called Court a number of times, telling him that the study existed, and that it suggested that Vietnamization probably wouldn't work. For the next two-and-a-half months, Court called the CIA front office asking for a draft of our memo on agents. Each time he was turned down.

Finally, in mid-February 1970, Court came over to the VC branch, and asked if he could have a copy of the agent memorandum. I told him

"You know," said an Army officer, "our basic problem is that we've been told to keep our numbers under 300,000."

THE MORAL OF THE TALE

eaders interested in the question of integrity in Amer- government might take note of three successful aucrats mentioned in this chronicle. All of them ac- vledged or abetted the counterfeiting of military ligence, and all of them have risen to high places with- eir respective apparats. Lt. Gen. Daniel Graham, who ed to lower the U.S. Army's estimate of the Vietcong strength, is now the head of the Defense Intelligence Agency; Edward Procter, who steadfastly ignored accurate intelligence, is now chief of the CIA research directorate; and William Hyland, who conceded the impossibility of contesting a political fiction, is now the head of State Department Intelligence. Their collective docility might also interest readers concerned with questions of national security.

he couldn't, but that I supposed it was okay if he looked at it at a nearby desk. By closing time Court had disappeared, along with the memo. I phoned him the next morning at the Executive Office Building and asked him if he had it. "Yes, I took it. Is that okay?" he said. It wasn't okay, and shortly after informing my superiors I received a letter of reprimand for releasing the memo to an "outsider." (Court, who worked for the White House, was the "outsider.") All copies of the study within the CIA—several were around being reviewed—were recalled to the Vietcong branch and put in a safe. Klein was removed from working on agents, and told that if he didn't "shape up," he'd be fired.

THE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT and perhaps even Helms (I don't know) apparently were appalled by the agent memo's reaching the White House. It was embarrassing for the CIA, since we'd never let anything like that out before. To suddenly say, oh, by the way, our ally, the South Vietnamese government, is crawling with spies, might lead someone to think that maybe the Agency should have noticed them sooner. We'd been in the war, after all, for almost six years.

Court later wrote a précis of the memo and gave it to Kissinger. Kissinger gave it to Nixon. Shortly thereafter, the White House sent a directive to Helms which said, in effect: "Okay, Helms, get that damn agent paper out of the safe drawer." Some months later, the Agency coughed it up, almost intact.

Meanwhile, Klein quit. I tried to talk him out of it, but he decided to go to graduate school. He did so in September 1970, but not before leaving a letter of resignation with the CIA inspector general. Klein's letter told the complete story of the agent study, concluding with his opinion that the White House would never have learned about the Communist spies had it not been for John Court's sticky fingers.

By now my fortunes had sunk to a low ebb. For the first time in seven years, I was given an unfavorable fitness report. I was rated "marginal" at conducting research; I had lost my "balance and objectivity" on the war, and, worst of all, I was the cause of the "discontent leading to the recent resignation" of Klein. For these shortcomings I was being reassigned to a position where I would be "less directly involved in research on the war." This meant I had to leave the Vietcong branch and join a small historical staff, where I was to take up the relatively innocuous job of writing a history of the Cambodian rebels.

Once again, I considered resigning from the CIA, but the job still had me hooked, and ever since the coup that deposed Sihanouk in March 1970 I had been wondering what was going on in Cambodia. Within a few weeks of th coup, the Communist army had begun to d appear from the southern half of South Vi nam for service next door, and I was curious find out what it was up to. When I report to the historical staff, I began, as usual, to c lect documents. This was my main occupati for almost the next five months. I knew so l tle about Cambodia that I was fairly indiscri inate, and therefore grabbed just about ever thing I could find. By late April 1971, I h gathered several thousand reports, and had d vided them into broad categories, such as "m itary" and "political." In early May, I beg to go through the "military" reports.

One of the first of these was an interrog tion report of a Vietcong staff officer who h surrendered in Cambodia in late 1970. The st officer said he belonged to a Cambodian Co munist regional command with a code nam I'd never heard of: C-40. Apparently C-40 h several units attached to it, including regimen and I'd never heard of any of these, either. An it seemed, the units were mostly composed Khmers, of whom C-40 had a total of 18,00 Now that appeared to me to be an awful lot Khmer soldiers just for one area, so I decid to check it against our Cambodian order battle. Within a month I made a startling d covery: there was *no* order of battle. All I cou find was a little sheet of paper estimating t size of the Khmer Communist Army at 5,000 10,000 men. This sheet of paper, with exact the same numbers, had been kicking arou since early 1970.

It was the same story as our Vietcong es mate of 1966, only worse. In Vietnam we h neglected to look at three of the four parts the Vietcong Army; in Cambodia we had looked at the Khmer Communist Army at a It later turned out that the 5,000-to-10,000 f ure was based on numbers put together by sergeant in the Royal Cambodian Army in 19

From then on, it was easy. Right in the sa room with me was every single intelligence port on the Khmer rebels that had ever co in. Straightaway I found what the VC Army h been doing in Cambodia since Sihanouk's fa it had put together the largest and best ad sory structure in the Indochina war. Within t weeks I had discovered thirteen regiments, s eral dozen battalions, and a great many co panies and platoons. Using exactly the sa methods that I'd used on the Vietcong estim before Tet (only now the methods were m refined), I came to the conclusion that the s of the Cambodian Communist Army was 5,000 to 10,000 but more like 100,000 150,000. In other words, the U.S. governmer official estimate was between ten and thi times too low.

My memo was ready in early June, and t

e I gave a copy to John Court of the White ıse the day before I turned it in at the Agen- This proved to have been a wise move, be- se when I turned it in I was told, "Under circumstances does this go out of the room." vas the best order-of-battle paper I'd ever e. It had about 120 footnotes, referencing ut twice that many intelligence reports, and as solid as a rock.

. week later, I was taken off the Khmer Com- ıist Army and forbidden to work on num- anymore. A junior analyst began reworking memo with instructions to hold the figure w 30,000. The analyst puzzled over this for ral months, and at last settled on the same ıod the military had used in lowering the cong estimate before Tet. He marched two le categories out of the order of battle and led down" what was left. In November l, he wrote up a memo placing the size of the ıer Communist Army at 15,000 to 30,000 . The CIA published the memo, and that ber became the U.S. government's official nate.

More distortions

IE PRESENT OFFICIAL ESTIMATE of the hmer rebels—65,000—derives from the ear- one. It is just as absurd. Until very recently Royal Cambodian Army was estimated at 200,000 men. We are therefore asked to ve that the insurgents, who control four- s of Cambodia's land and most of its peo- are outnumbered by the ratio of 3 to 1. In if we count *all* the rebel soldiers, including e dropped or omitted from the official esti- , the Khmer Rebel Army is probably larger the government's—perhaps by a consider- margin.

ıe trouble with this kind of underestimate ot simply a miscalculation of numbers. It distorts the meaning of the war. In Cam- a, as in the rest of Southeast Asia, the gle is for allegiance, and the severest test yalty has to do with who can persuade the st number of peasants to pick up a gun. n American intelligence downgrades the gth of the enemy army, it ignores the Com- ist success at organizing and recruiting peo- This is why the Communists call the strug- "people's war" and why the government d it difficult to understand.

spent the rest of 1971 and a large part of trying to get the CIA to raise the Cam- ın estimate. It was useless. The Agency busy with other matters, and I became in- ingly discouraged. The Cambodian affair ed to me to be a repeat of the Vietnam the same people made the same mistakes, ecisely the same ways, and everybody was allowed to conceal his duplicity. In the fall of 1972 I decided to make one last attempt at bringing the shoddiness of American intelligence to the attention of someone, anyone who could do anything about it.

Between October 1972 and January 1973 I approached the U.S. Army inspector general, the CIA inspector general, and the Congress—all to no avail. To the Army inspector general I delivered a memorandum setting forth the details of what had happened to the VC estimate before Tet. I mentioned the possibility of General Westmoreland's complicity, which might have implicated him in three violations of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. The memorandum asked for an investigation, but the inspector general explained that I was in the wrong jurisdiction. Of the CIA inspector general I requested an investigation of the Cambodian estimates, but he adopted the device of neglecting to answer his mail, and no inquiry took place. In a last desperate measure—desperate because my friends at the CIA assured me that Congressional watchdog committees were a joke—I even appealed to Congress. To committees in both the House and Senate that watch over the CIA I sent a thirteen-page memorandum with names, dates, numbers, and a sequence of events. A staff assistant to the Senate Armed Services Committee thought it an interesting document, but he doubted that the Intelligence Subcommittee would take it up because it hadn't met in over a year and a half. Lucien Nedzi, the chief superintendent of the CIA in the House, also thought the document "pertinent," but he observed that the forthcoming elections obliged him to concern himself primarily with the question of busing. When I telephoned his office in late November, after the elections had come and gone, his administrative assistant told me, in effect, "Don't call us; we'll call you."

By mid-January 1973 I had reached the end of the road. I happened to read a newspaper account of Daniel Ellsberg's trial in Los Angeles, and I noticed that the government was alleging that Ellsberg had injured the national security by releasing estimates of the enemy force in Vietnam. I looked, and damned if they weren't from the same order of battle which the military had doctored back in 1967. Imagine! Hanging a man for leaking faked numbers! In late February I went to Los Angeles to testify at the trial and told the story of how the numbers got to be so wrong. When I returned to Washington in March, the CIA once again threatened to fire me. I complained, and, as usual, the Agency backed down. After a decent interval, I quit.

One last word. Some day, when everybody has returned to his senses, I hope to go back to the CIA as an analyst. I like the work. □

"The Cambodian affair seemed to me to be a repeat of the Vietnam one; the same people made the same mistakes in precisely the same ways, and everybody was allowed to conceal his duplicity."

Annie Dillard

INNOCENCE IN THE GALAPAGOS

Voyage to a time machine in the Pacific

I

FIRST THERE WAS NOTHING, and although you know with your reason that nothing is nothing, it is easier to visualize it as a limitless slosh of sea—say, the Pacific. Then energy contracted into matter, and although you know that even an invisible gas is matter, it is easier to visualize it as a massive squeeze of volcanic lava spattered inchoate from the secret pit of the ocean and hardening mute and intractable on nothing's lapping shore—like a series of islands, an archipelago. Like: the Galápagos. Then a softer strain of matter began to twitch. It was a kind of shaped water; it flowed, hardening here and there at its tips. There were blue-green algae; there were tortoises; there were men.

The ice rolled up, the ice rolled back, and I knelt on a plain of lava boulders in the islands called Galápagos, stroking a giant tortoise's neck. The tortoise closed its eyes and stretched its neck to its greatest height and vulnerability. I rubbed that neck, and when I pulled away my hand, my palm was green with a slick of single-celled algae. I stared at the algae, and at the tortoise, the way you stare at any life on a lava flow, and thought, Well—here we all are.

Being here is being here on the rocks. These Galapagonian rocks, one of them seventy-five miles long, dried under the equatorial sun between 500 and 600 miles west of the South American continent, at the latitude of the Republic of Ecuador, to which they belong.

THERE IS A WAY a small island rises from the ocean affronting all reason. It is a chunk of chaos pounded into visibility *ex nihilo,* here rough, here smooth, shaped just so by a matrix of physical necessities too weird to contemplate, here instead of there, here instead of not at all. It is a fantastic utterance, as though I were to open my mouth and emit a French horn, or a vase, or a knob of tellurium. It smacks of folly, of first causes.

I think of the island called Daphnecita, little Daphne, on which I never set foot. It's in half of my few photographs, though, because it obsessed me: a dome of gray lava like a pitted loaf, the size of the Plaza Hotel, glazed with guano and crawling with red-orange crabs. Sometimes I attributed to this island's cliff face a surly, infantile consciousness, as though it were sulking in the silent moment after it had just shouted, to the sea and the sky, I didn't ask to be born. Or sometimes it aged to a raging adolescent, a kid who's just learned that the game is fixed, demanding, What did you have me for, if you're just going to push me around? Daphnecita: again, a wise old island, mute, leading the life of pure creaturehood open to any antelope or saint. After you've blown the ocean sky-high, what's there to say? What if we the people had sense or grace to live as cooled islands in an archipelago live, with dignity, passion, and no comment?

A Bosch landscape

IT IS WORTH FLYING to Guayaquil, Ecuador, and then to Baltra in the Galápagos to see only the rocks. But these rocks are animal gardens. They are home to a Hieronymus Bosch assortment of windblown, stowaway, castaway, flotsam and shipwrecked creatures. Most exist nowhere else on earth. These reptiles and insects, small mammals and birds evolved unmolested on the various islands on which they were cast into unique species adapted to the boulder-wrecked shores, the cactus deserts of the lowlands, or the elevated jungles of the large island's interiors. You come for the animals. You come to see the curious shapes soft proteins can take, to impress yourself with their reality, and to greet them.

You walk among clattering four-foot marine iguanas heaped on the shore lava, and on each other, like slag. You swim with penguins; you watch flightless cormorants dance beside you, ignoring you, waving the black nubs of their useless wings. Here are nesting blue-footed boobies, real birds with real feathers, whose legs and feet are nevertheless patently fake, manufactured by Mattel. The tortoises you touch are as big as stoves. The enormous land iguanas at

Annie Dillard, a contributing editor of Harper's, *is the author of* Pilgrim at Tinker Creek *(Harper's Magazine Press).*



The rarest gift of all is the one that improves with age.

Few gifts grow old gracefully. A classic exception is a Parker 75 soft tip pen in precious metal. Here is a gift that actually grows more beautiful the more it is handled. And because it's refillable, its usefulness continues through the years. Appreciated today and cherished tomorrow. Parker gift pens and sets from $5 to $500.

PARKER 75

A gift of immediate and lasting value.

©1975 The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, U.S.A.

35,139 retired people depend on pension checks from Bethlehem Steel



Bob Jenkins's monthly pension check from Bethlehem Steel will arrive as regular as clockwork. Bob owns his home in Bethlehem, Pa. He's a Trustee of his church, and a member of the Elks. Bob expects "to travel more than I've been able to, visit my two married daughters and their families, and do a lot more of my favorite hobby—bowling."

Bob Jenkins is one of them

Bob Jenkins started at our Bethlehem, Pa., steel plant as a chipper in the billet yards.

When Bob decided last September to retire, he'd advanced to temporary foreman. He was a valuable member of our work force for forty years.

Now Bob's a member of another Bethlehem Steel "family"—our *retirement* family. It's 35,139 members strong at this writing and growing every year. In 1974, for example, 3,521 Bethlehem employees retired and are now receiving their monthly pension checks.

Bethlehem's pension plan was established in 1923 and has been expanded and improved many times since then. In the past 52 years, over $782,000,000 has been paid to more than 66,500 pensioners. In 1974, our payments to pensioners totaled more than $105,000,000, including monthly payments made to almost 2,400 co-pensioners and surviving spouses.

In simple terms, the American Dream is to work at the job of your choice, retire, and be financially independent to live in comfort and dignity. Private pension plans, such as Bethlehem's, help to make that dream come true.

Bethlehem BETHLEHEM STEEL

ur feet change color in the sunlight, from gold blotchy red as you watch.

There is always some creature going about its autiful business. I missed the boat back to my ip, and was left behind momentarily on uninbited South Plaza Island because I was watch- the Audubon's shearwaters. These dark pegic birds flick along pleated seas in stitching cks, flailing their wings rapidly—because if ey don't, they'll stall. A shearwater must fly st, or not at all. Consequently it has evolved o nice behaviors which serve to bring it into nest alive. The nest is a shearwater-sized hole the lava cliff. The shearwater circles over the ter, ranging out from the nest a quarter of a le, and veers gradually toward the cliff, mak- passes at its nest. If the flight angle is prely right, the bird will fold its wings at the le's entrance and stall directly onto its floor. e angle is perhaps seldom right, however; one earwater I watched made a dozen suicidalking passes before it vanished into a chink. e other, alternative, behavior is spectacular. involves choosing the nest hole in a site below prominent rock with a downward-angled face. e shearwater comes careering in full tilt, claps wings, stalls itself into the rock, and the rock, ing as a backboard, banks it home.

The animals are tame. They have not been rsecuted, and show no fear of man. You pass ong them as though you were wind, spindrift, light, leaves. The songbirds are tame. On od Island I sat beside a nesting waved albass while a mockingbird scratched in my hair, other mockingbird jabbed at my fingernail, d a third mockingbird made an exquisite proession of pokes at my bare feet up the long ies of eyelets in my basketball shoes. The rine iguanas are tame. One settler, Carl Anmeyer, built his house on the site of a marine ana colony. The gray iguanas, instead of ving out, moved up on the roof, which is rugated steel. Twice daily on the patio, Anmeyer feeds them a mixture of boiled rice l tuna fish from a plastic basin. Their names all, unaccountably, Annie. Angermeyer beats the basin with a long-handled spoon, calling re AnnieAnnieAnnieAnnie—and the spiny otiles, fifty or sixty strong, click along the steel f, finger their way down the lava boulder and rtar walls, and swarm round his bare legs to ow into the basin and be elbowed out again eared with a mash of boiled rice on their bels and on their protuberant, black, plated lips.

The wild hawk is tame. The Galápagos hawk elated to North America's Swainson's hawk; ave read that, if you take pains, you can walk and pat it. I never tried. We people don't lk up and pat each other; enough is enough. e animals' critical distance and mine tended coincide, so we could enjoy an easy sociability hout threat of violence or unwonted intimacy. The hawk, which is not notably sociable, nevertheless endures even a blundering approach, and is apparently as content to perch on a scrub tree at your shoulder as anyplace else.

In the Galápagos, even the flies are tame. Although most of the land is Ecuadorian national park, and as such rigidly protected, I confess I gave the evolutionary ball an offsides shove by dispatching every fly that bit me, marveling the while at its pristine ignorance, its blithe failure to register a flight trigger at the sweep of my descending hand—an insouciance that was almost, but not quite, disarming. After you kill a fly, you pick it up and feed it to a lava lizard, a bright-throated four-inch creature that scavenges everywhere in the arid lowlands. And you walk on, passing among the innocent mobs on every rock hillside; or you sit, and they come to you.

"The animals have not been persecuted, and show no fear of man. You pass among them as though you were wind, spindrift, sunlight, leaves."

WE ARE STRANGERS and sojourners, soft dots on the rocks. You have walked along the strand and seen where birds have landed, walked, and flown; their tracks begin in sand, and go, and suddenly end. Our tracks do that: but we go down. And stay down. While we're here, during the seasons our tents are pitched in the light, we pass among each other crying "greetings" in a thousand tongues, and "welcome," and "goodbye." Inhabitants of uncrowded colonies tend to offer the stranger famously warm hospitality—and such are the Galápagos sea lions. Theirs is the greeting the first creatures must have given Adam—a hero's welcome, a universal and undeserved huzzah. Go, and be greeted by sea lions.

I was sitting under a ledge of pewter cloud with Soames Summerhays, the ship's naturalist, on a sand beach under cliffs on uninhabited Hood Island. The white beach was a havoc of lava boulders black as clinkers, sleek with spray, and lambent as brass in the sinking sun. To our left a dozen sea lions were body-surfing in the long green combers that rose, translucent, half a mile offshore. When the combers broke, the shoreline boulders rolled. I could feel the roar in the rough rock on which I sat; I could hear the grate inside each long backsweeping sea, the rumble of a rolled million rocks muffled in splashes and the seethe before the next wave's heave.

To our right, a sea lion slipped from the ocean. It was a young bull; in another few years he would be more dangerous, bellowing at intruders and biting off great dirty chunks of the ones he catches. Now this young bull, which weighed maybe 120 pounds, sprawled silhouetted in the late light, slick as a drop of quicksilver, his glistening whiskers radii of gold like any crown. He hauled his packed bulk toward us up the long beach; he flung himself with an

enormous surge of fur-clad muscle onto the boulder where I sat. "Soames," I said—very quietly—"he's here because *we're* here, isn't he?" The naturalist nodded. I felt water drip on my elbow behind me, then the fragile scrape of whiskers, and finally the wet warmth and weight of a muzzle, as the creature settled to sleep on my arm. I was catching on to sea lions.

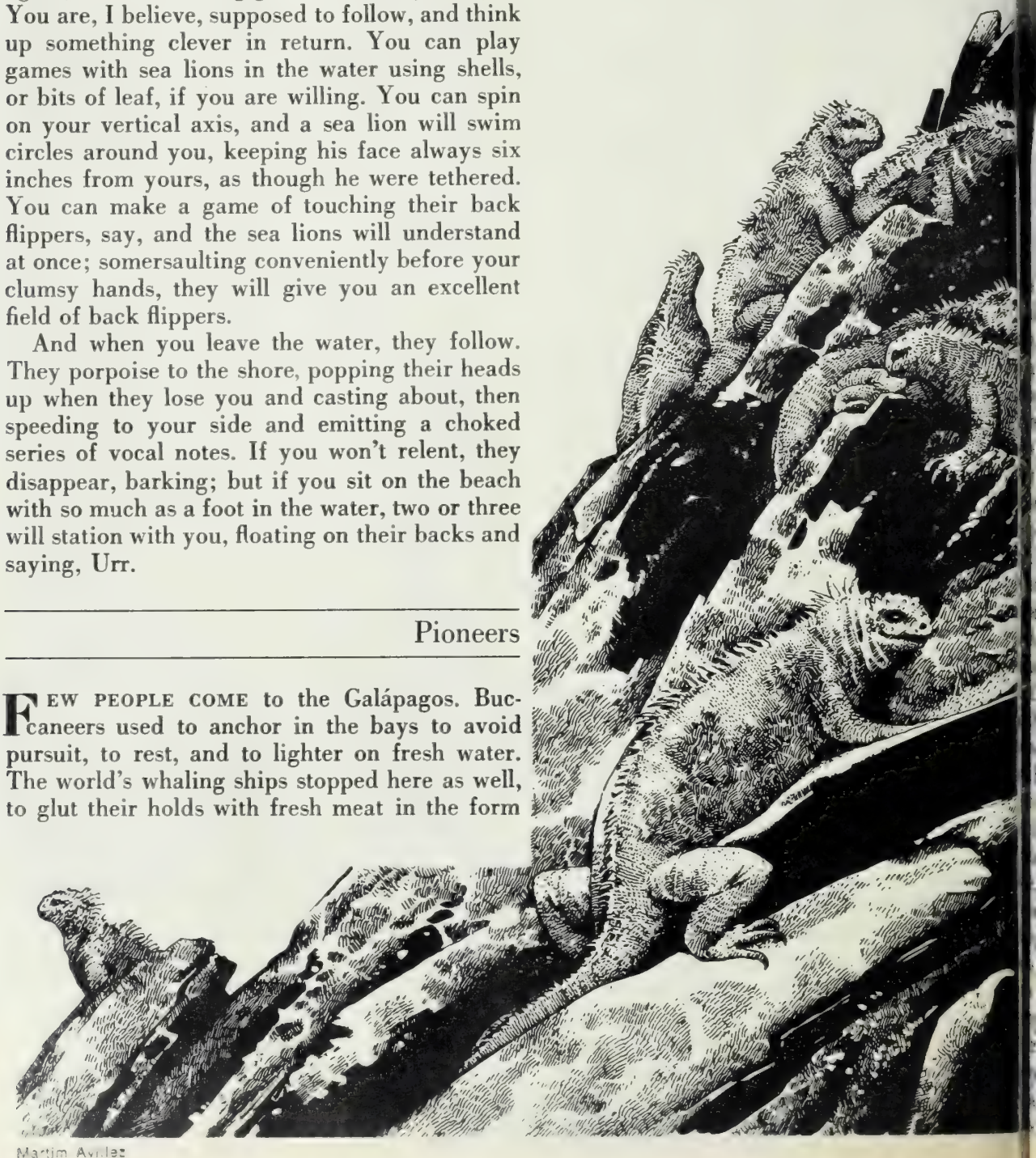
Walk into the water. Instantly sea lions surround you, even if none has been in sight. To say that they come to play with you is not especially anthropomorphic. Animals play. The bull sea lions are off patrolling their territorial shores; these are the cows and young, which range freely. A five-foot sea lion peers intently into your face, then urges her muzzle gently against your underwater mask and searches your eyes without blinking. Next she rolls upside down and slides along the length of your floating body, rolls again, and casts a long glance back at your eyes. You are, I believe, supposed to follow, and think up something clever in return. You can play games with sea lions in the water using shells, or bits of leaf, if you are willing. You can spin on your vertical axis, and a sea lion will swim circles around you, keeping his face always six inches from yours, as though he were tethered. You can make a game of touching their back flippers, say, and the sea lions will understand at once; somersaulting conveniently before your clumsy hands, they will give you an excellent field of back flippers.

And when you leave the water, they follow. They porpoise to the shore, popping their heads up when they lose you and casting about, then speeding to your side and emitting a choked series of vocal notes. If you won't relent, they disappear, barking; but if you sit on the beach with so much as a foot in the water, two or three will station with you, floating on their backs and saying, Urr.

Pioneers

FEW PEOPLE COME to the Galápagos. Buccaneers used to anchor in the bays to avoid pursuit, to rest, and to lighter on fresh water. The world's whaling ships stopped here as well, to glut their holds with fresh meat in the form of giant tortoises. The whalers used to let h tortoises bang around on deck for a few day t empty their guts; then they stacked them be on their backs to live—if you call that livin without food or water for a year.

Early inhabitants in the islands were a dei cated assortment of grouches, cranks, and sh deserters. These hardies shot, enslaved, and si soned each other off, leaving behind a fec gang of feral goats, cats, dogs, and pigs wh descendants skulk in the sloping jungles n take their tortoise hatchlings neat. Now sc tists at the Charles Darwin Research Station the island of Santa Cruz, rear the tortoise ha lings for several years until their shells are to enough to resist the crunch; then they rel them in the wilds of their respective isla



Martim Avillez



ne few thousand people live on three of the nds; settlers from Ecuador, Norway, Ger- ny, and France make a livestock or pineapple ng from the rich volcanic soils. The settlers mselves seem to embody a high degree of rteous and conscious humanity, perhaps be- se of their relative isolation.

On the island of Santa Cruz, eleven fellow sengers and I climb into an open truck and np for an hour up the Galápagos's only long d to visit Alf Kastdalen. Where the road's ent ends, native villagers leave their muddy cer game to provide horses, burros, and mules ch bear us lurching up a jungle path to a untain clearing, to the isolate Kastdalen farm. Alf Kastdalen came to the islands as a child h his immigrant parents from Norway. Now road, blond man in his late forties, he lives h his mother and his Ecuadorian wife and r children in a solitary house of finished tim- s imported from the mainland, on 400 acres claimed from the jungle by hand. He raises le. He walks us round part of his farm, smil- expansively and meeting our chatter with a ing, open gaze and kind words. The pasture ks like any pasture—but the rocks under the s are round lava, the copses are a tangle of ny bamboo and bromeliads, and the border- trees dripping in epiphytes are breadfruit, aya, avocado, and orange.

Kastdalen's house is heaped with books in e languages. He knows animal husbandry; he also knows botany and zoology. He feeds us soup, chicken worth chewing for, green naranjilla juice, noodles, pork in big chunks, marinated mixed vegetables, rice, and bowl after bowl of bright mixed fruits.

And his white-haired Norwegian mother sees us off; our beasts are ready. We will ride down the mud forest track to the truck at the Ecuadorian settlement, down the long, long road to the boat, and across the bay to the ship. I lean down to catch her words. She is gazing at me with enormous warmth. "Your hair," she says softly. I am blonde. Adios.

"You come for the animals. You come to see the curious shapes soft proteins can take, to impress yourself with their reality, and to greet them."

II

CHARLES DARWIN came to the Galápagos in 1835, on the *Beagle;* he was twenty-six. He threw the marine iguanas as far as he could into the water; he rode the tortoises and sampled their meat. He noticed that the tortoise's carapaces varied wildly from island to island; so also did the forms of various mockingbirds. He made collections. Nine years later he wrote in a letter, "I am almost convinced (quite contrary to the opinion I started with) that species are not (it is like confessing a murder) immutable." In 1859 he published *On the Origin of Species,* and in 1871 *The Descent of Man.* It is fashionable now to disparage Darwin's originality; not even the surliest of his detractors, however, faults his painstaking methods or denies his impact.

Darwinism today is more properly called neo-Darwinism. It is organic evolutionary theory informed by the spate of new data from modern genetics, molecular biology, paleobiology—from the new wave of the biologic revolution which spread after Darwin's announcement like a tsunami. The data are not all in. Crucial first appearances of major invertebrate groups are missing from the fossil record—but these early forms, sometimes modified larvae, tended to be fragile either by virtue of their actual malleability or by virtue of their scarcity and rapid variation into "hardened," successful forms. Lack of proof in this direction doesn't worry scientists. What neo-Darwinism seriously lacks, however, is a precise description of the actual mechanism of mutation in the chromosomal nucleotides.

In the larger sense, neo-Darwinism also lacks, for many, sheer plausibility. The triplet splendors of random mutation, natural selection, and Mendelian inheritance are neither energies nor gods; the words merely describe a gibbering tumult of materials. Many things are unexplained, many discrepancies unaccounted for. Appending a very modified neo-Lamarckism to Darwinism would solve many problems—and create new ones. Neo-Lamarckism holds, without any proof, that certain useful acquired characteristics may be inherited. Read C. H. Waddington, *The Strategy of the Genes,* and Arthur

Koestler, *The Ghost in the Machine*. The Lamarckism/Darwinism issue is not only complex, hinging perhaps on whether DNA can be copied from RNA, but also emotionally and politically hot. The upshot of it all is that while a form of Lamarckism recently held sway in Russia, neo-Darwinism is supreme in the West, and its basic assumptions, though variously modified, are not overthrown.

Fundamentalist Christians, of course, still reject Darwinism because it conflicts with the creation account in Genesis. Fundamentalist Christians have a very bad press. Ill-feeling surfaces when, from time to time in small Southern towns, they object again to the public schools' teaching evolutionary theory. Tragically, these people feel they have to make a choice between the Bible and modern science. They live and work in the same world we do, and know the derision they face from people whose areas of ignorance are perhaps different, who dismantled their mangers when they moved to town and threw out the baby with the straw.

Even less appealing in their response to the new evolutionary picture were, and are, the social Darwinists. Social Darwinists seized Herbert Spencer's phrase "the survival of the fittest," applied it to capitalism, and used it to sanction ruthless and corrupt business practices. A social Darwinist is unlikely to identify himself by the term; social Darwinism is, as the saying goes, not a religion but a way of life. A modern social Darwinist wrote the slogan "If you're so smart, why ain't you rich?" The notion still obtains, I believe, wherever people seek power: that the race is to the swift, that everybody is *in* the race, with varying and merited degrees of success or failure, and that reward is its own virtue.

Philosophy reacted to Darwin with unaccustomed good cheer. William Paley's fixed and harmonious universe was gone, and with it its meticulous watchmaker god. Nobody mourned. Instead, philosophy shrugged and turned its attention from first and final causes to analysis of certain values here in time. "Faith in progress," the man-in-the-street philosophy, collapsed in two world wars. Philosophers were more guarded; pragmatically, they held a very refined "faith in process"—which, it would seem, could hardly lose. Christian thinkers, too, outside of Fundamentalism, examined with fresh eyes the world's burgeoning change. Some Protestants, taking their cue from Whitehead, posited a dynamic god who lives alongside the universe, himself charged and changed by the process of becoming. The Catholic Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, a paleontologist, examined the evolution of species itself, and discovered in that flow a surge toward complexity and consciousness, a free ascent capped with man and propelled from within and attracted from without by god, the holy freedom and awareness that is creat beginning and end. And so forth. Like torto like languages, ideas evolve. And they ev as Arthur Koestler suggests, not from hard final forms, but from the softest plasmic g in a cell's heart, in the nub of a word's roo the supple flux of an open mind.

Darwin gave us time. Before Darwin Huxley, Wallace, et al.) there was in the n teenth century what must have been a fairly settling period in which people knew about sils of extinct species, but did not yet know a organic evolution. They thought the fossils litter from a series of past creations. At any for many, this creation, the world as we k it, had begun in 4004 B.C., a date set by Irish Archbishop James Ussher in the se teenth century. We were all crouched in a s room against the comforting back wall, awa the millennium which had been gathering petus since Adam and Eve. Up there was a verse, and down here would be a small str man come and gone, created, taught, redee and gathered up in a bright twinkling, li sprinkling of confetti torn from colored pa tossed from windows, and swept from the st by morning.

The Darwinian revolution knocked out back wall, revealing eerie lighted landscape far back as we can see. Almost at once, A Einstein and astronomers with reflector scopes and radio telescopes knocked out other walls and the ceiling, leaving us sunlit posed, and drifting—leaving us puckers, a evolving puckers, on the inbound curve of sp time.

III

IT ALL BEGAN in the Galápagos, with these ches. The finches in the Galápagos are ca Darwin's finches; they are everywhere in th lands, sparrowlike, and almost identical bu their differing beaks. At first Darwin sca noticed their importance. But by 1839, whe revised his journal of the *Beagle* voyage added a crucial sentence about the fin beaks: "Seeing this gradation and diversit structure in one small, intimately related g of birds, one might really fancy that fro original paucity of birds in this archipe one species had been taken and modified different ends." And so it was.

The finches come when called. I don't k why it works, but it does. Scientists in the G pagos have passed down the call: you say ps psssssh psssssh psssssh psssssh until you run of breath; then you say it again until the is runs out of birds. You stand on a flat of by a shallow lagoon rimmed in mangrove th ets and call the birds right out of the sk works anywhere, from island to island.

Once, on the island of James, I was stan



pped against a leafless palo santo tree on a
iiarid inland slope when the naturalist called
birds.

'rom other leafless palo santo trees flew the
ow warblers, speckling the air with bright
nced sun. Gray mockingbirds came running.
l from the green prickly pear cactus, from
thorny acacias, sere grasses, bracken, and
ızanilla, from the loose black lava, the bare
t, the fern-hung mouths of caverns or the
; of sunlit logs—came the finches. They fell
rom every direction like colored bits in a
ıing kaleidoscope. They circled and homed to
rtex, like a whirlwind of chips, like draining
er. The tree on which I leaned was the vor-
A dry series of puffs hit my cheeks. Then a
gh pulse from the tree's thin trunk met my
d and rang up my arm—and another, and
ther. The tree trunk agitated against my
n like a captured cricket: I looked up. The
ting birds were rocking the tree. It was an
earing act: before there were barren
ıches; now there were birds like leaves.

arwin's finches are not brightly colored; they
black, gray, brown, or faintly olive. Their
es are even duller: the large ground finch,
medium ground finch, the small ground
ı; the large insectivorous tree finch; the
tarian tree finch; the cactus ground finch,
so forth. But the beaks are interesting, and
beaks' origins even more so.

ome wield chunky parrot beaks modified for
king seeds. Some have slender warbler
s, short for nabbing insects, long for prob-
plants. One sports the long chisel beak of a
dpecker; it bores wood for insect grubs and
ı uses a twig or cactus spine, like a pickle
, when the grub won't dislodge. They have all
ved, fanwise, from one ancestral population.
ne finches evolved in isolation. So did every-
g else on earth. With the finches, you can
ıow it happened. The Galápagos Islands are
enough to the mainland that some strays
d hazard there; they are far enough away
those strays could evolve in isolation from
nt species. And the separate islands are near
gh to each other for further dispersal, fur-
isolation, and the eventual reassembling of
nct species. (In other words, finches blew to
Galápagos, blew to various islands, evolved
differing species, and blew back together
ı.) The tree finches and the ground finches,
woodpecker finch and the warbler finch,
ed into being on isolated rocks. The witless
ı sea shaped those beaks as surely as it
ed the beaches. Now on the finches in the
santo tree you see adaptive radiation's re-
, a fluorescent splay of horn. It is as though
rchipelago were an arpeggio, a rapid series
istinct but related notes. If the Galápagos
been one unified island, there would be one
note, one super-dull finch.

IV

NOW LET ME CARRY MATTERS to an imaginary, and impossible, extreme. If the earth were one unified island, a smooth ball, we would all be one species, a tremulous muck. The fact is that when you get down to this business of species formation, you eventually hit some form of reproductive isolation. Cells tend to fuse. Cells tend to engulf each other; primitive creatures tend to move in on each other and on us, to colonize, aggregate, blur. (Within species, individuals have evolved immune reactions, which help preserve individual integrity; you might reject my liver—or, someday, my brain.) As much of the world's energy seems to be devoted to keeping us apart as was directed to bringing us here in the first place. All sorts of different creatures can mate and produce fertile offspring: two species of snapdragon, for instance, or mallard and pintail ducks. But they don't. When you scratch the varying behaviors and conditions behind reproductive isolation, you find, ultimately, geographical isolation. Once the isolation has occurred, of course, forms harden out, enforcing reproductive isolation, so that snapdragons will never mate with pintail ducks.

Geography is the key, the crucial accident of birth. A piece of protein could be a snail, a sea lion, or a systems analyst, but it had to start somewhere. This is not science; it is metaphor. And the landscape in which the protein "starts" shapes its end as surely as bowls shape water.

We have all, as it were, blown back together like the finches, and it's hard to imagine the isolation from parent species in which we evolved. The frail beginnings of great phyla are lost in the crushed histories of cells. Now we see the embellishments of random chromosomal mutations selected by natural selection and preserved in geographically isolate gene pools as faits accomplis, as the differentiated fringe of brittle knobs that is life as we know it. The process is still going on, but there is no turning back. It happened, in the cells; geographical determination is not the cow-caught-in-a-crevice business I make it seem. I'm dealing in imagery, working toward a picture.

Geography is life's limiting factor. Speciation —life itself—is ultimately a matter of warm and cool currents, rich and bare soils, deserts and forests, fresh and salt waters, deltas and jungles and plains. Species arise in isolation. A plaster cast is as intricate as its mold; life is a gloss on geography. And if you dig your fists into the earth and crumble geography, you strike geology. Climate is the wind of the mineral earth's rondure, tilt, and orbit modified by local geological conditions. The Pacific Ocean, the Negev Desert, and the rain forest of Brazil are local geological conditions. So are the slow carp pools

"Like boys on dolphins, the continents ride their crustal plates. New lands shoulder up from the waves, and old lands buckle under. Change burgeons into change."



and splashing trout riffles of any backyard creek. It is all, God help us, a matter of rocks.

The rocks shape life like hands around swelling dough. In Virginia, the salamanders vary from mountain ridge to mountain ridge; so do the fiddle tunes the old men play. These are not merely anomalous details. This is what life is all about: salamanders, fiddle tunes, you and me and things, the split and burr of it all, the fizz into particulars. No mountains and one salamander, one fiddle tune, would be a lesser world. No continents, no fiddlers. The earth, without form, is void.

A bright snarl

THE MOUNTAINS are time's machines; in effect, they roll out protoplasm like printer's rollers pressing out news. But life is already part of the landscape, a limiting factor in space; life, too, shapes life. Geology's rocks and climate have already become Brazil's rain forest, yielding shocking bright birds. To say that all life is an interconnected membrane, a weft of linkages like chain mail, is truism. But in this case, too, the Galápagos Islands afford a clear picture.

On Santa Cruz Island, for instance, the saddleback carapaces of tortoises enable them to stretch high and reach the succulent pads of prickly pear cactus. But the prickly pear cactus on that island, and on other tortoise islands, has evolved a tall treelike habit; those lower pads get harder to come by. Without limiting factors, the two populations could stretch right into the stratosphere.

Ça va. It goes on everywhere, tit for tat, action and reaction, triggers and inhibitors ascending in a spiral like spatting butterflies. Within life, we are pushing each other around. How many animal forms have evolved just so because there are, for instance, trees? We pass the nitrogen around, and other vital gases; we feed and nest, plucking this and that and planting seeds. The protoplasm responds, nudged and nudging, bearing the news.

And the rocks themselves shall be moved. The rocks themselves are not pure necessity, given, like vast, complex molds around which the rest of us swirl. They heave to their own necessities, to stirrings and prickings from within and without.

The mountains are no more fixed than the stars. Granite, for example, contains much oxygen and is relatively light. It "floats." When granite forms under the earth's crust, great chunks of it bob up, I read somewhere, like dumplings. The continents themselves are beautiful pea-green boats. The Galápagos archipelago as a whole is surfing toward Ecuador; South America is sliding toward the Galápagos; North America, too, is sailing westward. We're on floating islands, shaky ground.

So the rocks shape life, and then life sh life, and the rocks are moving. The comp picture needs one more element: life shape rocks.

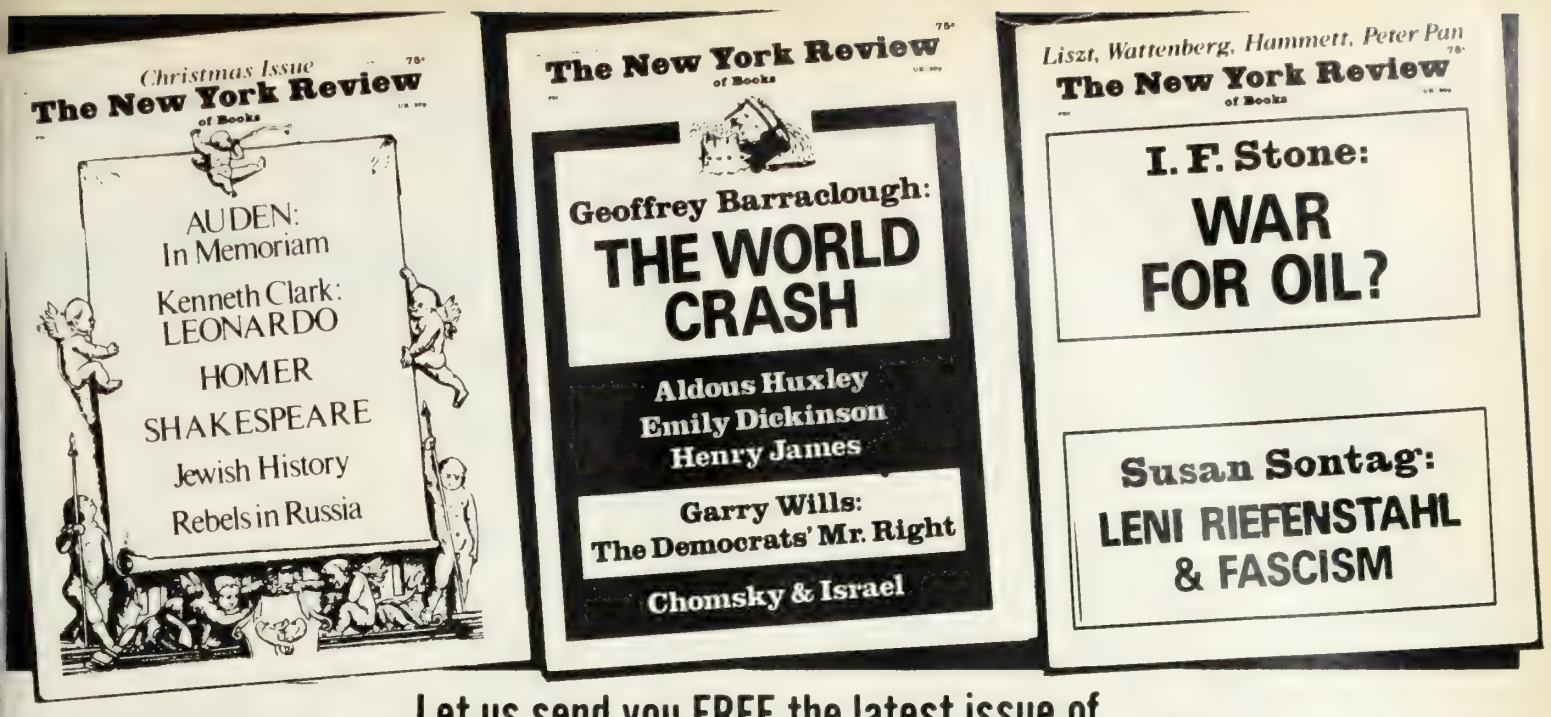
Life is more than a live green scum on a pool, a shimmering scurf like slime mol rock. Look at the planet. Everywhere free twines its way around necessity, inventing strings of occasions, lassoing time and pu it through its varied and spirited paces. E where live things lash at the rocks. Softne vulnerable, but it has a will; tube worms and coral atolls rise. Lichens in delicate l are chewing the granite mountains; fores serried ranks trammel the hills. Man has freedom than other live things; anti-entropic he batters a bigger dent in the given, dam the rivers, planting the plains, drawing ir mind's eye dotted lines between the stars.

THE OLD ARK's a moverin'. Each live t wags its home waters, rumples the turf arranges the air. The rocks press out p plasm; the protoplasm pummels the rock could be that this is the one world, and world a bright snarl.

Like boys on dolphins, the continents their crustal plates. New lands shoulder up the waves, and old lands buckle under. The landscapes heave; change burgeons into cha Gray granite bobs up, red clay compresses, low sandstone tilts, surging in forests, inc by streams. The mountains tremble, the ice back and forth, and the protoplasm furl shock waves, up the rock valleys and d ramifying possibilities, riddling the mount Life and the rocks, like spirit and matter, a fringed matrix, lapped and lapping, clas and held. It is like hand washing hand. It is hand washing hand and the whole tumult hu The planet spins, rapt inside its intricate n The galaxy is a flung thing, loose in the n and our solar system is one of its many d campfires ringed with tossed rocks. What we sing?

What shall we sing, while the fire burns d We can sing only specifics, time's rambling t the places we have seen, the faces we known. I will sing you the Galápagos Isl the sea lions soft on the rocks. It's all still pening there, in real light, the cool current welling, the finches falling on the wind, shearwaters looping the waves. I could go l or I could go on; or I could sit down, like K Khan:

Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.



Let us send you FREE the latest issue of

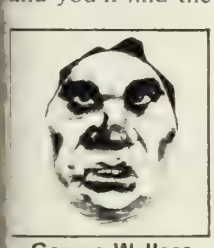
THE REVIEW EVERYONE IS TALKING ABOUT

PLUS an Introductory Subscription (at our risk) — so that you can see what all the fuss is about.

What makes *The New York Review* so different from any other magazine in America? Why has it been called "*...the best general review of books and human affairs to appear in this country in at least a generation*" (Henry David Aiken, Brandeis University)?

And why is the *Review* so often the source of the new ideas that become the center of discussion in the worlds of literature, art, politics, science, history, psychology, music, education?

Look at some of the articles and reviews enjoyed by over 100,000 readers in recent issues of *The New York Review* and you'll find the answers....



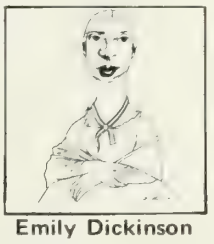
George Wallace

"Make way for the leading contender!" George Wallace announced recently. Garry Wills analyzes the dilemmas of the Democratic politicians and why they are now flocking around Wallace—in spite of all we hear about the "new" Democratic party. "American politics," he writes, "are the South's revenge for the Civil War."

Are we heading into a world economic crash likely to be even more severe than that of 1929? Distinguished historian Geoffrey Barraclough, whose *New York Review* article on The Coming Depression aroused so much discussion last year, sees the twin issues of food and energy as dangerously misunderstood because their history is ignored. Unlike other doomsayers, however, he suggests how the world's resources can support a population many times larger than now and outlines the changes needed if a crash is to be avoided.

The drawings are by noted artist David Levine, whose literary caricatures are a feature of The New York Review.

"Emily Dickinson was a reticent woman with a habit of passionate attachment to married men," writes Irwin Ehrenpreis. In his moving review of the new two volume *Life of Emily Dickinson*, he examines the paradox of this most sheltered and withdrawn of women whose poetry is marked "by constant acquaintance with the most profound experience."



Emily Dickinson



Sigmund Freud

Is anatomy destiny? Christopher Lasch reviews three new books on psychoanalysis and women and not only discusses the "revisionist" attacks on Freud, but tells us what Freud actually said about women, his psychoanalytic theory of womanhood, and, in doing so, recaptures for us the continuing power of his work.

Every two weeks *The New York Review of Books* publishes criticism by writers and scholars who are themselves a major force in world literature and thought—Mary McCarthy, Erik Erikson, Elizabeth Hardwick, Robert Coles, Garry Wills, Alfred Kazin, Carlos Fuentes, Hannah Arendt, and Lewis Mumford. "*Reading The New York Review,*" one professor writes, "*is my idea of what going to a brilliant, small university should be.*"

And even that is not all! *The New York Review* is one step ahead of what's happening—publishing major studies which have helped to reorient discussion and thinking on the great questions of our time: I. F. Stone's 1965 article on *Vietnam: An Exercise in Self Delusion...* Hannah Arendt's thoughtful *Reflections on Violence* in 1969... Daniel Ellsberg's 1971 report on *Murder in Laos—What Nixon Is Up To,* and I. F. Stone's June 1973 article on impeachment, the first major study of this question to appear in any U.S. magazine.

Is it any wonder that in this age of screaming media—TV, radio, multi-million copy magazines—*The New York Review* with just over 100,000 circulation has become the most discussed intellectual journal in the country?

A Free Copy of the Latest Issue and a Firm No-Risk Invitation

Why not see for yourself what all the shouting is about? We feel you will enjoy reading *The New York Review of Books*—but we think you should decide at our risk, not yours. Therefore, we will send you the most recent issue *entirely free of charge*—and reserve for you a Trial Subscription for a full year (22 issues) at the money-saving price of only $12.50 with this guarantee: *that you can receive a full refund (not partial) of the entire subscription fee at any time—even after receiving a full year's issues.* Why not take advantage of this unusual invitation now?

The Latest Issue FREE—And A Year's Subscription—at Our Risk

The New York Review of Books
P.O. Box 1162,
Ansonia Station, N.Y. 10023

Please send me the latest issue without charge and enter my subscription for a year (22 issues) at only $12.50 (a saving of $4.00 from the single-copy price). I understand that I can cancel at any time—even after a full year—and receive a full (not partial) refund of the entire fee, with no charge for issues received.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

☐ Send bill ☐ $12.50 enclosed. Please add an extra month to my subscription for saving bookkeeping costs. Same refund guarantee.

H751

Spencer Brown

HUNTERS UNLIMITED

A sporting proposition

THE ORGANIZATION called Ducks Unlimited, a sporting magazine tells us, has funneled over $30 million into Canada to increase the number of ducks migrating down the Mississippi. The same magazine goes on to hope that "millions of sportsmen will acquaint millions of non-sportsmen with the importance of hunting and fishing to conservation." These stirring words have moved me to seek general support for a project called Hunters Unlimited.

In the Hawaiian archipelago there is one island never visited by tourists. It is Kahoolawe, about ten miles long and five miles wide, situated a few miles southwest of Maui. Like all the other Hawaiian islands, it is mountainous, rising to 1,477 feet above sea level; not really green, it seems to possess a rugged beauty; since it is without fresh water, it has always been uninhabited. During and ever since World War II it has been used as a target area by the Navy and Air Force and is now covered with live explosives. In consonance with the principle of multiple use of public lands, I propose that Kahoolawe serve as a location for Hunters Unlimited—only the first, let us hope, of many such parks.

Arrangements would be simple: once a week a boat would ferry hunters and their equipment from Maui and take off any survivors able to get to the landing. The Navy and Air Force, naturally, would refrain from target practice, and the hunters observe a cease-fire, for the necessary hours. Most hunters, coming from the mainland, would have had to fly to Honolulu Airport, and then to Kahului, on the island of Maui, whence a shuttle bus service would transport them to the ferry at Maalaea Bay. It might become profitable to enlarge the airport at Kahului to accommodate full-size jets, so that a hunter could have breakfast in Los Angeles, fly direct, and be ferried to the hunting grounds by midday. Airlines might well offer a round-trip passage for the price of a one-way fare. So few sportsmen could take advantage of the return flight that the financial loss would be negligible.

It will be clear to all that the selection of Kahoolawe is based on merits beyond those of mere terrain. Of course, the lack of water a edible game or vegetation will make survi difficult, so that a successful hunter can leg mately boast of his prowess. The insular lo tion is desirable not only because there can no "hunting accidents" or injury to an in cent outsider but also because the game can get away: if a swimmer could conquer the c rents and seas that make Alalakeiki Channe severe test for boats, he could not escape sharks. And Kahoolawe is no ordinary isla unexploded bombs, shells, and rockets of zestful perils in addition to those of the hunt self—every step presents a problem, and hunter must be ceaselessly vigilant.

As to rules and regulations, I favor the utm simplicity. I would let a hunter bring anythi he can carry—from tommy guns or steel tra to snooperscopes or flares for night work. already must be burdened with enough food a water for at least a week (even with porta desalting equipment he can rarely dare to pose himself enough to get water from ocean). The experienced hunter will not bri too much; he will try to travel light and the fore fast. And as for the Navy and Air Force aside from any ordinary difficulty in enlisti their cooperation—it is not even necessary curtail their target practice. From the beach Kihei I have watched the night-firing; not m than a round per minute lands on Kahoola Obviously this rate of shelling can hardly sa rate fifty square miles. It would do no m than add piquancy to what is after all—desp its essentially serious nature—a game. Can imagine golf without sand traps?

In fairness, I should mention an oppos view. This school of thought would ban, for ample, all automatic weapons, steel traps, sh guns, crossbows, and hand grenades. It wo permit only rifles, longbows, revolvers, a knives. But hiring game wardens would be most impossibly expensive. Hence, any enfor ment would be minimal or token. There is, mittedly, a strong argument for this view. Ru without enforcement would continue a traditi of present-day hunting but on a heroic scale:

Spencer Brown is a poet and retired principal of the Fieldston School in New York City.

Seven vacations or the price of one.













n you vacation in beautiful Nova Scotia, you get more
n then you bargained for.
ourse, you get all the things we're famous for.
our incredibly l-o-n-g coastline, all the friendly people you
ake hands with, and a history lesson on practically every

ou also get a totally new kind of holiday. It's like seven
ns in one.
egin with, six of them take you through our countryside,
e they're thoughtfully-planned, carefully marked holiday
hat makes for great drives, interesting side trips and
s exploring.
day you'll roam the craggy mountainous hills of Cape
The next day you're on the beach near Peggy's Cove.
ts of time left to see the classic churches on the Evangeline
nd do a Scottish fling in Antigonish. Not to forget the golf
t water sport fishing that are waiting at our secluded resort

N.
comes the seventh part of your vacation. In our famous
es, Halifax and Dartmouth.
ood that's out-of-this-world, at prices that aren't. Swinging
hat swing until very very late. Handsome handicrafts.
us indoor-pooled hotels.
not send for your free Nova Scotia holiday kit right now.
of places can offer you a great vacation.
many can offer you seven?



NOVA SCOTIA

Couldn't you use a little now?

information about this beautiful part of Atlantic Canada, write to one of our Nova Scotia Information Offices: 630 Fifth Avenue, Suite 3115, New York, N.Y.
ea Code 212-581-2420/616 Forest Avenue, Portland, Maine 04101, Call 772-6131, (other parts of New England call toll free 800-341-6709) P.O. Box 130,
Nova Scotia B3J 2M7

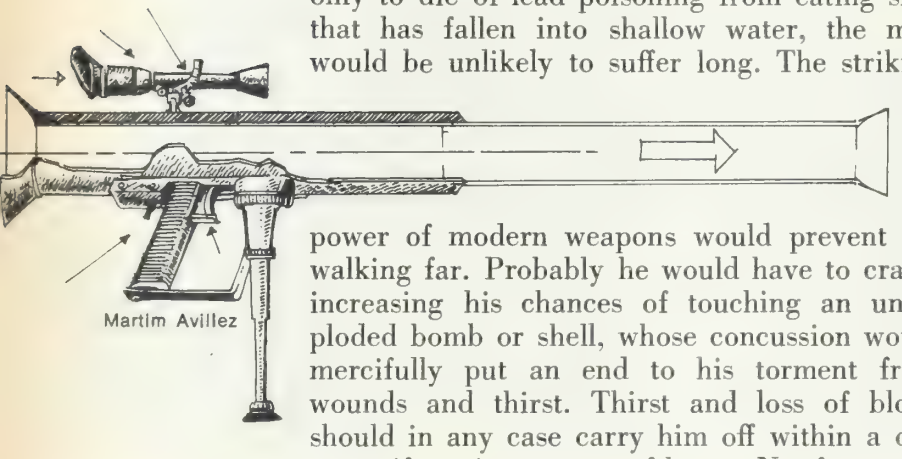
Spencer Brown

HUNTERS UNLIMITED

the thrill of slaughter is added the titillation of lawbreaking.

Some commentators otherwise wholly favorable to the project have urged even more stringent control. To make the hunt more sporting and more dependent on skill, they would permit only bow and arrow—and naturally the knife for close quarters. The bow does not betray its user's location to anyone 100 yards away, and it demands the practice and strength that a hunter ought to be willing to devote to his art. But here humane considerations arise. A good hunter likes a clean kill: it is repugnant to the sporting instinct to let a deer get away, wounded seriously but not yet fatally, with an arrow embedded in its belly.

Gunshot wounds, except for the most superficial, can cripple quickly if untended—as they would necessarily be in the ideal situation on Kahoolawe. Thus Hunters Unlimited is even less open to the charge of cruelty than present-day hunting. Unlike the maimed deer that drags itself in pain until a dog or coyote dares to finish it off, or the ducks that elude the gun-blast only to die of lead poisoning from eating shot that has fallen into shallow water, the man would be unlikely to suffer long. The striking



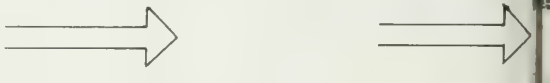
Martim Avillez

power of modern weapons would prevent his walking far. Probably he would have to crawl, increasing his chances of touching an unexploded bomb or shell, whose concussion would mercifully put an end to his torment from wounds and thirst. Thirst and loss of blood should in any case carry him off within a day or so, if not in a matter of hours. No, fortunately, the project need not be deferred out of sentimental considerations.

WITH RELATIVELY MINOR exceptions, such as the Eskimo, or very primitive people in milder climates, it is true that the human hunter kills for sport and not for food. But on Kahoolawe there may be a difference. The hunters will all be hungry (dehydrated foods, light to carry, demand too much water for use on this island). The availability of edible flesh will tempt the successful hunter to cannibalism. I for one cannot bring myself to a stern moral condemnation, since I can recognize genuine need, such as that of the Donner Party or the rugby team whose plane crashed in the Andes.

No doubt it offends tender feelings to contemplate the death of so many hunters. Yet we know from conservation literature, especially the conservation literature written by hunters, that the "harvesting" or "cropping" of a species is ultimately beneficial. Man kills off so many predators—wolves, tigers, mountain lions, and the like—that the victim species increase inordinately. Eventually the herds of deer, for example, overgraze their territory and succumb to the miseries of starvation, surely a worse fate than a clean bullet. Similarly, since man is no longer effectively threatened by any predator, it is incumbent upon all those interested in conservation and the welfare of the species to crop it of excessive numbers.

Most predators, however, take off the weak, the diseased, the old, those who cannot look forward to a long or successful life. Hunters Unlimited, it will be said, will kill off the young and the robust. Superficially, this is a valid objection. But, paradoxically, as the strong are cropped and the weak stay home and survive, the species is actually improved. For if we were to engage in the selective breeding of men (which all experts assure us would be an impossibly complex undertaking), we could hardly have a better goal than fostering intelligence and the sympathetic imagination which already seems bred into women. And of course these qualities would be most strengthened by weeding out the stupidity and indifference to suffering so characteristic of hunters.



Even to the individuals cropped, the project would be an authentic, though disguised, blessing. Consider—in contrast to their brief distress and quick relief by death on the island—the probable fate of these ostensibly strong and healthy victims. Before them would be, at mildest, some degenerative disease; more likely the crippling pain of arthritis, the terrifying and violent agony of coronary occlusion, or the long horrors of cancer. And, if all these are postponed, the ignominy of senile decay. No, the hunter's end is not only more exciting but more pleasant.

We may safely leave to the hunters themselves the methods by which the survivors attest their prowess. Simply asserting that one has gone to Kahoolawe and come back is hardly satisfactory. Some kind of trophy is desirable, but not a mere accessory, such as a belt or a shirt that some rich and mendacious braggart could buy in the black market. The taking of heads would be too cumbersome, interfering with the agility necessary for continued survival; the scalp or left ear would probably be inappropriate. Perhaps this question is one the National Rifle Association would like to adjudicate, since with worldwide acceptance of Hunters Unlimited it will have ample time and funds on hand, and no further need to engage in its familiar lobbying and propaganda.

I expect to be accused, in my advocacy

nters Unlimited, of seeking personal gain. is is slander. I stand ready to publish my ome-tax returns and a full listing of all of and my family's modest holdings. I have no res in sporting-goods companies, or in gun l ammunition manufacturing. I own no real ate on Hawaii and have no connection with airline. My sole motive, though I find it tact- to use conservation language for public re- ons, is to promote sport and the pleasure of rtsmen.

HUNTERS UNLIMITED (a tentative acronym would be HUN) goes beyond mere social alism. It is practical. With its self-liquidating sonnel it affords no scope for busybodies l job-seekers. It demands no tax moneys or olic subsidies—merely the permission to con- t to multiple use, without in any way dam- ng, land areas the government already pos- ses. The project is expensive, but the ex- ises are those that individual hunters have erfully borne in the past and will be pleased continue bearing in the future.

The project on Kahoolawe may be too lim- l in numbers? True enough. A steady influx

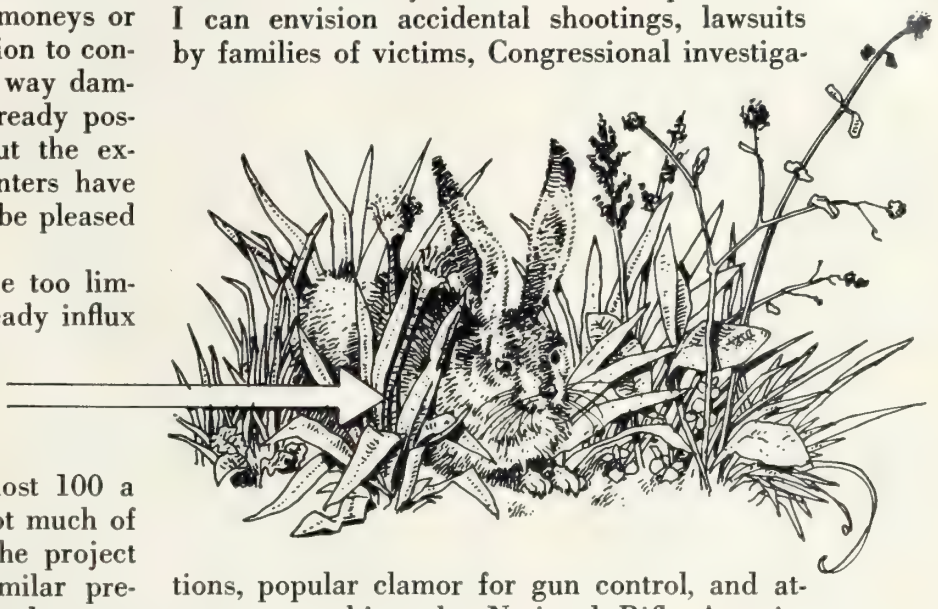


hunters would take care of at most 100 a k, and 5,000 hunters a year is not much of a ropping. But as the success of the project comes evident, we can set up similar pre- ves elsewhere, preferably on islands, even ugh few would have Kahoolawe's advantages. One fine possibility, though it is not an is- d, is Nellis Air Force Base in southern Ne- a. No nuclear explosions can be anticipated, ause of the nuclear test ban, but the Air ce conducts bombing and strafing runs, and ne live ammunition must still remain. There a few springs in the vast area, and the three four lakes are fortunately dry most of the r and at all times so alkaline as to be of e aid to survival. Of course hunters would e to be forcibly excluded from the adjoin- wild-sheep range—most likely by plane or icopter patrol.

Neighboring Las Vegas, with its first-class ort and splendid hotel facilities, would en- e the range to process as many as 1,000 ters a week. Hunters in Nevada ought to be foot, since only thus would they appreciate desert terrain. The helicopter patrol could, wever, be manned by other hunters for a k or so before they were placed on the und. They would naturally pay substantial- or the privilege, like present-day hunters for ar bear. And, like the polar-bear sportsmen, se could enjoy hovering over and "herding" hunters on the ground until the victims collapsed from exhaustion: then they could be shot from the helicopter or more sportingly, after landing and deplaning.

Either in the air or on the ground there would be more excitement than in shooting polar bears, since the quarry would be armed with rifle or automatic weapon. The hunted might conceivably wing the helicopter with a lucky shot, adding to the interest for both parties. Another attraction is the gambling casinos of Las Vegas, where hunters could try their luck as prelude to the supreme gamble in the desert.

I cannot agree with those who would open nearby Death Valley to hunters. The ordinary tourists and campers who frequent at least the roads of the valley would cause complications: I can envision accidental shootings, lawsuits by families of victims, Congressional investigations, popular clamor for gun control, and attempts to subject the National Rifle Association to licensing and red tape.



Other parts of the world will be quick to follow the United States. Certainly many promising areas are open in North Africa (especially the desert near El Alamein, with its shells remaining from World War II) and in central Asia. If we run out of appropriate islands, I would suggest the so-called Empty Quarter (Rub' al Khālī) of southern Arabia. Because of the intense heat there, death by dehydration and thirst would be conveniently quick. Ideal for shooting from helicopters with its unfailing sunshine and lack of cover, Rub' al Khālī is a Texas-size tract with a permanent population of zero. The most generous hunting project could not alter this, and would leave interesting and possibly useful plunder for the occasional Bedouin who dared cross those daunting sands.

Kahoolawe is only the beginning. But I predict that, as the projects develop, as hunters are cropped in steadily increasing numbers, as men and boys gradually learn from women's more sensitive perceptions the true nature of hunting and the proper destiny of every hunter, this harsh island will be forever enshrined in memory as the supreme happy hunting ground. □

"If we were to engage in the selective breeding of men, we could hardly have a better goal than weeding out the stupidity and indifference to suffering so characteristic of hunters."

BOOKS

WRONG TURNING

by A. J. P. Taylor

Meeting at Potsdam, by Charles L. Mee, Jr. M. Evans, $10.95.

IN FEBRUARY 1945 Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin—the leaders of the Grand Alliance against Hitlerite Germany—met at Yalta in the Crimea. The meeting was a success. For the first time something like relations of confidence were established between the three powers, relations that no doubt involved hard bargaining but also promised ultimate agreement. Indeed, the three leaders reached agreement at Yalta on almost every problem facing them. Germany was to be dismembered and to pay heavy reparations in kind; the Soviet-inspired government of Poland was to be recognized after it had recruited a few innocuous members; the three Great Powers, along with France and China, were to have a veto in the Security Council of the United Nations; and Soviet Russia would enter the war against Japan once the European war was over. Only two points remained unsettled: the precise amount of German reparations, and whether the western frontier of Poland should be on the Eastern or the Western Neisse. *Time* magazine reported: "All doubts about the Big Three's ability to cooperate in peace as well as in war seem to have been swept away."

The next meeting was held at Potsdam in July 1945 after Germany had been defeated and overrun by the Allied armies. The leading figures were not the same. President Roosevelt was dead, and Truman had taken his place. Winston Churchill lost a British general election during the conference and was replaced at its final sessions by Clement Attlee, the new Labor prime minister. Only Stalin was a fixture. It had been expected that Potsdam would merely complete the business left unfinished at Yalta and so prepare for a great peace conference like that at Paris in 1919. This expectation was not fulfilled. The agreements made at Yalta were challenged and repudiated. Issues long settled were reopened. By the end of the meeting the Allied unity of the second world war had been disrupted. The great peace conference was never held. Instead the way was opened for the Cold War.

The failure of the Potsdam meeting was a bitter moment in the history of mankind. The glittering prospects that had offered themselves as the war drew to a close were jettisoned for a generation. What went wrong? Many writers have mulled over the Potsdam record, most of them eager to pin the guilt on the statesman of some rival power, a few of them to pin it on their own. The writing of history has itself become part of the Cold War. Americans, loyally followed by the British, have accused Soviet Russia of seeking to promote international Communism. Russians have answered by discovering a ruthless American plan to establish economic control of the entire world under the guise of liberal democracy.

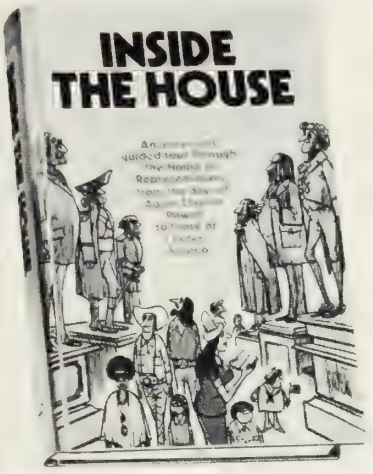
CHARLES MEE, the latest investigator, maneuvers to evade the problem by blaming everybody. The three leaders, it seems, deliberately set out to quarrel. "They perceived that they could enhance their power more certainly in a world of discord than of tranquility." Therefore "they took the stuff of historical forces, of natural international conflict, of differing political and economic ne
and shaped them into the stuff
casus belli." At the end of the b
Mee quotes Lyndon Johnson as
ing that war, whether hot or colc
what enables a President to assu
the maximum of power: "Roose
was never President . . . until the
came along." Similarly Truman
never President until he had his
and the same presumably applie
Stalin. Even Churchill receives
meed of discredit: "If he did
succeed in bringing America to
rescue of the British Empire, he
succeed in stirring up and exacer
ing suspicion and antagonism
tween America and Russia."
final sentence of the prologue rea
"How the three leaders rescued
cord from the threatening outbr
of peace is the story of this boo

We must take Charles Mee at
word and accept that this was
book he intended to write. He
not done so. After his introduct
dogmatizing, giving away the s
tion of the mystery in advance,
sits back and lets the story tell its
His book is an exercise in the fa
ionable art of instant history,
which every episode is hotted up
an anecdote. Those who like I-v
there books will like this one.
learn the color of Truman's bow
and the cut of his suit. Churchill c
not surprisingly, for whisky. St
appears, more surprisingly, smok
a cigar. Even on this basis the tr
ment is uneven. There is plenty
material about Truman, hence ple
of anecdotes. Indeed, there
enough anecdotes to be spread o
all the Americans present at Potsd
—or even those absent. Churchill
pears as an old ham actor who
no longer remember his lines,
the anecdotes about him are ta
from such questionable sources

A. J. P. Taylor, the British historian, is the author, most recently, of Beaverbrook *(Simon and Schuster).*

Discovery of the '70s...

The House of Representatives!



uddenly . . . last year . . . America dis-overed the House and found it fascinat-g and extremely important. Daniel Rapo-ort has known that all along. For 10 ears the House has been his beat and e knows it inside and out. *Inside the ouse* is his own personal guided tour . . . formative, critical, irreverent . . . and im-ensely readable.

an Rapoport is one of the best-informed porters ever to cover Capitol Hill—and is book proves it."

Paul Duke, Public Broadcasting System

At your bookseller $7.95

FOLLETT PUBLISHING COMPANY

VITAL SIGNS, U.S.A.

by **John Fischer**

former editor, Harper's Magazine

How some little-known experiments in community planning and action—often by ordinary citizens—are making American society work better. "A real achievement . . . Worth half of a library of 'texts' in government—and it is beautifully written."—*Peter Drucker*

$8.95 at bookstores

Harper & Row

10 E. 53rd St. New York 10022

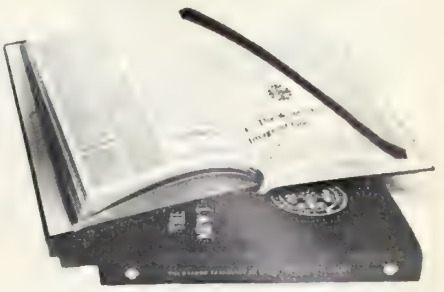
1817

Cadogan's diaries. On Attlee Charles Mee is just plain wrong. He thinks Attlee was somehow lower class when he was in fact high professional middle class with a public-school education. Stalin is treated as not much better than a monster. This is not surprising when the only source used for him is a book by an anti-Bolshevik, Adam Ulam. (Of course, this is largely Stalin's own fault for not allowing Russians to write books of anecdote about him.) No other Russian gets a look insofar as anecdotes go, and perhaps Molotov does not deserve any.

Certainly you can have lots of fun with history as anecdote, particularly when treating international conferences. The Congress of Vienna has been a fertile source of entertainment from the time it met until the present day, with Tsar Alexander I and Metternich sharing a mistress, to Castlereagh's annoyance. We can read about Bismarck stuffing shrimps into his mouth with one hand and cherries with the other at the Congress of Berlin. The Paris peace conference has hardly yet emerged from the flood of anecdotes surrounding it. Such treatment does not make us any wiser. A verbatim report of any discussion between a few men can be made to sound pretty silly with the interruptions and misunderstandings, the asides and the bad jokes that no sane man would laugh at. International conferences are not alone in this. We would get the same effect from company directors at a meeting or university professors at a faculty board. Yet such proceedings normally produce useful results which have rational explanations. The anecdotes get us nowhere.

BAD AS IT MAY BE for budding authors, the truth is that history does not write itself, any more than a block of stone turns itself into a statue without a sculptor to hack it about. The historian has to take his raw material, set it in a background, shape it into a pattern, and so produce an interpretation that makes sense. Charles Mee certainly imposed a pattern at the outset, as I have already described, though he does not bother much about it thereafter. His pattern is, in my opinion, far too rigid and indeed totally wrong. Did the three men at Potsdam really set out to wreck the proceedings and so

Revolutionary Codex II



THE DECODED NEW TESTAMENT

In the early Church the Gospel of Christ was communicated orally exactly as received in the authentic tradition of Jesus. The Gospel could not be reduced to writing because it was a *System* that regenerated the individual. *The System* was jealously guarded by its recipients to assure its original form. This secrecy resulted in the loss of the Gospel when the original Christians were martyred. Today, Christians confuse it with the written Gospel and believe that the Churches are instructing their followers in the true Gospel. This is not true.

***The System*, properly applied, extended long life, health, greater intelligence, psychic development and above all, Christ Consciousness and fellowship with God. The individual was able to transcend material existence and project himself into the cosmos by the intake of universal energies that illuminated his being.**

***THE DECODED NEW TESTAMENT* is the only authoritative explanation of the real teachings of Christ licensed by a sacred institution. Edited by Gene Savoy, America's eminent Bible scholar closely associated with the New Christianity, *The Lost System of Christ* emerges in brilliantly clear text for the first time in centuries. We are a secret underground Church that has surfaced after 17 years of work on the Codex. We would like to introduce you to our teachings through this revealing work which is causing a re-evaluation of traditional Christianity.**

order with coupon below

INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY OF CHRIST
100 NORTH ARLINGTON AVENUE
POST OFFICE BOX 3279 RENO, NEVADA 89505

Please send me _____ Decoded New Testament(s)
☐ Standard Unabridged Edition $39.50
☐ Deluxe Unabridged Edition $50.00
☐ Limited Parchment Edition $250.00
(All orders include confidential prospectus free)

Enclosed is my check for (U.S. tax deductible) $ _____

Mr. Name _____

Address _____

Please charge my ☐ Bank Americard ☐ Master Charge

My credit card number is _____

☐ Enclosed $5.00 for Confidential Prospectus on the Decoded New Testament and the Secret Church

Harper's Magazine subscriber service

affix Magazine Address Label here

CORRESPONDENCE

Please include your address label when writing about your subscription to help us serve you promptly. Write to: Harper's Magazine, Subscription Dept., 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS:

Please let us know you are moving at least five weeks in advance. Affix your magazine address label in space above and print new address below.

TO SUBSCRIBE: check boxes below.

☐ New ☐ Renewal
☐ 1 year $8.97 ☐ 3 years $17.94
☐ Payment enclosed. ☐ Bill me later.
(Add'l postage: $1.50 per year outside U.S., its possessions, Canada & Pan America)

name

address

city state zip code

New Macho?

It's become fashionable these days to think of masculinity as under attack. Magazines and talk shows purvey such notions as the New Impotence and the New Macho, and we naturally assume something's happened to traditional concepts of masculinity. Are they being retooled, as it were, to accommodate women's lib? Is Dustin Hoffman really the ideal New Man? Did we ever agree on what constituted masculinity in the first place? In a future issue of WRAPAROUND we hope to tackle this perplexing subject—"tackle" being the kind of figure of speech men like to use in such circumstances, although New Men might say "deal with"—and we'd like your help. Tell us what you think masculinity is all about. Feel free to be imaginative, but keep it short. Send all contributions to The Locker Room, WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, 2 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.



Thin, sensitive condoms designed for sexual pleasure available...privately by mail very attractive prices. Our large selection includes Trojan, the pre-shaped Contures, ultra-thin Jade and many more. All meet strict governmental standards of reliability.

Send just $3 for a sampler of 12 assorted leading condoms plus our illustrated catalogue or $6 for the famous deluxe sampler (eight different brands). Illustrated catalogue only, just 25¢. All orders shipped promptly in plain, tasteful package. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full. Write:

Population Planning, 105 N. Columbia St., Dept.HAZ-2, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

use your zip code

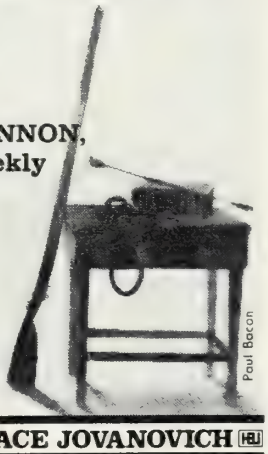
JESSAMYN WEST

The Massacre at Fall Creek

a novel

"The finest book she has written."
-BARBARA BANNON, Publishers Weekly

$8.95



HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH HBJ



A BIOGRAPHY of H. P. BLAVATSKY

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831-91)—first complete life of this extraordinary independent woman. Formidable intellectual, linguist, scholar, intrepid traveler, prodigious writer, pioneer in modern occultism—still a major influence and still controversial. Simultaneous publication in cloth, $8.95; paper $3.50.

When Daylight Comes

HOWARD MURPHET

A Quest Book . . . from all bookstores

or postpaid, promptly, from Quest Books Dept. HM
306 West Geneva Road, Wheaton, IL 60187
The Theosophical Publishing House Wheaton, IL London Madras

promote a state of international
sion? Truman may have been
adroit than Roosevelt. He was
tainly less inclined to be conciliat
toward Stalin and had been avow
ly anti-Bolshevik as late as the
break of the Soviet-German
when he proposed that Germans
Russians should be left to cut e
others' throats. That is a long
from saying that he was a delibe
wrecker. Churchill, too, had been
anti-Bolshevik in his day, but he l
stayed in public life when he was
ready a dying man in the hope
promoting good relations betw
Soviet Russia and the West. As
Stalin, he hardly needed anot
great war or even the shadow of
to enhance his power, which was
ready absolute. With 20 million
sian dead—a fact never referred
by Mee—Stalin had surely
enough great wars to last his lifeti

The Potsdam meeting, like
other historical events, was a proc
of circumstances. The circumstan
had changed since Yalta, and
spirit of the meeting changed
them. The overriding change was t
Germany had been defeated. At
time of the Yalta meeting the th
powers desperately needed each
er and therefore had to agree.
Potsdam they needed each ot
much less. Even in regard to Jap
the Americans did not need G
Britain and could not decide whet
they needed Soviet Russia in the
East or wanted to keep her out.
many was still a problem, but one
had changed its nature. The Russi
still wanted security against a
newed German aggression, a de
that Mee, like Truman and Churc
before him, hardly grasps. This
sire was not surprising after all
Russians had been through. It
tainly did not conceal a sinister p
to dominate Europe or even par
it. The Americans, on the other ha
were anxious to be quit of Eur
and were much more concerned
how much the occupation of
many would cost them than with
longing it. The key to Potsdam
mutual misunderstanding, not
tual rivalry or hostility.

There was a deeper backgroun
the Potsdam meeting which ag
Mee does not mention. Potsdam
not merely come after a great
It came after twenty years when
viet Russia had been excluded fr
international affairs. The Cold


Esther Bubley

A candid biography of the former editor of *Harper's Magazine*

THE MAN OF ONLY YESTERDAY
Frederick Lewis Allen

by Darwin Payne, with a foreword by Russell Lynes.

"It is a delight to read about an editor and author who left an indelible mark on the journalism, the historical writing, and the literature of his day."—*Russell Lynes*

Harper & Row
10 E. 53rd St., New York 10022 $12.50 *at bookstores*

How to borrow money without borrowing trouble.

Borrow from your credit union. Their low annual percentage rate won't trouble your family budget. There's a minimum of red tape. Often your signature is all that's required. At your credit union, you're more than a customer. You belong.

Join your credit union. It's where you belong.

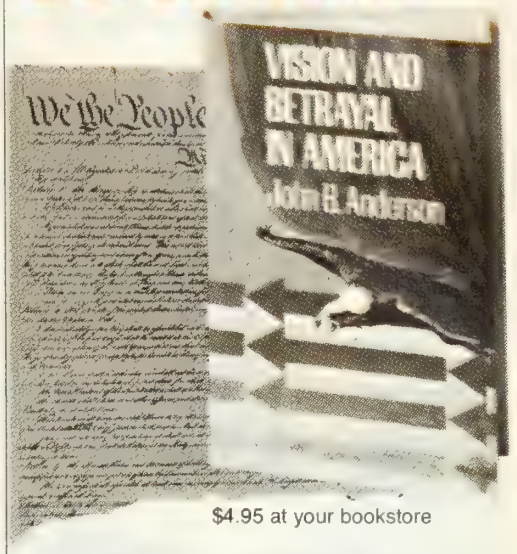
For more information write to your state's Credit Union League or Credit Union Nat. Assoc., Inc., Dept. F, P. O. Box 431, Madison, WI 53701.

CU™

did not start in 1945. It started in 1917 after the Bolshevik revolution. The second world war had been an interruption in Soviet Russia's isolation and a very disagreeable one. Once the war was over all those concerned slipped back without thinking into their old attitudes. But not quite. The Russians having become unmistakably a power of the first rank, expected to be treated as equals. The British and Americans simply could not believe it. They took it for granted that the Russians were entitled to a say in regard to the government of Poland and for that matter in regard to the governments of Bulgaria, Hungary, and Romania as well. They were bewildered when the Russians demanded a say in regard to the governments of Italy or France. The British and Americans held military sway in the Mediterranean, as they still rather ineffectively do. Yet they were outraged when the Russians proposed to play a part in the Mediterranean. Here, it seemed to them, was the proof of Soviet imperialism and aggression. Suspicion of Russia was a self-fulfilling prophecy. Once the Western powers refused to treat Soviet Russia as an equal, they found reasons for suspicion in her every move. No doubt the Russians made a similar self-fulfilling prophecy on their side.

The Americans also came to the conference table after a long period of Splendid Isolation. When England had been in this position, she was known as perfidious Albion, and Lord Salisbury, the foreign secretary, said arrogantly: "England does not seek alliances; she grants them." In both world wars Americans thought that they had graciously rescued the quarrelsome Europeans without incurring any obligation on their side. Woodrow Wilson claimed to be above the battle at the Paris peace conference. Truman repudiated many of Roosevelt's bargains. He refused Great Britain the share in nuclear secrets that Roosevelt had promised Churchill in 1943. He repeatedly treated the Yalta agreements—for instance, over reparations—as of no account. He told Stalin he was eager for a peace conference, while holding in his hand a note that it was in America's interest never to hold one. This was not a deception peculiar to Truman. It was the normal behavior of a great power which no longer needs to conciliate others.

WHAT IS REALLY HAPPENING TO OUR COUNTRY?



$4.95 at your bookstore

by JOHN B. ANDERSON
U.S. Congressman from Illinois

In an incisive look at American contemporary politics, the Chairman of the House Republican Conference shows how the vision of our founding fathers has been obscured. How the moral foundations on which democracy and the Constitution rest have crumbled. Congressman Anderson then outlines what needs to be put right again at all levels of our political system.

Here is a call for citizens to stop looking for moral direction *from* government ... and instead to return to giving direction *to* government by living out the tested principles of right and wrong.

A book to be read and studied by every concerned citizen. A guidebook for rebuilding America's foundations.

Send this coupon to your favorite bookstore or to WORD Books, Publisher, Box 1790, Waco, Texas 76703

Please send me _____ copies of VISION AND BETRAYAL IN AMERICA, by John B. Anderson, at $4.95 each. My check or money order is enclosed. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

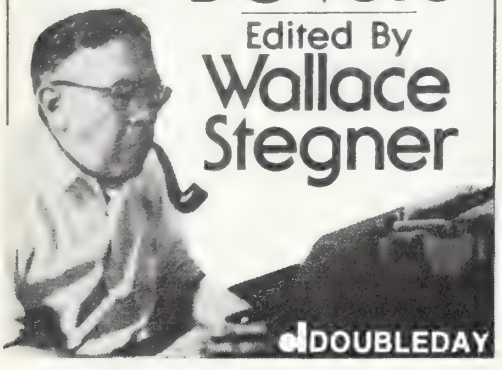
WORD BOOKS *for people on the grow*
PUBLISHER WACO, TEXAS 76703

54B055

A great historian. A novelist, journalist, editor, essayist, conservationist, and Pulitzer Prize winner. But those who knew him best always considered letter writing "Benny's" supreme talent. "Wallace Stegner's superb selection—letters on martinis, McCarthy, censorship, fiction, conservation, history, editing, education—was worth waiting for." —*Publishers Weekly.*
$10.00 at all booksellers

The Letters of Bernard De Voto

Edited By Wallace Stegner

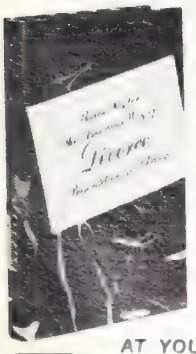


DOUBLEDAY

The American Way of DIVORCE

Prescriptions for Change

SHEILA KESSLER



Divorcing or divorced and need help? This new how-to book offers professional and personal insights into the divorce syndrome while giving realistic, action-oriented guidelines for discovering the untapped emotional strengths that hold the keys to a new life free of guilt, loneliness, rejection, and anger. $7.95

AT YOUR BOOKSELLER

nh Nelson-Hall Publishers
325 W. Jackson, Chicago, Ill. 60606

Interested in Writing?
University of Colorado Writers' Conference
May 18–30
Classes, readings, conferences, poetry, fiction, playwriting
Staff:
William Burroughs, fiction, author of *Naked Lunch, Exterminator,* and many other novels.
Robert Creeley, poetry and fiction, author of *Gold Diggers* (stories), *The Island* (novel), *Pieces* (poetry), and many other books.
Allen Ginsberg, poetry, author of *Howl, Kaddish* and many books of poetry.
Jakov Lind, fiction and playwriting, author of *Soul of Wood* (stories), *Landscape in Concrete* (novel), *The Silver Foxes are Dead and Other Plays.*
Imamu Amiri Baraka (Leroi Jones) playwriting and poetry, author of *Black Magic Poetry, The Dutchman* (play), essays and fiction.
Padma Perera, fiction, author of *Pilgrimages* (novel), and many short stories in *The New Yorker*
Sidney Goldfarb, poetry, author of *Speech, for Instance* and *Messages.*
Ron Loewinsohn, poetry, author of *Meat Air, Poems 1957–1969.*
William Matthews, poetry, author of *Sleek for the Long Flight,* and *Ruining the New Road.*
Participants may attend all classes. Full tuition is $110 non-credit, $178, 2 hours college credit. Accommodations available. For further information, write:
Writers' Conference
Bureau of Conferences and Institutes
Academy 217, 970 Aurora Avenue
Boulder, Colorado 80302

CHARLES MEE does not provide any of this background. He does not even provide much foreground. In the few instances when he does so he gets it wrong. For instance, he says that at Yalta it was agreed that the two Polish governments—the exiled government in London and the Soviet-inspired Lublin government—should be amalgamated. Not so. The Lublin government was to be reorganized with the addition of "democratic and anti-Fascist elements" from within Poland and abroad—a definition that excluded the London Poles, who were neither democratic nor anti-Fascist. But then Charles Mee never explains who were the London or the Lublin Poles or what were the underlying causes of the dispute. Stalin wanted a Poland friendly to Russia; the two Western powers wanted free elections in Poland; the two aims could not be reconciled. Similarly, what was at stake in the argument over Poland's frontier on the Western Neisse? It is like following a move-by-move account of some board game, when we are never told whether the game is chess, checkers, or backgammon.

Into this confused melee there intrudes the great issue of the atomic bomb. Charles Mee does it full justice. We get the sensational reports from the testing ground. We hear Stimson's warnings and hesitations. Truman rejoices that he now has a new weapon which strengthens his hand against Soviet Russia. By the book's end Charles Mee has convinced himself, if not us, that "the bomb was dropped on Japan for the effect it had on Russia."

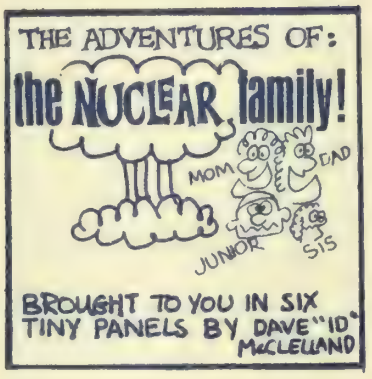
This is pressing things far too hard. The dropping of the atomic bomb has been deeply investigated. It is one of the few problems to which we know the answer. Japan was approaching defeat but was not yet willing to surrender. Some American authorities, including Eisenhower and MacArthur, thought she could be pushed into this without using the bomb, but they recognized that fighting lay ahead. The bomb seemed the quickest way of ending the war. Even so, the Japanese held out after the first bomb had been dropped. It was only the second bomb on Nagasaki that drove the emperor of Japan to insist on surrender. Until the last minute it was touch and go. The prime motive in dropping the two atomic bombs was to end the war. A second motive was the desire of scientists to justify the vast expe ture on nuclear research. The w ing to Russia was an uncovena benefit that came a long way beh Charles Mee has in fact overpla his hand and chosen the most matic, though not the truest, ver of what happened.

No one would dispute that Potsdam meeting was the prelud the Cold War. This is very far f saying that any of the particip deliberately set out to provoke Cold War or foresaw its com Moreover, the consequences were all disastrous. Of course, the i outcome would have been for three great Allies of the second w war to live forever in amity and operation. But this was not on o The Allies had been forced toge by common dangers. Once these v removed, their cooperation en Short of One World presided by three benevolent powers, parti was the best solution. This is v happened: Germany was divided. viet Russia had her zone of secu in Eastern Europe. The United St had its zone of security in Wes Europe. The nuclear weapons of viet Russia and the United St have canceled out. This has been pensive and occasionally alarm But it has given Europe thirty y of peace and, until recently, of paralleled prosperity. That is something to be sneezed at.

One can add a more cynical n If the Potsdam meeting had ceeded, it would have riveted the tatorship of the three great po on the rest of the world for good all. As it was, the peoples who slightingly called backward, unde oped, or—not being pink-col (white)—uncivilized, have been to get out of hand. Failure at P dam was bad news for the Bri the Americans, and the Russian has brought good news for the nese, the Africans, and the A Maybe Potsdam was the first toward the end of white suprem

Potsdam is a great theme and mands a great historian. No one than Thucydides could do it jus Charles Mee is no Thucydides. H a lively narrator who can draw a dotes out of a hat and reduce greatest issues to trivialities. As tertainment his book is highly cessful. As serious history it is as as a book can be.

AKING CONNECTION







:reen Test

an Johnson had scheduled family videotherapy session. nd her husband, Saul, both children from previous iages, were upset with the Joan's eight-year-old daugh- Anne, and Saul's fourteen- old son, Tom, were con- ly ganging up on Mel, s eleven-year-old brother. w all of them are sitting the family therapist in a ortable room where an trusive camera is mounted e corner and a television ests along the wall. A vid- e recorder in another , which the therapist op- s by remote control, re- s the voices and actions of one present. Family ther- treats a whole family as patients," and video play- is a technical tool that s well with the premises ch a "systems approach." ompted by a question from herapist, Joan begins de- ng her frustration with of the home routines in new marriage, now two old. Suddenly she turns gives young Tom a hard on the arm. He is near , and his father, Saul, looks angrily toward Joan. The pist touches some buttons suggests that everyone watch eplay. Most families readi- cept being videotaped. Per- our electronic culture has itioned us to being tele- in stores and at sporting ts. The prospect of "see- ing it like it is," right now, an instant replay of a family problem, is exciting.

The family and therapist watch intently. They see Joan talking about the routines and moving her hands and arms. Saul notices something he had missed when it happened. Tom has begun to mimic Joan's gestures; when Joan turns and sees the mockery, she strikes Tom on the arm.

"I didn't see what Tom was doing before you hit him!" Saul exclaims. The therapist touches the control panel and suggests they all watch a second time. Families with problems are caught in repetitive patterns of behavior much like repertory actors destined to repeat the same roles in the same plays ad infinitum. A family therapist's goal is to intervene in these stereotyped sequences, to instigate a change in the system so scapegoated "patient" members of the family can change their old "symptomatic" behavior. Using video replay is one way of intervening in the family system. Family members stop their usual interactions and arrange themselves with the therapist in a new perspective, as an objective group of observers of themselves. Reality is reframed, and new possibilities appear in old patterns.

The tape is rewound, and the family watches again. During the replay the children are not fighting. Saul says, "I didn't see Tom's mimicry. When you hit him I reacted the same as when my first wife hit the boys. I see there's more to it."

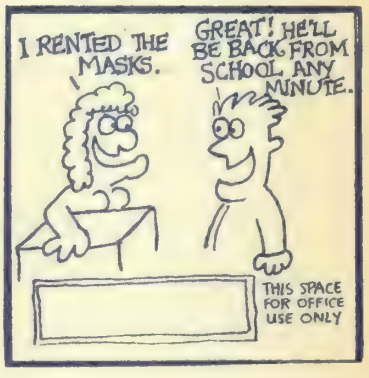
Through video images the Johnson family eventually became aware that much of the provocative fighting was effective in distracting the parents, who thus had little time to affirm their relationship, as husband and wife and as mother and father. This affirmation, when it came, reassured the children and served to relieve them of guilt and misplaced loyalty to the parents left by the divorces. The system had changed, and the squabbling subsequently diminished.

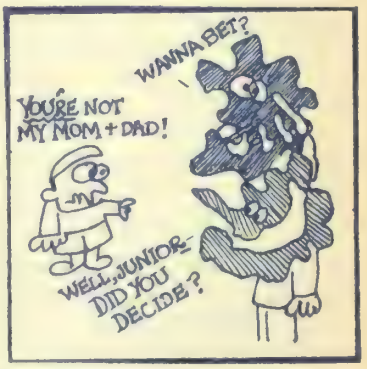
Videotherapy is not magic, but it can be a powerful and effective tool. It allows fast and incisive interventions, and the impact can be long-lasting, possibly because visual images are often vividly retained and become part of a family language that can be used to short-circuit the reinstitution of old patterns.

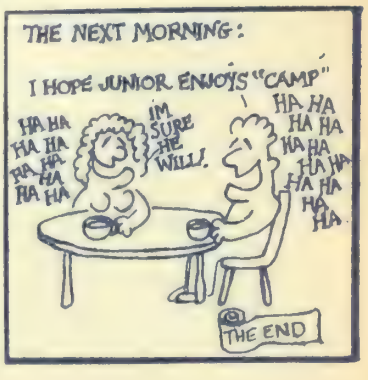
Furthermore, usefulness does not seem to lessen with repetition. Each family member learns that he or she has a vast repertoire of behavior depending on circumstances and context, and as the family learns to identify more behavioral sequences they also learn to respect increasingly the individuality of each of them.

—Ian Alger

Ian Alger, M.D., is a psychoanalyst and family therapist in New York City.







PAROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

Father of All Time

As a youngster, I appreciated the quality of family life presided over by my father. I was generally happy and content in his domain. But there was one other family, and one father in particular, who were clearly superior. Wise and omniscient as my own father was, he was no Jim Anderson.

Once a week, regular as Sunday school, I would monitor the weekly catastrophe in *Father Knows Best,* charmed by this sensitive patriarch who resolved crises without hurting anyone's feelings. No fuss, no muss, no psychic scars; just an occasional distilled tear (which vouched for the earthy vulnerability of the Andersons).

I'll never forget the time Bud, Jim's rather obtuse son, assaulted sister Betty with the pruning shears. Luckily Jim interceded before any permanent damage was done to Betty or to the Anderson reputation. Whereas most fathers would have met such behavior with a sound thrashing, Jim Anderson dispensed a brand of even-tempered justice which came to be his, and the show's, hallmark. Bud was denied raisin toast for a week and was required to read *The Happy Hollisters* to Betty every day until her stitches healed. Had I been the offender, I knew deep within, my own father would have lacked the requisite wisdom to arrive at such a reasoned judgment.

Jim's sub-urbane wife, Margaret, could usually cope with "Princess" Betty, their bitchy teen-age daughter. On one occasion, however, after receiving only a B+ on her math final, "Princess" became suicidal and required outside treatment. Rather than divert Betty's sacrosanct weekly allowance to help underwrite expensive psycho-baking therapy, Jim persevered until he had secured a profitable paper route for Margaret. Jim never let the kids down, and I respected that.

It was Jim's tender treatment of Cathy ("Kitten"), though, that most affected me, since she was the youngest and closest to my age. In one especially poignant episode, Cathy mistakenly concluded that she was born after her mother's hysterectomy and was, therefore, not a true-blooded Anderson but an adopted orphan. In a fit of pique, she set a fire that incinerated her bedroom. Jim, reacting with loving calm, finally convinced Cathy of her legitimacy and even papered her room with Cathy Anderson birth certificates. Thus soothed and assured, Cathy shortly thereafter resumed being "Kitten." Someday, I thought, when I'm a father with a wife like Margaret, that's the kind of creative compassion I'll show my own kids.

It hurts me now to see the demise of the Anderson family. Despite all of Jim's inspired efforts, Bud is off somewhere racing motorcycles, Margaret and "Princess" scrap for TV commercials, and "Kitten" seems to have gone underground. As for Jim, he remains an indomitable humanitarian, having built a new life for himself as a physician.

Still, Jim Anderson has never remarried. Maybe he just doesn't have the strength to go through it all again. Maybe he knows now he should have kicked some ass the first time around.

—John Johns

John Johns is a screenwriter and lyricist who lives in Los Angeles.

38.6 percent of the U.S. population is of Wasp origin.

One Gal's Family

All I seem to hear about these days is the disposable family—get a divorce, and the entire family structure goes into the garbage. Not so in my family. We never throw anything away. Between them, my father and mother married nine times, producing seven children and acquiring three or four others belonging to various discarded husbands and wives, but in all there are roughly two dozen ongoing relationships among half, step-, and ex-stepfathers, -mothers, -brothers, and -sisters, all of whom care about each other and see each other with regularity.

"With regularity" used to mean "at the bank." Anytime after 3:00 P.M. my father would look at his watch and say, "Time to go to the bank." I thought the Irving Trust Company stayed open for him alone. It took me years to realize he meant Sardi's bar. There he would drink with his cronies, who sometimes included from one to five of his ex-wives. They all knew where to find him. They all adored him and each other, so it seemed, because they used to sit around swapping stories about the good old days, when they were married to my father. My father never said much. He just smiled a lot and ordered another round.

Wife number one was an angel-faced Irish Catholic named Nancy. I'm told she had a temper that matched her red hair, but as far as I can tell the only time she ever lost it was when she tried to get my father to pay for my half sister's braces. My father figured Nancy was making more money than he and she should pay. Daddy always was ahead of his time.

Wives number two and three I know only by their monograms.

My father may have married JCK as a result of a riotous night in Las Vegas, but he was thinking, thinking every minute. He took my half sister Pat along on their Bermuda honeymoon. I don't think JCK took too kindly to that; in any case, the marriage ended six weeks later. She got a bundle of ca but just so Daddy would think she was greedy, she l $300 worth of monogramm towels.

By this time my father w really into the swing of t marriage thing. So was P who, upon learning he was g ting married again (this time JSK), joyfully exclaimed, "(good, good, I get to go to B muda again!"

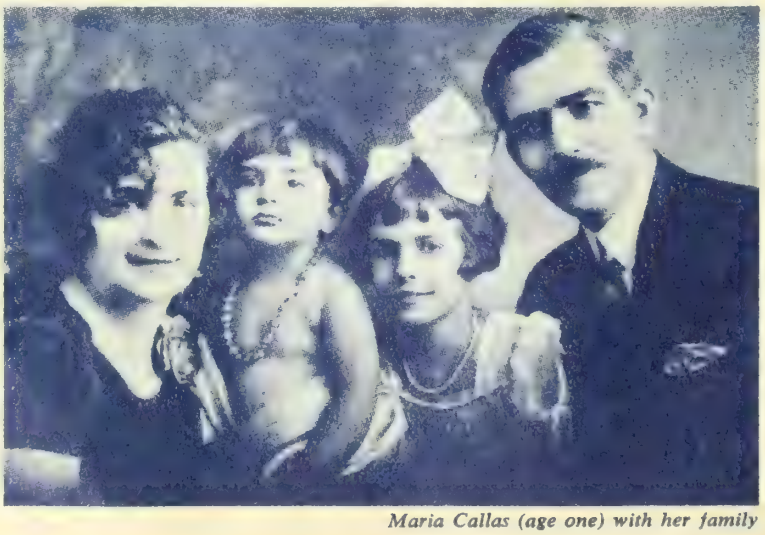
My father didn't even ta notice when JSK also took leaving $300 worth of mo grammed towels drying on line.

You'd have thought by n that the first question my fat would ask a pretty young th was how she felt about Bern da or monogrammed tow Not for a minute. He was spontaneous sort: he threw mother, slated to be wife n ber four, onto a train head West and told the conduc not to stop until my mot agreed to marry him. My mo er didn't like the look in eye, but she did like mo grammed towels, and, besi she was used to this kind treatment. *Her* first husband stood outside Hollywood H at dismissal time, and when spotted her among 1,500 pup had thrown her, name known, into his Hispano-Su She left him when she got ti of Mah-Jongg.

My father and mother p duced me, my brother, and another set of monogramm towels. By this time, I think father was beginning to see life for what it was—all mo gram and no substance. It came to a head, quite litera one rainy night when my fat decided to save what he k to be his last nickel by mar ing my mother, wearing a bra new and very expensive across the street to catch a going in the right direct When my mother pointed the economic suicide of suc venture, he snapped, "You'd der a demitasse in a diner."

Within six months, they w both remarried, my mother an oily German named Ha who had perfect teeth, a per nose, and a seemingly imper character. They quickly p duced Jay, my half brot Harald had another son, P who came to live with us,

One day my mother and H ald had a fight over a t



Maria Callas (age one) with her family

lule. My mother said she
ed she'd never married him.
kids wondered why it had
n her seven years to reach
conclusion and immediately
n choosing destinations. My
er and I would go with our
er. We asked Eric. "I'm
with you guys," was his
reply. That left Jay, who
ually went to live with
ld and *his* new wife.
couple of years passed in
ve tranquillity. My mother
happily married to her
h and final husband (who
n had been married before
had had a daughter—but
another story), and my
r was happily married to
ifth and final wife—when
telephone rang and shat-
the peace. It was Harald's
wife calling my mother.
been thinking, she said,
t how to get rid of Harald.
learly loved my mother (I
you everybody loves every-
in our family) and wanted
advice. How would my
er feel if she contested
er's and Harald's Alabama
ce?
et's have a demitasse," re-
my mother, "and think of
er plan."
rtunately for both my
er and Harald's wife, the
t attorney also had a plan
arald—deportation.
ound that time, mother
acting in a soap opera in
she acquired and shed
husbands. Sometimes dis-
ons blurred even for her,
"I'd like you to meet my
nd, Carl—I mean, my *tele-*
husband—my television
sband, actually, and this
real husband, Whit, as op-
to my real ex-husband,
over there by the bar."
I mentioned, my father
happily married to wife
er five (another Nancy),
he father of three more
en. He must have asked
here she stood on mono-
ned towels because not
did she never order any
e spent the next twenty
using up the ones that
with my father.
ow can you stand living
hese towels?" I asked her
ay. She looked at me in
shment. "Why not?" she
"They're perfectly fine. I
o reason to get rid of
—**Robin MacDonald**

MacDonald is a free-lance based in New York.

CONVERSATION CLINKERS

by T. L. Metz, Dayton, Ohio

Everyone knows someone who is utterly lacking in social graces, someone who, compared to even the dullest of wallflowers, is a weed. Suppose he decides that what he really needs is a few ear-catching opening lines for parties. But, having no empathy whatever, his conversations begin something like this:

I'm positive you're younger than you look.

You came alone, didn't you?

Aren't we fellow dieters?

This month, readers are invited to devise their own loutish opening lines for a party. Send your entries on a postcard to "Conversation Clinkers," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. They must be postmarked no later than May 8, and become the property of *Harper's*. Winning entries will be published in the July issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *The World of George Washington,* by Richard M. Ketchum (American Heritage).

Runners-up: *World Without End, Amen,* by Jimmy Breslin (Viking).

Winners of "Mixed Monikers," the March game that invited readers to supply the inverse of well-known words, phrases, or names, are:

First Prize

The Art of Invention, by William and Marlys Ray (The Pyne Press):

Large Illiterate Walking Cop—Little Red Riding Hood
—Jeffrey Shaman
Evanston, Ill.

Runners-up

A Treasury of Traditional Wisdom, by Whitall N. Perry (Simon and Schuster):

Water-isn't-partial—Aristotle
—Shelley McCarron
Houston, Texas

Release-a-woman—Haldeman
—Charles Cox
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

I Drop—Hugh Carey
—Betty Lent
Kenmore, N.Y.

Silva Your-nose—Golda Meir
—R. F. E. Shirey
Ashland, Va.

Excite Old-woman—Paul Newman
—Malcolm Tobey
Marshall, Minn.

Concealed Wrong—Frank Wright
—Mark Brady
New Haven, Conn.

Fresh-out—Stalin
—Anne Vick
Wauwatosa, Wis.

Release-him Humble-them—Caesar Augustus
—Jim Peterson
Highland Park, Ill.

His-woman Slept—Herman Wouk
—Irwin Bloch
Kings Park, N.Y.

Parsley Calm-flesh—Basil Rathbone
—Deborah Swartout
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Pa-snub—Magritte
—Lotte Kunstler
Mamaroneck, N.Y.

Cash-truth Chromosome Queen—Billie Jean King
—Kathleen Thurston
Tauton, Mass.

Cat Nails-hjot—Dag Hammarskjold
—Nolan Pearson
Seattle, Wash.

Yes-subway Hero—Noel Coward
—Russel Miles
Urbana, Ill.

Exhume Lead-fire—Barry Goldwater
—Susan Thomas
Hollsopple, Pa.

Americans-buy Short—Russell Long
—Mrs. G. M. Wosk
Evanston, Ill.

His-woman Cannot—Herman Kahn
—Marjorie Asbell
Guilford, Conn.

Spherely Cannot—Kublai Khan
—J. W. Merrow
Durham, N.H.

Neither-woman Wire-him—Norman Mailer
—Audrey Meyer
Studio City, Calif.

Order-uncles—Cervantes
—Marion Beardsley
Ben Lomond, Calif.

Peace-out Weiner—Warren Burger
—Ron Vilas
Storm Lake, Iowa

Outhouse Undergraduate—John Dean
—Ashton Nichols
Ruckersville, Va.

Assless Brains—Fanny Brawne
—Lisa Kane
San Diego, Calif.

Shore-up Black—Kevin White
—Mary Dougherty
Las Vegas, Nev.

Nanny Moon-night—Billy Sunday
—Joyce Franks
Albertson, Mont.

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive $50.

IDEAS

Whatever happened to hippies? Sure, there are long-haired people wandering around out there, but they're not hippies, or we no longer call them that. The counterculture has been declared dead for five years now. What happened? What really happened? We're interested in your theories on the death of the counterculture. We want to know what you think were the large forces and subtle undercurrents that destroyed what seemed to many, at first, such a promising and everlasting development. We aren't satisfied with the explanations we've heard to date. Your own analyses could go a long way toward filling this gap in our understanding of recent history. At the very least, they should make good reading. We'd especially like it if you could boil your theories down to about 250 words or less. Send them to Ministry of Counterculture, WRAPAROUND, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

TOOLS FOR LIVING

A BAG

Originally intended as a bookbag for Danish schoolchildren, this practical item has found its way to the U.S., where it has been put to more uses than you can shake a stick at. It's made of sturdy canvas, and its side and bottom widen three inches when you open a zipper. The front flap is the same size as the bag itself, and has a zippered compartment. On the back is a big open pocket, and on the inside are two more big strap pockets in addition to the roomy bag space. The more you look the more you discover. The adjustable strap enables you to sling the bag over your shoulder or stick it under your arm. The Danish bookbag can be used as a weekend traveling bag, or a tote for babies' supplies, or even as a bookbag. It comes in royal blue or mauve, and you can order it from us for $26. (B-1)

WHAT A GRIND

Remember the old square wooden coffee grinder? You could hold it between your knees and turn the handle and feel the beans crack and crunch inside. The best thing was the little drawer at the bottom that was always too full and spilled over.

Moulinex makes a modern electric coffee grinder that is compact and well thought out. As a safety measure, it will not start until you push down the lid and hold it—thus you can't accidentally get your fingers caught. It has no ridges for the coffee to get stuck in, and you can clean the mill easily by wiping it with a dry cloth.

Different kinds of coffee need different grinds. Here is a list to make your grinding easier:

Percolator: six seconds
Drip: ten seconds
Vacuum pot: fifteen seconds
Melita: thirty seconds
Turkish: fifty seconds

The Moulinex comes in off-white and orange, and costs $14.95. Try it with a pound of the finest Mocha-Java coffee beans. (B-2)

THE BIKE-PACKER'S FRIEND

Now that bikes are getting as numerous as cars in this country, you might consider two-wheel touring—the perfect way to share a summer weekend, even a whole vacation, with a friend, spouse, or strong-calved child.

If so, this "rear touring pack" is good for stashing your bare necessities, assuming you travel light and are a tidy packer. It fits on any rear carrier and can be removed in a flash. The inner sides of the pack are stiff, so it can't get caught in your wheels. The pack is waterproof, and its outside pockets open and close with Velcro strips.

The Bellweather labels are reflectorized for night riding. The pack weighs very little, and is nine inches high, twelve inches long, and four inches wide. It is available at sporting-goods stores or through us for $21.95. (B-3)



KIMONO

When a friend gave me this unusual, robe-like garment, I had no idea how to fit it into my life. Now, one year later, it has become one of the basic pieces of clothing in my wardrobe. The best material for a kimono is *yocata,* a cotton-like fabric. The kimono can be worn as a bathrobe, or, on hot summer days, when Western clothing seems to stick to the skin, it allows the air to circulate and does not hug the body anywhere. Its sleeves are very wide, and, once you have mastered the art of not hooking them on every doorknob or trailing them in the gravy, you will feel quite graceful. Now that I have two, I've also started using my old one as an apron when I am doing anything that's messy. There is no changing of clothes; you simply wrap or unwrap yourself. Available from us for $16.70. (B-4)

LITTLE THINGS

The sun and the wind will dry your clothes fresher and cleaner than any machine. This springless clothespin comes in two woods. One is pine and, if you look closely, you'll see small splinters all over—enough to snag your stockings, or nylon shirt. The other is maple and smooth as butter, well worth a second look next time you're in the hardware store.

Bathrooms, closets, kitchens, and even back hallways are always in need of some extra hooks. The Sky Hook is smooth and wide; it seems to float. In fact, it uses two-sided adhesive pads, and, though it appears to have no visible means of support, it really sticks—holding up to thirty-five pounds. A box of four, in white, black, or yellow, from us costs $6.50. (B-6)

DON'T PASS "G

When the Japanese reach age and give up household sponsibilities, they imm themselves in the game G primitive form of chess in w each of the several hun pieces is equal in value. E cially pleasing to the se the stones are black and w round on one side, flat on other, and slip easily thr your fingers. They make a s clicking sound that reminds of running water. The obje the game is to secure the g est defensible territory wit minimum number of st and players concentrate on ritorial openings like gen overseeing a battlefield. H capping enables two peopl uneven skill to compete tably. The Go Bookshelf which contains a playing b and the stones, costs $1 You can buy it in a books or order it from us. (B-7)

A PUZZLE OF BLANKS

On the theory that desig your own puzzle can be The Design-Your-Own-P kit includes a sixteen-by-tw inch blank board that co of 500 white interlocking pi You can, of course, try t semble it in its virgin state it is more interesting to r some design of your own it. The pieces are very small coloring them separately m you probably won't have signed anything but an abs mess. If, however, you long lines and large sh across the broken cuts bet the pieces, assembling the zle will be much easier. You copy a picture, or make cu stripes, or maybe even f the jigsaw lines in diffe colored felt markers. If have the patience, glue a p on the board and cut out pieces. Give it to someone has time on his hands, or to do it with the whole ily, and make a big rai some rainy weekend. The sign-Your-Own-Puzzle can ordered for $3.50. (B-8)

URCES

irst, on the light side, there's ook out called *The Big Book Family Games,* by Jerome ver (Hawthorn Books, $1.95), ch contains so many word ies, picture games, pencil--paper games, magic tricks, its, and riddles that you and r family could drive the en- length of the Asian conti- t and not get bored in the All these little pastimes are ally adaptable to intimate ily gatherings and large par- Some will be enjoyed by youngest members of the ily, some by the oldest. It's od book to have around the se. School, camp, and recre- n directors may find it es- ally useful.



OLPROOF TE

y family and I always have ble flying kites. We lose , tear them in trees, or r get them off the ground ll. I have dreams of run- along the beach with a bobbing behind me, want- to go up but being held n by my clumsy efforts. ne space-bird kite does not a magic touch; its flutter- wings enable it to fly in al- any breeze. It cannot tear use it's made of acetate. It ght, three-dimensional, and colorful with its red wings ng through the sky. This could be handled by most ren without the help of an . The bird kite is thirty- inches long, has a forty- wingspread, and comes 250 feet of cord. Our price, 3. (B-9)

On a slightly more serious note, *How to Trace Your Family Tree,* by the American Genealogical Research Institute Staff (Doubleday, $1.95), is a valuable guide and reference book for anyone about to undertake the activity described in the title. We say "slightly more serious" because we doubt that many people in this day and age have time to dig deep into the recesses of their ancestral pasts, but that is not to say that the people who put this book together aren't serious. On the contrary, they give you everything they can think of to make genealogical research rewarding and fairly straightforward. They tell you how to interview members of your family, and how to use the resources of local libraries and historical societies, churches, schools, even cemeteries. A discussion at the end on heraldry (coats of arms) is fascinating and informative.

Finally, a book that has attracted some attention since its publication in March is Paul Wilkes's *Trying Out the American Dream* (Lippincott, $9.95). Subtitled "A Year in the Life of an American Family," the book can be thought of as journalism's, or social science's answer to television and the Loud family. Instead of the Louds, we get the Neumeyers; instead of Santa Barbara, Mariposa. Wilkes has fictionalized his people and their town, but we know they are real and that he really did spend a year monitoring their every move. We know because the Neumeyers are so normal and contemporary that only a genius could have dreamed them up, and also because Wilkes (no genius, but a satisfying writer) tells us how he did it in a postscript. A provocative and strangely compelling 366 pages.

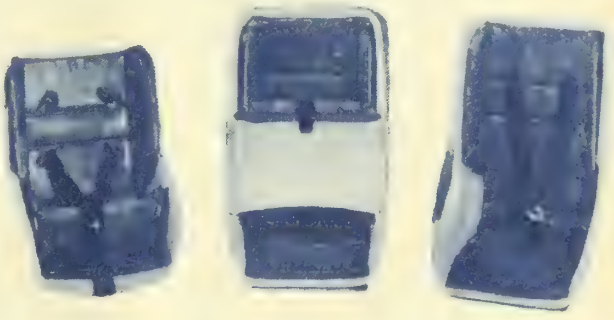
ERRATUM

In the March 1975 WRAPAROUND, an excerpt from a poem by Lawrence Ferlinghetti was printed without its copyright information. The attribution should have been as follows: Lawrence Ferlinghetti, *A Coney Island of the Mind,* Copyright © 1958 by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, New Directions Publishing Corporation, New York.

EASY RIDERS

Traveling with small children by car takes a certain amount of preparation and planning. Apart from keeping them happily occupied, you have to keep their safety uppermost in mind, especially on superhighways. They won't sit still long enough, they're too small for safety belts, and yet they must be securely anchored in one spot, at least for part of the time. To this end, the Peterson Company has come out with a "Safety Shell" three-in-one system that can keep any child from an infant to a four-year-old secure in the car. Recommended by *Consumer Reports,* it functions more or less like an infant's seat, with an adjustable harness. As the child gets older, the seat can be turned upside down for more back support, and a padded shield can be snapped on. A third stage, for children about two years old, braces the child with only a harness. The seat is made of plastic and is secured by standard auto safety belts. Be sure to read the directions carefully before putting it together; it's a bit complex but not unreasonably so. It's available in department stores, or can be ordered through us for $42. (B-10) **—Margot Moes-Hunt**

Margot Moes-Hunt is Tools for Living consultant to **WRAPAROUND.**



HOW TO ORDER

Harper's will get you any item (including any book) for which we mention a price. If you would like to order through us, specify the item(s) you want, how many, and what color (if that's relevant). Include the order number that appears at the end of each Tool description. The price listed includes postage and handling, unless otherwise stated. BankAmericard or Master Charge may be used on orders over $15.

Send to: Tools for Living, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Order Number	Item	Quantity	Price

Total (N.Y. State residents, add appropriate tax) $_____

☐ Check enclosed (Make payable to Harper's Magazine)
Charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Card number _____ Expiration date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

CLASSIFIED OUTDOW

CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: $1 per word. (10-word minimum. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to run six times; deduct 20¢ a word if ad is to run twelve times.)
All ads must be **prepaid** at the time you send your insertion. (If you are ordering more than one insertion, please send full amount to qualify for discount.) Replies to *Harper's* box numbers should be sent to the address below. You may now request the use of a *Harper's* box number. There is a $2 charge. Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP Codes count as one word.
Copy must be received by the 8th of the second month prior to the issue date.

Harper's Magazine
Classified Advertising Department
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

TRAVEL

Wildflower—birding tours, Lisbon Area. Thomas Braden, Santos Matos, Lote 1, Amadora, Portugal.

Rafts North: Unique, all-inclusive tours on northern Canadian rivers. Seeking new challenges? Try legendary Nahanni or Coppermine to Arctic Ocean. Tours on Alberta rivers also available. For brochure, write: North-West Expeditions Limited, Box 1551, Edmonton, Alberta.

Ontario wilderness canoe trips. Each canoe trip tailormade exclusively for your party, completely outfitted and guided by Jeff Miller. No experience necessary. Dr. Weston, 310 Garyray, Toronto, Ont. (416) 742-5140, (416) 921-2514.

Kind, gentle young man available as traveling companion. Speaks five languages. Ed Lehmann, P.O. Box 11248, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Student travel: touring, study, camping, ski camp, African safari. Lively, flexible programs in Europe, Russia, Japan, Scandinavia, Africa, Mexico, U.S.A. 18th year. Students Abroad, One-R Sherman Square, N.Y.C. 10023. (212) 595-3044.

Write Grand Canyon Directory for information on hotels, camping, hiking, scenic flights, river and mule trips, and primitive Havasupai Indian Village. Early reservations often required. P.O. Box 617, Tempe, Ariz. 85281. $1.50.

Idaho River trips—Six-day, 110-mile float trips on the Middle Fork Salmon. Information, write Western Outfitters, Box 331, Boise, Idaho 83701.

Australia. Authentic information is freely available *without charge* from the Australian Embassy in Washington, D.C. (202) 797-3000, and the Australian Consulate General in New York (212) 245-4000, San Francisco (415) 362-6160, Los Angeles (213) 380-4610, and Chicago (312) 329-1740.

For high-school students and graduates—safari in Africa. Or stay in Soviet Youth Center. Ski Mont Blanc in July; bike through Denmark; hike or ride horseback in Alps; live with European family; sun on French Riviera; speak French in France, Spanish in Spain. Festivals, theaters in London, Paris, Moscow. Unique summer travel in Europe—Russia—Africa. 24th year. Write: George H. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vt. 05346. (802) 387-5885.

New England "Antiquities Tour"—7 days. Enjoy hospitality corner, U.S.A., N.E. landscape and life-style, old and new. Come to where the adventure of America began. Write Heritage Adventure Guides, Box 103, Newburyport, Mass. 01950 for brochure.

Raft expeditions on Fraser, Chilcotin Rivers from $290. Free brochure. Cascade, P.O. Box 46441, Vancouver, Canada V6R 4G7.

Worldwide freighter guide—$1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger-carrying freighters. TravLtips, 40-21 X Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

REAL ESTATE

Government lands . . . from $7.50/acre! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review," listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-HR, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Canadian government lands—from $5/acre! Vacation paradises, farming, or investment opportunities! "Canadian Land Opportunities" includes complete information. Send $2 (money-back guarantee). Canadian International, Box 6586-HR, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Central Ontario—Choice 640-acre sportsmen's paradises still available—$20 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures, $2 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 64, Ontario, Canada.

RESORTS

High Hampton Inn & Country Club. In Southern Blue Ridge Mtns. at 3,600 feet. Spectacular scenery. Rustic decor. Good food. Private 18-hole golf course, 8 tennis courts (special golf/tennis package available), 3 lakes. Fishing. Boating. Swimming. Private stables. Skeet & trap field. Open May thru Oct. Write or phone (704) 743-2411. High Hampton Inn, Dept. HM, Cashiers, N.C. 28717.

Marco Island, Florida. For rent—Tradewinds Condominium. Furnished, two bedrooms, two baths, kitchen. Available April 1. George H. Weiss, M.D., 3023 DeKalb Blvd., Norristown, Pa. 19403. (215) 279-1330.

VACATIONS

Whitewater Float trips, Utah & Wyoming. Slickrock River Co., Box 10543, Denver, Colo. 80210.

Enjoy a new vacation experience—where you choose—rent-free. Write Viking Home Exchange, Box 3007, St. Paul, Minn. 55165.

New vacation money-saver. A Colorado Mountain Ranch retreat offers hiking, horseback, dance, seminars in health, occult, Yoga, astrology, education, photography, arts-crafts, psychology, construction, cooking, etc. Write C. H. Arnold, Mountain Institute, Gold Hill, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

Southwest Safaris: Air tours of New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, and Arizona. Camping, hiking, riding, rafting. Geology, archaeology, history. The ultimate in creative holidays. Free brochure. P.O. Box 945, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

$98 weekly for two—at "Strawberry Fields," Jamaica's tropical beach campsite. Double-bed tents/cottages; cooking equipment; reggae music. Information: Strawberry, 54 West 56 St., N.Y.C. 10019. (212) 247-4505. Or Eastern Airlines/travel agents.

Parador Martorell, family inn by world-famous Luquillo Beach, Puerto Rico 00673.

Give your head a vacation. Eight one-week workshops open to all at Cornell University, July 6–August 2. Live on the beautiful Cornell campus—clear cobwebs from your brain, and enjoy this unique experience in continuing education. Days, hear lectures and attend seminars by distinguished professors. Evenings, relax at plays, films, or concerts. Plenty of time for recreation. Provocative, challenging topics include Art of the Actor, Justice for Women, The Family Experience, Field Natural History, and others. Special children's programs. Free brochure: Cornell Alumni University, 158-C Olin Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y. 14853.

European road maps. Plan your vacation carefully, multiply sightseeing opportunities. $3 each. Specify country; some maps multinational. Stamped envelope brings catalogue. Maps, Box 37323, Jacksonville, Fla. 32205.

Experience the magnificent beauty of the Pacific Northwest by day and Wagner by night at the first summer Wagner Festival in the Western Hemisphere. Presented by Seattle Opera. Two cycles (German/English) of Richard Wagner's *Ring of the Nibelung*. July 15-27, 1975. For a detailed brochure write: Pacific Northwest Festival, P.O. Box 9248, Seattle, Washington 98109.

CAMPING

Unique Colorado camping opportunity: Leadership training, float trips, back- and horse-pack trips. Limited number, personal supervision. Family pack trips. Fishing. Super reasonable. Brochure from Hank Croes, Clark, Colo. 80428.

GOURMETS

Piroshki recipes—delicious fillings, $1. Little Russia, 994 Dettaro, San Francisco, Calif. 94107.

Bagels! Bake your own! Two different recipes—unbelievably good! Send $1: Bagels, Box 1241, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48103.

Hearthside 1890: Recipes from the harvest table. Old home favorites (circa 1890) adapted for contemporary cooks. Create today the nutritious foods of yesteryear. Sampler I—Breads and Cakes. Send $5 to Hearthside, Box 10037, Kansas City, Mo. 64111.

CONFERENCES

Bread Loaf Writers' Conference. August 12-24, 1975. Lectures, workshops, conferences in fiction, nonfiction, poetry, children's literature. Write Bread Loaf, Box 402, Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vt. 05753. (802) 388-7662.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

Kits! Build dulcimers, balalaikas, guitars, kalimbas, banjos, mandolins, harps. From $2.95. Finished dulcimers from $23.95. Free catalogue, 8665 West 13th Avenue—HM, Denver, Colo. 80215.

Learn to play the recorder—Free catalogue. Recorders, recorder music—beginners' birchwood recorder, instruction book, $12.95. Amster Recorder Company, 1624 Lavaca, Austin, Texas 78701.

STAMPS

110 worldwide stamps—10¢! Approv
Suburban, 1254 Robert, West St. P
Minn. 55118.

COINS

Mexico 1968 Olympics silver c
Gem condition. Large crown s
Excellent inflation hedge. One,
Three, $25. Postpaid. Globe Co
Box 493, Naperville, Ill. 60540.

TAPES

Cassette recording tapes. Disco
price list, 25¢. Tower, #33098, W
ington, D.C. 20028.

The Way of a Transsexual: Joan
Story—a fresh, vivid, remarka
candid cassette interview on
change. For doctors, therapists, co
selors, transsexuals. $12 postp
eight-track, $15. Satisfaction gua
teed. Details on request. CONFI
Personal Counseling Services I
Box 56-HMF, Tappan, N.Y. 10
(914) 359-8860.

RECORDS

Show albums—rare, out-of-print I
52-pg. list, 50¢. Broadway/Hollyw
Recordings, Georgetown, Conn. 06

MOTION PICTURES

Super 8mm, 16mm, 8mm silent
sound film classics. Free catalo
Niles, 1141-HP Mishawaka, S
Bend, Ind. 46615.

Rentals 16mm sound, $1.50 per
Catalogue 25¢. Bell, 4 Valley, Spr
field, Vt. 05156.

ART

Collectors series of airplane, a
mobile, and railroad prints. Full-c
lithographs ready to frame. Send
for illustrated catalogue. Johns-B
Co., 161 W. Harrison, Chicago,
60605.

BIOFEEDBACK

Biofeedback training center in So
ern California. EEG, EMG, G
and Temperature training availa
(213) 780-1478.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

Beautiful postcard album—wo
finest; holds 200 cards—$8.95 p
paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. W
well, 276 Transit Bldg., Boston, M
02115.

Pisces mobile. Beautiful moving
form. Handcrafted. $7.98 PIS
1519, 16th St. S., Fargo, N. I
58102.

Personalized linen handkerch
hand-crocheted edges, your initia
decoration, $2 each. Mushroom
Elm Hill, Springfield, Vt. 05156.

Preserve historic images on gr
stones, historic markers, plac
Original Oldstone rubbing kit m
it easy to get perfect impressions
ery time. "How To" booklet, 5 sh
24x36 Aqaba paper, 2 cakes
tape, brush, sturdy carrying
$8.50 ppd.

Fun in the Tub for Two*...
Oil for Sensualists*. A clever
gift. 2 oz., $5 ppd. Kloor/Newt
P.O. Box 4409-H, New Orleans,
70178 (*TM).

SCHOOLS

Private-school placement ser
Student's individual requirem
primary consideration. 163
Street, Middletown, Conn. 06
Telephone: (203) 346-5111.

PARAROUNDWRAPAROU

cture training, home-study pro- nd supplies. Hing, Box 219-W, , Canada M6M 4Z2.

rograms in France. Language, s, performing arts. For infor- Paris American Academy, 9 s Ursulines, Paris 5.

ldence degrees! Honorary de- Nationwide faculty. Catalogue, ITED STATES UNIV. OF CA, Box 4552-HA, Washing- C. 20017.

chology. Complete study certificate. Free information. an Parapsychological Research tion, Box 5395-M, Sherman alif. 91413.

Ski. Accredited private col- rite Colorado Alpine Campus, oat Springs, Colo. 80477.

lowing School—co-ed, grades ollege preparatory, Rudolf Waldorf approach. Weaving, s, organic gardening, animal to mechanics, eurythmy, paint- ma, music, sculpture, driver rpentry. 200 wooded acres. ite Mr. Pratt, Wilton, N. H. 603) 654-2391.

British degree in Philosophy, d Sciences. Catalogue $1 air- (refundable). Dept. H, Secre- ssex College of Technology, d, Dane Hill, Sussex Rh17 gland.

workshops in Colorado. Won- pportunity for learning and on Rocky Mountain Ranch. cts of clay studied, beginners anced. John Dunn, Sunshine Boulder, Colo. 80302.

in Arizona . . . Fully accredit- ege prep and general courses. rades 3-12. Remedial reading. Western life. Healthful des- ate. Riding, swimming, all Henry H. Wick, Dir., Judson Box 1569, Scottsdale, Ariz. el.: (602) 948-7731.

ve futures—studies of global/ social/environmental issues gree). Futures Lab, Box 120 ex Station, Providence, R.I.

**-Expand your personal, cre- d academic interests within o-American culture. Spanish, ology, Sociology, Political Literature, Art History, , Pottery. Mexican and North n staff. For information: AHUAC, Apt. Po. 21-C, ca, Mexico.

B.A. program for motivated, ent adults. Work with staff t a distance in San Fran- l your local degree commit- lesign a program following lized degree guidelines. Write . Distance Program, Antioch West, 3663 Sacramento St., ncisco, Calif. 94118.

Wilderness School offers ex- urses in Colorado Rockies n. Accredited Colorado Uni- Minimum age 16. Box 669H, , Colo. 81433.

legree at home. Your choice ts. Easy tuition plan. Free on. Elysion College, B.C. San Ysidro, Calif. 92173.

Unique college in Mexico. Instituto Allende offers full undergraduate, graduate, and serious non-credit programs in English, specializing in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, and social studies. U.S. Office of Education and V.A. approval. Perpetual sunshine, inexpensive living. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. Free illustrated prospectus. Instituto Allende, Box H, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

SUMMER STUDIES

Students—Live with a family in France this summer while attending language classes and varied activities. Write Adventure in Brittany, 202 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn Heights, N.Y. 11201.

CATALOGUES

Free! occult-witchcraft catalogue. Books, curios, unusual jewelry, bizarre miscellany. Importers, Box 2010, Toluca Lake, Calif. 91602.

Leaded art stained glass catalogue. Supplies: wholesale/retail. Send $1. Nervo Studios, 7th and Addison Sts., Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

GAMES

Checkers for three players? Chess for three players? It's true! Complete high-quality set Checkers 3, $5.95; Chess 3, $7.95. H1, 8722 Eulalie, Brentwood, Mo. 63144.

The "now" Communication Game, by Herbert Otto, Ph.D.—Add a new dimension to your life. Play the no-win, no-lose game for better communication. For couples, friends, families. $6.50 includes $1 postage and handling, 10-day money-back guarantee. Holistic Press (H), 160 S. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, Calif. 90211.

BOOKS

Complete list of books by Rudolph Steiner. Anthroposophic Press, Inc., 258 Hungry Hollow, Spring Valley, N.Y. 10977.

Publishers' overstocks catalogue. Free. Bookseller, 30-6 Chambers, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

30% discount on new books. (Add 35¢ postage.) BOOKQUICK, B-2, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

Publish your book! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press (Dept. HZQ), 84 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10011.

Fiction, mysteries, war, science. Free catalogue. Sunmount Books, Box 145-H, Willowdale, Ont., Canada.

Handbook to Higher Consciousness, by Ken Keyes. Effective growth system has brought increased happiness and fulfillment to many thousands. $3.20. Living Love Center, 1730-G LaLoma, Berkeley, Calif. 94709.

Have desires fulfilled through the understanding of your divine nature. 93 pages, $4.95. Dorothy Paulsen, Zoar Road, Dept. 5, Rowe, Mass. 01367.

Coming home poems. Love, nostalgia, and fantasy! Send $2 volume. 100 Maple Street, Dept. 21, Garfield, N.J. 07026.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Name the book—we'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Box 636-H, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Writing—Editing—Research. Confidential. Wordsmiths, Box 5882, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Literary help, any problem. Professional writer. Harper's Box 201.

Poetry published free. Write: Young Publications, Box 166-H, Appalachia, Va.

Publish your poems. Our guide tells how/where. $2.50. LYF-AF, Box 1872, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201.

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, distributed. Send for free booklet, HP-2 Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th St., N.Y.C. 10001.

Academic writing, research, and editing. Versatile, expert staff, reasonable prices. Berkeley Research, Box 4094-H, Berkeley, Calif. 94904. (415) 848-6710.

Poetry wanted. Possible inclusion in cooperative volume. Include return envelope. Editor, Box 4444H, Whittier, Calif. 90607.

Scholarly treatises, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential professional team. Research Unlimited, Box 300-H, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Manuscripts, reports, academic writing, editing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. Research Unlimited. Box 300-H. Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Poetry now being accepted for new anthology. Submit with SASE, Carousel, Box 11917, Philadelphia, Pa. 19145.

Phyllis Melby commercial writer, religious inspiration. 1237 Dewey Street, Eau Claire, Wis. 54701.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

The Berkeley Center—offering an intensive experience in individual primal process. 1925 Walnut St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704. (415) 548-3543.

Educational research from our catalogue now as low as 90¢ per page. Send 40¢ to: Writers Unlimited, Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

Academic writing, research, and editing. Versatile, expert staff, reasonable prices. Berkeley Research, Box 4094-H, Berkeley, Calif. 94904. (415) 848-6710.

PUBLICATIONS

Cuba: For Those Who Left. The Cuban exile community is no longer the monolithic, right-wing, political force it once claimed to be. AREITO, the magazine of progressive Cubans outside the island offers an alternative viewpoint into the issues surrounding the Cuban Revolution and the rapidly growing progressive forces within the Cuban exiles. Published in Spanish every three months. P.O. Box 1124, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, N.Y. 10009.

High Times—only magazine dedicated solely to getting high. Dope articles, entertainment, information. Dope price index. A glossy quarterly. $2 for two recent issues. $10/12-issue subscription. High Times, Dept. HP, Box 386, Cooper Sta., N.Y.C. 10003.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Import-export opportunity, profitable worldwide, mail-order business from home, without capital or travel abroad. We ship plan for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. A1025, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

Import, mail-order opportunity. Earn $15,000 annually or owe nothing. Free one-year trial. Details: Northeast Imports, Box 121H4, Fremont, N.H. 03044.

Interested in owning a franchise?—business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 448, 1460 Hancock Center Chicago, Ill. 60611.

How to make money addressing, mailing letters. Offer details, 10¢. Lindbloom, Dept. HRP, 3636 Peterson, Chicago, Ill. 60659.

Make two to three times your cost on hundreds of products. $2 brings wholesale catalogue. Wherry, Box 180, Western Springs, Ill. 60558.

Business in Ireland? A woman spending this summer in Ireland would like to make it profitable. E. Lynch, 2538 S. 61st St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19142.

How to make money writing short paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right away. Send for free facts. BARRETT, Dept. C-77-A, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago 60660.

Turn $10 into $1,000! Guaranteed! Free details. Money Hotline, Box 3155-Q, Springfield, Mo. 65804.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Men! Women! Jobs on ships. American, foreign. Guide, $3. Seafax, Dept. W-3, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

Teachers, administrators—Current school, college openings list in U.S., $5; Abroad, $5. Leading placement sources U.S., $3; foreign, $4. EISR, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

Job information—Select list to contact. Also hints to give you the edge. Send $1.35 to XOF Company, P.O. 18653 San Antonio, Texas 78218.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

Overseas opportunities—now available! Free transportation! Complete information . . . plus directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2. International Opportunities, Box 29232-HP, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Overseas Jobs—now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay. Free transportation, tax benefits. Latest computerized reports—$2. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90302-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

Exciting overseas jobs. Directory, $1. Research Associates, Box 1750-H, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

Worldwide opportunities . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All occupations! $700-$4,000 monthly! Employment International, Box 29217-HP, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

OWRAPAROUNDOWRA

Australia, New Zealand Want You! 50,000 jobs! Paid Transportation! Latest information and forms, $1. Austco, Box 3623-H, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

Exciting overseas jobs. Directory, $1. Research Associates, Box 1750-H, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Backpacking, ski touring equipment, canoes, kayaks. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 53, 63 Park St., Andover, Mass. 01810.

LICENSED MOVERS

Morris Moving Vans. Since 1899. Experienced and careful movers. Local and long distance to Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Canada. 475-7537. #303, 91 East 7th Street, N.Y.C.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Miniclocks—Authentic miniatures of famous American clocks with fine Swiss movements. Worn as pendant or brooch. Send for free color brochure C. Miniclock, 1165 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10029.

Discount brand-name receivers, speakers, phono cartridges, tapes. Catalogue, $1 (refundable). Stereo, 481 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016.

Car collectors—Classic 66 Toronado. Perfect condition. 7820 Southwestern Blvd., Dallas, Texas 75225.

Communicate with your plants. The Plant Machine is an electronic instrument to study the consciousness of plants. Write for information. Plant Life Research, Box 765, Mt. Shasta, Calif. 96067.

Israeli souvenirs: Color slides, pictures, postcards, crafts, jewelry, souvenirs, etc. Free Catalogue. G.M.F., P.O. Box 10373-M, Jerusalem, Israel.

Orienteering package includes Silva compass, pedometer, book, and walking stick. $19.95 plus $2 postage and handling, or send 25¢ for information. Box 31023 Omaha, Neb. 68131.

2' artificial marijuana plant, $2.25. Others. Free catalogue. S-T Mail Order, Box 1885, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Movie posters, stills, and TV scripts, 50¢ for large catalogue. Flicks, Inc. Sublette, Kans. 67877.

Wallpaper ordered at 30% discount. Ottco, Box 411, Frankfurt, Ky. 40601.

WANTED TO BUY

Old toy trains (pre-1940) wanted for private collection. Wide-gauge Ives, Lionel, etc. Box 66, McLean, Va. 22101.

PERSONALS

Amusing European honorary medals and fictitious degrees. For color brochure send $2. International Awards Committee, Dept. H, 2350 Bean Creek Rd., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060.

Ocean Park Feeling Center. Primal-based process: three-week live-in intensive period. Six-month to year program. Weekly small group and individual sessions. 1307 University Ave, Berkeley, Calif. 94702 or call (415) 841-6649 or 339-2284.

Snoring problem? For free information explaining the first and only guaranteed cure ever offered, write Crostronics, Box 8143, Corpus Christi, Texas 78412.

Penfriends. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927-H 15th St., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Interesting penfriends! 35¢ handles. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, Calif.

Learn professional astrology at home. Write World Astrological Services, Inc., Box 471, Murray, Ky. 42071.

Intensive and group therapy—Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd., Austin, Texas 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute. $2,000 for three-week intensive; subsequent groups are $10 each.

Patoot: We all love ya! Boog, Alex, and the Coots.

Make money fast! My way really works. Only common sense and good health required. Send $4.98 today for easy, complete details. L. Lisanti, P.O. Box 982, Laguna Beach, Calif. 92677.

Join World Party, for world federation. Write P. Rhoads, 1076 7th, Imperial Beach, Calif. 92032.

Convict needs correspondence. Male, white, 25 years old, 6' tall, 175 lbs., brown hair, dark eyes, and lonely. Dennis Wolfel 135-859, P.O. Box 787, Lucasville, Ohio 45648.

Colorado student coalition needs lobbying money. 320 Edwards St., Fort Collins, Colo. 80521.

Contraceptives for men—by mail! Thirty top brands—Trojan, Nuform, Jade, and many more. Twelve assorted samples: $3. Deluxe sampler: $6. Free illustrated catalogue with every order. Plain package assures privacy. Fast and reliable service. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded in full. POPLAN, Box 2556- Dept. HAC-11a, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514.

Widow, adopted orphan, recent victims fire, other tragedies. Caring affluents send $1 (less or more). Carol Hayes, 3328 Belknap, San Antonio, Texas 78212.

Moving to Cleveland? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. (216) 751-2155.

Instant memory—New way to remember. No memorization. Release "photographic" memory. Stop forgetting! Liberates extraordinary knowledge, talents, ESP. Free information. Institute of Advanced Thinking. Box 606-H, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

Play chess by mail! Information: CHESSNUTS, 25-HA Mount Vernon, Saugus, Mass. 01906.

Financial wealth increased by a proven, step-by-step method. Send $2 for our booklet. P.O. Box 8071, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Pocketbook of passionate, beautiful Haiku. $2. Box 11, Guilford, Conn. 06437.

Political wealth and freedom! Presidential pardon, $2. Rockefeller gift certificate, $1. Ace in the Hole, Box 2262, Los Angeles, Calif. 90051.

Wealth and happiness for you! Simple step-by-step procedure. Send $2. O'Rourke, 3 Garden Heights, Woburn, Mass. 01801.

Communal living information and utopian newspaper. Free. The Storefront Classroom, P.O. Box 1174, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Bed-wetting, simple method that helped me. $1 and stamped self-addressed envelope to LRD-A1, Box 2763, Arlington, Va. 22202.

Biorhythms—Fact or Fiction? See for yourself! Chart physical, intellectual, and sensitivity cycles for yourself, family, friends. Packet includes complete instructions. Bio-Curve, 24 graphs. $4.95. PSI Rhythms, Inc., 2382H South Dixie, Dayton, Ohio. 45409.

Make friends worldwide through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, Germany.

Law student with proven record requires financial support to continue school. Contribution receipts available. Paul Neville, Box 205, Arapahoe, Wyo. 82510.

LATE LISTINGS

VACATIONS

Linekin Bay sailing resort, Boothbay Harbor, Maine. Fleet of sailboats, two-masted schooner, sailing instructions, heated salt-water pool. Write for folder.

Mountaineering Seminars: Learn the techniques of alpine climbing. Schools, guided climbs, camps. Write for brochure. Jackson Hole Mountain Guides, Teton Village, Wyo. 83025.

Mountaineering and nature study, Colorado Rockies. July and August three-week trips, $447. Brochure: Wilderness Adventure, Box 1259, Taos, N. Mex. 87571. Phone (505) 776-2943.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Grants and awards available to American writers. $2. P.E.N. American Center, 156 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10010.

SUMMER STUDIES

Aspen Academy of Martial Arts. Summer programs in T'ai Chi, HwarangDo, Kung-fu and Aikido stressing mind-body harmony and meditation in an exquisite mountain setting. Box 1939, Aspen, Colo. 81611.

BOOKS

Free illustrated list 100's unique low-cost books. Rena's Treasures, 1252 E. Denwall, Carson, Calif. 90746.

MERCHANDISE FOR SAL

Advertise with T-shirts. Custom
ders for clubs, schools, organizat
Free estimates. (212) 461-0997.
ney, 168-03 43 Ave., Flushing,
11358.

PERSONALS

Two future scientists could be ri
enough people send $1 to Rick
Dave, Box 972, Amherst Co
Amherst, Mass. 01002.

Penfriends! Lonely and sincere,
Enterprises, 1626 Walton, Ocear
Calif.

George Washington slept here—and we've got the inside story about his bed! Chances are it was lovingly handcrafted with the authentic colonial woodworking techniques described in a unique book that's been collecting one rave review after another. *Country Furniture,* by Aldren A. Watson, reconstructs the world of the early American furniture maker and, in over 300 illustrations, shows his tools, his methods, his choice of woods. It's all here for you to duplicate—or, even better, to guide you on your spring antiquing spree. So order today! Send name, address, check or money order for $7.50 to Thomas Y. Crowell Company, Inc., Dept. SS-HA, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10019.

BOOKLETTER/
BOOKSERVICE
Bright, lively, literate an
free for a month

If you love books but hate w
money and time on bad ones,
want to become a Charter M
of *Harper's* **BOOKSERVICE.**
Membership includes a subscr
to the new *Bookletter,* a fascir
guide to the world of books,
lished every other Monday (24
a year), and a unique bookb
service that offers you the oppo
ty—but NEVER the obligatio
buy hardcover books at a 25%
savings.

Yes, please enter my Charter
bership to **BOOKSERVICE** a
special rate of just $10 for one y
instead of the regular $15. I u
stand that I may read the firs
issues at your expense. If I don
them, I'll write "cancel" across
bill, send it back, and that's th
☐ Please send bill for $5 now
$5 six months from now)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

Harper's Magazine/**BOOKSER**
381 West Center Street, M
Ohio 43302.

Reprints Available

Fantasies of Famine

From the February 19
issue

The Worst American C
From the January 1975 i

$.25 each, $20 per hund

Reprint Department
Harper's Magazine
Two Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 1001

COMMENTARY

DEFENSE OF OLD HYPOCRISY

don't hear about the Seven lly Sins anymore—Pride, Covet- ess, Lust, Anger, Gluttony, Envy, Sloth. That's because these medi- gentlemen have adopted aliases new life-styles and "gone legit" day's world.

ride's new name is Success. He pushes, shoves, and steps on le, but his new name and ex- ive acquisitions make him gen- y admired. Covetousness's new e is Lawsuit. These days, when ant something belonging to an- person or another group, we quietly covet or suddenly h, as of yore; we call in Law- Not only do we get what we , but it's all legal and proper. s new name is Expression. He's d his whole bag inside out: it's wrong to lust, it is positive- althy to express one's desires. r's new name is Indignation. he's having a grand time being nant—not angry, mind you— a host of things: people with than three children; the anti- tion cars that get five miles to gallon; builders who cut down to build houses for other peo- physicians' incomes; Presiden- ardons.

ttony's new name is Good Life. acket used to be limited pretty to food and drink, but these he's into tobacco, drugs, luxury , and vacuous entertainment of nds. Envy, always the creep in rowd, has a new name, too. It's lation. And there are grounds elieving that Regulation is more ssful in the rackets than any of ronies. Admit it! Who doesn't or Regulation nowadays when- he sees other persons or other s becoming successful? Sloth's ame is Freedom. Sloth may be but he's not stupid. There is o end of things he doesn't have to do in the name of Freedom that he would have to do if it were suspected that he is just plain lazy.

While the old familiars have been going legit, a big, new baddy has blown into town. His name is Hypocrisy, and he doesn't use an alias. Because of him we know it's perfectly okay to buy all the merchandise the modern medievalists are pushing, just so long as we aren't hypocritical about it. Do I drink a lot? Sure I drink a lot! Do I smoke pot? Sure I smoke pot! Do I commit adultery? Sure I commit adultery! Do I lie and cheat? Sure I lie and cheat (doesn't everybody?). Do I abuse and take advantage of my fellow man? Sure I abuse and take advantage of my fellow man. But—whatever I do, or am, there's one thing I am not. *I am not a hypocrite!*

Well, now, all you folks who take comfort in the fact that you aren't hypocrites, I've got news for you. You are the big losers in the old "bait and switch" game. And guess who the other players are? Right! Success, Lawsuit, Expression, Indignation, Good Life, Regulation, and Freedom. As a bad actor, Hypocrisy is strictly small time, but he makes a perfect fall guy. You see, our old friends brought him in from out of town, set him up as *the* deadly sin, and are now busily switching us into their new enterprises. Being young and inexperienced (although dreadfully loath to admit it) our children are taken in more than we are, but none of us escapes entirely.

Me, I'll take Old Hypocrisy. He played the game straight. If he seduced the pastor's wife, he still went to church and shook the pastor's hand on the way out. If he drank himself stupid at home, he sipped decorously in public. If he cheated on his income tax or took unfair advantage of colleagues, clients, or customers, he was all the while proclaiming the moral greatness of America and the ideals of fair play. I don't know about you, but I infinitely prefer Old Hypocrisy to New Hypocrisy. This new chap has no scruples at all. He has baited us into the ultimate hypocrisy of believing that almost anything goes so long as we let it all hang out. Why, he has even invaded the home. Now, if our son is going to do some heavy drinking, we want him to do his drinking at home. If our daughter insists on having an affair, it's best that her boyfriend move in so that they can have their affair here at home. If our kids are smoking pot, as good responsible parents we want them to smoke their pot at home. Home, sweet home!

This essay (and "essay" does mean "try") can serve as a rallying cry for all us stabilized, old-fashioned hypocrites to unite in driving out this virulent new form of hypocrisy which recognizes no, or almost no, standards of personal morality short of murder (and even there abortion and euthanasia are busy bees). In particular, this is a rallying cry for beleaguered parents throughout our great land. Peace be unto you! You now can say, "Yes, dear offspring, I *am* a hypocrite, a good old-fashioned hypocrite. And what's more, I am proud of it!"

So you see, Pride, Covetousness, Lust, Anger, Gluttony, Envy, and Sloth, I know you by your real names and you aren't going to bait and switch me. If my child or my friend or I cannot always uphold civiliza-

Carl G. Croyder is a realtor in Bethesda, Maryland.

Harper's *welcomes brief contributions from all of its readers who find themselves inspired to passionate statement. Please send entries, including stamped, self-addressed envelope, to "Commentary."*

"*my* is one of the very few writers in this country to work with some skill in the field of literary documentary. *Observations from the Treadmill* contains an extraordinary amount of life in its pages."
—Norman Mailer

"You can read two yards of the Great Books without encountering between two covers as much wisdom, knavery, truth, deception, beauty, and suppurating wretchedness."
—*National Observer*

"Makes maturity seem a desirable condition." —*Crawdaddy*

"Perhaps the most important such journal functioning today." —*Newsday*

Observations from the Treadmill ™

A one-man journal of social commentary that has included: A HANDBOOK ON DEATH, THE PURPOSE OF PUNISHMENT, ART: THE LONELY PATH, THE ALTERNATIVE TO PUBLIC SCHOOL IS PUBLIC SCHOOL, SCHIZOPHRENIA: THE OTHER SIDE, THE SURVIVAL OF THE NUCLEAR FAMILY, etc. Send one dollar for a sample copy.

OFT, RFD #1, UNION, ME. 04862

I enclose $1. Please send me a sample copy of *Treadmill*.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

Zip_____

tion's hard-won standards, we can at least recognize them. This Old Hypocrite is going to play the game straight!

Urbi et orbi. To the city and the world! —Carl G. Croyder
Potomac, Md.

HISSTORY IN THE SEVENTIES

A new sound can be heard in Berkeley that will probably spread across the country, if it has not done so already. The direct descendant of the Bronx cheer, the hoot, and the raspberry, the hiss rises out of the audiences at lectures, films, and social gatherings. In the nonverbal, nondemonstrative Seventies, this hiss may be the leitmotiv of the decade.

Beyond the crudity of the sound and the simplicity to which it reduces polemic and philosophy, it marks the mood of a generation to whom current events, nostalgia, and history intertwine and confuse. The hiss is most commonly heard at the movies, especially during old films from the Thirties and Forties which have such a paradoxical popularity.

Nostalgia lures this Berkeley generation to the cinema, but then history rears its ugly head. John Garfield intones a patriotic speech in *Air Force* (made in 1943): a hiss rises up like escaping gas. Lauren Bacall's independence is cheered in *To Have and Have Not* (1944), but then she decides to hitch up with Bogie. Ssss, ssss. James Cagney gives up his gangster life and acknowledges law and order to be the true way. Ssss. Joel McCrea in *Foreign Correspondent* (1939) calls on Americans to get involved in European affairs. Hisses (with a few cheers from aging antifascists).

The hissing and the cheers that often drown out the story are an interesting reflection on the audience's sense of history. America's aggression in Vietnam has stained every other American action, past and present. The old myth was that we had won every war. The new myth is that we lost them all, at least morally. All of the "enlightenment" of the S enties falls flatly on the Thirties a Forties (and other decades) with any standard of contemporary re vance. Should Hollywood be his for casting blacks in servant ro when at the time it was criticized casting them at all? Would we l the Seventies to be judged by future pieties of the Nineties?

The changed values are not d turbing—indeed, most of them welcome—but the historical dist tion that accompanies them is as cious as the old Soviet reworking the past. The distortion is not i denim-clad audience's innocent comprehension of a top-hatted F Astaire, or the mystified response old courtship traditions and for manners, or the confusion about ety in depression-era films ("W are those people laughing? Don't t know there's a depression going o queries one student "historian Rather, the hissing tells us we can accept the patriotism of World W II or the conservatism of the Fif or the role of blacks in Thirties m cals. It is more than a comment; a denial of history.

The rest of the world is o shocked at our ignorance of th histories. Are we now becoming ignorant of our own? The metho teaching history Presidential term Presidential term was often a pat ic exercise in boredom or self-c gratulation, but at least between hills and valleys of war and pe depression and prosperity, one a glimpse, however small, of steady flow of the American from its beginning. The current kanization of American History isolated episodes of violence or and pieces of ethnic experienc like a tide that always ebbs. His then easily devolves into hisstory

It is equally simplistic for the actionary to say that those wit a knowledge of history are d demned to repeat it. Historians r ly find repetition, although, like chiatrists, they recognize sim symptoms. No, the hissing in Be ley and elsewhere is a basic mi derstanding of the past and of present, an intolerance if you w and as such it is one of the more pressing new sounds of the Seven

—Dennis Ha
Berkeley, C

Dennis Halac, a former history teacher, is working on a novel that likens the sixteenth century to our own.

o Friedrich: Going Crazy / WRAPAROUND: Getting Smart

ohn Berryman / Edgar Z. Friedenberg / Mordecai Richler

June 1975 $1.00

Harper's

Magazine

BODY
EW
T THE
SINESS

am Gaddis

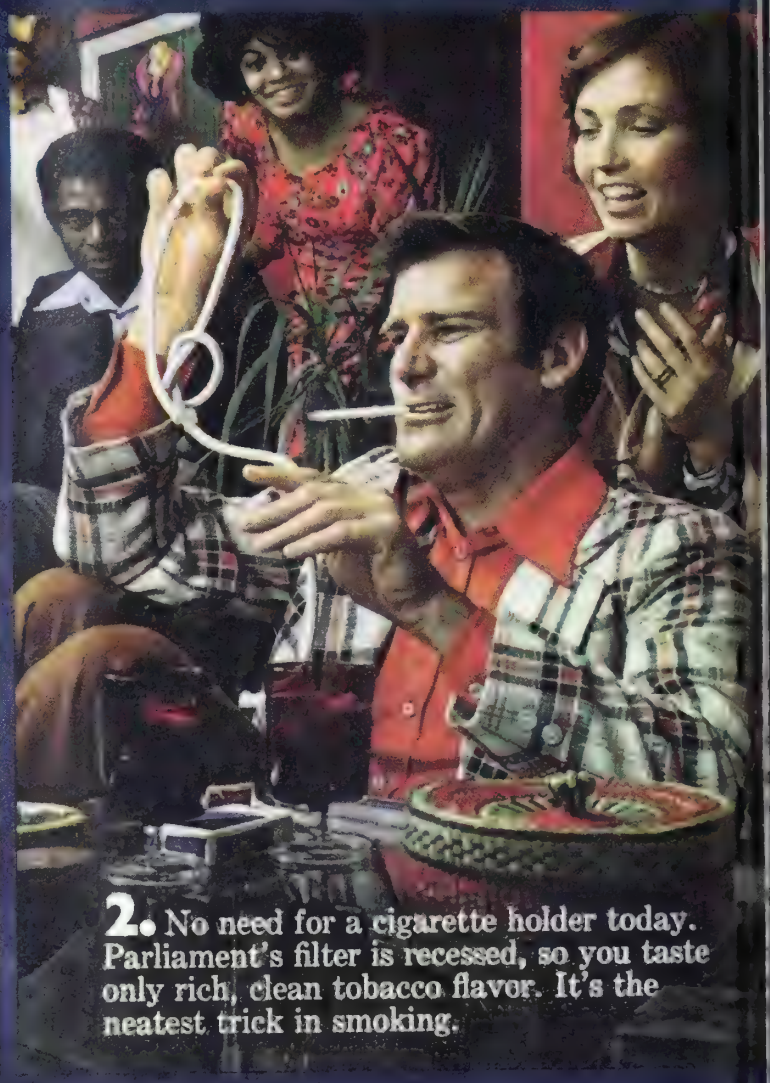


A satire on the American corporation from his long-awaited novel, "JR"

Parliament. The recessed filter cigarette



1. Theodore Jordan never could get the rabbit out of his hat. But he did get a lift from his cigarette holder. It gave him cleaner taste.



2. No need for a cigarette holder today. Parliament's filter is recessed, so you taste only rich, clean tobacco flavor. It's the neatest trick in smoking.

It works like a cigarette holder works.



Kings: 14 mg. "tar," 0.8 mg. nicotine
100's: 17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Jul. '78

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

As your introduction to membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB®

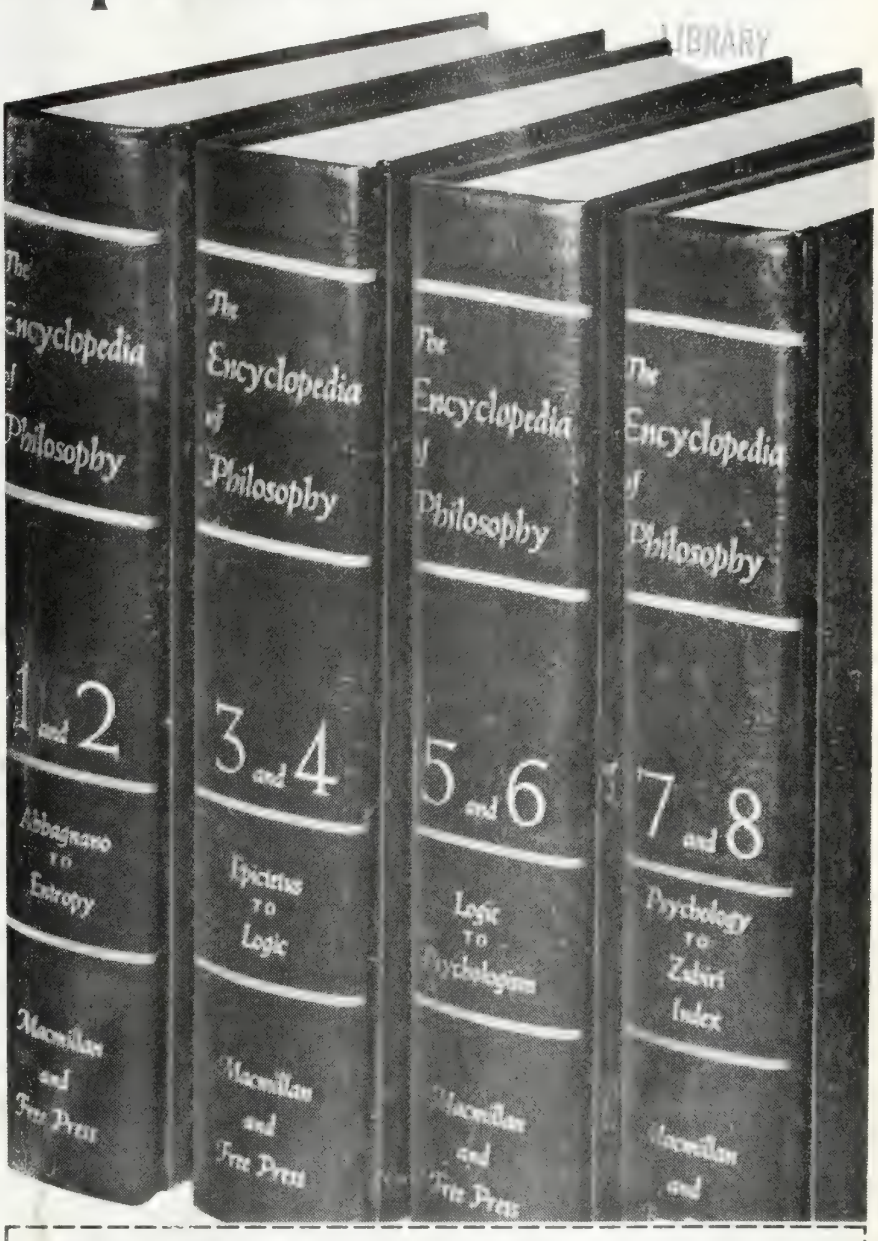
The most comprehensive encyclopedia of philosophy ever published...

MAY 1 1975
LIBRARY

FOR ONLY $17.50

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL
You simply agree to buy four Club choices within a year at substantial savings on most books you choose.

PUBLISHER'S LIST PRICE: $99.50



The complete contents of the original eight-volume $219.50 edition now in a handsome four-volume reader's edition

ONE OF THE GREATEST repositories of philosophical information available anywhere, *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy* is the only major philosophical reference work published in English since 1901.

In this unique 5,000,000-word work can be found clear, authoritative answers to almost any question concerning philosophy — ancient, medieval and modern, Eastern as well as Western. And because the work represents the collaboration of more than 500 philosophers and philosophical scholars from twenty-four countries, every shade of opinion is represented. No thinker or movement is dismissed as too radical, no issue is scanted as too controversial. There are articles, for example, that discuss such contemporary matters as the ethics of suicide and euthanasia and the benefits and dangers of computing machines.

Clearly, *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy* belongs in every personal library, particularly in homes where there are high school or college students. Up to now its high price has kept it out of the reach of most families. But, as a new member of the Book-of-the-Month Club, you may own it for less than a tenth of the cost of the original eight-volume edition. Because only a limited number of sets have been set aside for this offer, you are advised to act quickly.

SPECIAL FEATURES AND EDITORIAL FACTS

- 2200 pages
- 1,000,000 words
- Nearly 1500 articles, including 900 on individual philosophers
- 58-page index
- Paul Edwards, editor in chief
- Editorial Board of 153 international scholars
- Contributors: 500 specialists from twenty-four countries

A SMALL SAMPLING OF THE IDEAS AND PHILOSOPHERS IN THESE VOLUMES

Pain	Atheism	Semantics	The Absolute
Thing	Free Will	Humanism	Good and Evil
Truth	Nonsense	Linguistics	Existentialism
LOCKE	WITTGENSTEIN	CAMUS	NEWTON
CONFUCIUS	SANTAYANA	KANT	DESCARTES
ERASMUS	SPINOZA	NIETZSCHE	HEGEL
SARTRE	THOMAS AQUINAS	ARISTOTLE	EINSTEIN
RUSSELL	PIAGET	PLATO	KIERKEGAARD

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC., Camp Hill, Pennsylvania, 17012 5-A67-6

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club and send me the four-volume reader's edition of *The Encyclopedia of Philosophy*, billing me $17.50. I agree to buy at least four Selections or Alternates during the first year I am a member, paying in most cases special members' prices. My membership is cancelable any time after I buy these four books. A shipping charge is added to all shipments.

65

MR. / MRS. / MISS .....
(Please print plainly)

Address..... *Apt*.....

City & State..... *Zip*.....

FACTS ABOUT MEMBERSHIP

- You will receive the Book-of-the-Month Club *News*, a literary magazine published by the Club fifteen times a year. The *News* describes the coming Selection and scores of Alternates, and will be sent to you approximately every three and a half weeks.
- If you wish to purchase the Selection, do nothing and it will be shipped to you automatically.
- If you do not want the Selection — or you would like one of the Alternates or no book at all — simply indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed with the *News* and mail it so we receive it by the date specified.
- If, because of late mail delivery of the *News*, you should receive a Selection without having had at least 10 days to decide whether you want it, that Selection may be returned at Club expense.
- If you continue after your trial membership, you will earn at least one Book-Dividend® Credit for every Selection or Alternate you buy. These Credits enable you to acquire for your library a wide variety of books, called Book-Dividends, at astonishing savings — *at least 70% of publishers' list prices*. Under this unique system, more than 100 Book-Dividends will be available to choose from every year.
- All books distributed by the Book-of-the-Month Club are identical to the publishers' editions in content, format, size and quality.

Harper's

JUNE 1975 FOUNDED IN 1850/VOL. 250, NO. 1501

WRAPAROUND 3 **Getting Smart: The Temporal Imperative**

101 Making Connections
103 Turnabout
104 Tools for Living
106 Game
106 Classified

Otto Friedrich **19** GOING CRAZY
The condition of insanity is far more common than most people would like to believe

Mordecai Richler **28** LETTER FROM OTTAWA
Why the arts in Canada need American imperialism

George O'Toole **36** HARMONICA BUGS, CLOAKS, AND SILVER BOXES
On the line or behind the wall: a silent multitude of secret sharers

Edgar Z. Friedenberg **41** THOUGHTS ON LIBERTY AND RANCOR
The greatest good of the greatest number is a worthy goal, but it has little to do with liberty

SPECIAL SECTION **47** NOBODY GREW BUT THE BUSINESS
An excerpt from William Gaddis's new novel, *JR*

Horace Freeland Judson **70** FEARFUL OF SCIENCE
Ethics—and dangers—of the new biological research

David McClelland **77** THE CURSE OF COMMERCIAL CURSIVE AND OTHER CALLIGRAPHIC CURIOSITIES
A neglected art returns with a flourish

BOOKS

John Seelye **84** HOLLYWOOD DEATH TRIP
Lewis M. Dabney **88** THE PRIVATE EDMUND WILSON
Edward Weeks **92** A MAN OF YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW
Frederick Brown **93** VITALIE'S DOLL

Richard H. Rovere **97** THE MAGNIFICENT FUSSBUDGET
Remembering Harold Ross

VERSE

John Berryman **68** Six Dream Songs

LETTERS

14 On the written painting, belief in God, and newsstand blues

Cover photograph by Terry Stevenson, after Rembrandt's *Hendrickje Bathing in a Stream*

EDITOR IN CHIEF: Robert Shnayerson; **MANAGING EDITOR:** Lewis H. Lapham; **ART DIRECTOR:** Sheila Berger; **SENIOR EDITOR:** Nelson W. Aldrich, Jr.; **COPY EDITOR:** Rhoda Koenig; **ASSOCIATE EDITOR:** John Fischer; **WASHINGTON EDITOR:** Taylor Branch; **WRAPAROUND EDITOR:** Michael Aron; **STAFF EDITORS:** Valerie Brooks, Lawrence S. Burns, Melanie Pulik; **EDITORIAL ADMINISTRATOR:** Angela Santoro; **CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:** Gwyneth Cravens, George Crile, Timothy Dickinson, Annie Dillard, Barry Farrell (West Coast), Jim Hougan, Russell Lynes, George Plimpton, Marion K. Sanders, Earl Shorris, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.; **CONTRIBUTING ARTIST:** Martim Avillez; **BOOKLETTER EDITOR:** Suzanne Mantell

PUBLISHER: Russell Barnard; **ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER:** Griff Ellison; **ASSISTANT PUBLISHER:** Ernest M. Walker, Jr.; **CONTROLLER:** Louis A. Isidora; **CIRCULATION MANAGER:** Elizabeth Jacobsen; **PRODUCTION MANAGER:** Louis Seeger; **REPRINTS/PERMISSIONS:** Lucy Mattimore

HARPER'S MAGAZINE PRESS **EDITOR:** Lawrence S. Freundlich

Published monthly by Harper's Magazine Company, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Cass Canfield, Honorary Chairman; Russell Barnard, President; Robert Shnayerson, Executive Vice-President; Lewis H. Lapham, Vice-President. Subscriptions $8.97 one year; $17.94 three years. Foreign except Canada and Pan America: $1.50 per year additional. Harper's Magazine Company is a division of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. John Cowles, Jr., Chairman; Otto A. Silha, President; Norton Armour, Secretary; William R. Beattie, Treasurer.

For advertising information contact Harper-Atlantic Sales, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Other offices in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, and San Francisco.

Copyright © 1975 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Company, Inc. All rights reserved. The trademark *Harper's* is used by Harper's Magazine Company under license, and is a registered trademark owned by Harper & Row, Publishers, Incorporated.

Printed in the U.S.A. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Please send Form 3579 to Harper's Magazine, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302.

GETTING SMART:
The Temporal Imperative

The good life may be largely a matter of luck, but luck doesn't just happen. Chance, as Pasteur noted, favors the prepared mind—or what they used to call on the playing fields of my youth "the smarts." A person who had the smarts was not only unusually bright but also intensely focused. Knowing exactly what he wanted in life, he usually got it.

As a culture we have just passed through a period in which smarts and wants became remarkably collective—in fact, the basis of entire class movements. Blacks wanted a better life for all blacks. Women wanted emancipation for all women. Youth wanted a personal tribal celebration. Herb Hendin, a New York psychiatrist, calls it "the politicization of feeling, the tendency for individuals to make their problems collective, to find others with similar problems and to see the beliefs of everybody else as *the* problem." There ensued a manner of follies, confrontations, and predictable disillusionments. With the coming of Watergate and the energy crisis, people also began realizing they might have to defer their collectivist aspirations, because the society was unable to respond. Watergate painted a picture of government so depressing that people turned from the belief that they could solve personal problems by dumping them onto the national agenda. Both awakening us to the idea of scarcity and giving us a common, overriding problem, the energy crisis served as a great leveler; but if we are leveled and face new shortages, our allegiance is to ourselves and our families, not to people like us on the other side of the country. The inflation and recession that followed sharply reforced a new sense of angst and caution.

In hard times, ecstasy seems farther from reach, idealism gets submerged in day-to-day worries, and people speak more about fending for themselves. They look for security, however it is construed. One could say that people have become more cynical or more realistic, more money-conscious or less wasteful. Either way, the mood of the country seems to be one for which such slang expressions as "Get smart, buddy" or "Wise up" or "Get your act together" are more apt than "If it feels good, do it."

Getting smart in this sense does not mean improving one's mind so much as it means improving one's lot in life. One gets smart not by reading Newton's *Principia* but by figuring out where one's true interests lie and then operating with those interests in mind. This is a tricky business. It involves self-examination, a search for certitudes and realities, however elusive. It could lead to a conversion of some kind, a decisive act, or something as undramatic as a set of New Year's resolutions. It may focus on one's professional life, emotional life, or one's understanding of the meaning of life. The specifics have as many names as the fish in the ocean.

The important thing is that it implies a renewal of self and therein an affirmation. Those of us who thought it possible to float freely through life, or who wished to be swept up in a tide of historical forces that would deposit us on some blessed shore, must realize now that if answers are to be found, they lie within. At least, that is where the search must begin, when we think about smartening up.

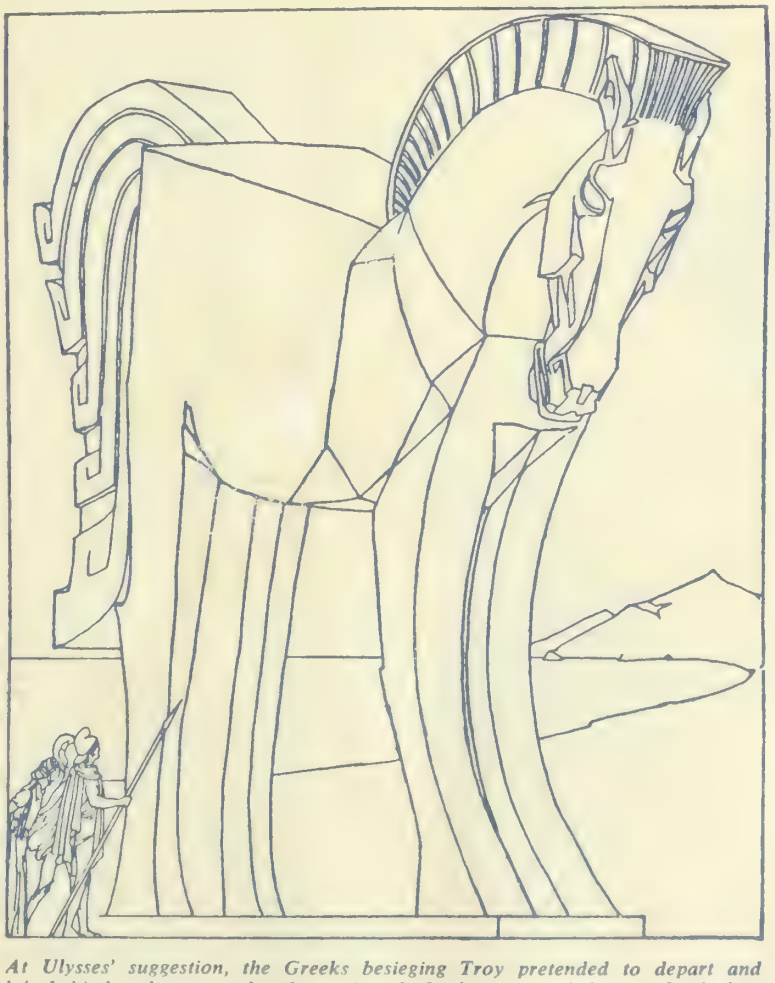
Since smartness can be applied to almost any human endeavor, this **WRAPAROUND** offers a sampling of views and ideas that lead in many directions. Parts of it would fit into a survival manual, other parts deal with the quality of smartness itself, and some of it simply represents the products of smart minds.

My own feeling about smartness is that it comes in two kinds. There are the ways in which everybody is smart—that is, everyone possesses some practical knowledge or intuitive gift that others don't have (and in hard times a real premium is placed on practical knowledge of all kinds). Then there is superior smartness, which can be defined progressively as the kind of smartness that enables you to:

1. Manipulate a wealth of data.
2. Navigate your way through a bureaucracy.
3. Get people to do what you want them to do.
4. Know yourself.
5. Marvel at the vastness of your ignorance.

But this is where smartness begins to dovetail into wisdom, and wisdom is a subject better left for a future issue.

—Michael Aron



The Granger Collection

At Ulysses' suggestion, the Greeks besieging Troy pretended to depart and left behind a huge wooden horse in which they concealed several of their number. The Trojans took the horse for an offering to Pallas Athena and dragged it into the city. At night the Greeks left the horse and opened the gates of the city to the Greek host, who had only retreated to a nearby island.

Drawings by Willy Pogany

The Truth Revealed

I am a man who at the precocious age of thirty-five experienced an astonishing revelation: it is better to be a success than a failure. Having been penetrated by this great truth concerning the nature of things, my mind was now open for the first time to a series of corollary perceptions, each one as dizzying in its impact as the Original Revelation itself. Money, I now saw (no one, of course, had ever seen it before), was important: it was better to be rich than to be poor. Power, I now saw (moving on to higher subtleties), was desirable: it was better to give orders than to take them. Fame, I now saw (how courageous of me not to flinch), was unqualifiedly delicious: it was better to be recognized than to be anonymous.

—Norman Podhoretz
Making It, 1967

You Are Alone

The mind is an attribute of the individual. There is no such thing as a collective brain. There is no such thing as a collective thought. An agreement reached by a group of men is only a compromise or an average drawn upon many individual thoughts. It is a secondary consequence. The primary act—the process of reason—must be performed by each man alone. We can divide a meal among many men. We cannot digest it in a collective stomach. No man can use his lungs to breathe for another man. No man can use his brain to think for another. All the functions of body and spirit are private. They cannot be shared or transferred.

—Ayn Rand
The Fountainhead, 1943



Polyphemus the Cyclops imprisoned Ulysses and his men in the cave where he lived, along with his cattle, sheep, and goats. Ulysses put out the Cyclops's one eye as he slept. The next morning, when Polyphemus opened the cave to let his cattle out, Ulysses bound his men to the bellies of the rams and himself clung to the wool of the last one.

"The secret of success is to offend the greatest number of people."
—George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950)

Knowing When to Bail Out

"Bailing out" is a redundancy (ever hear of anybody "bailing in"?). Yet it remains an apt expression for escape or release from confinement, even when the confinement is of one's own choosing. I was not forced to become press secretary to the President. My decision to join the Ford Administration was voluntary—indeed, I accepted with alacrity the President's challenge to revamp the White House press office and restore its credibility with the media and the public.

My decision to bail out was also voluntary, although I had an incentive that bordered on obligation—Mr. Ford's pardoning of Richard Nixon. That decision outraged my personal sense of justice. So you might say I was helped to the door, partly by Mr. Ford's act and partly by my conscience.

History probably will record in a footnote that I was the first to board the Ford train and the first to jump clear. But a semantic footnote could add that I was really the second bailout on that sad Sunday in September 1974. The first was the President's bailing out of Mr. Nixon, freeing him forever from the clutches of the law for any criminal deeds he may have committed as First Citizen of the land. That was a bailout without precedent.

Knowing when to quit and when to stay is something that really can't be defined with any clarity. My own experience tells me that one knows instantly when he must leave. It's a certain gut feeling that may come from one's genes. Knowing when to stay takes longer to decide, which is perhaps why so many who are tempted to bail out don't.

There are times when bailing out is a joy. Skydivers know what I mean. So do some dropouts, runaways, hobos, and exmarried people who found genuine release from an oppressiv environment.

But it's important to make distinction between bailing ou and copping out, because th latter entails a wholly differen set of values. One way to ex plain the difference is to sa that while Ted Kennedy an Fritz Mondale feel they baile out of the Presidential rac their detractors say they coppe out. And my detractors, thos who believe my resignation wa an act of disloyalty and ingrat tude, tend to feel that wa about me. Fortunately they ar in the minority and factuall they are in error. I rather e joyed my White House days- right up to the moment th Richard Nixon got bailed ou My departure stemmed n from disgruntlement but fro disapproval. Maybe that's b cause there really is no bailo from conscience **—J. F. terHor**

J. F. terHorst is a national column for the Detroit News/Universal Pre Syndicate.

"The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing."
—Archilochus (714-676 B.C.)

When Will They Ever Learn?

Who, in spite of all logic ar experience, never got smart? poll, conducted in the bowels the New York Public Libra on a rainy day, resulted in th following list:

Harold Stassen
Ron Ziegler
Edsel designers
The first five wives of Henry VIII
Two of the three little pigs
The American voter
Gracie Allen
Japanese kamikaze pilots
Eddie Fisher
Tiny Tim
Krazy Kat
The Kurds
Price controllers
Italian generals
Judges who send people to prison to be rehabilitated
Robert Browning
Mark Rudd
Believers in international goodwill
OTB customers
"End-of-Ideology" ideologues
The Light Brigade
All kings of Spain and Roman
William Westmoreland
Job
Don Quixote
Icarus
Sisyphus
L. Patrick Gray
Franklin National Bank

he Smartest Man i the Room

I'm not sure anymore what e word *smart* means. The more is used, the less it seems to ean. When someone is deribed as "really smart," is that vorable or unfavorable?

It used to be much simpler. school, *smart* was what the st students were called, ratings ing based simply on grades d class standing. Other flatring adjectives which could ve been used to measure peo-'s worth—*wise, thoughtful, lid, profound,* even *intelligent* were rarely, if ever, invoked. *iart* meant getting good ades, and getting good grades is what school was all about.

When I first came to Washgton in 1962, straight from llege, the word, or what it emed to stand for, still had eat force. An article in *Life* Theodore H. White, written metime early in the Kennedy dministration, had made a eat impression on me: it deribed a new group of men here were, as I recall, no omen in the group) who were ming to Washington to deterne the destiny of the nation d the world. They were called ction-intellectuals," for they ssessed a rare combination of elligence and a flair for deive executive action. They re, in other words, very very iart.

For a while that seemed good ough. But sometime in the d-1960s, the virtues of smartss became less evident, and word seemed to lose some its strength. I remember vivy, for example, a meeting I ended with Maxwell Taylor, n the American Ambassador Saigon. Taylor had returned Washington for briefings dur; one of Vietnam's recurrent litical crises and he was in middle of a complicated assment of the situation when was interrupted by one of smartest Pentagon civilians. ifty percent chance of the vernment's survival for anher fifteen days?" the Pentgon official asked. Taylor ghed and turned aside the aningless question. Subtle litical judgments are not rcible to quantification.

In a similar instance, reported Stewart Alsop, a senior CIA icial who regularly briefed

"Get angry, get hating angry, and you won't be scared.
What have you got now?
Nothing.
What will you ever have?
Nothing.
. . . Unless you cop for yourself." —Piri Thomas
Down These Mean Streets
1971

Defense Secretary McNamara on Indochina, using all the statistics and data compiled by the Pentagon, suddenly asked McNamara if he could offer a personal observation. When McNamara agreed, according to Alsop, the official said that he had spent much of his life working on Southeast Asia and, yes, he knew that the statistics showed that we were winning but that somehow, deep down in his bones, he just didn't feel comfortable with all those signs of progress. Deep down he felt that things were rotten. McNamara asked for reasons, data, empirical evidence. The official couldn't give any, he said; it was just a feeling. McNamara thanked him for his comments, dismissed him, and asked the CIA to send over another briefer.

Briefing someone that smart could be very difficult. Several of my friends who had lived for years in Vietnam and really knew something about the country found they were sometimes unable even to finish their sentences because the men they were briefing were so smart they could see the end of the thought coming and wanted to save some time. People who had important things to say were cut off in mid-thought because they were not articulate enough to frame their thoughts in the precise, logical, *bright* way that was desired, if not required.

But sometimes the slower-speaking, less smart person was right; sometimes the smart ones were wrong. So finally it started to become clear: the smartest man in the room is not always right. The truism may have seemed all too obvious to some people, while others may have seen in it a logical contradiction: the rightest man in the room, they might say, is by definition smart. Regardless of semantics, I think that there is a real point to all this: Vietnam was not a special case, and in Washington smart men tend to put down people whom they regard as less smart with little regard for the substance of those people's views. The way the government works, speed gets rewarded more than deliberation, brilliance more than depth, cleverness more than wisdom.

Only with hindsight can one look back and see that the smartest course may not have been the right one. Even then the lesson is hard, perhaps impossible, to learn. Confronted with a choice between the recommendations of two advocates, one smart and one seemingly less smart, on what basis does one choose that of the less smart one? Without firsthand knowledge of the situation under discussion, it would be almost impossible. The only thing one can do is try to bear in mind that sheer smartness is no guarantee of correctness, and that the smartest person in the room may be wrong. It sounds simple, but it's not.

—Richard Holbrooke

Richard Holbrooke is the managing editor of Foreign Policy.

QUIXOTIC LEARNING

In my country and in my time, learning often enough mends the purse, but seldom the mind. When the intelligence it lights on is heavy its effect is to make it heavier and to choke it; and fine-spun intelligences it purges, clarifies, and subtilizes to the point of inanition. It is a thing of almost indeterminate quality; a very useful adjunct to a well-endowed mind, but pernicious and harmful to any other; or rather, it is a thing of very precious use, which will not let itself be purchased cheaply. In one man's hands it is a sceptre, in another's a fool's bauble. **—Michel de Montaigne**
"On the Art of Conversation"
1588
Translated by J. M. Cohen

"This is an age of personal ignorance. No one knows what others know. No one knows enough." —Donald Barthelme
"The Genius," 1971

EVERYSNEAK

No man ever quite believes in any other man. One may believe in an idea absolutely, but not in a man. In the highest confidence there is always a flavor of doubt—a feeling, half instinctive and half logical, that, after all, the scoundrel *may* have something up his sleeve. This doubt, it must be obvious, is always more than justified, for no man is worthy of unlimited reliance—his treason, at best, only waits for sufficient temptation. The trouble with the world is not that men are too suspicious in this direction, but that they tend to be too confiding—that they still trust themselves too far to other men, even after bitter experience. Women, I believe, are measurably less sentimental, in this as in other things. No married woman ever trusts her husband absolutely, nor does she ever act as if she *did* trust him. Her utmost confidence is as wary as an American pickpocket's confidence that the policeman on the beat will stay bought. **—H. L. Mencken**
"The Skeptic"
The Smart Set, 1919

NET SCREWING

As we emerged from the dream of endless progress and a bigger share for everyone, it became obvious that today's screwing of the average man was far different from the straightforward exploitation of the past. It has, in fact, become hard to tell the difference between victim and hustler, to identify ourselves with either the average man or his oppressors. We find, instead, that most people are on both sides—taking some, giving some—and are themselves not sure whether they are ahead of the game or behind. This problem, which never bothered the average man in the past, we shall call *net screwing.* It is peculiarly characteristic of our times. Indeed, the presence of net screwing, plus that of plastic, is the surest way of telling that we are in the twentieth century.

—David Hapgood
The Screwing of the Average Man, 1974

APAROUNDWRAPARO

No, We Have Yes Bananas

Bananas back then—undamaged ones, that is—generally sold at around 25 cents for four pounds. Jeno's boss suggested he start selling the damaged shipment at four pounds for 19 cents, then go lower if nobody bought.

But Jeno Paulucci was coming of age as a promoter. A delightfully wicked idea stole into his head. Without telling his boss, he piled the brown bananas outdoors in a huge display. Then he began shouting, "Argentine bananas!"

There is no such thing as an Argentine banana. But the name had an exotic lilt to it, a sound of value. A crowd gathered to look at Paulucci's speckled-brown pile. He convinced his listeners that these loathsome-looking objects were a new type of fruit, never before imported into the United States. Being of generous heart, he was prepared to let them go at the astonishingly low price of ten cents a pound (nearly twice what they would have cost as ordinary, undamaged, non-Argentine bananas). He sold all 18 crates in three hours. **—Max Gunther**

The Very Very Rich and How They Got That Way, 1972

"When I was fourteen, I thought my father was an idiot. But when I was twenty-one, I was amazed at how much the old man had learned in seven years." —Mark Twain (1835-1910)

ELBOW GREASE

The two qualities that Dali unquestionably possesses are a gift for drawing and an atrocious egoism. "At seven," he says in the first paragraph of his book, "I wanted to be Napoleon. And my ambition has been growing steadily ever since." This is worded in a deliberately startling way, but no doubt it is substantially true. Such feelings are common enough. "I knew I was a genius," somebody once said to me, "long before I knew what I was going to be a genius *about*." And suppose that you have nothing in you except your egoism and a dexterity that goes no higher than the elbow; suppose that your real gift is for a detailed academic, representational style of drawing, your real *métier* to be an illustrator of scientific textbooks. How then do you become Napoleon?

There is always one escape: *into wickedness.* **—George Orwell**

Dickens, Dali and Others, 1946

The Roots of Gonzo

Objective Journalism is a hard thing to come by these days. We all yearn for it, but who can point the way? The only man who comes to mind, right offhand, is my good friend and colleague on the Sports Desk, Raoul Duke. Most journalists only *talk* about objectivity, but Dr. Duke grabs it straight by the fucking throat. You will be hard pressed to find any argument, among professionals, on the question of Dr. Duke's Objectivity.

As for mine . . . well, my doctor says it swole up and busted about ten years ago. The only thing I ever saw that came close to Objective Journalism was a closed-circuit TV setup that watched shoplifters in the General Store at Woody Creek, Colorado. I always admired that machine, but I noticed that nobody paid much attention to it until one of those known, heavy, out-front shoplifters came into the place . . . but when that happened, everybody got so excited that the thief had to do something quick, like buy a green popsicle or a can of Coors and get out of the place immediately.

So much for Objective Journalism. Don't bother to look for it here—not under any byline of mine; or anyone else I can think of. With the possible exception of things like box scores, race results, and stock market tabulations, there is no such thing as Objective Journalism. The phrase itself is a pompous contradiction in terms. **—Dr. Hunter S. Thompson**

Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail '72, 1973

"My name is opportunity and I am paging Canada."
—Headline of an advertisement in the *Toronto Northern Miner,* 1933, paid for by Joseph Hirshorn

Idiom's Delight

Not all Americans share Spiro Agnew's famous mistrust of college-educated "effete snobs." But this country does feel a traditional ambivalence toward cultured, intelligent people—an ambivalence that naturally shows up in American slang. Our best brains are sniggered at as "eggheads"; desirable qualities suggested by the word *wise* are denigrated in the pejorative phrase *wise guy*; idealistic people are labeled "dumb"; and even calling someone an "intellectual" has negative connotations in many parts of the country.

The one form of intelligence that almost all Americans admire is being smart. To be smart is to be clever in a worldly way—the antithesis of ivory-tower book learning. Being gifted, sensitive, talented, and intellectual was of no use to our American folk hero, the cowboy, but being smart clearly helped him to survive. The same can now be said of people in politics, business, and other classic American vocations. To succeed in these areas you must be smart—i.e., able to *out*smart the other guy. This is quite different from being intelligent.

The adjectival use of *smart* (in any of its meanings) has no known foreign origin or cognates. It is Old English, forms of it having been used in the 1300s to mean "quick, active; prompt" (*Oxford English Dictionary*). It came to mean "sharp in scheming" (Webster) in the 1600s, but only in America; even today this meaning is not used in Britain, where being smart means appearing clean, neat, and well dressed in a conservative way. *Crafty* is the closest British synonym to the American usage, but it carries undesirable overtones, as does the French *madré* (sly, cunning) and *poseur* (their word for *smart aleck*). In France *finesse* is a laudable quality; but the term implies wit and sophistication beyond mere smartness.

Being smart, it seems, is only a desirable social asset in America; European languages either have no comparable word, or they describe it ambivalently, as a possibly undesirable quality suggesting unethical tactics and expediency.

We should not, however, denigrate smartness too much. The amazing American talent for practical problem-solving—dealing with situations realistically and finding ingenious but wholly workable solutions—is a corollary of being smart. While the smart answer is seldom the most elegant one, it is usually the most efficient. Smart people, being worldly, tend to look ahead, anticipate problems, work out contingencies and game plans, and be flexible when dealing with uncertainties of life (which they never lose sight of). By contrast, the ivory-tower intellectual tends to ignore practical factors and operate theoretically. Both systems have advantages, but at the present time when practical problems of sustaining ourselves on this planet are becoming more and more pressing, it is the smart approach that is most applicable and most likely to come up with viable answers in the shortest time.

There is surely nothing wrong with being smart; it is how and where the smartness is applied that counts. **—Charles Platt**

Charles Platt is a British free-lance writer who settled in New York five years ago. He is the author of several novels, and is writing a book on understanding machines.

BLESS THE WICKED

Always pray that your opposition be wicked.

In wickedness there is a strong strain toward rationality.

Therefore there is always the possibility, in theory, of handling the wicked by outthinking them.

Corollary One

Good intentions randomize behavior.

Subcorollary One

Good intentions are far more difficult to cope with than malicious behavior.

Corollary Two

If good intentions are combined with stupidity, it is impossible to outthink them.

Corollary Three

Any discovery is more likely to be exploited by the wicked than applied by the virtuous.

—Marion J. Levy, Jr.

Levi's Laws, 1966

Very
stly Education

When Alexander Solzhenitsyn
arrested by the Soviet po-
and dispatched into exile
urging his countrymen to
buying untruthful news-
ers and stop signing false
tions which were against the
interests of the majority of
people, the U.S. news media
led him to high heaven. The
ticians invited him to Wash-
on to address the members
Congress. Solzhenitsyn was
sed, and rightly so, for ex-
ing the death house prison
em of Russia. But he was
being used by the politi-
is of this country to point
guilty finger of indignation
his own country, and to
w up a smoke screen to
ouflage the diabolical sys-
of injustice right here at
e. And only when you are
to understand what hap-
ed to Solzhenitsyn in Russia
you be able to understand
tly what's happening to me
t here in New Jersey.

1966 I was arrested in
rson and railroaded into
nton State Prison for a crime
I did not and *could not*
committed—this in spite
much contradictory testimo-
n court and the failure of
police and prosecution to
blish a motive, find a weap-
or get a credible identifica-
from witnesses. I was con-
ed and sentenced to triple-
imprisonment for the insane
ge of murder—*but not be-
e I had killed anyone!* I
t to be very adamant about
fact. It was wholly because
e politicians had felt that I
overstepped my bounds as
rizefighter in alerting the
, black, and disenfranchised
le of America about the
ality and genocide that was
ling their way in the name
w and order—and for that
n alone. For there are those
ower in this country who,
ven their way, would allow
ack man in this country to
nly an entertainer or a
inal. And when, in their
ed way of thinking, I for-
d my right as an enter-
r, their insidious campaign
aint me a criminal began.

ou ask me to tell what I've
here in prison. You want
now how a black man with
st no formal education has
d up behind bars. You see, what I've read is not important—I read everything. What's important is what I see with my own eyes, what I feel and what I know. Even as I sit here writing this article, locked away deep in the bowels of a debilitating jungle of steel bars and concrete walls, where men are constantly being brutalized, dehumanized, and raped of every vestige of human dignity known to man, where the insane politicians have taken over the asylum, I know that racism and brutality are alive on the outside and that the whole system is bad.

Even in your wildest imagination you couldn't begin to realize what it's like to be in here, twenty-four hours a day, every day, for nine years, claiming your innocence and whatever humanity is left for you to claim—this when you have *criminals* committing crimes every day and getting out of jail. There were some politicians that came here from Governor Cahill's administration, one a secretary of state or something like that. He got convicted of conspiracy or whatever. The moment he walked into prison, the administration got him a bodyguard—because that's how vicious it is in here. Then they moved him out to a little work farm, gave him a work release so he could go home every day. And this is a man who's *clearly guilty*!

People ask me if I'm bitter. I have every right to be bitter, but I can't be because that would be conforming to the system in here. I'm not happy, but it's just not me to be bitter, even when I think about that politically appointed judge who, to my mind, bent over backward in 1966 to secure my conviction and still refuses to grant me a new trial even after hearing the two state witnesses admit to testifying falsely at my trial. People ask me what I would like to do if I get out. I don't even think that far because that's flying in the face of reality. Those two witnesses were coerced by the police and promised lots of things if they testified, and all of it has been publicized in the *New York Times* and elsewhere, and I'm still sitting here in prison with little hope of a new trial. How can I think about *if* I get out of jail? I'd rather think about who's the criminal and who's the victim. You think about that.

—Rubin "Hurricane" Carter
#45472
Trenton State Prison
New Jersey

At the time of his arrest for a triple murder in Paterson, New Jersey, in June 1966, Rubin Carter was the number-one contender for the middleweight championship. He and John Artis, who was also convicted of that crime, remain in prison awaiting a fourth appeal.

"Experience is a futile teacher,
Experience is a prosy preacher,
Experience is a fruit tree fruitless,
Experience is a shoe-tree bootless.
For sterile wearience and drearience,
Depend, my boy, upon experience." —Ogden Nash
"Experience to Let," 1935

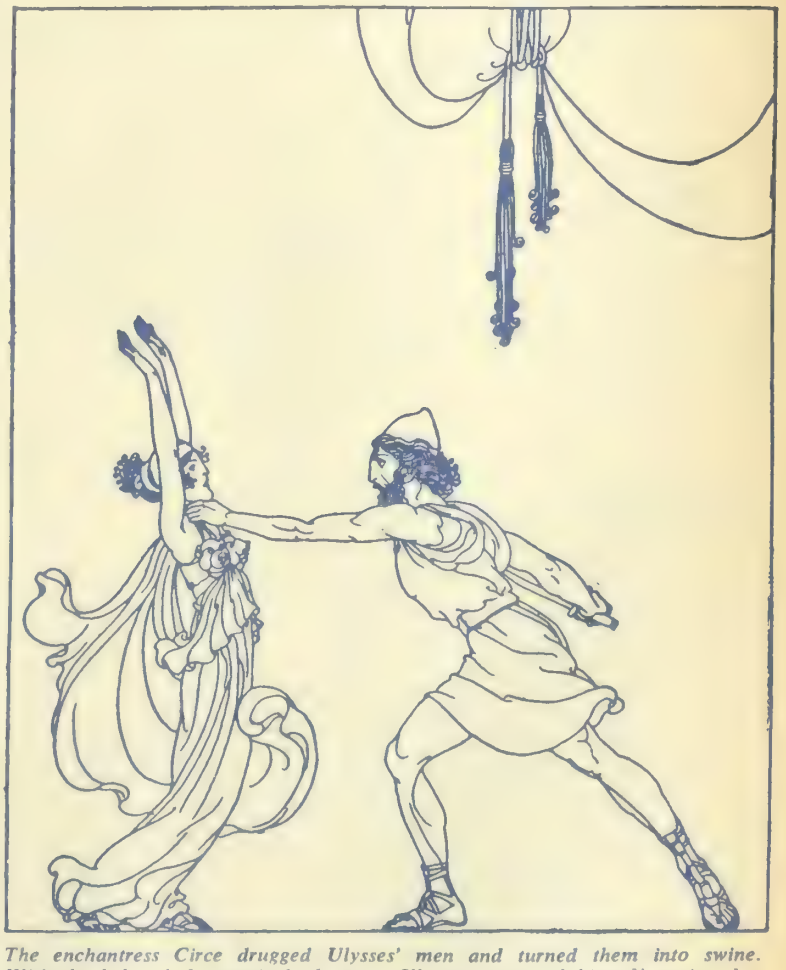
TONGUE IN CHECK

Cultivate the habit of speaking of happenings or facts or principles; talk less about people and personalities. If you *have* to talk about people, if possible, do so mostly in praise of them. Verbalize your criticisms of other people as little as possible. Generally, keep your critical opinions about other people to yourself. Be tolerant and indulgent of people and their mistakes. **—John X. Loughran**
Formula for Genius, 1964

Give Him Time

Kennedy criticized the *Time* story of Teddy's nomination, particularly objecting to a phrase that had Teddy smiling "sardonically."

"Bobby and I smile sardonically," [JFK] said with a smile. "Teddy will learn how to smile sardonically in two or three years, but he doesn't know how, yet." **—Benjamin Bradlee**
Conversations with Kennedy, 1975



The enchantress Circe drugged Ulysses' men and turned them into swine. With the help of the magic herb moly, *Ulysses protected himself against her powers and, when he threatened her life, Circe restored his men to their former shape.*

One electrode placed on the scalp will record anywhere from five-millionths to fifty-millionths of a volt of electricity. This has led scientists to hypothesize that 60,000 scalps together might supply enough voltage to light a flashlight.



On his return to Ithaca, Ulysses was told that his wife, Penelope, was being wooed by several suitors, who insisted she marry one of them. Ulysses made himself known to his son, Telemachus, who proposed that an archery contest be held with Ulysses' mighty bow, the winner to have the hand of Penelope. None of the suitors could bend the bow to string it, whereupon Ulysses entered disguised as a beggar, and asked to enter the contest. The suitors laughed, but Ulysses bent the bow without effort, strung it, and sent the arrow to its mark.

PENELOPE'S RUSE

Here is an instance of her trickery:
she had her great loom standing in the hall
and the fine warp of some vast fabric on it;
we were attending her, and she said to us:
"Young men, my suitors, now my lord is dead,
let me finish my weaving before I marry,
or else my thread will have been spun in vain.
It is a shroud I weave for Lord Laërtês,
when cold death comes to lay him in his bier.
The country wives would hold me in dishonor
if he, with all his fortune, lay unshrouded."
We have men's hearts; she touched them; we agreed.
So every day she wove on the great loom—
but every night by torchlight she unwove it;
and so for three years she deceived the Akhaians.

—**Homer**
Odyssey, c. 850 B.C.
Translated by Edward FitzGerald

The Smartest Nationality

Armenians don't mind telling jokes on themselves, but they stiffen a little when somebody else tells one. How do I know? Well, I'm an Armenian, always have been, always will be, haven't the slightest idea what that means, am crazy about the Armenians, am half-crazy about everybody else, especially anybody extremely unpopular.

Thus, when I was instructed almost sixty years ago by my mother to take a paper sack of fresh Fresno apricots, peaches, figs, and grapes to a leper in the wire-fenced yard for lepers at the county hospital, I did not draw back in horror and ask that somebody else be sent. I had never seen a leper, and this one (not only an Armenian but from the highlands city of my family, Bitlis, where even Xenophon noticed some grandeur), was quite old, at least to a boy nine years of age, and even had he not had leprosy I felt sure he would have looked sad—that is, ignorant, somebody who hadn't got smart. He had got leprosy.

I gave him the paper sack, and I could see he wanted to talk, especially in Armenian, so I stood there and passed the time of day for, oh, maybe ten minutes, which to a boy is a long time.

"Who else is in this yard?" I asked. I didn't want to say, "Who else has gotten leprosy around here lately, who else hasn't wised up?" He looked at the other end of the yard and said, "That poor old man over there, seventy-two years old, and he can't read, and we've been here together for two years, and he still can't speak Armenian."

I saw a black man sitting in the shade of a chinaball tree, just sitting there, most likely trying to figure out how he was going to be a big hit with everybody now.

Radio Armenia is a fountain of jokes that race through the entire Soviet Union. An Armenian died and went to heaven and saw Stalin sitting where he had expected to see somebody else, but before he could tiptoe away, hoping with luck to get to hell, Stalin saw him and called out, "Ho, Armenian, welcome to heaven." Whereupon the Armenian said, "Ho, Comrade God, you must be mistaken. I have just come fro heaven."

Anastas Mikoyan, one o many international Armenian a man at home anywhere, an a man who looks Armenian– that is, dark, handsome, and in telligent—was probably bor smart but never got sma enough to be anything mo than himself, which most grea people find inadequate and u acceptable. They insist on b coming monsters.

My father, Armenak Sarc yan, was smart enough to b cheated by everybody he eve had any dealings with during a of his thirty-six years. I'm n as good at it as he was, but I'r not too bad either.

When *The Time of Your Lif* was a hit on Broadway in 193 and 1940, a big-money synd cate approached me about oper ing a place in New York wit that name attached to it, wit the prospect of a series of sim ilar places across the countr I wasn't interested. When I wa approached by a man from th Bourbon Boys, so to call them and was offered both money an lots of bourbon for having on of the customers at the bar i my play call out for a shot o bourbon, I said, "He couldn possibly do that; he drink Scotch." When a hotshot A menian hustler told me to b sure to buy a lot of shares o the hotshot Armenian genius company, I said, "I haven't g any money." A dozen dentist and two dozen lawyers got ric from those shares and are no cultivating refinement. Whe letters and telegrams come t me from people who have bi money ideas for my stories an plays, I don't answer them When such people phone, I sa "How did you get this numbe It's private." When televisio pays $25,000 for a play, and send one in, everybody loves i but in the end it is turned dow because CBS has a standing po icy that a play already produce somewhere is not eligible f the $25,000. The play had bee produced in Vienna. I liked tha When paperback books get a vances of $250,000, and a sma house offers me $5,000 f *Boys and Girls Together*, and suggest that the sum might pe haps be raised to, oh, mayb $7,500, the publisher withdra his offer. And so it goes.

Now, this sort of thing clearly the consequence both

aving been born smart, that is, member of the smartest na- onality in the world, the Ar- enians in case you forgot, and having noticed along the way e advantages of getting even ore smart.

In short, if getting smart ally doesn't do it, try staying upid. **—William Saroyan**

illiam Saroyan, an author of plays d short stories for more than forty ars, now divides his writing time tween his home in Paris and his thplace, Fresno, California.

iving on Lithium

anic depression has captured y soul. —Jimi Hendrix

In my trippy daze, dope was e filter for the movie camera my mind, the regulator of y psychic jets. Too high? Take me downers. Too low? Take me uppers. Lonely for God? ake a psychedelic and have a oup therapy session with him d a few prominent angels. I ew fond of opiates, for they t only softened reality but troduced surrealistic visions ich rounded sharp corners. ored, with no stash, I would sort to cheap thrills for the renalin rush.

One day in Hollywood I woke trembling on a friend's sofa. looked in the mirror and saw gaunt, sallow-skinned freak— e. I took my problems to the uch of a Westwood shrink, nfessing my drug sins to this iest/shaman and hoping to be aled. "Use anything but the ectrodes, doc," I said.

The headshrinker pronounced e a manic depressive and escribed a drug—lithium car- nate. This was good news, for hated Thorazine, Stelazine, d all the other -zines the doc- rs had pushed at me when my ychic adventures got out of nd, and this was an -ate.

Lithium changes the way the dy uses sodium, the chemical nductor for the body's elec- cal system. Manic depression n be caused by a sodium im- lance. Holy saints, I thought, e problem is in my wiring.

Lithium is not a drug to take htly, I was warned. It can be xic if one takes too much. tting frisky and shooting it is a quick way to die. Also, hium can affect the heart, and had to have an electrocardio- am to check my ticker before could get a prescription.

"He not only overflowed with learning, but stood in the slop."
—Sydney Smith (1771-1845), referring to Thomas Macaulay

Onto lithium I went, anxious to see what in the hell this drug would do to my reality camera. At first my arms looked like a junkie's from all the blood tests. The shrink wanted to be sure I wasn't deciding the dosage myself, as had been my wont with other drugs. On one occasion my lithium level got too high, and I had to eat some salt, the antidote. My dosage was established, and I now take lithium three times a day, with biweekly blood tests to monitor the maintenance level.

Lithium has not castrated my mind, as other mood-control drugs tend to do. It has mollified me. The old death leap into the sheets of depression is going away, and I don't pop uppers. The rocket trips to the outer realms of hysteria are now gentle roller-coaster rides around LA, and I do not gobble downers.

With lithium I have been able to stay in one place and think about my life and start to piece it together. I am wising up. I don't even smoke much grass these days. I get high on the waves at the beach. I now think about exercising, about putting down roots, about falling in love. No longer a driven man, I feel like a child growing up all over again. In a way which I sought through drugs but could not achieve, the world is fresh and new each morning.

—Jay Spencer

Jay Spencer is the pseudonym of a Los Angeles novelist and screenwriter.

COINCIDENCE?

The most intelligent living person might well be Kim Ung-Yong of Seoul, South Korea (born March 7, 1963). By the age of four, he could speak Korean, Japanese, German, and English, and at four years, eight months, he performed integral calculus on a Tokyo television program. On the Terman index for Intelligence Quotients, 150 represents genius, and indices are sometimes immeasurable above a level of 200. Ung-Yong's IQ is estimated to be 210. Both his parents are university professors, and both were born at 11:00 A.M. on May 23, 1934.

SELF-FULFILLING PROPHECIES

The more one is set to interpret perceptions negatively, the more evidence one finds that disaster is imminent; the more evidence one finds, the stronger one's conviction grows that this way of looking at things is right. Specifically because the ego cannot see the reality of nonordinary reality, straight thinkers cannot find the true causes of the negative manifestations of their own ways of perceiving. For the truth is that external phenomena are caused not by things out there (even though it looks that way to the ego) but rather by things in here—that is, in the unconscious mind, from which we are cut off whenever we think straight. All of the nightmares that contemporary ego consciousness can dream up—the nuclear holocausts, ecological dooms, race wars, physical illnesses, and psychiatric catastrophes—will continue to come closer and closer to actual manifestation as long as the mental patterns that create them continue.

—Andrew Weil
The Natural Mind, 1972

"Baron Herbert B. de Grote of Mexico City, Mexico, has been attested to have extracted the 19th root of a 133-digit number by an algorithm of his own invention by purely mental application in a test in Mexico City on May 15, 1973. His answer was 9,126,254. No comparable mental feat has been recorded. Baron de Grote (b. July 9, 1892) had previously uniquely extracted 7th and 13th roots, and is probably the oldest person to set any world's record." *—Guinness Book of World Records*



On winning the contest, Ulysses revealed himself to the suitors. Having ordered the door of the contest hall locked and the suitors' weapons removed, he slew them easily and reclaimed his wife and kingdom.

OUNDWRAPAROUND

Smart Moves

If you are accomplished and successful, in the usual meaning of those terms, then at some point in your life you probably made a smart move that triggered your subsequent achievements. I asked a diverse group of well-known achievers to finish the statement "The smartest thing I ever did was . . .

. . . to resist the temptation to say goodbye to President Nixon on my way out of the White House; I found out later he was getting a briefing from John Dean at the time."
—William Safire

. . . to have complete acceptance of all Truths and Love."
—Pearl Bailey

. . . to retire."
—Oscar Robertson

. . . to go into show business." —Phyllis Diller

. . . to give up industrial design and become a writer."
—Dan Greenburg

. . . to give birth to my daughter." —Dyan Cannon

. . . to write *The Feminine Mystique*." —Betty Friedan

. . . to go to Paris. In 1948 I got $248 from New York State on the GI Bill. I used it to go to Paris. I got a job on the *Herald Tribune* and had fourteen wonderful years."
—Art Buchwald

. . . to marry my wife."
—Alvin Toffler

. . . to marry my wife."
—Robert Vaughan

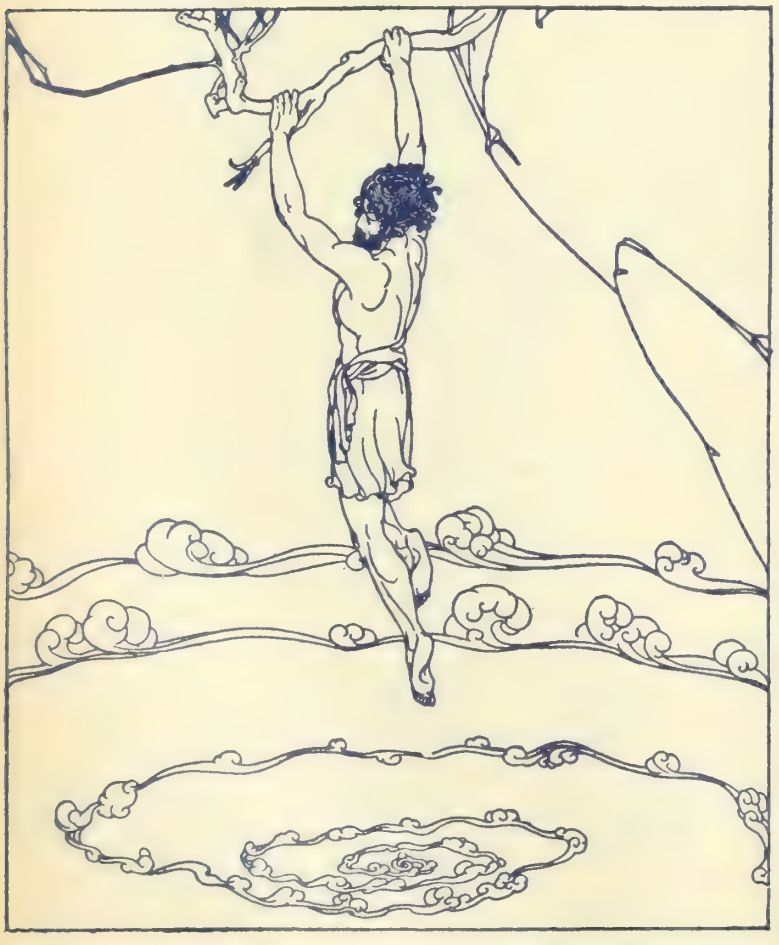
. . . to never answer questions like this." —Lillian Hellman

. . . to pick up a copy of a science-fiction magazine when I was nine years old. Everything else (or almost everything else) followed from that."
—Isaac Asimov

. . . to become a Nieman Fellow at Harvard. The purpose of a Nieman Fellowship is to make you a better newspaperman. But a fellowship gives you time to think, and what I thought is that I didn't want to be a newspaperman anymore. So I quit and became a writer."
—Robert A. Caro

—Janet Barkas

Janet Barkas is the author of Meatless Cooking: Celebrity Style *(Grove Press).*



Warned by Circe, Ulysses and his men watched the sea closely and were able to avoid the dreaded whirlpool Charybdis.

"I'd rather be dumb and clean than smart and dirty, anytime."
—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale (1898-)

READER

One of the most vivid insights I have gained into the immutability of the human condition came to me after reading a couple of paragraphs authored by that disciple of man's plasticity, Prof. B. F. Skinner. In *Beyond Freedom and Dignity* Skinner argues that 2,500 years ago man knew himself as well as any other part of his world. Today, notes Skinner, man is the thing he understands least.

In support of this argument, Skinner points out that, because of quantum advances in the sciences, Greek physics and biology are now of historical interest only, and yet the dialogues of Plato are still almost universally assigned by teachers and assiduously read by students, and both recognize fully that these are timeless comments on human nature and man's behavior. Skinner also makes the salient point that Aristotle could not have understood a page of modern physics or biology, but Socrates and his friends could have jumped right into the middle of almost all current discussions of human affairs.

Man's control over the physical and biological worlds has increased immensely, but man himself remains much the same. To me as an academician this is an incredibly important observation. Never mind that this bit of knowledge has always been part and parcel of our basic folklore—i.e., things change, people don't; academicians must invent tortuous routes to arrive at the same points others rea more directly.

What this realization has do for me is free me from the fa feeling engendered by techn logical progress that man evolving, moving toward so shining goal, becoming mo "civilized," if you will. Nothi could be further from the tru Man is, was, and with all d respect to Skinner, always w be what he is right now. W peace, love, hate, virtue, vic and all the rest of man's h manizing baggage is most suredly going to be retained much the same form. Only t extensions of man will chan and they will only serve heighten what is already the

The past mirrors our futu and it is to the past we mu turn for all the answers abo man himself.

—John L. Huffm
Tulsa, Ok

"If my flesh knew how f my courage is soon going carry it, it would be total paralyzed."
—Sancho, Twelfth Ki of Navarre, c. 12

Analogue

If a hole opens up, and you have a lot of horse, and you can get up there quick, then you can try it. But if a hole opens, and you don't have enough, that's when you're in danger, because the lead horse might come back over in front of you, and cut you off. If you hit his heels, down you go. You have to judge how much room you have.

—Willie Shoemaker
quoted in *West* magazine, 1972

GESUNDHEIT

We asked a very smart ma a European, to tell us who we the smartest men who ev lived. He closed his eyes for second, opened them, and reele off the following list:

Aristotle
Leonardo
Hume
Pascal
Newton
Leibniz
Goethe
Dante
Erasmus
Kant

"What are your criteria?" asked.

"Range of mental genius," said. "Unsurpassable. These m are the bench marks of intelle tual supremacy."

"Anyone else?" we inquired

"Oh, I suppose we should leave out the clergy," he sai and instructed us to add t names of Aquinas and Augu tine.

"No Americans," we noted

"Well, if you must, I suppos Jefferson," he said, and then sneezed.

WRAPAROUND CONTINUES ON PAGE 1

about ½ the price*



Polaroid introduces an SX-70 at about half the price of the original. The Model 3.

Nearly two million people have already bought the remarkable SX-70 Land camera. Now Polaroid makes it possible for millions more to afford one, by introducing the SX-70 Model 3 at about half the price.* It has a different viewing system. (You don't focus through the lens. You set the distance.) But all the other history-making SX-70 features are there, right down to the big, beautiful pictures developing before your eyes. Go get your SX-70, the astonishing camera now at an astonishing price.

*Comparison based on suggested list prices of the Model 3 and the original model. ©1975 Polaroid Corporation. Polaroid® SX-70™

IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



FLIP, a floating instrument platform designed by Scripps Institution, literally tips on end to gather information that may help forecast North America's weather.

Probing the secrets of the North Pacific

A very strange fleet has been working in the lonely waters of the North Pacific. It includes a 355-foot vessel that can float vertically like a giant thermometer, an instrument-packed buoy 30 feet in diameter, a Navy P-3 patrol plane, an earth satellite and a research craft with an IBM computer on board.

This fleet is engaged in a long-range project called NORPAX (North Pacific Experiment). It involves eight universities and is jointly financed by the Office of Naval Research and the National Science Foundation.

Since most of North America's weather systems result from conditions originating in this area, NORPAX was established to study the subtle relationships between the atmosphere and the ocean in this critical part of the world.

Each part of this curious fleet gathers data on such factors as the temperature, speed, depth and salinity of the ocean currents and the corresponding conditions of the atmosphere above them. This data is then fed to either the shipboard computer or directly to the computer at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, where all the information obtained is processed against known data.

"Reliable long-range weather prediction is still years away," says Dr. William Nierenberg, Director of Scripps, "but the computer is helping us see the cause and effect patterns that will one day make such forecasting possible."

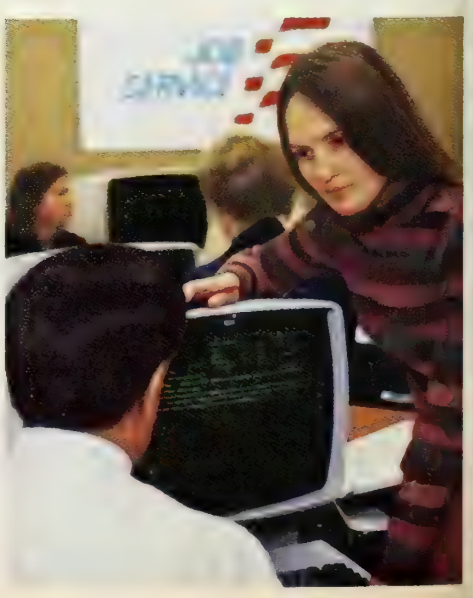
Matching people and jobs

Wisconsin is one of several states now using the computer to help bring job seekers and jobs together.

At the heart of the system is a computer in Madison, which stores information on jobs and applicants, updated daily and made available to employment offices through a statewide job bank.

In Milwaukee, the state's principal job market, there are 54 video display terminals used by trained interviewers to help match up-to-the-minute job information with the right applicant.

The Wisconsin Job Service reports that in 1974 it filled over 77,000 jobs statewide. And since 1972, when the on-line computer system was installed in Milwaukee, the system has aided in increasing the number of jobs filled by 88%.



How Florida knows where it's going, 20 years down the road.

Florida's population growth rate is one of the highest in the country, so its transportation problems are tougher than most. Yet Florida is able to plan for many years ahead. The reason: computerized project control—a program development, management and scheduling system using IBM equipment. It can give immediate information, constantly updated from the field, on the costs and schedules of any project, anywhere in the state.



Tom Webb, Secretary of Transportation, examines blueprint of a Florida road improvement project.

"We can think about the future, instead of being bogged down in the effort to cope with current transportation problems," says Secretary of Transportation Tom Webb.

He estimates that this system has also produced many millions of extra dollars over the last five years: partly by lowering costs, partly by reducing the need to tie up money far in advance, but mainly because his staff has been able to show state and federal officials where the money was needed and how it would be used. "We know the exact status of everything in production, of projects about to go into construction, and of those being planned as far out as 20 years."

Elsewhere, construction projects may be plagued by constant delays and the huge cost overruns that go with them. In Florida, with the help of the computer, many projects are being completed 2 to 5 years *ahead* of schedule. And the cost of the system has already paid for itself several times over in savings.

Maps of the body that may show us its future.

With just four photographs, scientists at the Texas Institute for Rehabilitation and Research in Houston can now make an accurate contour map of your whole body. They identify reference points on the photographs with a plotting device, then feed the information into an IBM computer. The system can produce maps, cross sections, or graphs that show how the body's volume is distributed.

The Institute is already using this technique to study the development of spinal deformities in children, to pinpoint exactly where astronauts lose weight, to improve the "dummies" used in auto accident research, and to help plastic surgeons and the designers of artificial limbs. But its ultimate potential is much greater. It may give us completely new ways to diagnose, predict and prevent deformity. And possibly even disease, according to Dr. R. E. Herron, director of the Institute's Biostereometrics Laboratory.

"There is information in the geometry of the body form of a child at birth which is inherently tied to what that child is going to be when adult," says Dr. Herron. "We've hardly begun to measure the subtleties of growth." Dr. Herron is now conducting research which will measure those subtleties, from the cradle on. "The computer," he says, "is enabling us to extend our research into a wide range of uncharted fields."

Saving energy at shopping mall

An IBM computer is helping conserve energy at McAlister Square, a 13-acre enclosed shopping mall in Greenville, S.C. By monitoring the mall's heating and air conditioning system, the computer has helped reduce power costs while maintaining comfort levels for shoppers. The computer cuts down on peak demand and total power consumption by switching off blower motors when they are not essential.

"If we didn't have the computer, I would hate to see our power bills today," says Edmund M. Apperson, executive vice president of the Caine Company, which manages the mall. "I estimate our savings at 20 to 25 percent since we installed the computer. And at no time is the comfort of our customers and employees affected."



How to store more information for less

Engineers at IBM have developed a completely new system for storing computer information, using data-filled cartridges housed in honeycombed compartments.

As a result, the cost of storing a million characters of information in direct access storage has been reduced from a typical $25 per month ten years ago to approximately 50 cents per month today. And the system's total capacity is equal to the information that might be contained in well over 1500 sets of a thirty volume encyclopedia.

Large data users such as insurance companies and financial institutions will derive particular benefits from this breakthrough, called the IBM 3850 mass storage system.

IBM

LETTERS

Cry Wolfe

Tom Wolfe ["The Painted Word," April] stands in front of a thousand, two thousand, God-knows-how-many-thousand Pollocks, de Koonings, Newmans, Nolands, Rothkos, Rauschenbergs, Judds, et cetera, and can't figure out what's going on. He finds the answer in a passage from a review in the *New York Times*. His answer is the cynic's answer—the on-top-of-the-scene cynical journalist's.

What an article! What flowing, bouncing, flashing writing! What singing and dancing! What footnotes! How could anyone out-Tom Wolfe Tom Wolfe and his theory on theory in art? He might have made a good critique of elitism in art—a legitimate gripe. But he looks to the theorists to explain things for him and then gets piqued when all he gets are theories. Would that he had checked out the strategies of Marcel Duchamp or even the cartoons of Saul Steinberg, or, better yet, considered the invention of photography. Modern art, from whenever you want to date its beginnings, has been in competition with and has been forced into an examination of itself by the camera. Yes, art is often about itself. The camera called into question the image-making duties of the artist. And if at times everything seems to disappear in a search for an essence, didn't a similar thing happen to scientists searching for an irreducible particle of matter?

I doubt that history will laugh at contemporary art as much as Tom Wolfe seems to think.

LARRY HUBBELL
Commerce City, Colo.

It seems obvious that Tom Wolfe has no understanding of painting. To see the dissolution of visual concepts into the printed word is a pompous idea that only a writer could invent. His article is a tired rehash of all the old clichés about Abstract Expressionism and pop art. Perhaps the article is a joke? In any case, the misunderstanding is unenlightening.

The visual arts provide ways of seeing, ways to bring organization to the vast realm of visual phenomena. Abstract paintings tell us about pictorial organization, color, and space in a way that words can never replace. Any artistic medium has parameters, and to exploit the medium to the utmost within these parameters is called art.

JOHN PENNEY
Boston, Mass.

For the record, I would like to note that the reproduction of the Morris Louis painting, *Third Element*, on page 80 of your April issue is printed on its side; the right-hand edge of the reproduction is the top of the painting.

While I am sure that this error was not intentional, it does strike me as extraordinarily appropriate for an illustration of the article by Mr. Wolfe, whose depiction of the art world is as askew as this illustration.

ANDRÉ EMMERICH
New York, N.Y.

Ah, golly, apologies. For there are those once-in-a-while encounters with a perfection when all a fellow can do is toe the turf and mutter, "That's right." But in the instance of Tom Wolfe's latest spectacle, the systemized vision on gleaming display in "The Painted Word," it would be more appropriate to get one's response on record a whole lot louder. What I mean to say is: *"That's . . . right!"*

GORDON LISH
New York, N.Y.

I suspect that Tom Wolfe didn mention Larry Rivers in his recer broadside because the success Rive has achieved in New York with h figurative work would have punche a big hole in Mr. Wolfe's rather flin sy Abstract Art Conspiracy theor The article was just another exan ple of a journalist assuming to much about something he knows to little about.

It was fun watching Mr. Wol trying to make a big splash in suc a shallow puddle.

PAUL R. VIO
Briarcliff, N.Y

Thank you for "The Painte Word." I speak out of the sense affront I feel every time I enter leave our research library and a forced to look at a freakish, twiste piece of metal—a you-guess-what-i is piece—on a pedestal, spotlighte and with a backdrop no less. All m efforts to have this $16,000 piece junk by Henry Moore removed to a obscure corner have met with failur Tom Wolfe's article gives me hop

F. C. HAY
University of Floric
Gainesville, Fl

Monocotyledons to Tom Wolfe- may his *cénacle* increase!—for "T Painted Word"! Cries of *"Olé!"* mu be raining down on *Harper's* fro Mattawamkeag, Me., to Modest Cal., and a blizzard of ears and ta could not express our adulation f this scintillating matador of the me aphor who brought death to so mu artistic bull.

As one whose ophthalmic agoni before painted canvas antedate h own by a generation, whose artist inferiority complex towers over h like the Sistine Chapel over Warhol can of soup, his altogether chiliast annihilation of the *Weltanschauu*

Fifty reasons why you need Book Digest Magazine.



Can you talk intelligently about five of the books pictured on this page?

If you wish you could keep up with all the reading you'd like to do, BOOK DIGEST is the answer. With fifty books in six issues.

Every issue of BOOK DIGEST contains selections and condensations from 8 to 10 books that are useful to know about.

Best-sellers. Books that will never be best-sellers but are important nonetheless.

All material is in the author's own words and style. And we clear the edited selection beforehand with the publisher and/or author.

Slip an issue of BOOK DIGEST in your pocket, and it's like taking along several books at a time.

Books like:

¶ **A Time to Die** by Tom Wicker.
¶ **The Bankers** by David McKay.
¶ **Meeting at Potsdam** by Charles L. Mee, Jr.
¶ **The Bermuda Triangle** by Charles Berlitz.
¶ **The Glory and the Dream** by William Manchester.
¶ **The Ultra Secret** by F. W. Winterbotham.
¶ **Helter Skelter: The True Story of the Manson Murders** by Vincent Bugliosi with Curt Gentry.
¶ **The Palace Guard** by Dan Rather and Gary Paul Gates.
¶ **Strictly Speaking** by Edwin Newman.
¶ **The Pleasure Bond** by William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson.
¶ **Healing** by William A. Nolen, M.D.
¶ **Judy Garland** by Anne Edwards.
¶ **The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence** by Victor Marchetti and John D. Marks.
¶ **Roosevelt and Churchill: Their Secret Wartime Correspondence.**

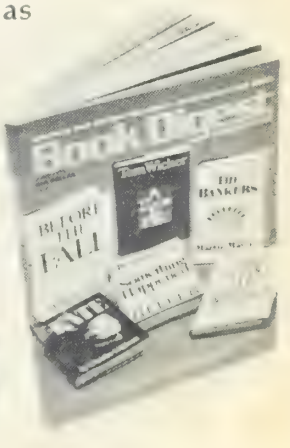
Fifty books in six issues for just $6. Or 12¢ a book.

Fifty reasons why you need BOOK DIGEST.

To order a subscription, just fill in and mail the attached card or phone toll free and we'll get to work on your subscription.

TRIAL OFFER FOR CHARTER SUBSCRIBERS

To introduce you to BOOK DIGEST, we have a no risk, no obligation trial offer. Let us send you the current issue of BOOK DIGEST. If you aren't pleased with it, write "cancel" across your bill and you can keep this issue as a complimentary copy. However, if you do decide to become a charter subscriber to BOOK DIGEST you will receive a total of 6 issues for $6. Act now. Fill out the attached card. It comes to less than 12¢ a book.



Or call toll free, 24 hours a day:

800-228-9700

Book Digest magazine

P.O. Box 2451, Boulder, Colorado 80302

of the boho enables thy servant now at last to depart in peace. This Goliath of Philistia not only beat the sox off the top-seeded shamans of Cultureburg and reduced their ark to an Edsel, he left their king of cong standing as naked as Michelangelo's David before *tout le monde*!

Like the boy who underlined every word in his love letter, Wolfe rarely lets his hieroglyphic sag, and my *OED* was in tatters when, tears of gratitude streaming down my cheeks like paint down Pollock's poncho, I made an end with a hushed prayer that he may yet find a translator who can do him justice in English.

Roy De Lamotte
Augusta, Ga.

"The Painted Word" is the best thing I have ever read.

In one article, Tom Wolfe demolished fifty years of modern art—an incredible performance.

Al Ries
New York, N.Y.

A prime requisite of art is that it give pleasure. This fundamental law, which holds for all the arts, was omitted by Tom Wolfe from his enlightening and entertaining article.

Like Mr. Wolfe I have spent (expended, wasted) countless hours in front of Motherwells, Kleins, Olitskis, abstractionists, minimalists, excretionists looking for "it"—the key, the light, the bluebird, the short hairs that would bring pleasure. Almost always I looked in vain. Perhaps I was blinded by culture or education, I thought. So I took my six-year-old son to MOMA to view modern art with the unjaundiced eye of innocence. "What do you think of them?" I said, pointing to paintings by famous artists of the abstract persuasion. He said, "There's nothing there." "Look carefully. See the paint, the lines. How do they make you feel?" He said, "I'd like a hot dog."

Perhaps the pleasure, if any, derived from modern art is confined to the artists engaged in manipulating the paint, and to the agents who sell the works to wealthy collectors. But modern art does serve a socially useful function by keeping otherwise unemployable loonies out of institutions.

In light of the fundamental law, Wolfe's article is art.

Cy A. Adler
New York, N.Y.

Living is believing

The most attractive promise of the cross ["Commentary," April], of course, is personal immortality, and it is this promise that secures whatever followers the Christian religions have in this country. After all, we are a practical people, and we must have some return on our religious investment: "I've done well by the church—I'd damn well better be paid for it." This is the attitude of at least some of the nonintellectuals in this country—those who donate to charity in return for expected favors. Others believe because they were "brought up" to believe, lacking the intellectual initiative to question their beliefs. On the whole, however, the general population believes nominally. In other words, they believe in Christ (God), but somehow manage to forget about him until they are approaching death. Until then, he is somewhat irrelevant; they've believed in Christ's message all along, yet found no reason to let it influence their actions.

Among intellectuals, I find a different reaction. In the academic circles with which I am familiar, I have discovered a growing acceptance of God as myth. Not spiritual despair by any means; that would be terribly Victorian. Simply, God does not exist. He has been replaced by existentialism, or perhaps humanism, or, better yet, how about an enlightened stoicism?

Personally, I hope I am not being naive, but, to the best of my knowledge, the question of God's existence has never been resolved. Indeed, it is not phenomenologically demonstrable one way or the other. Although I have found much evidence for Christianity as myth (through comparative mythology, for instance), I can't help but think that an absolute atheism is insufferable arrogance. For the atheist is really saying that nothing can exist beyond his understanding. God is not sensually observable; therefore, he does not exist.

Belief of some sort is a psychological necessity. As long as Christianity fills that necessity, it will continue to exist, though, for most people, it has become little more than a crutch.

Joseph E. Kasel
Carbondale, Ill.

Chasing *Harper's* rainbow

It is almost impossible to find your magazine on Southern California newsstands after the first of the month. After reading the March issue at the Occidental College library, I searched from bookstore to bookstore, stand to stand, from Highland Park to Atwater to Glendale, and finally telephoned Bill's Ranch Market in Burbank, having received the inside tip from two blue-haired citizens who used to work for Pickwick in Hollywood, but were now retired and were spending their smoggy, eye-irritating days at the LA zoo. Bill promised to set aside a copy for me. When I arrived, a cop was conducting traffic because the corner traffic lights had burned out. Bill's magazine rack was outside the grocery store and resembled a Pasadena swap meet. It took me a half hour to make an illegal turn into the parking lot, and then when I got there I had to roll up my windows because I thought an old man was going to stuff his cigar in my face for almost hitting his granddaughter or something.

When I finally found Bill, he said he had forgotten to get the magazine from the stand, but it was right over there, pointing to 2,000 cars and a swarm of people. And to think I was at the library just hours ago reading, brain on fire, eyes glowing, devouring knowledge, and now I was confronted with this! I finally got the magazine and got lost several more times on the way home.

But what prompted me and my '65 Ford Galaxie 500 was Josephine Hendin's fierce and beautiful review "What is Thomas Telling Us?" [March]. Ms. Hendin was like a good teacher (which I've never had) catching things I had seen but never realized. Good God, my head exploded at the library. Unfortunately I couldn't show it to any of my friends because they are all actors and wouldn't read *Gravity's Rainbow* unless Universal or Columbia were looking it over. Thank you. Pynchon's personality can't be beat. I get stoned with Tchiticherine and am on the lookout for Bodine. I'm putting Enzain in the medicine cabinet and I'm trying to figure out Major Marvy's Atomic Chili!

John Koch
Los Angeles, Calif.

lental Institution,
963

hotograph by
ichard Avedon



tto Friedrich

GOING CRAZY

tour through the landscape of the insane

HE LOOKED LIKE one of those crazy people you see on the street," id Emanuel Plaitakis, a thirty-five-ear-old amputee who gets around in wheelchair. Any New Yorker would now immediately what he meant. here are "crazy people on the reet" in all our cities, I suppose—ngry black war veterans sniping om a hotel rooftop in New Orleans, naven-headed girls with knives rowling the hills above Los Ange-s—but New York, being the big-est and most anarchic and most en-aged of all cities, seems at times to ave a lunatic on every block. In me the lunacy is quite harmless. I nce knew a man in a threadbare veed coat, ornamented by an Amer-an flag at the lapel, whose only oc-upation was to board the Forty-sec-nd Street crosstown bus and preach ie Gospel in a thick Swedish ac-ent until the driver ejected him for ot paying his fare—whereupon he ould wait, even on the coldest Jan-ary nights, for the next crosstown us to Jerusalem.

Emanuel Plaitakis was talking, however, about a young black man named Steve Cloud, of 92-41 190th Street, Jamaica, Queens, who went crazy at 10:30 on the morning of October 18, 1973. Plaitakis had just finished a cup of coffee in Deli City, right next to the Empire State Building, and he was wheeling himself out onto Thirty-fourth Street when he saw "one of those crazy people," later identified as Cloud, "walking up and down without any reason." Cloud approached Plaitakis, as though to ask him a question, but turned instead to an old man standing nearby, Harry Spector. Cloud asked him how to get to Eighth Avenue.

"Before I could reply," Spector said later, "he pulled out a gun and started shooting." Spector fell down with three bullets in his right leg. Cloud stuck his .38-caliber revolver under his belt and began striding westward toward his unknown goal on Eighth Avenue. Several bystanders set out after him in cautious pursuit. One of them was Plaitakis. "I started screaming," he said later, "telling people to catch him, and I started running after him with my wheelchair." Another pursuer was Robert Nawroth, the brother of the manager of Deli City, who jumped on Cloud's back and tried to drag him down. Cloud, staggering, pulled out his gun again and started firing. One bullet hit a salesman named Calman Goldberg and killed him instantly. Cloud then threw Nawroth off his back and shot him in the chest and stomach. The pursuers backed off as Cloud continued his westward march toward Eighth Avenue. One man who didn't get out of the way fast enough was Paul Meistrich. Cloud fired one shot at him, and Meistrich fell backward through the plate-glass door of an office of the Off-Track Betting Corporation. He died on a heap of old newspapers and torn betting slips.

Otto Friedrich, formerly managing editor of The Saturday Evening Post *and now a senior editor at* Time, *has written books on Berlin, Mozart, and roses. This article has been drawn from a forthcoming book, also entitled* Going Crazy, *to be published by Simon and Schuster later this year.*

The first policeman on the scene was a retired detective, Joseph Murray, who had been playing handball in the gymnasium of the Hotel McAlpin, and whose job as a security guard permitted him to carry a gun. "I saw a group chasing a man," Murray said. "I saw him pull a gun out of his belt and shoot a man in the stomach. I ran out into the gutter because all these people were in the way, and I told the man to stop. He didn't. I shot five times, and he spun around and ran into the subway."

While Murray was shooting at Cloud, another man rushed up with a gun. This was Leonard Weinberg, an executive for a dress-manufacturing company, who often carried cash payrolls and therefore had a license to carry a pistol. Weinberg, seeing an elderly white man firing away at a young black, drew his own conclusion. He shouted: "Are you an officer?" Murray shouted back: "I'm on the job." Then, said Weinberg, "the guy [Cloud] took a shot at me, and I shot back at him. Then I chased him down into the subway."

Hearing the shots, a policeman, Thomas Bischione, came running around the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and the Avenue of the Americas and ducked into the subway entrance, where he suddenly "found myself facing two guns, one held by a civilian with a gun permit and the other by a retired police officer. They told me they were chasing a male Negro wearing a white shirt and said that he was bleeding." Inside the subway station, the pursuers encountered a transit patrolman, Howard Begner, who joined in the search. "At the bottom of the third ramp," Begner said, "I saw the culprit leaning on the rail and bleeding. I found a gun in his waistband and put handcuffs on him. He passed out."

Cloud was taken to the French Hospital, where he died shortly after being admitted. He had been shot five times. The police later said that he had a record of three arrests on drug charges and two for "reckless endangerment." Perhaps the violence had always been inside him, and perhaps he had been an addict, but that day's *Times* gave no details on who Steve Cloud was or why he had gone crazy on a quiet October morning in front of the Empire State Building. It seemed to me that a gunfight in which three men had been killed and two injured might deserve further inquiry by the *Times*'s vast army of city reporters, but I never found a major follow-up story in it or any other newspaper. There were more important events that week. The Arabs and the Israelis were waging a tank battle in the Sinai Desert, and President Nixon fired the Watergate prosecutor, Archibald Cox.

I HAVE OFTEN THOUGHT about people like Cloud while walking through New York, especially during the last two years, when I have been writing a book about the process of going crazy. So few people know what words like *crazy* actually mean. Murder? Screams in the night? A sense of emptiness? Something that lasts no more than a moment?

I remember that those questions once became manifest at the corner of Broadway and West Forty-fifth Street, within a few blocks of the street where Cloud had begun to kill people, and at about the same time of the morning. With the rush hour over, the streets were nearly empty, except for the usual saunterers in long sideburns and purple nylon shirts, gazing at the window displays of Raquel Welch posters and cut-rate Japanese tape recorders. There was still a touch of freshness in the air, but the heat was already getting worse by the hour, slowly stifling Times Square in its own excretions of popcorn and orange juice and gasoline fumes and rotting restaurant garbage.

I wasn't paying much attention to any of these sights—I walked through them every day, thinking of other things—but as I was about to cross Forty-fifth Street I suddenly had an experience that I had never had before: I couldn't figure out whether it was all right to cross the street. I stood at the curb in a state of bewilderment, unable at first even to realize what it was that I couldn't figure out. I carefully told myself that it would be all right to cross the street whenever the traffic stopped, but as I watched the trucks and taxis going south along Broadway, I couldn't determine which part of the traffic was supposed to stop, or which street I was trying to cross. Then I thought, as one always does at moments of crisis, "This can't be happening." I felt a touch, just a touch, of fear—panic. Even while I kept reassuring myself that this couldn't be happening, I also saw myself standing utterly helpless in the middle of Times Square—intellectually incapable of finding out how to cross the street but repeatedly warning myself that if I made a mistake the oncoming traffic would kill me.

The panic lasted no more than ten seconds, perhaps only five, perhaps only one or a fraction of one. Then something clicked, some gear shifted, and I realized what had happened. It was my custom, daydreaming and only half awake, to walk to the office as though on automatic pilot. That is, I didn't really pay much attention to where I was going but somnambulistically crossed streets whenever some half-functioning message system told me that the light was green. What had happened on Forty-fifth Street was that the traffic light had broken, so my automatic system didn't work, and it took me a moment to realize it.

During that moment, however, I think that I was standing on the border of what we call insanity. The main symptoms were all there: a breakdown in the machinery of perception, or a breakdown in the rational mind's ability to receive and combine perceptions and to make judgments from them. And a sense of helplessness, together with a perfectly clear vision of one's own helplessness. And panic. It was, in retrospect, like experiencing some sort of time warp, like catching a glimpse of another century or another civilization. Yet that world where the mad live is not so remote. Most of us come near it at one time or another, even if only for a moment. It is, in some ways, like the chaotic world that we inhabit in our dreams, for there, night after night, we all go mad.

SINCE THAT DAY I have explored the extraordinary afflictions of historic figures like King George III, wandering blind and white-bearded through his imprisoning palace, and of literary figures like Lear and Ahab ("I am madness maddened"). But most of all I have interviewed people who have been through the experience of breakdown. In their various stories of unbearable pressure, of illusions crushed and hopes betrayed, I have found no uniformity of causes, and I am not enough of a scientist or a philosopher to im-

se my own uniformity on the ma-
ial I collected. I don't really know
at drives people crazy, and I don't
nk anybody else does either, but
lo have a sharpened sense of the
carious balance between what we
l sanity and insanity. This applies
t only to each of us as individuals
t to nations as well.

Society survives on the assump-
n that most people are sane, that
y make reasoned judgments based
a mixture of self-interest and a
se of the common good. This as-
nption may be unreliable. Most
ople may not be sane at all, or at
st not in times of crisis.

However we define our terms—
Words strain,/Crack and sometimes
eak," said Eliot, "under the bur-
n,/Under the tension"—the U.S.
vernment will provide statis-
s. If we prefer the narrowest defini-
n, limiting the concept of "going
zy" to those who actually enter a
ntal hospital, then according to
e Commerce Department's *Statisti-
l Abstract of the U.S.* for 1974, a
al of 444,777 people entered ("re-
rns from extended leave as well as
missions and readmissions") the
tion's 334 state and county mental
spitals during the previous year.
nother 91,151 entered 156 private
spitals. In the most basic sense,
en, somewhat over half a mil-
n Americans go crazy every year.
the other hand, hospitalization no
nger provides the same measure-
nt that it did a decade ago, be-
use the basic trend in recent years
s been to shut down the old brick
sylums" and to treat people on a
nporary or outpatient basis. The
in reason is that tranquilizers and
ner drugs have in many cases elim-
ated the need for long-term con-
ement. It is worth noting, how-
er, that the costs of hospitalization
ve more than tripled during this
me period, and as of 1970
mounted to $5,435 per patient per
ar—a sum to make any govern-
nt official see merit in humanitar-
n reforms. So although the per-
ntage of people confined in public
ntal hospitals has declined, the
mber of people being treated for
ntal illness by medical institutions
s increased from 1.7 million to 4
llion. The rate per 100,000 popu-
ion has increased nearly as much,
m 1,032 to 1,982.

These are the people whom the
vernment lists as "mentally ill pa-
tients." It could certainly be argued, however, that a depressed or worried housewife who pays a weekly visit to a mental health clinic at her local hospital is by no means crazy. Indeed, it was argued at the height of the 1972 crisis over the nomination of Sen. Thomas Eagleton as the Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate that a decision to seek treatment for mental difficulties is itself a sign of mental health. On the other hand, it is far more certain that many of the mentally ill never seek or get any treatment at all. In New York, for example, a team of psychiatrists and sociologists spent eight years conducting what they called "the midtown Manhattan study," interrogating a representative sample of 1,660 adults for symptoms of mental illness. They found only 18.5 percent "well," and they rated the rest as follows: mild symptom formation, 36.3 percent; moderate symptom formation, 21.8 percent; marked symptom formation, 13.2 percent; severe symptom formation, 7.5 percent; incapacitated, 2.7 percent. Among the last three categories, which they combined under the verdict of "impaired," they found that only 5.4 percent were getting some kind of psychiatric treatment, 21.3 percent had at least consulted a psychiatrist at some point in the past, but 73.3 percent had never seen any psychiatrist at all. Thus their fears, their illusions, their outbursts of rage could never come to the attention of the Commerce Department.

Steve Cloud, asking old Harry Spector how to get to Eighth Avenue, would not be listed. He would appear, however, under the statistics for homicides. In 1972 there were about 18,880 of them, more than twice as many as in 1960. The act of killing a man is not necessarily proof of insanity, since there are murders for cause, just or unjust. But Steve Cloud had no sane reason to shoot Harry Spector, or Paul Meistrich, the man who fell backward through the glass door of the Off-Track Betting Corporation. While nearly 19,000 people kill others, more than 24,000 kill themselves, and although they, too, may believe that they have overwhelming reasons to do so (Dostoevsky's Kirilov even argued, and carried out his argument, that suicide for no reason at all was the proof of his freedom), it does seem evident that the act of self-destruction is not only an act of madness but the ultimate proof of madness.

The Commerce Department's statistics are detailed—17,290 men and 6,980 women killed themselves during the year 1972. Men most frequently chose "firearms and explosives" (9,704), while women preferred poisoning (3,285). For both, "hanging and strangulation" came third. There are further subdivisions.

"Use every man after his desert," Hamlet asked, "and who should 'scape whipping?" According to Dr. David Rosenthal, a psychologist for the National Institute of Mental Health, "almost no family in the nation is entirely free of mental disorders." In a report to the National Academy of Sciences in the spring of 1972, Rosenthal went on to say, "Indeed, it may very well be that the so-called normal person, with respect to mental health, does not represent a norm at all, but rather an ideal—relatively rare—that most of us would like to achieve."

As a government that spends much of its time spying on imagined enemies—or for that matter, bombing them—is such a government to be trusted in any formulation of who is sane or insane? To be specific, the United States government has taken elaborate precautions to make sure that no psychotic general will ever be able to fire off nuclear missiles without Presidential approval—but it has also conducted studies to discover whether some general might refuse a Presidential order to fire. "In other words," I said to the psychologist who had been asked to investigate the problem, "they wanted to screen out anybody who might prove to be sane."

In making that statement, I was inverting the traditional relationship between the officially sane and the rebellious insane, but I was nonetheless maintaining the standard distinction: we, the sane, against them, the insane. In fact, I no longer believe in that distinction. I think that insanity is a state that we all move in and out of throughout our lives. And I think that it is not one state but many states. I am, of course, interpreting the word *insanity* very loosely and unscientifically, interpreting it to include anything from suicide to a momentary loss of memory of what it was that one came

down to the kitchen to look for. But I do believe that in every moment of depression aboard the commuter train, every weeping crisis of sleepless anxiety at three in the morning, every drunken loss of temper, every nightmare of murder and fornication, we all go mad, for a time, and then recover from our own madness.

For those who do not recover quickly enough, there comes the prospect of confinement, which can vary from a restorative vacation to the most ferocious sort of punishment. A voluntary confinement generally brings the mildest treatment. In *Life Studies*, Robert Lowell describes one of his periodic sequestrations: "After a hearty New England breakfast,/ I weigh two hundred pounds/ this morning. Cock of the walk,/ I strut in my turtle-necked French sailor's jersey/ before the metal shaving mirrors." Ezra Pound, indicted for treason, and rightly so, for his wartime broadcasts over Mussolini's radio, was less fortunate. Confined first in a concrete-floored cage, then in a crude tent (thus, at the end of "The Pisan Cantos": "If the hoar frost grip thy tent/ Thou wilt give thanks when night is spent"), he was finally taken to Washington and examined by four alienists. They declared, on December 14, 1945, that Pound "has long been recognized as eccentric, querulous, and egocentric . . . exhibits extremely poor judgment as to his situation . . . insists that his broadcasts were not treasonable . . . is abnormally grandiose, is expansive and exuberant in manner, exhibiting pressure of speech, discursiveness, and distractibility. . . . He is, in other words, insane." On the basis of this judgment, which made the poet sound much the way he had always sounded, the U.S. District Court sentenced him to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, where, for the next twelve years, he was confined in what Archibald MacLeish called "the long, dim corridor inhabited by the ghosts of men . . . a conscious mind capable of the most complete human awareness . . . incarcerated among minds which are not conscious and cannot be aware."

But they are quite conscious and quite aware, many of them. They are aware, above all, that they were, in effect, arrested without a warrant and convicted without a trial. Frances Farmer, for one, has given a vivid account of being committed against her will. The young actress had quarreled with her mother, and the mother had called in the authorities. "I began to scream and tried to run, but they grabbed me. I . . . was easily overpowered and wrestled to the floor. They straddled me, and I felt the rough canvas of the straitjacket wrap around me and buckle into place. My arms were nearly stretched from their sockets as I was locked into it. . . . I screamed in pain and fright. The buckle chewed into my back, and I flopped on the floor like a dying chicken. I screamed every filthy word I knew at my mother, and then, in consuming fear, I was reduced to begging her to help me. 'Oh, God, Mamma, don't do this. Don't do this to me.' She turned away, and as the men pulled me to my feet, I began to kick. They each grabbed a leg, jerked off my shoes and clamped heavy leather manacles around my ankles. . . . A thick roll of gauze, stuffed in my mouth, silenced me, and I thought I would vomit. . . . And so it was, on May 22, 1945, at 3:25 in the afternoon, that I was delivered bound and gagged to the state asylum like a dog gone mad."

Arriving at this institution, about thirty-five miles south of Seattle, Miss Farmer encountered one degradation after another. First she was strapped into a chair that was bolted to the floor while five other newcomers argued about Jesus Christ until several guards came in and beat them. After several hours, she was taken, still bound, to the isolation ward, enrolled in a register, and then led to a toilet without a seat. She was pushed down into it until the water touched her, and then left there. When she started shouting to be released, an attendant came and hit her across the face until her nose bled. Then, after wiping her off, the attendant prepared the final rite of initiation. "She . . . pinched my jaws until my mouth was held open involuntarily. I was terrified at the look on her face, and when I saw her lifting the wad of wet paper toward my mouth, I tried to scream, but her fingers slipped down and clutched my throat in a painful vise. I knew, perhaps for the first time, pure fright, but I was unable to speak. Only groans and whimpers came from me. . . .

" 'Open wide, big shot,' the woman said. 'You might as well learn now, 'cause in here sooner or later everybody eats their own shit.' "

THIS OCCURRED in the Dark Ages, in 1945, and we are repeatedly reassured that nothing like this happens to people who go crazy nowadays. At Bellevue Hospital in New York, a two-century-old institution that once contained a whipping post for unruly slaves, the authorities resist outside observers not to hide dark malpractices so much as to protect frightened patients from the idly curious.

To Bellevue the city's ambulances bring its tired, its poor, its huddled masses and wretched refuse. During the course of my researches I visited it on several occasions, always depressed by the way its corridors echoed with sadness and fear. One morning I noticed behind the admissions desk a young Puerto Rican who tugged and strained against the white cloth tapes that held his wrists and ankles to a wheeled stretcher. He was wearing an olive-drab jacket that resembled the military uniform of some foreign army. On a nearby bench, two black policemen with neat moustaches sat in silence, staring vacantly into space. A sign on the wall read: "Friendliness Is Free. Give Today." The Puerto Rican on the stretcher groaned, a sound of utter misery.

"He tried to commit suicide," said an attending psychiatrist (they are known as "attendings"), a stocky man, graying, with large blue eyes and a German accent. "He tried to throw himself under cars in the street. Now he is hearing voices. They talk to him in Spanish. He still has some contact with reality, but it is tenuous. I'd like to talk to you some more, but I'm all alone here." He was hardly alone; the white-and-yellow corridor was full of nurses and attendants, shuffling patients, stolid policemen. He meant that he was the only psychiatrist on duty. Bellevue has to evaluate and deal with more than 10,000 psychiatric patients per year. It takes in more than half of them for emergency treatment.

"What brings them here?" Dr. Ed Robbins repeated the question. He is the director of the receiving ward, the repository of everyone else's anxieties. "They're here because nobody likes them, because nobody wants

The drier liqueur

B&B is the drier liqueur...made with exquisite Benedictine, blended with superb cognac in the Abbey at Fecamp, France.

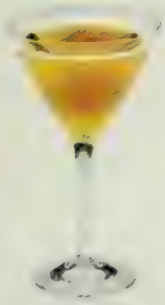


86 Proof

After coffee enjoy

B AND B®

BENEDICTINE BRANDY



B&B Stinger

3 parts B&B Liqueur, 1 part White Creme de Menthe Shake with ice, strain, serve in cocktail glass or on the rocks.



B&B Frappe

Fill cocktail glass with crushed ice and B&B Liqueur, serve with short straws.



B&B Tea

Pour 1½ oz. B&B Liqueur into brewed tea in 8 oz. glass. Top with whipped cream



B&B Straight

Julius WILE NEW YORK

them, because they're sick, or old, or they insulted a policeman."

As if on cue, the telephone rang, and Dr. Robbins had to check on a diagnosis. "Well, is she right? *Are* they trying to steal her money?" In Bellevue, unlike many private hospitals, the outbreak that is called "a psychotic episode" may derive from a specific social crisis—the loss of a job, an apartment, or a welfare check. The immediate question is to find out what that social problem is and whether it can be solved.

"We have an ETU, an emergency treatment unit," said Dr. Robbins. "We deal with acute problems. Generally there is a resolution within forty-eight hours. There's a system. If you're upset because your wife died, we'll talk to you and give you a sedative. If you're upset because you're hearing voices, that's more complicated. We'll talk to you, and —well, that's a whole book in itself."

Out in the corridor, the Puerto Rican had been wheeled away, and the attending psychiatrist sat in his office and reflected on the case. "The nurse who first talked to him found that he used to take drugs, and his breath smelled of alcohol. Obviously it was an acute episode of some kind, although I couldn't get the details. He had one clear moment, and he said, 'You know what's really the trouble is that my wife doesn't let me see my children.' So that's—he was appealing to pity, so he has enough strength to try to get what is good for himself. He sees me, and he thinks, 'There's a soft-hearted guy. I will try to manipulate him.' So after he gets out of his stupor, he may be amenable to getting out of trouble."

The "attending" once lived in Vienna. When he was fifteen, he recalled, somebody in school got him to read Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams,* and that led him to his profession, but now, here, there is no time for psychoanalysis. "Here we are a first-aid station," he said. "I was able to put on this patient a label that was communicative, whether it was correct or not. I said that he was having an acute psychotic episode with destructive tendencies. I could imagine him attacking some bystander. I gave him a tranquilizer, which made him quiet—being aware that this is not the answer. Then I had to delegate the case to someone less harassed. Here we are often harassed. But I believe such patients can be helped, if there are enough resources, and enough people to use those resources. I couldn't do my work if I didn't believe that."

INSIDE THE STRAITJACKET, of course, the view is quite different. Michael Mooney, Jr., was there early in 1973, and he had a vision. He is a husky youth of twenty-one with large blue eyes and moderately long reddish-brown hair. He had dropped out of Harvard to become a musician —he plays the piano, guitar, saxophone, and bass—but he grew increasingly subject to fits of paranoia. He became convinced that people could hear his thoughts. He heard voices demanding to know whether he was, as he puts it, in or out of society. One wintry day, he took a bus downtown to visit some friends in Greenwich Village, and after dinner he felt a mysterious "little crunch in the back of my teeth, and all of a sudden I was tripping." This turned out later to be a huge dose of 2,000 milligrams of a hallucinogenic named STP. He says now that he does not know how he took the drug, whether he bought it himself or whether his friends gave it to him as a joke, and he can remember only that the friends went to sleep and left him sitting next to the record player.

"I spent that whole night sitting up next to the radio," he says. "This was the climax of all the voices, because out of the radio I thought I heard a gigantic party of people all talking to me. In the morning I walked home, and I moved all my stuff into one corner of the room, rolled up the rug and everything. I was going to move out, just go somewhere. And I was yelling and screaming and sort of—I can remember nights like that before, when I'd sort of been crying, you know, because I was frustrated at not being able to get rid of this whatever it was. And then I finally decided that I'd better go to the hospital, because that was, you know, really the only way out.

"So I went to Bellevue, and they really thought I had flipped out. I mean, they thought I was catatonic or something, because I wouldn't speak to them. Or I *couldn't* speak to them. I couldn't form my words very well. They questioned me as to what was wrong, and I said, 'I'm tripping.' Then I was doing all sorts of dances to ward off the evil spirits. I was really gone. Then I tried escape, so they put me in a stra jacket, and they tied me to this be And I was talking aloud. I tried make myself die, right there, in th straitjacket. By holding my breat By trying to make my heart stop. was beating very irregularly becau of the speed in the STP, and thought they would either have carry me out dead or I would be there forever.

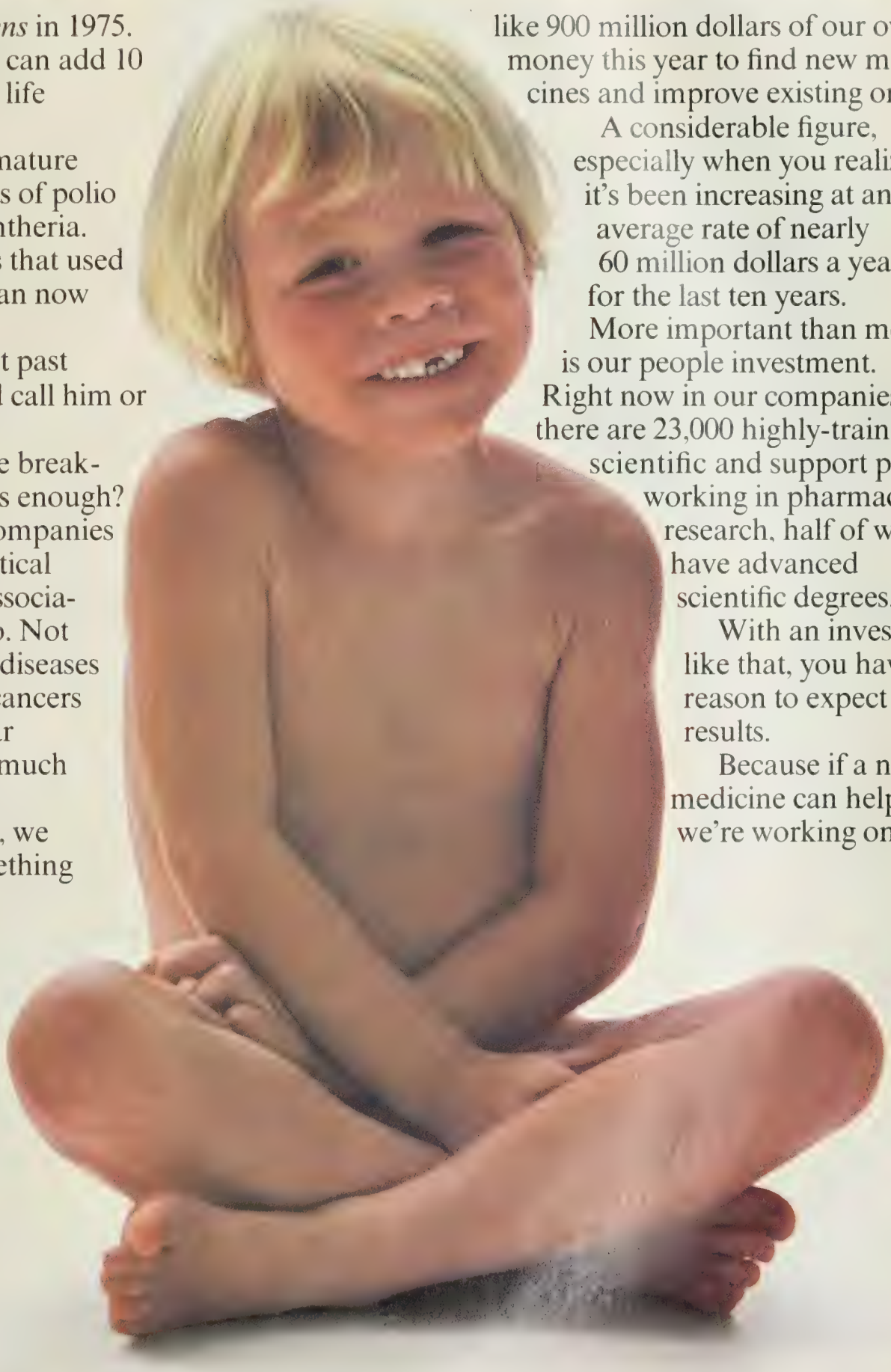
"And then I had this vision, so of, of life at that time. I don't kno whether it's fantasy or whether it in a way true. It was a vision of t world as being infinitely—existing the present infinitely. There are m lions of other worlds in which I ar you exist, and we do different thing just a little bit differently, make di ferent choices. In other words, an time you could do one of two thing the choice you didn't make wou occur in some other world. And saw this infinity of other worlds, at the same time. So I was threate ing them that if—that if they didn let me go, or if they didn't treat n right, or, you know—that I wou come back from another world an curse them all."

THIS SENSE OF COSMIC combat not at all uncommon among t mad. It is as though, at the poi when life is going out of control, t madman must and can make a de perate leap into a sense of onene with a god who not only can gove life but can bless it. As one man sa after flying to Cuba, walking bar foot to Ernest Hemingway's hous and picking a fight, "Out of co trol? But that's the one time in n life when I was *in* control."

For others the struggle is mo modest, and the power to triumj can ultimately be found within on self. Henry Reichman, for one, loo back on his life with a sense of s isfaction. He is a tall, spare man his sixties. His gray hair is thinnin but his complexion is clear. H speaks slowly, with a faint Germ accent, pausing occasionally to sni He smokes a cigar in a sho holder. All around him in his dupl apartment are the signs of his weal —red brocade walls, a gray sto fireplace, expensive paintings. "All this, the way I live," he says, " comes from my work. I didn't i herit a penny.

he 900 million dollar man.

s is *homo sapiens* in 1975.
mmunizations can add 10
rs to his or her life
ectancy.
Ie or she can mature
iout the threats of polio
neasles or diphtheria.
Many maladies that used
ill or cripple can now
ontrolled.
o much so that past
erations would call him or
superhuman.
ut are all those break-
ugh medicines enough?
he member companies
ie Pharmaceutical
nufacturers Associa-
don't think so. Not
complicated diseases
arthritis and cancers
cardiovascular
sses still very much
us.
ecause of that, we
nvesting something



like 900 million dollars of our own money this year to find new medicines and improve existing ones.

A considerable figure, especially when you realize it's been increasing at an average rate of nearly 60 million dollars a year for the last ten years.

More important than money is our people investment. Right now in our companies there are 23,000 highly-trained scientific and support people working in pharmaceutical research, half of whom have advanced scientific degrees.

With an investment like that, you have reason to expect results.

Because if a new medicine can help, we're working on it.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

We'd like to tell you more about pharmaceuticals. Send for our free booklet, "When it Comes to Rx Medicines, There Are a Lot of Questions You Should Ask." Write the Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. HA-506, 1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.



Yes, the whiskies in J & B are rare indeed. But the essence of J & B Rare Scotch is in our uncompromising quest for perfection. For more than 100 years, no one has ever matched the rare taste of J & B. And never will. That's why J & B has it. And always will.

86 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © 1975 Paddington Corp., N.Y.

"I left Berlin when I was nineteen in 1929, and got a job as a packer in the basement of Best & Company, the department store. I didn't plan to stay here, only to get some training experience, learn the language, and then return. But when I went back to Germany in 193[illegible] things looked bad, and I was unhappy there, so I told my parents I wanted to go back to America.

"Despite the depression, I decided to go into business for myself, and never again had a job working for somebody else. My first idea was to develop a cola syrup that you could mix at home the way you mix Scotch. It was a terrible flop, because people are very lazy. But then I came up with a lot of other ideas in the food business. I bought the rights to the Wizard of Oz for food products. I came up with an instant ice cream mix under the name of Oz—the wizard of ice-cream mix—and so on.

"After about ten or twelve years I was doing very well. I had a wife and a son—he's now a documentary film producer. I had a nice apartment on the East Side. I belonged to a country club. In 1948 I made a tremendous contract with a company which had a triple-A rating, the highest rating you can get in business—and then they reneged. Another company, which they represented, told them they should drop me and my product because they were intending to come out with a similar product two years later. So one day I had to come home and tell my wife 'I've lost all my—we lost—I lost all my money, and all your money. And as of Monday, you have to go back to work.' And she did. And we moved out of the apartment, moved to a very bad section on the West Side, because the rent was only one fourth of what I'd paid before. Our social life among our so-called friends shrank to about 1 percent of what it had been before. And my business kept going down, down, down, to nothing.

"One night we were at a dinner party—to be exact, it was December 22, 1948—we were at a dinner party and when the hostess asked us to go up and go to the adjoining room, I couldn't get up. I had no power in my legs. I had no power in my arms. And of course I was quite embarrassed. I had to stay on at the dinner table, talking with my neighbors I kept trying to get up. I had no id

vhat was happening to me, absolutey no idea. This lasted about twenty ninutes. Finally, with tremendous villpower, I forced myself to get up nd go into the other room. I never at down there because I was afraid couldn't get up again. When we eft, and went downstairs in the elerator, there was one step which we ad to go down to reach the street evel, and in going down that step, n shifting my weight, I collapsed—iterally fell down—and could not asist the other people who went down vith me in getting up. I was like a ag of flour. They lifted me, got me nto a car, got me home. I still had o power in my arms and legs.

So I went to Mount Sinai Hospital, to the charity ward, vhich was a traumatic experience. There were forty-eight patients in ne room. There were people with rain tumors, nervous breakdowns, uicide attempts, accidents. One oung kid next to me, twenty-two ears old, had had a motorcycle accident, fractured skull, died right next o me. When you see people being reoved, and you know they're going o die within the next few hours—I ean, they try to prevent that they ie in the big room. All of that keeps ou up at night, but it stops you rom thinking so much about yourelf. So I came to the conclusion that ings were not so bad anymore, nd hadn't been so bad before.

"They kept me there for seven eeks and took hundreds of tests. hen one morning, one Monday orning, the head of the ward, Dr. srael Wechsler, came to my bed. He as one of the top neurologists. He harged tremendous fees in his ofce, but he devoted three days of the eek to the charity ward. He said to e, 'There's nothing wrong with you at a $5,000 order couldn't cure. ou've had a severe nervous breakown. I want to explain what hapened to you. Your body gave up. our muscles gave up. It was a deat. But you're as healthy as any uman being I've ever examined. ctually, you could get up and leave ght now, but I'm going to keep you ere for another day. Here's a pad nd pencil. I want you to go from ed to bed in this ward and take own the names and addresses and lephone numbers of the other fortyven people here. Ask them what's the matter with them—in most cases you probably know it by now anyhow. And when you feel depressed, call up two or three of them and find out how they are. Some of them will be dead, and you will find out that you're very well off. That will bring you back from your depression.'

"And I understood that. And I did that. I got out the next day. I didn't go to a psychiatrist. I couldn't afford that. I went back to work in a little office. My rent was $35, including an answering service. No help, of course. There would be days when I would lock the door and pull down the shades and start crying. But when I left the office, I could handle myself much better. And every few weeks, for about a year, I would call up some of the people who had been on that ward. Some of them had died, some of them were dying, and very few of them could answer the phone themselves. I think I only talked with one person who answered the phone himself. It's probably a terrible statement to make, but after I found out somebody was so sick I felt better.

"Looking back, I'm very happy and grateful that I couldn't afford to check into a private room in a hospital, with nurses around the clock, where I'd be looking at the walls all day. In a ward of forty-eight patients, I had to look at things in an entirely different manner. Money lost, nothing lost; courage lost, everything lost. I have gradually become an entirely different person, with a much better set of values. And finally I had a new idea for the supermarkets. I realized that the trading stamps had lost their power because everybody had them. So I decided it was time for a new gimmick, and I came up with the idea of games. The first one I created was Spell Cash—S-P-E-double-L Cash—which was a little piece of paper, two inches by three inches, which had a rather sizable ink spot on it. You had to remove the ink spot and find a letter, either C or A or S or H, underneath the spot. If you could spell the word *cash*, you would win $100.

"All my ideas for the past twenty years have something to do with relieving lonesomeness, or boredom. Lonesomeness and boredom are two tremendous sicknesses, especially in this country, and they have a lot to do with breakdowns. I have made a study of lonesomeness. I have a knowledge of it, and a *respect* for it. Now, my idea was not an easy idea to sell. The supermarket business is a $120 billion business. It's terribly difficult for an individual to convince these guys to back a new idea. So for two years, I visited 400 supermarket chains without making a single sale. Finally I got a little test in six stores of the leading chain in Chicago. In this business, the ordinary increases from week to week may run 2 or 3 or 4 percent. My game produced 30 percent, and the news spread very fast. You can't patent an idea like that, but when you're first, you have a tremendous advantage. By the time other people realized—discovered my goose had laid the golden eggs—I'd already made enough money to withdraw.

"So the miracle finally happened when I was fifty-four years old, which is the time when, if I worked for a big corporation, they select the watch I'm going to get when I'm being retired. I made a tremendous comeback. I also acquired this duplex penthouse, which was written up in the newspapers. And when I came back from a business trip to move in here, I found that many of my former so-called friends and acquaintances, who had dropped me when I was poor, had sent flowers. But I always felt that you're a lot better off if you don't hide your emotions, so I took all the flowers and threw them out the window, over the cliff, and I've never seen any of those people again."

Of all the people I encountered in my wanderings through the landscape of insanity, Reichman struck me as one of the most interesting—possibly because I have a weakness for happy endings, possibly because he reminded me of David Rosenthal's remark to the effect that the so-called normal person doesn't represent a norm at all but, rather, the ideal that so many people struggle to achieve. Reichman achieved it, at least for the time being and in the precarious way that sanity always is achieved, and I admire him for it. Now when I meet people who strike me as odd or troubled, I remember that they are making a passage across a no-man's-land, a passage which, if their luck or courage holds, they have a chance to survive. □

Mordecai Richler

LETTER FROM OTTAWA

The sorry state of Canadian nationalism



CANADA IS:
☐ true?
☐ false?



WHAT DOES QUEBEC REALLY WANT?
☐ Québec.

WHAT COMES TO MIND AT THE MENTION OF CANADIAN FOLKLORE?
☐ Indian totem poles?
☐ eskimo sculpture?
☐ welfare cheques?



Terry Mosher

FROG, BEAR, RAVEN, AND CIVIL SERVANT DEVOURING ESKIMO

SAY WHAT YOU LIKE about Canadians, we are, historically, big givers. But what (*if anything*, the nationalists would say) was left to present the U.S.A. for its coming Bicentennial? Bobby Orr is already there. So is Ottawa's very own Paul Anka. Prince Edward Island is too expensive to wrap; Baffin Island, even bigger, is bound to melt en route. And so a committee of Ottawa mandarins, backs to the wall, pondered and pondered, finally surfacing with a grabber. *A picture book.* Yes, indeed. Our government has allocated $1.5 million to produce a book, compiled by our leading photographers, of Canadian/American border scenes (not, one hopes, including draft dodgers sneaking home through the tall grass), and elegantly wrapped freebies will be presented to Senators, Congressmen, and small-town mayors—in fact, to most American elected officials, as well as President Ford.

Happy birthday, U.S.A., happy birthday to you! Come '76, you will be getting not so much a gift book as a Canadian good earth catalogue, showing what's left on the shelves, prices available from Ottawa on request.

It's not only a singularly unimaginative gift, but a grudging one. Which is to say, there's trouble out here on the tundra. The natives, reduced to tenant farmers on their own estate, grow restless. *And creative.* As witness a recent issue of *The Independencer*, a bimonthly published by a hard-line nationalist faction known as the Committee for an Independent Canada. The paper displays a stirring two-page-long poem, the group inspiration of the Lorna Little Mayfield Chapter. Called "The Canadian Children's Plea," it begins:

Please, Mr. Prime Minister,
don't sell us out to the USA!
Please, Mr. Prime Minister,
don't give our heritage away!
When we are grown and take
our place as men and women
of our race,
We want to be FREE—to control
—to decide; not to the will
of a giant tied!

No less talented is another writer prized by the independencers, Reserve Air Force Gen. Richard Rohmer, *our* Steve Canyon, whose most recent novel, *Exxoneration*, was a Canadian best-seller. *Exxoneration* begins where Rohmer's earlier political dream, *Ultimatum*, ended, with the American President, at 6:30 P.M. October 7, 1980, announcing the annexation of Canada, and our Governor-General seeing no alternative but to "follow the instructions of the President," even as U.S. Air Force planes are landing at all Canadian air bases to begin occupation of the country. But wait, wait, the imperialists' fascist bullies hadn't counted on *Exxoneration*'s hero, the incomparable Pierre Thomas de Gaspé, of whom our Prime Minister says, "There is something I didn't know about, that is that de Gaspé, as well as being president of the Canada Energy Corporation, is also your Toronto District Commander and is running Operation Reception Party at Toronto International Airport. God how versatile can a man be!"

Even the Texan President of the U.S.A. respects us, thanks to de Gas

Mordecai Richler is the author of The Street, *a collection of short stories, to be published later this year by The New Republic Press.*

pé. "Sure the United States owns most of the country. But those people have a fighting record in the first world war and the second world war like you wouldn't believe."

De Gaspé's Operation Reception Party totally defeats the superior American invading force, and the crushed U.S. Air Force general, just possibly a Southerner, is moved to comment: "Ah gotta hand it to you all, you sure gave it to us good. Ah didn't know you Canadians had that much gumption, but ah sure know it now and ah take my hat off to you."

Rohmer is also a master of the British idiom. The American invasion defeated, de Gaspé moved to take over Exxon, his machinations taking him to an exclusive Mayfair hotel, where the valet porter awaits him. "Mr. Reimer and another gentleman are waiting for you in the sitting room, Mr. de Gaspé! Cor, you ought to see the chap with 'im. Gorblimey!"

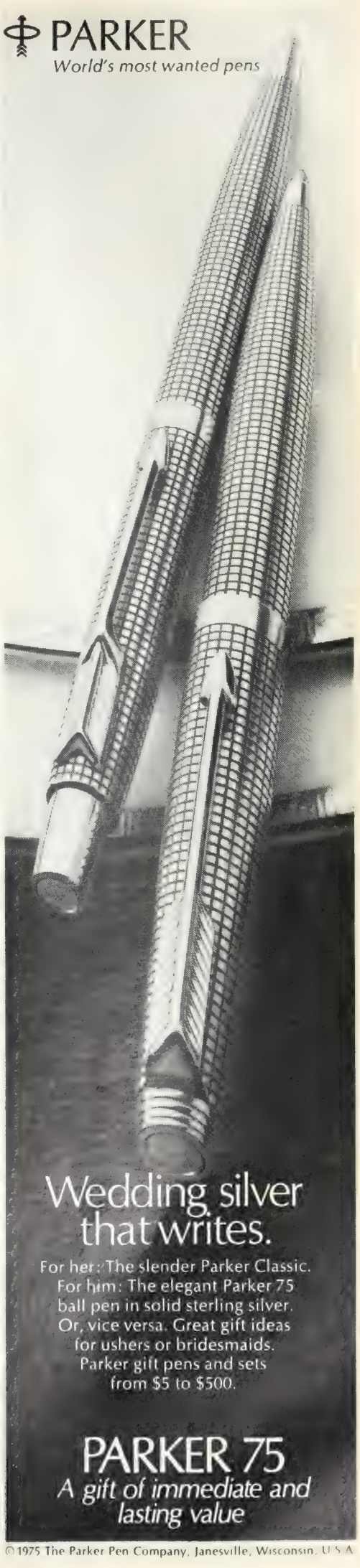
Ultimately, the Texan President is defeated in an election by none other than David Dennis, the first Jewish President of the U.S.A., who says of his trip to Israel: "Such a welcome. For a Jewish boy from Detroit, a boy who's come up the hard way...."

Rohmer's novel put me in mind of my deprived World War II boyhood in Montreal, where, with American comic books unavailable for the duration, we had to make do with our own inferior black-and-white inventions, but I should add that the sales of *Exxoneration* were prodigious for Canada, something like 18,000. Even so, nationalists protest, with some justice, that the Canadian publishing industry is being swamped by the American—also with some justice, alas. For we are only some 15 million (English-speaking, that is) and you are more than 200 million, and we are dependent on American publishers for almost all the European and Asian books we receive in translation. And so, naturally enough, American publishers provide most of the books for those of us who still read for pleasure, rather than as a patriotic duty. The nationalists, however, are concerned with quantity, not quality.

ITEM: AFTER MY RETURN to Canada, three years ago, it was my good luck to hear from the Committee for an Independent Canada directly. Their letter, which actually sprang from the committee's cultural think tank, began: "Dear Author, You have been chosen along with seventy-nine other major contemporary authors to present your views..."

Seemingly, if on my departure for England twenty years earlier the flower of Canadian letters, like the British Liberal party, could fit snugly into a taxi, now a veritable charabanc was called for. Since then, the nationalists have made it clear that they are determined to win through legislation, for the second-rate but homegrown writer, what talent alone has hitherto denied him: an audience, applause. In 1973, they argued, of the $291 million spent on English-language books in Canada, only $15 million, to lapse into the deplorable English of *The Independencer*, was "Canadian authored and published." Furthermore, only 2 percent of the paperback books sold on the Canadian mass market are in fact written and published by Canadians, which has made things hot for Ottawa in general, Hugh Faulkner in particular. The reticent, but concerned, Faulkner is our Secretary of State, the minister responsible for cultural affairs, and in a recent representation made to him by the militant Independent Publishers' Association, he was asked to consider, among other enormities, Canadian content quotas that would oblige bookshops and those who maintain paperback racks, as well as the foreign book clubs operating in Canada (Book-of-the-Month Club, Literary Guild), to legally display or offer as much as 20 percent Canadian content.

Following the narcotics squad, after the antisubversive division, enter the RCMP paperback detail—plainclothes, of course—each constable only five-foot-four, bespectacled, checking out your corner drugstore and newsie against his Canadian content pocket calculator and if, perchance, it only registered 19 percent indigenous shlock, running them in, charged with displaying too many Wallaces, Robbinses, and Susanns, whilst concealing their slower-moving Canadian imitators under the counter, like condoms. Fortunately, Faulkner wouldn't buy, telling our own variation of the Red Guard, "The right to read is basic. The Canadian public will want to read foreign books, to have access to them, and to have them reviewed in the



Canadian media. Publishing is an international activity judged by international standards. Canadian publishing is necessarily judged against the output of foreign publishing, and often by the best of foreign publishing. That is as it should be." But Faulkner did come up with a concession of dubious value, a program that would make book display racks of Canadiana available in post offices. Now if, as one Ottawa wag put it, the post office handles books no better than the mail, well, well, well . . .

Meanwhile, Jack Stoddart, our only publisher of mass-market paperbacks (Paperjacks), has complained that he cannot compete with American reprint houses who are poaching here, seeking out only well-known and established authors. "If they get the top authors," he has said, "none of us will be able to afford to develop new authors." Consequently, with the surprising support of the newly formed Writers' Union of Canada, he has called for a six-month moratorium on the sale of rights to U.S. paperback houses. Hugh Kane, vice-chairman of Macmillan, refused to subscribe. "We have," he said, "an obligation to serve our authors to the best of our ability." And, what's more, said the plainspoken Kane, the moratorium would simply protect Paperjacks, the only real Canadian presence in the field, from any competition.

Even so, I had a grudging sympathy for Stoddart's dilemma until I happened to espy one of his model contracts, wherein it appears that his concern for developing new Canadian authors is so deeply felt that, in paying for the Canadian rights, he also acquires an exclusive license to print, publish, and sell, in the U.S.A. and British Commonwealth and, fully grasping that too much bread is bad medicine for scribblers, only pays them 50 percent for these aforementioned rights. Some, admittedly, might protest Stoddart was brandishing nationalism as a shield for old-fashioned sharp practice, but this would only reveal woeful ignorance of the nationalist idiom. Look here, for an American publisher to seek Canadian rights is cultural imperialism, but for a Canadian to demand U.S. and Commonwealth rights, creaming 50 percent off the top, is protecting innocent colonials from foreign exploitation.

CONTENT QUOTAS, already imposed on Canadian television, have made for some talmudic conundrums. If, for instance, our Southern crackers play yours, that is to say, the Montreal Expos take to the field against the Dodgers in LA, and this is broadcast on CBC-TV, is it 100 percent Canadian content? Fifty percent? Or does it depend on the final score? Similarly, if a bona fide Canadian publisher were to bring out a book on the Philadelphia Flyers, Canadian roughnecks to the man, is this Canadian or American content?

Who knows, and who cares, was the subject of an outraged article (*Toronto Globe and Mail*, March 22, 1975) by a frequent visitor to Ottawa, one of our more impassioned, but engaging, Canada-firsters, the publisher Mel Hurtig. "One year ago," Hurtig wrote, "the Surrey-Langley chapter of the Committee for an Independent Canada conducted a 'Canadian Awareness Survey' of students in their last year of high school in six schools in and around Vancouver. When I read the results I was in turn stunned, dismayed and skeptical." For example:

> *Fewer than 30% could identify the B.N.A. Act as Canada's constitution. The Magna Carta, Declaration of Independence and Bill of Rights were frequent answers.*
>
> *71% could not name the capital of New Brunswick.*
>
> *Asked to name* any *three Canadian authors, 61% were unable to do so. Pierre Berton was named by only 20%, Farley Mowat by 19%. All of the following were named by fewer than 5%: Eric Nicol, Leonard Cohen, Stephen Leacock, Emily Carr, Mordecai Richler, and Morley Callaghan.*

Me, I'm not stunned, or dismayed. I'm flattered. For I take it that less than 5 percent of high-school students in and around, say Santa Barbara, would know if Philip Roth was a delicatessen, Bernard Malamud a furrier, or Saul Bellow an orthodontist.

Something else.

One student, embarrassed to have flunked his Canadian awareness test, a student whom Hurtig quotes with something like despair, I, on the other hand, applaud for redeeming himself with a quality distinctly Canadian—a self-deprecating sense of humor. His comment: "Margaret Atwood, Margaret Laurence—never heard of them, so they must be Canadian."

IN OTTAWA I HAVE had my own experience of Canadian students, at Carleton University, where I was a visiting professor for two years.

One morning, early in September 1972, newly if uneasily ensconced in my professorial office, I set to interviewing applicants for the dubious course I was offering: English 298, a writing seminar. Outside my window there stretched the Rideau Canal. In the seemingly endless winter months ahead, it would be transformed into the longest and, probably, most delightful, man-made skating rink in the world, threading through the capital and its environs for four-and-a-quarter miles, providing noon-hour play not only for children, but also for civil servants and MPs. Come December, many a colleague, and even more students, would skate three miles to classes.

The students who drifted into my office that morning were engaging, and touchingly vulnerable, but I was shocked, even appalled, by how little most of them had managed to read. One young man in particular permanently endeared himself to me. I asked him, as I had all the others, "What's the last novel you read?" But this groovy Aquarian wasn't going to be conned by a loaded question from an aging writer. He pondered. He searched the ceiling; he contemplated the floor. Finally, his eyes lit with triumph, he asked: "Fiction or nonfiction?"

Ottawa, Ottawa.

Our capital, for years no better than a cow town, without so much as one decent restaurant, is still subject to Main Street-like scandals. On my most recent visit, for instance, I was confronted by an announcement on the front page of the *Citizen* proclaiming that it had suspended body-rub shops and services from its ad columns until such time as the newspaper was satisfied that such spas as Pandora's Health Studio, with its beautiful nude hostesses, the Bodee-shop, and the Tempest ("Everything in a Man's Dream") were "not fronts for bawdy houses."

We suffer, I should warn you, from issue-envy, and Ottawa would dearly like to uncover a Watergate all its

own. In its absence, an intrepid *Citizen* reporter repaired the next day, incognito (and, I hope, freshly showered) to test the health services available and discovered, "A massage it ain't." One solicitous hostess suggested, "For another $5 I can stay in the room and watch you masturbate."

To be fair, Ottawa has now been much enhanced not only by its marvelous skating rink, but also by the building of the National Arts Centre, which opened in 1969 on a splendid six-acre site in the heart of the city, bounded by Confederation Square and the Rideau Canal. Admittedly, the concrete slablike exterior is forbidding, suggesting culture is a sentence, not a pleasure, but the facilities are magnificent, its orchestra first-rate, and the entire operation a tribute to the vision of its director-general, G. Hamilton Southam. There are three halls, including a 2,300-seat opera, a semicircular 900-seat theater, and the smaller, more experimental studio. The NAC complex also boasts the only decent restaurant in town, l'Opéra.

L'Opéra has displaced the more traditional Canadian Grill of the Chateau Laurier, its food unbelievably bad, as the favored lunchtime watering spot of Cabinet ministers, civil-servant mandarins, and general staff officers of our fairly new unified military command. The latter, clustered round the bar, in their uncommonly drab olive-green uniforms, look more like Bavarian bus conductors or commissionaires than soldiers, sailors, or airmen. You are not so much tempted to salute as to offer them your coat, rubbers, and quarter.

On a visit to l'Opéra, I dined with Marc Lalonde, one of the most astute and likable politicians in town. Lalonde, like Trudeau a former Montreal law professor, was for some years the Prime Minister's principal secretary and adviser, but has since been elected to Parliament himself, and is now the highly successful Minister of National Health and Welfare. Some would say he is also our next Prime Minister but one, should the feckless Tories finally stumble into office, or but for one—namely, Finance Minister John Turner, a presence, easily the most skilled House of Commons man on the Liberal benches, and the increasingly restless heir apparent to Trudeau's office. Lalonde, unlike Turner, is given to slipping on banana skins. Last year, for instance, on an official visit to Israel, he was sufficiently naive to fly on the Bronfman private jet, Air Seagram, which led to some embarrassing questions in the House. He also threatened, ostensibly in the name of Canadian nationalism but actually as a political sop to the vulnerable west (where the Liberals hold hardly any seats whatsoever) to ban the World Football League from Canada, lest it be the ruination of our own Canadian league, which, ironically, is also largely staffed by American behemoths, most of them second-rate. This obliged the Toronto millionaire John Bassett to ship his Toronto Northmen across the border, where they were reincarnated as the Memphis Southmen. Even more recently, when it was revealed that hamburger meat presently on sale in Canada was often laden with an impure ballast—that is to say, animal dung—Lalonde ventured that proper cooking would eliminate any danger, which is as close as the Liberals, notably arrogant, have come to saying, "Let them eat shit."

Lalonde, who is also the minister for women's rights, sailed into l'Opéra, his smile radiant and this being International Women's Year, a committed badge riding his jacket lapel. The badge, which is being offered to Canadian women everywhere, is rather more ambiguous than militant. Clearly not recommended for wear in singles' bars. It reads: *"Pourquoi Pas?"*

LALONDE PROFESSED not to be worried about Quebec and separatism. A recent Gallup poll revealed that now only 40 percent of Quebecers feel that separatism was coming, when five years ago 51 percent believed it all but inevitable. Even so, that's still 40 percent, and the present Liberal government in Quebec, led by the ineffectual Robert Bourassa, is now sinking in an all-too-familiar sea of corruption, one damning investigation following another. Lalonde responded rather weakly, "At least the government is investigating itself." Lalonde also felt that obviously the traditional state of dependency on the U.S.A. was no longer what it was. "We've got more options," he said, "for now it's the

Set your sights on a Nova Scotia holiday. Then set sail on the "Bluenose."



Take a good look at Nova Scotia, Atlantic Canada's Ocean Playground You'll get everything you want in a holiday. Spectacular beaches. Scenic coast line. Stirring historic landmarks. Great outdoor fun and activity for the whole family. And warm, friendly faces that say "welcome".

It's all there. And only 6 hours on the auto-ferry "Bluenose" out of Bar Harbor Maine. Drive aboard and enjoy all the fun and excitement of a real ocean voyage: a fine restaurant and bar, free movies, a duty-free shop, even a casino!

"Bluenose" leaves Bar Harbor daily at 8:00 a.m., arriving Yarmouth, Nova Scotia just after lunch. The return trip departs Yarmouth at 4:30 p.m.

Fares: $27.50 for car, $11 each adult, $5.50 children 5—11 under 5 free. Trailers: $2.25 per foot. Summer minimum, $25. Daily service June 7th to September 22nd Tri-weekly rest of year

For reservations: Terminal Supervisor, Canadian National Railways, Bar Harbor, Maine, 04609. Call toll-free (800) 341-7981 in Northeastern U.S., or (800) 432-7344 in Maine. In Bar Harbor call 288-3395 For Nova Scotia information: Suite 3115, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10020. Tel: (212) 581-2420. 616 Forest Ave., Portland, Maine 04101. Tel: (800) 341-6709. Toll-free in New England except Maine. In Maine 772-6131

EAST COAST MARINE AND FERRY SERVICE

producers of energy who can be more choosy. The continentalist energy policy," he added, "is a trap, when we are only 20 million and they are 200." But he did admit to feeling genuinely uneasy about at least one aspect of the new and, most would agree, long overdue, legislation aimed at ending the special advertising privileges of *Time* and the *Reader's Digest* in Canada.

The legislation, proposed by Hugh Faulkner, would finally do away with the provision that allows Canadian companies to deduct these advertising expenses from their income tax. This is a ruling that bona fide Canadian magazines have been ardently seeking for years, arguing that only this has prevented the development of a genuinely indigenous newsmagazine. In presenting the proposed amendment to the income-tax act, Faulkner said, "We in the government are not so much concerned with certain of the nation's industries as we are deeply committed to the nation's integrity. What happens in the area of Canadian books, magazines, and broadcasting, as in other areas of Canadian cultural expression, is not a matter of marginal interest and importance. The strength, originality, and vision we find therein is the true measure of what constitutes our national life." He also ventured, "I am confident that the enterprise and skill of the Canadian magazine industry will seize this opportunity. It is my hope and expectation that this decision will result in the creation of a Canadian newsmagazine."

As not only Hugh Faulkner, but everybody else in the House expected, Maclean-Hunter, already approaching something like a Canadian magazine monopoly, leaped hungrily into the breach, promising rather more than they are likely to deliver, a well-written newsmagazine of their own, with bureaus worldwide. This prompted one observer, the Ottawa columnist Geoffrey Stevens, to write, "The danger is that the Canadian newsmagazine industry will be transformed from a profitable U.S. monopoly to an unprofitable Canadian monopoly."

If *Time Canada* (circulation 554,000) does disappear, undoubtedly some, if certainly not all, of its advertising income will accrue to *Maclean's*, but, alas, it will do nothing to enhance that magazine's lamentable editorial content. *Maclean's* is a supernationalist bore, the sort of booster's publication that could happily be issued by a national chamber of commerce. What with its endlessly lyrical color photographs of Canadian riverbanks, wheat fields, and barns, there is little in it but patriotism to detain any demanding reader. But, ironically, the admittedly foreign *Time*, its Canadian content limited to four to six pages, has for years pronounced with more authority on the state of the arts in Canada. Not a matter, *pace* Faulkner, of marginal interest or importance.

THE CANADIAN magazine issue is fraught with embarrassments and ambiguities. Months before *Time* was directly threatened, this country's oldest magazine, *Saturday Night*, self-consciously nationalist but with a good deal in it for the discerning reader, seemed to be folding, until a savior, a savior most embarrassing, emerged with the offer of a $100,000 loan. It was, whisper it, none other than Imperial Oil, that is to say, Exxon, and accepting its money was equivalent, in the good old days, to a right-wing periodical taking Moscow gold.

Even so, almost everybody supports a measure that would oblige our edition of *Time* to become more than 51 percent Canadian-owned and belatedly extend the range of its Canadian news coverage. But the ambiguity that worries Marc Lalonde, and frightens a good many others, is a rider that also says *Time*'s content must be "substantially different" from the American. And now Ron Basford, Minister of National Revenue, under whose jurisdiction the income-tax amendment falls, has explained "substantially different" as meaning 80 percent Canadian content. Ron Basford is reputedly a fine fellow, and just possibly he is something of a reader himself, but he wasn't elected to office for his literary prowess, or as a censor, and has no business whatsoever ordaining what we can or cannot read. Outraged, the editorial writer in the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, our most prestigious newspaper, clearly saw foreign ownership and editorial content as two distinctly separate issues. Legislating against the content of a magazine would, he wrote, "be a direct interference with the right of all Canadians to freedom in choosing. . . . Government would be defining what can be published."

Not only an alarming precedent, but one that might have hilarious results, our indigenous newsmagazine, or a truncated *Time*, running endless stories about the hobbies of the mayor of Sudbury, or a traffic arrest in Nanaimo, at a moment when a war in the Middle East was threatened or Ireland was in flames. The assumption, wrongheaded and deeply insulting, is that Canadians are a parochial people.

It is also a sad, and surprising, turnabout for a government headed by Pierre Elliott Trudeau. More than ten years ago, when he was Minister of Justice, Trudeau was sufficiently intrepid to sponsor a bill that made life easier for homosexuals, arguing that "the state had no business in the nation's bedrooms." Neither has it, ten years later, any business in our sitting rooms or libraries. We are quite adult enough, thank you, to decide what we want to read without any direction from the Cabinet.

The pity is that the nationalists, if they would only stay clear of cultural matters, obviously beyond them, do, indeed, have a strong case. We are too much subject to the whims of multinational corporations, largely American-owned. It would be simply spiffy if we owned more of Canada, say, half.

Our problem, unique in the Western world, perhaps, was not an indigenous buccaneering capitalist class, indifferent to those they exploited, yet intrepid and imaginative nation-builders. Our problem was the Scots; the most inept and timorous capitalists in the West. Not builders, but vendors, or, at best, circumspect investors in insurance and trust companies.

If the pre-World War I American boy, at the age of sixteen, was dreaming of how to conquer and market the rest of the globe, his Canadian equivalent, at the same age, was already seeking a position with an unrivaled pension scheme.

And so, Canadian branch plants proliferate, there's an imbalance, corrections are called for. But mindless, impassioned objection to all things American is a fool's solution. It's no answer. After all, we could eschew all things American, even the Salk vaccine, making our children "FREE—to control—to decide: not to the will of a giant tied!" Put plainly, cripples for Canada. □

My name is Tony Jones. I just quit my job as Associate Editor of Harper's Magazine because I had an offer I couldn't refuse.

ou see, for some time now I've been hoping to start an ntirely new kind of publication. Now the opportunity is ere—*if* I can persuade you to help me make the most of

o, not by subscribing. I need writers. Researchers. Editors.

equirements: You are on your own.

nd by you, I mean *you*. The new publication I'm asking ou to help get started will be produced by its readers. y you, I hope.

s a matter of fact, the whole idea hinges on whether or ot you contribute. Let me give you some background:

was proud to work on Harper's Magazine, and I worked ard on it, but Harper's and other top magazines are ommitted to publishing the "best" writers in the world. his is understandable. And I agree we need this kind of ource.

ut this policy locks out communication of another, and n my opinion just as necessary, sort—different, honest, ndependent messages from the great numbers of intelli- ent and involved men and women who don't happen to e writers who know editors.

want to offer a variety of communications from real eople about just about anything. Short and pithy. Or nger if it plays that way. I'd have more by-lines than ny other publication in the world. *If* my readers really id contribute.

n a real sense, this communication would be a collection f points of view. A swatch of our consciousness. An on- oing biopsy of our civilization.

When I announced my intention to Russell Barnard, the ublisher of Harper's, he pledged that if I could actually evelop the kind of magazine I wanted, he would pub- sh it.

o I've decided to revive the famous HARPER'S WEEK- Y, a national newspaper that flourished concurrently ith the monthly Harper's Magazine from 1857 to 1916.

he people who ran that old weekly had the temerity to all it "a journal of civilization." Well, that is exactly hat I have in mind for the new Harper's Weekly.

want *you*, its reader, to write for it. I want you to write bout your point of view from where you are. If you are businessman and you want to talk about business, go head. If you are a housewife and you want to write about he effects of permissiveness on children, I think you are ighly qualified. If you are a doctor who wants to pick p a pen and write a piece on your secret desire to be- ome a hod carrier, I think it would be interesting.

Do you see it? A magazine containing people's thoughts nd shouts. A kind of extended variant of the Op-Ed age of The New York Times, the letters to the editors of ll times, hubbubby, and reflective of our civilization.

rankly, many "experts" say Harper's Weekly doesn't ave a chance. Reason? That you won't believe that I really mean what I say about *you* writing for it or researching for it.

Friend, I not only mean it, I mean it so much that *my* main worry about this enterprise is that you *won't* contribute.

I believe we need more exchange. We need more men and women of letters. People who can sit down and think something through and then write about it—not necessarily for posterity but to get the rest of us *thinking*.

Look, I'm also going to go out and buttonhole a person I think we should hear from who may not be a subscriber. And ask him to write. And I'm thinking of challenging some young artists to see if they can do as well with cartoons as old Thomas Nast did. I reserve rights like that. But once again, reader friend, the nub of the magazine will be your contributions, clips, original writing, or responses to other writing.

I've always felt it was a distinctly American trait that we *had* something to say. All of us. And that we couldn't be scared off or even bored off from saying it.

That when it came right down to it, we stood up and spoke our minds and left it at: "That's my opinion, bub."

I believe this is still true. And I love it about us. As for the reading, I believe we have a genuine and unfulfilled hunger to talk to each other.

O.K. If you're interested, you can help us in any of 3 ways.

1. *Do research for us.* As an active reader, you no doubt scan a wide variety of publications such as your local newspaper, specialized newsletters, professional, literary and political journals. Clip and send us items you think deserve attention. For each item we use, you'll receive a credit line and a research fee of $10.

2. *Write for us,* especially about things in your immediate experience that deserve sharing. Published contributions will carry your name and hometown, and you will receive an honorarium of $25.

3. *Support Harper's Weekly.* You can have a free look at Harper's Weekly and save $6

Harper's Weekly. "A Journal of Civilization." Or an inquiry into whether or not *personal accountability* is still a real force in us.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

☐ I'LL TAKE A FREE LOOK

Rush me my complimentary copy of the current issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY. If I like it, I'll send $6.00 and get the rest of my subscription (24 issues in all). If I'm not satisfied, I'll write "cancel" on my bill and keep my first issue free

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

JUST MAIL THIS COUPON TO:
Harper's Weekly, 381 West Center St., Marion, Ohio 43302

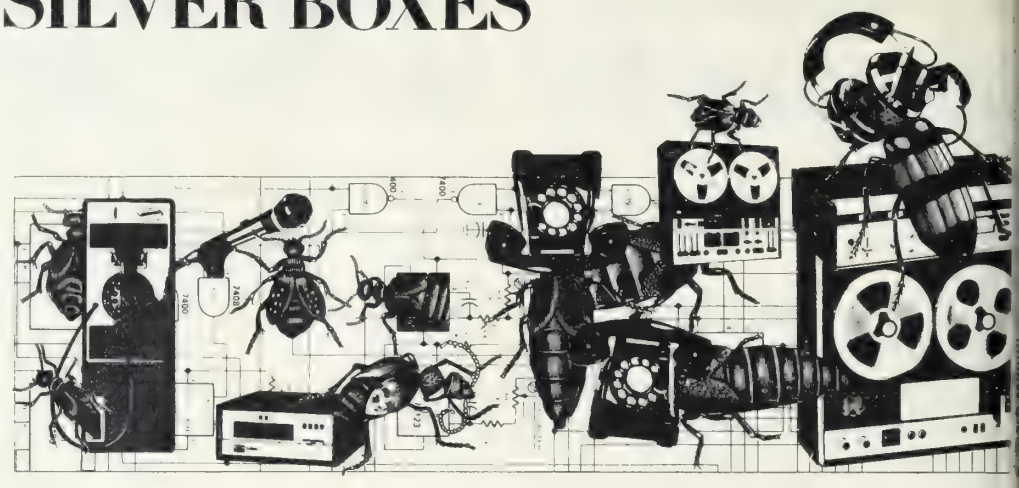
Name
Address
City
State Zip

D2051

George O'Toole

HARMONICA BUGS, CLOAKS, AND SILVER BOXES

Eavesdropping in post-Watergate America



"THIS IS NOT AN OFFER to sell, you understand," said Martin Kaiser with a faint smile as he handed me the catalogue. He knew I wasn't there to buy, but he went through the formality anyway. Federal law makes it a crime, punishable by a $10,000 fine and up to five years in prison, to advertise electronic bugging devices. And the Martin L. Kaiser, Inc., catalogue contains a complete line of the very latest weapons in the arsenal of electronic warfare.

In the seven years since Congress made it a federal crime, the electronic eavesdropping business has continued to boom, and Martin Kaiser supplies most of the standard items. He also has a penchant for dreaming up offbeat devices. In his suburban Baltimore laboratory, he showed me his Vehicle Detention System, which can be planted in a suspect's automobile and later used to cut off the motor when activated by a special remote transmitter. It can be hidden behind the dashboard in less than twelve seconds and ruin an otherwise perfect getaway.

Kaiser also invented the Call Diverter, a little box that can be attached to a telephone line. The Call Diverter doesn't do anything until the phone is used to call a particular number. Then it routes the call to another phone where, presumably, there is a cop who does impressions.

Yet the bulk of Kaiser's business is neither bugging equipment nor electronic dirty tricks but countermeasure devices—instruments designed to sniff out bugs and telephone taps. Since Watergate, he said, paranoia about electronic surveillance has reached epidemic proportions, and there has been a sharp increase in demand for countermeasure equipment. Kaiser's countermeasures include a bug detector that can be mounted beneath a desk top, visible only to the person sitting behind the desk. If someone wearing a concealed transmitter approaches, a needle swings across the dial on the front of the detector.

The demand for protection from electronic eavesdropping has also created a new national racket: the bogus countermeasure service. In the absence of any licensing or professional standards, there is nothing to stop anyone from setting himself up as an electronic security expert. With a small capital investment in some mysterious-looking equipment, an enterprising "countermeasure specialist" can charge hefty hourly rates to search offices and boardrooms for bugs. Usually the client receives nothing for his money except some completely unwarranted peace of mind, but some practitioners with a sense of theater will plant and then "discover" a bug, encouraging both the client's paranoia and his self-esteem, and ensuring his continued patronage.

Even among the legitimate countermeasure services there is an uncertain level of competence. Kaiser told me about a private investigator who purchased one of his bug-finding instruments. Several years later the man brought back the detector. He had used it so much, the man said, he thought it probably neede some servicing. On examining it Ka ser found that it wasn't working a all; it had no battery. The stunne private eye admitted he never kne it needed one. Most clients remai serenely unaware of the bug or wir tap that escapes the technician's d tection. In most cases, of course none was there to be found. Lik sloppy parachute packers, incompe tent or dishonest countermeasur specialists are rarely confronted by dissatisfied customer.

EQUIPMENT IS THE sine qua no of the countermeasure game. I television and the movies, secre agents discover microphones by look ing under tables and inside lamp shades. The real thing, however, i almost never visible to the naked eye A thorough countermeasure sweep c a room involves much dismantlin of air-conditioning ducts, electrica lines, and telephones, but all suc tearing apart is only preparation fc the use of some very sensitive bug hunting instruments.

The most common type of bug i a very small radio station, a minia ture FM transmitter that broadcast every sound picked up by a tiny m crophone. It was this kind of bu that James McCord hid in the ceilin of the Democratic party's headqua ters so that Lawrence O'Brien's cor versations could be overheard on special FM receiver in a nearby mo tel room. Depending on the transmi ter's frequency, O'Brien might hav discovered the bug if he'd happene to have an FM radio in his offic

George O'Toole is the author of The Assassination Tapes *(Penthouse), a book about the assassination of John F. Kennedy.*

he bug would have caused a quiet ›ot on the FM band, with neither ›ception nor the interstation hiss. uning to that spot and turning up ıe volume would have caused the ıme kind of squeal heard in public-ddress systems when the amplifier set too high. Countermeasure peo-le call the effect "sing-around," and now it is a sure sign a room is ugged.

Despite the recent elaboration of ugs and microphones, all the elec-onic-security specialists I spoke to greed that the telephone remains ıe greatest threat to privacy. Every elephone is connected to a local ex-hange by means of a pair of wires hich may be several miles in length. he wires run from the telephone ıstrument to a box or phone closet, here they converge with lines from ther phones in the same building. he bundle of wires continues out-de, through underground ducts and ver telephone poles, finally termi-ating in the local exchange's switch-ıg equipment. Anyone knowing ow to find the right set of wires ithin the bundle can tap a phone nywhere along that route. Finding ıe route and the right pair of wires ithin a bundle, however, is prac-cally impossible without getting the ıformation from the telephone com-any. In theory, such information not furnished unless the prospec-ve wiretapper has a court order; in ractice, police in many jurisdic-ons seem to have no trouble get-ng the information with a simple equest.

The treachery of the telephone oesn't always cease when the sub-criber hangs up his receiver. A sim-le modification known in the trade s a hookswitch bypass will convert ny telephone into an active room ug, picking up conversations even hen the receiver is on the hook, nd transmitting them down the elephone line for eavesdropping urposes.

In October 1970, Gov. Marvin Mandel of Maryland discovered a ookswitch bypass on one of the hones in his office during a routine ountermeasure sweep. This bug was articularly interesting because it as found on a special Civil Defense ot-line phone. The countermeasure ıen had always been instructed not o touch that particular phone. This ime one of them insisted on check-ng and found that it was hot-wired.

Mandel told Gov. Russell Peterson of Delaware about the discovery, and sent a technician to Dover to check Peterson's Civil Defense phone. He found that that one, too, was wired to work as a room bug.

Both telephones were part of the National Warning System, a special telephone network to provide communication between state and federal government in the event of a national crisis. The system makes use of the Pentagon's classified telephone system, and is reported to have three main terminals: the subterranean headquarters of the North American Air Defense Command in Cheyenne Mountain, near Colorado Springs; an emergency command post near Washington, D.C.; and a two-story underground building in Denton, Texas.

When word of the bugged phones in Maryland and Delaware became public, other governors had their Civil Defense hot lines checked. At least four more—in Arkansas, Illinois, Pennsylvania, and Utah—were found to be bugged. Gov. Lester Maddox of Georgia didn't bother to test his phone—he simply tore it from his office wall.

The possibility that the Pentagon or someone else in the federal government had engaged in wholesale bugging of state governors caused remarkably little public concern. ATT, which had installed the telephones, took the position that the phones had probably been hot-wired by mistake and that, in any case, "it's not worth the time to tie down." Attorney General John Mitchell assured the press that he had personally investigated the matter and found it to be merely a case of defective equipment.

One of the most interesting aspects of the affair is the length of time the bugged phone reposed in the office of the Governor of Maryland. The phone was installed in 1966, shortly before Spiro Agnew was elected to the Annapolis statehouse, and it remained there throughout the Agnew administration. In view of the efficiency and dispatch with which Agnew was jettisoned as the water rose toward the White House boilers late in 1973, it's fascinating to speculate that someon in Washington may have known of Agnew's *nolo contendere* transgressions as Governor of Maryland even as he took his Vice-Presidential oath in 1969.

Many telephones suffer from a peculiar design flaw that enables them to be used as room bugs by the sophisticated eavesdropper. Unlike the conventional telephone, which is connected to the local exchange by two wires, the flawed phones employ four wires, and it is the extra pair that continues to transmit sound after the receiver is hung up. Most of the four-wire phones are found in special systems, such as the Pentagon's classified telephone network, and in some commercial and industrial applications. The phones are identical in appearance to the two-wire variety, but you can spot them by looking on the bottom of the instrument. If the code stamped there is "500AD" or contains the digits "568," you may have one.

Even some conventional two-wire phones are, in effect, bugged when they come from the factory. Some ringer mechanisms, no different in design from others, but with higher-quality components, can function as dynamic microphones. About 5 percent of the phones in use have a ringer which will transmit sound, and since the ringer remains connected to the telephone line even when the receiver is hung up, the effect is identical to a hookswitch bypass, i.e., the phone is potentially bugged. But the odds are 20 to 1 you don't have such a ringer on your phone—unless someone went out of his way to see that you do.

DETECTING SOME TYPES of telephone bugs is a simple matter of tapping into the line from the phone to see if nearby conversations are being picked up by the instrument when it's not in use. A more devious device called a "harmonica bug" is harder to discover.

Whoever invented the harmonica bug realized that it's nearly impossible to find a bug that isn't operating, so he devised one that can be turned on and off by remote control. The eavesdropper plants the harmonica bug in his victim's phone, then calls that number from somewhere else. Just before the first ring, he blows into a harmonica, sending a tone over the line to activate the bug. The bug goes on and, in effect, answers the phone, preventing it from ringing. Now the eavesdropper can sit and listen to everything being said in the vicinity of the bugged phone. When he's heard enough, a second toot on the

harmonica turns off the bug and breaks the connection. And he can do the entire operation from a direct-dial telephone anywhere in the world.

If a harmonica bug is suspected, a countermeasure technician will first try to turn it on by sending a rising or falling tone into the telephone until he hits the right note. This was an effective ploy until someone devised the two-tone harmonica bug, which requires a pair of different harmonica notes to switch it on. Since the number of possible tone combinations is enormous, it is virtually impossible to turn on the bug by hit-or-miss methods.

Allan Bell, president of Dektor Counterintelligence and Security in Springfield, Virginia, finally found a cure for the two-tone harmonica bug. One of the most sophisticated practitioners in the business, Bell employs a group of former intelligence officers who have invented a number of extremely ingenious items, among them a device with a romantic and mysterious name, the Cloak.

The Cloak was designed for the man who has everything, including a bad case of post-Watergate paranoia, and who worries about being bugged all the time. For him it's not enough that a team of countermeasure experts just tore his office apart and assured him there were no bugs. That's fine for today, but what about tomorrow?

The Cloak is a telephone that replaces the one installed by the phone company. In addition to the standard dial or buttons, it has a special panel that will light up and tell its owner if he's being bugged. The Cloak will catch anything short of a professional wiretap job. It not only guards against telephone bugs, but it will detect other listening devices hidden elsewhere in the room. It will even tell its owner that someone is listening in on an extension. And just to be sure someone doesn't mess with his Cloak when he's gone, he can unplug it and take it to bed with him. The Cloak retails for $3,200, and Bell said it is selling like hotcakes.

Like real bugs, electronic ones develop a resistance to whatever is used against them. No sooner is one generation wiped out than a hardier strain appears, immune to that particular countermeasure device. The fierce competition between electronic spies and counterspies has brought about spectacular advances in eavesdropping technology, a situation that worries some members of the staff of the National Wiretap Commission.

Officially known as the National Commission for the Review of Federal and State Laws Relating to Wiretapping and Electronic Surveillance, the commission was established by the 1968 Omnibus Crime Control and Safe Streets Act, the same federal law that restricts bugging and wiretapping. Title III of the act outlaws the manufacture, distribution, possession, and advertising of eavesdropping equipment, as well as eavesdropping itself.

The commission consists of fifteen members, seven appointed by the President, four by the Senate, and four by the House. By law the commission was supposed to come into being in June 1973 and deliver its report to Congress two years later. In fact, the full commission wasn't appointed until April 1974, and several more months passed before a staff was recruited. Congress has given the commission an extra seven months to complete its assignment, and its final report is due in January 1976.

Mike Hershman, chief investigator for the commission, is worried about the technological developments that were never envisioned by the framers of the 1968 law. He noted that the transmission of data to and from computers over telephone lines, for example, may not be protected by the federal statute. In 1968 relatively small amounts of personal or proprietary information were sent over computer-telephone links, but the tapping of such a line today could, within an interval of only a few minutes, invade the privacy of thousands of people. Huge amounts of personal data are stored in the computer files of banks, corporate personnel departments, credit bureaus, and federal agencies, and can be sent over telephone links to other computers and computer terminals at rates of several thousand words per minute.

Hershman also pointed out that refinements in the listening devices are simply making it more difficult to catch the eavesdropper. Ten years ago an FM transmitter bug hidden in a room might operate for a week or ten days until its battery ran down. But integrated circuitry—the same miniaturized, low-power drain technology used in pocket calculators and electronic wristwatches—has greatly extended the useful life of bugs. Onc planted, today's bugs can operate fo months unattended, and there is n need for the kind of risky "servic call" that was James McCord's u doing.

Without question, the most obnox ious of the new generation of eave dropping devices is the Silver Bo Once installed in the switching equip ment of a local telephone exchang the Silver Box permits lines emana ing from the exchange to be tappe from anywhere in the country. An one knowing the special code r quired to activate the Silver Box ca enter it on a standard touch-tone tel phone and immediately listen in o any phone to which the box is a tached.

The Silver Box is manufactured b the Tel-Tone Corporation of Kir land, Washington, which is reporte to sell the eavesdropping device onl to telephone companies. ATT says uses the Box solely to monitor cu tomer's calls to telephone busine offices, in order to ensure quality service. But the device can obviou ly be used for any other kind of wir tapping.

What makes the Silver Box esse tially different from all other wir tapping techniques is that it can b used without leaving a trace. In th past, even a "foreign intelligence tap done without a warrant cause some kind of record to be created, only a memorandum to the Attorne General requesting that a certai telephone be tapped. But the Silv Box changes all that, once it has bee connected to the exchange. The Pre ident, Cabinet officer, or White Hous adviser who wants to listen to th telephone conversations of a journa ist or a subordinate can do so simp by picking up the phone and dialin a code.

PRIVACY IN A MORE convention context is the chief concern of Ro ert E. Smith, former assistant dire tor of the Office of Civil Rights in th U.S. Department of Health, Educ tion, and Welfare. Smith worked f the American Civil Liberties Unio Project on Privacy and Data Colle tion until the project's funds drie up recently and it was disbande Now he edits an independent new letter, *Privacy Journal* (P.O. Bo 8844, Washington, D.C. 20003 which reports on developments a

cting the citizen's right to privacy. e is not sanguine about the pros- cts for privacy in post-Watergate merica.

Smith told me of two recent court cisions which have eroded impor- nt parts of the federal anti-wiretap- ng law. One case, decided last May, volved the San Francisco branch of acy's, where the security director stalled an extension wire, through hich he listened to and recorded nployee conversations. Charges ere brought against the wiretapper nder the Omnibus Crime Act, but e court decided that an employer ay listen in on his employees' con- rsations when the calls go through s own switchboard. Smith deplored e decision and feared it might be first step back to the days of the rapper tappers," when employers gged factory washrooms to spy on nion activities.

Another decision with unfortunate plications for personal privacy was e ruling last March of the U.S. ifth Circuit Court in *Simpson* vs. *mpson*, a divorce case in which a sband wiretapped his wife. The urt decided an individual may iretap his own phone, even though is spouse may not know of the tap.

It won't take too much of this kind thing to neutralize completely the nti-wiretapping provisions of the mnibus Crime Act. The act wasn't ally very comprehensive in the vesdropping area to begin with; it rmits tapping and clandestine re- rding so long as at least one party the conversation knows of and nsents to it. Thus, it is perfectly gal to covertly record your own lephone conversations or to wear a ncealed recorder.

Smith and others concerned with rsonal privacy are not optimistic at the National Wiretap Commis- on will get Congress to pass a stiffer nti-eavesdropping law. Congress- en, they point out, are not deluged ith letters and telegrams from their nstituents complaining about the vesdropping issue. Most people on't worry about being bugged. In- ed, they have no need to worry.

It is in the nature of eavesdrop- ing that most victims remain bliss- lly unaware that they have been nned against. Only the individual ho worries about being bugged will se his freedom to confide. But that the freedom the secret listeners ay yet steal from us all. □



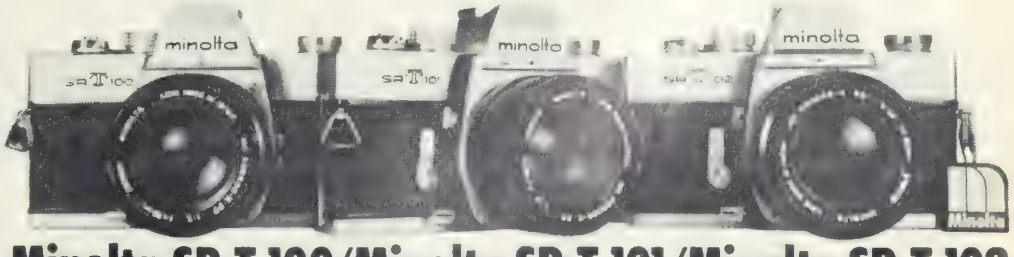
Minolta helps you keep the beginning.

Hold on to the important times with a Minolta SR-T, the camera fast enough to catch the fleeting moment.

You're comfortable with a Minolta SR-T from the moment you pick it up. This is the 35mm reflex camera that lets you concentrate on the picture, because the viewfinder shows all the information needed for correct exposure and focusing. You never have to look away from the finder to adjust a Minolta SR-T, so you're ready to catch the one photograph that could never be taken again.

And when subjects call for a different perspective, Minolta SR-T cameras accept a complete system of interchangeable lenses, from "fisheye" wide angle to super-telephoto.

Let a Minolta SR-T give you a new view of life. For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, New Jersey 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.



Minolta SR-T 100/Minolta SR-T 101/Minolta SR-T 102



Interstate Long Distance rates have just changed.

Although most rates have increased, if you know your dial-direct discounts, you can have more control over your Long Distance costs.

Now...take advantage of our new one-minute dial-direct specials.

22¢ or less for night and weekend callers.

(Additional minutes only 16¢ each, or less.)

Dial direct coast-to-coast from your home or office any night after 11 p.m. and any time weekends except Sunday evening (5-11 p.m.). The first minute is 22¢, each additional minute only 16¢. Lower rates apply on shorter distances.

36¢ or less for evening callers.

(Additional minutes only 26¢ each, or less.)

Dial direct coast-to-coast from your home or office any evening Sunday thru Friday, between 5 and 11 p.m. The first minute is 36¢, each additional minute only 26¢. Lower rates apply on shorter distances.

56¢ or less for daytime callers.

(Additional minutes only 40¢ each, or less.)

Dial direct coast-to-coast from your home or office any weekday, Monday thru Friday, 8 a.m. to 5 p.m. The first minute is 56¢, each additional minute only 40¢. Lower rates apply on shorter distances.

NEW RATES FOR COAST-TO-COAST INTERSTATE CALLS

DIAL-AND-SAVE ONE MINUTE RATES

FULL RATE	35% DISCOUNT	60% DISCOUNT
WEEKDAYS	**EVENINGS**	**NIGHTS & WEEKENDS**
Monday-Friday 8 a.m.-5 p.m.	Sunday-Friday 5 p.m.-11 p.m.	Every night 11 p.m.-8 a.m. Saturday—day and night Sunday—day and night except 5 p.m. to 11 p.m.
First Minute **56¢**	First Minute **36¢**	First Minute **22¢**

Additional minutes cost less than the first minute.

Dial-direct rates apply on all interstate calls (excluding Alaska) completed from a residence or business phone without operator assistance. They also apply on calls placed with an operator from a residence or business phone where dial-direct facilities are not available. For dial-direct rates to Hawaii, check your operator. Dial-direct rates do not apply to person-to-person, coin, hotel-guest, credit card or collect calls, or to calls charged to another number, because an operator must assist on such calls. Rates quoted do not include tax.

OPERATOR-ASSISTED THREE MINUTE RATES

STATION-TO-STATION
Full rates apply at all times
First 3 minutes
$1.95

PERSON-TO-PERSON
Full rates apply at all times
First 3 minutes
$3.55

Additional minutes same as dial rate. Applicable discounts apply to additional minutes during "Evening" and "Night & Weekend" periods.

Cut this chart out and put it in your phone book.

THOUGHTS ON LIBERTY AND RANCOR

by Edgar Z. Friedenberg

LIBERTY, THOUGH EXTOLLED in the slogans of nearly every nation, has never been a popular cause. It costs more than most people think they can afford. And since the burden of the costs is borne by people who don't enjoy much of the liberty, they may very well be right.

The Founding Fathers adopted their familiar reference to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" from John Locke's phrase "life, liberty, and property," which he recognized as the gifts protected by the social contract among men. And there could have been little doubt in the minds of the Founding Fathers that the possession of ample means made a successful pursuit of happiness far more likely. Liberty and property go well together; each enhances the value of the other.

People who are indifferent to property are, of course, the freest of all, since the controlling sanctions of modern societies usually consist of threats against the opportunity to acquire and enjoy it: threats of fine, imprisonment, or, much more pervasively and effectively, of denial of access to lucrative and respected social roles. But the precondition of indifference to property seems to be an early experience of economic security: not necessarily affluence, but at least enough that grasping for money or power does not become a focus of serious concern.

The idea of individual political freedom as a universal social value did not even become embodied in persuasive social doctrine until about three centuries ago, and then for reasons which, as Marxists rightly complain, were sufficiently corrupt to soil the cause of liberty itself. The rights of man went unformulated until an advancing technology made individualism a useful ideology for promoting the exploitation of the planet and its less technical-minded inhabitants. Civil liberty, though it has privileged antecedents in the experience of aristocratic insouciance, is a bourgeois social device to which a few centuries of usage in the service of elites has given a patrician gloss.

But the fact that the modern concept of individual liberty is rooted in exploitation does not diminish the glory of liberty itself, though it does indeed raise some hard questions about its social value. Most of what has come to be prized in this world is produced at the expense of its less privileged inhabitants. The distinguishing characteristic of the modern age is not that this has become less true, but that it has become so prodigious a source of guilt.

Liberty is a luxur that few can afford and fewer can enjoy

On riches

IT IS POSSIBLE TO ARGUE, and I think soundly, that the experience of individual liberty is beneficial to society as a whole, even if that experience is not widely enjoyed, since it results in the establishment of more tolerant and less rancorous norms throughout the society, including the norm of noble behavior. But this argument now seems both so presumptuous and so archaic that I should prefer not to depend on it. Let me grant, then, that to value liberty so highly selfishly dismisses as of secondary interest the experience and the destiny of the majority of mankind. Most men continue to lead lives of quiet desperation or, more accurately

Edgar Z. Friedenberg is a professor of education at Dalhousie University in Canada. This article is adapted from The Disposal of Liberty, and Other Industrial Wastes, *to be published by Doubleday in September.*

Edgar Z. Friedenberg

THOUGHTS ON LIBERTY AND RANCOR

perhaps, clamorous resignation; and I know of no exception to the historic rule that in any society concern for freedom arises only after minimal needs for food, clothing, shelter, and political security have been met.

This does not mean that the preconditions of liberty are more valuable than liberty. It just means that liberty is more problematical than they, and they have always been problematical enough. I would argue that the ultimate—though obviously not the sole—value of abundance is the diversity of experience, lifestyle, social role, and expression it provides. In English, we even speak of this kind of existential affluence as a wealth of experience or richness of expression, without any implication that the style thus identified is luxurious or ornate. Usually the reference is to emotional range, depth, and complexity, which is the greatest luxury of all.

It is not, however, what is meant by luxury in Bangladesh or Mauritania or much of Detroit. What the Western world now calls galloping inflation is largely a reflection of the rising determination of the deprived to become a little less deprived and obtain a somewhat larger share of what the media of the industrial world have persuaded them is a normal standard of living. The demand is wholly just, but it is understandable that Western elites may perceive it as also rather impractical, and will do all they can to ensure that it remains so. There are profound difficulties involved in the concept of the brotherhood of man: psychological, social, economic, and political difficulties. Sibling rivalry so often prevails. If the bonds of brotherhood had been stronger from the outset, we might by now have evolved a more useful conception of the cousinhood of mankind as a more workable model for a network of distant but interdependent and amicable relationships. But Abel, unfortunately, died without issue at an early age; our tradition knows only strangers and brothers. Both can be dangerous. Liberty can never have been and can never become a genuinely popular cause. Nor can it really be the objective of any revolution, though it may be advanced by limited and successful revolt. Revolutions generate new brotherhoods, held together by new, if not novel, oaths which beget new tyrannies. This is not, of course, to argue that revolutions cannot be socially beneficial; the new alignment of social forces, and the consequent redistribution of goods and services that they bring about, may well alleviate the misery of the previously disadvantaged members of society. And since these are unlikely to have been permitted to develop much taste for liberty or opportunity to enjoy it in the old order, the revolution may bring them nothing but gain. It may be well worth all the suffering it entails, in return for social justice, improved living conditions, and an increased sense o worth derived from pride in one's membershi in the community. All these are very valuable None of them is liberty.

On democracy and the good lif

IT IS CONTINUOUSLY ASSERTED that freedom i rooted in the hearts of the people and tha its defenders and proponents must turn to th people for support. But no one expects to suc ceed in a practical political situation by act ing as if this were the case. No university pres ident, beleaguered by reactionary alumni, ha ever turned on them and said: "By God, if th people of this community heard that we wer firing people for organizing political demon strations, they'd have our balls!" No school su perintendent has ever been publicly denounce by his board because school newspapers ar censored and student organizations forbidde to invite radical speakers to address them.

Nevertheless, liberal causes are seldom wholl lost in the democratic process. They become fa miliar and conventional as they are modified t appeal to the social and economic interests o a much larger number of persons than woul originally have supported them; and ultimate ly, in this much altered form, they prevail. I America, the abolition of slavery, women's suf frage, the right of labor to organize, were eac in their turn bitterly resisted as radical causes all now are taken for granted as not merel established but traditional guarantees. But b the time each was accepted, the battle line ha been drawn at another issue. The process re peats itself; each increment of freedom and jo is resisted as bitterly as the first. Sometimes as in the current letch for the restoration o capital punishment—which, in the Unite States, was abolished by judicial action tha state legislatures, responding to heavy publi demand, immediately began to circumvent—th process is retrograde.

Nevertheless, I do not intend to suggest tha there is some form of government I would pre fer to what we call democratic. My mind jus doesn't work that way. Societies don't choos their forms of government; they evolve, dete mined by historical necessity and technologica circumstances. Representative democracy, lik the internal combustion engine, is absolut ly essential to what in the twentieth cen tury has come to be defined as the good lif It is equally true that the good life has com to be defined in this way so as to legitimate th government and maintain the demand for aut mobiles, both of which are necessary to kee the economy going and the status system in tact. Under any social system, whatever is mos useful in conserving existing institutions wi

ome to seem not merely natural but indispens-ible. Nevertheless, neither automobiles nor lected legislatures are likely to be as promi-ient or as ardently defended in the twenty-first entury, if they continue to create more lethal roblems than those they solve.

Governments today are expected to devote hemselves more fully to the interests of social ustice than of liberty, to reduce misery rather han to support elegance. While they have not lone a very good job of that, either, the at-empt clearly requires them to guarantee a dif-erent set of freedoms than those set forth in he Bill of Rights: freedom of access to desir-ble goods, services, jobs, and social roles; free-lom from the invidious application of the norms f high culture or even middle-class culture to hose who have never had the opportunity or he inclination to accept those norms; freedom rom competition with individuals to whom a etter education and more privileged upbring-ng have secured an initial advantage. The clas-ical conception of freedom embodied in the Bill of Rights is itself, in fact, an instrument f bourgeois privilege and class bias, derived rom the ideological premises of a rising cap-talist order and, in its emphasis on the rights f the individual at the expense of the collec-ive, hostile in principle and in effect to the as-irations of an industrial proletariat.

Only a patrician class could have formulated he Bill of Rights, which conceives of liberty as reedom from, quite literally, unwarranted in-rusion—a conception likely to occur to men of mple estates. Lives circumscribed by the cor-er bar and the color bar are likely to find civil iberties infuriating. Civil liberties are the fruits f privilege and more likely to appeal to the rivileged palate and nourish the privileged syche. The converse, of course, is not true; nost of the privileged are not civil libertar-ans, as the social attitudes of university gov-rning boards and the roster of contributors to he Committee to Re-elect the President clearly how. But this, then, is all the more reason to rant that the defense of personal freedom, es-ecially in its more expressive forms, is and nust remain a minority position.

What is wrong with that? It is certainly not in-onsistent for a civil libertarian to defend a mi-ority position. Guilt arises when that minority s a privileged minority, and its defense a de-ense of a superior class position. Yet even revo-utionaries must concede the appropriateness, if ot the virtue, of even members of a privileged lass defending their class interests; and for ome of the privileged, civil liberty is a para-nount interest. Lovers of liberty, like lovers of nembers of their own sex, or members of any thnic or political minority, may justifiably seek o defend themselves from the animosity of heir neighbors, however outnumbered they may be. They are equally entitled to constitutional protection and need not claim that what is good for them is necessarily good for the common-wealth, except insofar as mutual tolerance is it-self assumed to be of social value.

On the national state

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY, especially, is con-ceived as pluralistic. Why, then, should it continually seek to conceal social conflict be-hind a facade of common values, repressing those, like elitism, that just will not fit, instead of accepting tension and friction as equally characteristic of social and physical systems—except for celestial models?

Severe conflict of values and interests is in-tolerable to citizens of the national state pri-marily, I believe, because that state—rather than social class, or estate in the old French sense—has come to be regarded as the basis for a sense of community. People develop a sense of community by sharing a network of mutual or at least interlocking interests and common experiences that come to be expressed in common symbols and mutual understanding. Social class, membership in the same profes-sion, true ethnicity—that is, participation in a special common culture, as distinct from either biological race or nationality—all these offer a deeper sense of community than does citizen-ship in the same state. So, I suspect, do some of the newer forms of social organization like the multinational corporate giants or the Cen-tral Intelligence Agency.

But the national state, because it depends for its stability on social cohesion among citizens of the most disparate backgrounds, is inherent-ly troubled by class conflict and disposed to be hypocritical about the existence of class inter-ests, preferring to insist on the transcending priority of the national interest. Exploitation of one social class or ethnic group by another is never faced for what it is—an epiphenom-enon of real differences in power between social groups, to be eliminated only by eliminating those differences.

The state survives by denying the validity of class interest and the legitimacy of class conflict, and by rationalizing exploitation as conducive to the national interest. Since it is held to ben-efit the entire commonwealth, it is not really exploitation at all.

Exploitation therefore assumes a peculiarly degrading quality in the modern state, for the victim must not only be used and often ill-used; he must be kept persuaded that such usage is in his best interests as a citizen—a refinement in mystification that would not have occurred to Attila the Hun. To avoid polarization of the society, the administrators of the national state

"Civil liberties are the fruits of privilege and more likely to appeal to the privileged palate and nourish the privileged psyche."

Edgar Z. Friedenberg

THOUGHTS ON LIBERTY AND RANCOR

justify their actions and policies in the name of *all* the people, and treat class distinctions as obnoxious and illegitimate. Though they need by no means be disposed toward equality of condition among citizens, they must support equality of economic opportunity in principle. And they are haunted by the specter of revolution.

Societies can be held together—and often have been—by means that contrast quite sharply with dependence on an abstract and partly spurious sense of national identity; the division of the earth into nation-states is only two centuries old, and the national boundaries imposed arbitrarily by European colonial invaders on the maps of the continents of the Southern Hemisphere came even later. In Europe itself, a feudal society bound together by mutually accepted and reciprocal, though asymmetrical, privileges and obligations prevailed as the conventional model for organizing social life far longer than the liberal national state has yet lasted. The stability of feudal society did not depend on a sense that what was good for the lord was good for the peasant, still less on any expectation that a peasant today might become a lord tomorrow. It derived from a shared conviction that each class contributed indispensably, though unequally, to the opportunity of the other to live its own life and fulfill its destiny. In such a society the very idea of a modern political revolution intended to wrest the apparatus of legitimate power from the hands of an established elite was unthinkable; rebellions could aim, at most, to remove and replace an unjust sovereign with, hopefully, a better one. As Barrington Moore, Jr., has observed in his *Reflections on the Causes of Human Misery*, revolution is an idea as modern as the state itself.

The modern liberal state, however, depends on the promise of equality of opportunity and the spectacle of well-monitored though highly publicized social mobility to preserve its stability. Discrimination in favor of any social group as well as that directed against one becomes a major social grievance quite apart from the question of what, if any, degree of immiserization has thus been visited upon those whose candidacies were disallowed. The national state thus everywhere defines itself as devoted to the general welfare; and while it may nevertheless serve the cause of privilege, it cannot accord that cause any legitimacy. Alexis de Tocqueville put this matter, as he did so much else, succinctly in *Democracy in America*:

> *The Americans hold that, in every state, the supreme power ought to emanate from the people, but when once that power is constituted they can conceive, as it were, no limits to it, and they are ready to admit that it has the right to do whatever it pleases. They have not the slightest notion of peculiar privileges granted to cities, families or persons; their minds appear never to have foreseen that it might be possible not to apply the same laws to every part of the state and to all its inhabitants.*

On *ressentiment*

In most industrial democracies the enemy of liberty is *ressentiment*, the dull passion of envy and rancor, which is quite different from jealousy. Jealousy has a real object in that the person who is jealous wants what someone else has, and at least imagines that he would be satisfied if he could get it. *Ressentiment* is even meaner and drearier; it envisions no satisfaction, but seeks merely to deny satisfaction to others. It goes beyond the notion of sour grapes to prohibit grapes and punish wine-lovers as drunkards. Its intensity is a measure of the degree to which life, including work and the spirit in which work is performed, has come to seem frustrating, meaningless drudgery and worse, to involve a profound and continuous denial of one's own interests in every sense of the word, and of one's sense of craftsmanship. To feel a full, bitter measure of *ressentiment* one must have become more than a victim: one must despise oneself for having consented to one's own victimization and established it as the pattern of one's life.

Ressentiment thus comes to be closely related to social class. It is politically significant in those social groups in which the circumstances that engender it are pervasive enough to establish rancor as a social pattern as well as a state of mind: an obligatory social pattern that imposes itself even on those who have not come to share the state of mind. But no social class is free of it; for all social classes have plenty of members who feel that life and society have seduced them into betraying themselves, and who have come to call their complicity in this transaction "self-control." It is perhaps strongest among the rich and relatively powerless; that is, among those who have struggled successfully to become wealthy only to find that their money brought them neither honor nor power as they had promised themselves it would; and who now sit aging in costly condominiums, protected by security guards.

Uncongenial as the idea will be to democratic ideologues, it seems to me incontestable that what has shielded at least some of the people some of the time from the *ressentiment* of their fellow citizens, and thus kept a relatively humane and creative spirit alive in them, is social stratification, which, of course, is also the structural device that makes oppression and exploitation possible. For social stratification diminishes the political influence of individual

and groups as it adds to their grievances and to the probability that they will have cause for *ressentiment*. This is totally unjust, but in some ways extremely convenient. The political influence of the mentality that hobbles the working class remains limited. The work of the society gets done; but the values and world-view of the worker do not come to pervade the entire society, and so do not completely mold politics.

On liberty and equity

MOST LIBERAL READERS would, I think, insist that the abolition of privilege in society has resulted in a redistribution of, rather than a net decline in, the enjoyment of liberty in society. I cannot agree. Other goods have resulted from this abolition, though just how good they are is a difficult question to answer conclusively. Ivan Illich, for example, would not agree that institutionalized schooling and professional medical care provide for people's needs for health care and opportunities to learn. Such institutions seem to him, in fact, to be their nemesis. Nor is it evident that the standard of living of the people of the Soviet Union as a whole is higher than it was before the revolution, unless one counts the presence of certain technologies as evidence per se. And it is certainly not evident that it is higher than it would have been by now had no revolution occurred, for Russia before World War I had the most rapidly developing economy in Europe. But however these questions of fact or conjecture may be answered, there seem no grounds for believing that the values promoted by so ultimate an egalitarianism include a net gain in liberty. As has been noted, sympathy for dissenters, and not only in the United States, is elitist.

Men do not become more free as the society they live in becomes more equitable. The belief that they do is a confusion resulting from the fact that equality and social justice are such great goods in themselves that people in our century tend to assume that all other great goods must flow from them. This assumption underrates the effects of great good fortune, or excellence, or amplitude of means—social or economic—which may vary so greatly from the mean experience as to constitute something that is qualitatively different and uniquely valuable. Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn, who loved the Medici albeit he had never seen one, is an object of ridicule to the poet who created him. But he was quite right in recognizing that Lorenzo the Magnificent had enjoyed something of supreme value that he could never hope to find in his time and place. He did not even know what it was, though his fellow-townsman, Richard Cory, probably did.

I would suggest that a society which affords some of its members extraordinary privilege and celebrates that fact, instead of apologizing for it and validating its less privileged members in their sense of grievance, will enjoy an unparalleled sense of human possibility. But there are certain caveats that must surely be observed in making such a statement.

First: though I have made this point before, I would again state that this does not establish that such a society is superior to a more egalitarian society. It depends on who you are and what you want. But there is no reason why the preference for such a society should be ruled illegitimate per se. Most people in the world today live under governments which are committed in principle to seeking "the greatest good for the greatest number." The results, so far, do not add up to a whole lot of good per capita. Misery abounds, while joy is replaced by commercial synthetics less like it than margarine is like butter.

Second: if the acceptance of established elite positions in society is favorable to liberty, this is seldom because the elites themselves are enthusiastic defenders of freedom, especially other people's. On the contrary, they are oppressive to liberties that might threaten their preeminence. And they have a vested interest in the preservation of order. No social class places liberty, as a general principle, above its political and economic interests.

Third: There is no race, nation, or other group of people in the world whose innate characteristics qualify them to serve as an elite. There cannot be. Even to raise the question is to misconceive the fundamental issue. An elite is not a meritocracy. If it conceives itself as more competent than its subordinates, it has already opened the way to its own decline, since, in principle, it has suggested that it might be replaced if more competent people could be found. Elites don't have to demonstrate skills. They have tenure. They may, of course, lose their position through incompetence, by bringing about their own downfall. But as incumbents, they need not present themselves to their subordinates as candidates. Their relationship, instead, resembles that of Greek gods to mortals: not omnipotent, not morally or intellectually superior, not admirable, not invulnerable, and, God knows, suffering from plenty of troubles of their own. But privileged? Yes, indeed.

"In most industrial democracies the enemy of liberty is *ressentiment*, which envisions no satisfaction, but seeks merely to deny satisfaction to others."

On culture and equality

THE PROBLEM OF RECRUITMENT of elites is surely no closer to solution now than it was in Plato's day. Philosopher-kings are as rare, as difficult to identify and install, and as subject to corruption as ever. But the beneficial

Edgar Z. Friedenberg

HOUGHTS ON IBERTY AND RANCOR

consequences that elites confer on liberty depend neither on their superiority nor on their commitment to freedom. They advance the cause of liberty by displaying it to advantage, and by supporting institutions favorable to it, as among their own vested interests.

In egalitarian societies, and certainly in our own, there are, of course, many people who enjoy extraordinary liberties unavailable to most of their fellow citizens, with damaging results. President Nixon and his alleged co-conspirators, indicted and unindicted, were among them. Their actions have certainly not brought the rest of us "an unparalleled sense of human possibility" in any positive sense, though it is true that before the event it was hard to imagine that public officials could act like that. But they, precisely, do not constitute an elite in my sense of the term. They were candidates and had been since birth, lacking all established position and even a firm sense of self—conditions peculiarly prevalent in mass, industrial societies. Not all the privileged in America are so insecure.

The destruction of the Nixon Administration has been characterized by some interpreters of public events as the consequence, among other factors, of a backlash among members of the genuine Eastern Establishment against policies that were far more populist than their own, at least in the sense of introducing into the realm of high finance the indelicacies of the used-car lot. But even if this is true, it must be granted that the wielders of immense economic power in the modern world do not seem to conceive of themselves as elites and are neither defenders nor exemplars of liberty. Their public images as well as their private lives are furtive and conventional. The culture derives no increment of grandeur to compensate it for the disproportionate share of wealth they appropriate. This is really unusual historically. Even the Roman emperors, who were seldom men of acute artistic sensibility, left their people inspiring, if heavy, monuments. Trajan's arches convey a sense of triumph that McDonald's never will, though McDonald's empire probably has the greater assessed valuation.

But it is precisely the egalitarianism of the society that makes its top dogs often so useless an extravagance culturally. Aristocracies at least contribute the record, the example, and the paraphernalia of a distinctive way of living to their society, which suggests new possibilities for what life might be like—possibilities not merely of grandeur, but of insouciance. This is a public service. It is sad and silly to suppose that the public has been enriched when a palace or great country house is opened as a museum. On the contrary, it has lost whatever the life that once went on there, which was quite unlike its own, might have contributed to it in color and vividness. This is not to say that the support of the aristocracy was worth what it cost them; on this question, the judgment of history must be accepted. But old furniture and pictures on public view are worth infinitely less. In the new context they are mostly a source of bad examples.

Even the newly emergent and militant liberation movements which might have been expected to adopt political positions emphasizing their unique identity have, instead, shackled themselves by their egalitarianism. The women's liberation movement demands that women and men be treated equally. It does not demand that the apparatus of the state be used to meet the special needs of women, and it even resists the idea as politically counterproductive unless those needs can be ascribed to earlier discrimination rather than to innately feminine characteristics. The same is true, a fortiori, of blacks. Yet there do appear to be significant differences between either group and the dominant white male population, differences which only the most sophisticated research techniques suffice to obscure. Every self-conscious social group must choose, as a matter of policy, whether to define its distinctive characteristics as the results of injuries for which it requires compensation or as aspects of the self to be defended, whatever their origins, as vested interests. The question, ultimately, is whether assimilation or continued distinction on acceptable terms is the goal.

Where distinction is a politically realistic prospect, it would appear to be the more satisfactory choice. Advocates of liberty—a distinct minority—perhaps have no other choice, for their preference is indeed class-biased. And the institutions that promote liberty are often inimical to rapid economic growth, more responsive to the demands of cultural continuity than of equality of opportunity, and inherently, though not necessarily decisively, biased in favor of uniquely individual development rather than collective welfare. Whether this would ultimately lead to the greatest good of the greatest number is a highly subjective—as well as what Franklin Roosevelt used to call an "iffy" —question. It is iffy enough that the traditional, and Sisyphine, American effort to win majority support for civil liberty as a popular cause seems to me a little dishonest as well as fruitless. It is enough to maintain that it is a legitimate goal for a minority. Like blacks, homosexuals, or the American Medical Association (women are not a minority), such a minority would possess no basis for a claim to innate superiority, and would advance none. It would note merely that circumstances alter cases, and generate specialized tastes and specialized needs. Liberty ranks high among these. □

William Gaddis

NOBODY GREW BUT THE BUSINESS

A fragment from a novel, *JR*



Mark Alan Stamaty

The story begins at a point not much different from any other in the novel. People are talking about money, deals, art, love, companies, loss, sex, failure, rumor, and whatever else happens to pass through the confusion of memory. The entire book is of the same texture. In the absence of narrative structure, people talk, ceaselessly and at length, until the melodic lines of their many voices combine into a comic harmony. They stumble through their words in the same way they stumble through their lives, lying and dissembling, asking unprofitable questions, taking whatever advantage they can find in somebody else's weakness or inattention.

The novel is concerned with the financial success of JR, an eleven-year-old boy in torn sneakers who pyramids a speculation in Army surplus wooden picnic forks (advertised on the back pages of a fan magazine) into a multinational conglomerate of hideous size. A crummy little kid doing what he thinks he's supposed to be doing, JR begins by sending away for things in the mail. He follows the simple-minded principle of buying bankrupt companies that offer the rewards of a tax loss, and by so doing the conglomerate unwittingly acquires film studios, investment portfolios, a brewery, a manufacturer of plastic flowers, a New England mill town and miscellaneous industrial interests too numerous to mention. When not engaged in looking through magazines, JR speaks to his various agents from a pay telephone in the corridor of his elementary school. Just as he acquires doomed enterprises so also does he employ failures of every conceivable description—widows, orphans, bankrupts, deadbeats, and teachers of extinct languages.

The following scene takes place in a tenement on East Ninety-sixth Street in Manhattan, in a dingy apartment that has become the headquarters of the JR Corporation. Among those present are Edward Bast, a composer of baroque music and a victim of blackmail; Rhoda, an urchin of indeterminate age; and Jack Gibbs, a failed writer who, while waiting for the inspiration that never arrives, buys and sells things whose names he can seldom remember.

OH MISTER BAST WAIT, are you Mister Bast? I saw you slipping out . . .

—I'm, first tell me who you are . . .

—Yes let me help you with your bundle you're going to the elevators? And you are Mister Bast I'm Mister Brisboy from Wagner . . .

—Yes now look Mister Brisboy I'm leaving I'm, I have to get uptown and I can't stop to . . .

—Yes I'll ride up with you here's our elevator, we can have a delicious talk in the cab and you do need help with your things Mother's found me a new analyst up at the corner of Ninety-fifth Street and I simply must . . .

—Mister Brisboy listen I'm about at the end of my . . .

—Oh I understand Mister Bast that stuffy suite with all those crass people I took one look, we couldn't have heard one another speak and there is so much to discuss do we go out this way? I'd tried to call your office but a girl answered with the most indecent and quite impractical suggestion I'd quite despaired of ever . . .

—Yes well listen I'm in a hurry you don't need to . . .

—Simply abandon you here with this great big box I wouldn't dream of it, what can be in it . . .

—Well it's a, it's just an Indian suit I . . .

—An Indian suit how delish! Oh it does sound like

William Gaddis is the author of The Recognitions *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). His new novel,* JR, *will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in the fall.*

a fun company after all there's a cab oh cabby? Cabby . . . ?

—Mister Bisboy please I'm, Brisboy listen why don't you just get that cab and . . .

—I'd have to hurl myself under his wheels wouldn't I aren't they just obscenely rude with their little Off Duty signs is that the word your mother used too? Oh wait here we are here we are . . . no no get in back we'll put your box up here in front with this savage at the wheel, there. Straight uptown driver, to the very fringe of the jungle oh forgive me was that your knee? What a cute outfit . . .

—Yes well I, I thought you wanted to discuss some, to talk about the company or . . .

—It's all so exciting yes where shall we start, being asked to join your family of companies Mother feels that's what we need and she's never really been one for family if you could see Uncle Arthur, of course I won't go into some of the actual family members I've just met with her except you of course if she found your JR person rather crass on the telephone I can imagine her reaction to your leg and tit person in there from Zanesville but . . .

—To our, who . . .?

—Your wallpaper person he was discussing the menu with someone who said I'm a ham and eggs man and he said I'm a leg and tit man myself so crass not that unlike Uncle Arthur, he seems to expect your pushy little person with all the cuff links to fix him up with your blind lady person with purple lipstick on her teeth for fifty cents I can't tell you how relieved I was to see another young face . . .

—Yes well I, I'd expected you to be a good deal older Mister Brisboy I thought Mister Crawley said that your, your business belonged to two brothers and when one died his widow wanted . . .

—Oh he's your stock person isn't he yes he sounds like an absolute bear no it was Daddy who died and Uncle Arthur wants out I can't tell you how relieved Mother and I will be to see him go if your Piscator person can arrange it, he sounds quite crass too is he? And you must tell him to stop calling Mother Mrs Wagner every time he calls like Cosima if you please of course that's where we got it if you knew the number of times I've sat through Tristan with her five hours uncut at the Paris Opéra simply relentless, she thought Brisboy sounded a little frivolous I suggested Charon of course but she found that a trifle recherché and felt Wagner might attract a nicer clientele but of course everyone simply calls it wagner even your JR person in our mercifully brief telephone chat kept whining wag-ner wag wag like a doggy's tail can you just lean forward and tap on the glass, oh driver . . . ? Driver? We're not in a mad rush and we don't want to suddenly become statistics Mother told me that's what your JR person wanted me to discuss with you?

—Yes well I hardly . . .

—She said he sounded quite ecstatic to learn that two billion dollars was spent on funerals last year and you simply must tell him the death rate is climbing steadily imagine, only a hundred and eighty million funerals in America since our dear country was born and we count on two hundred million in just the next forty-five years

—Yes well I'm, I know he'll be delighted yes he . . .

WE GET ONE OUT OF SIX NOW in the Fort Lauderdal area and Mother's been constantly after me to bring i that second one to make it two out of six that would b one out of three, I think you know there are over twent thousand of us across the country but even the larges single chain has less than one percent of the trade wer these the statistics you wanted? Because even one pe cent just think the Social Security persons estimate twenty percent rise in the death rate between Nineteen seventy and Nineteen-eighty so there should be enough t go round if we can trim some of these frightfully blatan costs we've already tried working something out alon the cluster concept so we wouldn't have ten hearses a out roaring down the roads at once and then all of the standing around empty waiting that's why Mother's s entranced with this package approach your JR perso wrote her about does he do all his memoranda in lea pencil?

—Yes well you see generally he . . .

—Crabbed age and youth oh I know but what a del cious name to choose for your nursing homes someone' been reading *South Wind* isn't it the most delicious boo ever written! Of course I'd assumed it might be your JI person but when he misspelled nepenthe among othe things and . . .

—Yes well I'm sure he hasn't, never even heard of i no he just bought into this nursing home stock when i first . . .

—How frightfully thoughtful of him yes all these ol dear persons no one wants underfoot to pasture them o in great dank government hospitals at public expens would be quite unthinkable and simply reek of socialis of course free enterprise owes them the dignity of pri vate care after all they've done to make our dear countr what it is and Mother tells me you have a Senator pe son leading the good fight for Eldercare so there won' be those dreary scenes over unpaid bills, and of cours the idea of discreet signs placed tastefully about suggest ing our services Mother was utterly charmed but I thin not in the room itself do you? No near the exits for vi itors leaving that delicious old dear person all tucked u in beddy perhaps for the last time just a hint of staine glass and the simplest of messages Uncle Arthur sug gested a hearse with the line getting there is half the fu so outré Mother and I thought simply Wagner is read when you are or do you like they, when they are, o course we thought of when He is but one really mus tread on tippy toes it makes Him sound rather like a abductor don't you think? Or don't you think . . .

—Well I really don't think . . .

—No of course not Mother feels understatement is a ways best and I think she's less than enraptured wit your JR person's notion of little booths set up in th nursing home lobbies to sell the entire package, pros theses the nursing care funeral plot and stone it sound rather like a midway and of course the organized funera directors are quite gaga over the whole thing rustlin

ıp pre-need laws and being most unfriendly but if the larkies have been getting away with their little burial ocieties for ages certainly anyone has the right to plan hose delicious last moments at leisure with none of that rantic last-minute embarrassment over bills have you vorked out the package cost?

—No and I don't . . .

—Know how many packages you'll offer no but there nust be a mad variety or it could all turn into the sort f mass burial I suppose they have in Russia Mother says our JR person wants to approach the young married narket but projecting costs so far in the future when the verage nine hundred seventy-five dollars now doesn't ven include vault memorial stone cemetery plot flowers urial clothing even the minister of course having the se of all that money for what might be simply ages beore that last surprise party when the package is opened nd with people rushing about so even that might hapen in some utterly inaccessible place he almost seems o be counting on quite an eventual number of no-shows t your vast cemetery somewhere called Union forgive ne was that your foot?

—No it's, it's just my case let me move it I . . .

—Oh I hope I didn't scratch it my new heels are so readfully sharp here let me help you, your cabs here re so thrillingly efficient but there's simply no place in hem to sit down and my hat is getting careful, your mportant papers are spilling . . .

—Yes it's, Mister Crawley broke the catch opening it nd it's . . .

—He does sound like an absolute bear Mother said e oh! It's all music it's simply filled with music oh I nust see! You didn't write it?

—Well yes but it's . . .

—Oh let me see let me see this passage right here how simply delicious what part is it.

—That's the, the harpsichord part it . . .

—Mmmmmmmmmmm! delicious, yes there's a little Rameau there isn't there mmmmmmmmmmmmmm . . .

—Well his, his piece *The Gnat* I just wanted the feeling of . . .

—And you certainly caught it didn't you I feel prickly all over now what's this oh how ominous . . . !

—Yes well that's, that's the string bass but about the cemetery I think you'd better talk to Mister Hop . . .

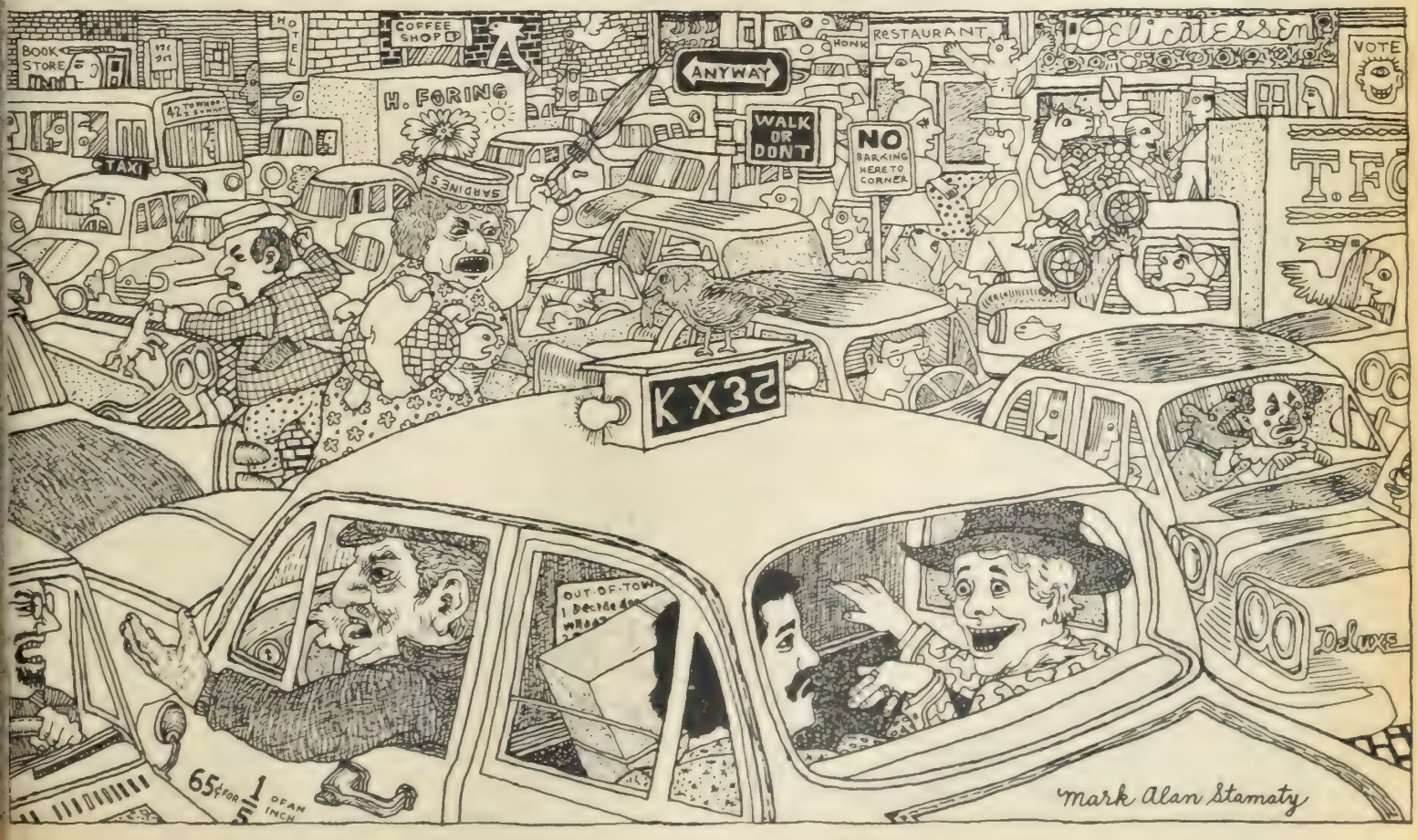
—Yes Mother said it was simply vast thousands of acres somewhere nearby called Union Falls? that you've taken over an entire right of way for it? Mmmmm mmm mmmm hmmm . . .

—Well it's no not exactly nearby, this cemetery is in the middle of a right of way up near our . . .

MMMMMM HMMMM HMMMM, HMM HMM delicious yes three thousand acres your JR person told Mother and imagine he's concerned about unprofitable plots of course burying the welfare poor has always been a losing proposition simply noblesse oblige the agencies pay such a pittance but his proposal to make it pay by placing them six and eight deep to a plot when he was describing the entire package idea on the telephone as vertical integration Mother was simply aghast she thought he meant darkies and whites stacked in layers like a giant Dobos torte don't you just crave one right now? We could slip over to . . .

—No, no I . . .

—The Hungarians are so clever with pastries but no



all he meant was getting into the monument trade he'd just learned it runs over a third of a billion annually but you must tell him those monstrous granite memorials are quite quite passé the maintenance is simply prohibitive, you'll want stones flush with the ground so your lawn mowers can simply whirr past overhead oh how brilliant, mmm mmmm mmmmm mmmm mm mm m how simply brilliant and with your handicap Mister Bast oh forgive me, forgive me for mentioning it but I can only think of those cruel people telling Beethoven they heard shepherds' pipes where he heard absolutely nothing and that heartrending will he wrote at the time of his exquisite second symphony you mustn't think of taking your life Mister Bast you simply must not . . .

—No well I, I hadn't no I, driver . . . ?

—To think of leaving the world before you've brought out all you have within you no, no you must promise . . .

—Yes well, excuse me I think we're at Ninety-fifth Street, driver . . . ?

—Oh and you must tell your JR person caskets are not worth getting into the profit lag is simply deadly . . .

—Yes driver? Will you stop at this corner?

—Now when am I to hear you play.

—I don't know Mister Brisboy I have to go away for . . .

—Yes we're quite near your headquarters right now aren't we, you don't have a piano hidden there? I know Mother wrote down the address for me I might pop in later and surprise you!

—No that wouldn't no the piano is hidden yes it's not can't be played no, no I'll see you at the hotel Mister Bris . . .

—What fun yes I'm right there in the Towers you know there's none in my suite but I'll have them rush one in instantly goodbye, auf Wiedersehen Mister Bast au'voir it's such a joy to be included in the family oh! I'd meant to pay our cabby but Mother sent me off with nothing but fifties . . .

—No that's, that's all right good wait your hat be careful it's, yes goodbye . . . driver? Around on Ninety-sixth Street please, over between Third and Second . . .

—Never saw a real life cowboy where he come from.

—I think he's, he's from Florida yes he . . .

—He from Florida?

—From Florida yes . . . yes down in the middle of that next block, behind that big limousine that last brick front . . .

—Where's all the garbage cans at?

—Yes just pull around and, wait be careful!

—Push that wreck up car right in front of me oweeeee!

—Yes I'd better get out right here, yes and, here thank you, can you push out the box to me, the wind . . .

—Limousine smash right in the trunk oweeeeee!

—Coño!

—Ya mira que haces coño!

—Coño tienes el freno tu, aye madre . . .

—Excuse me . . . he stepped over the glass splintered from framing ZS on the plate, reaching the doorway box and case held high against the wind to pause there for the chauffeur's uniform in full emergency, in to where that bulb seemed to glow with no more purpose than to keep itself warm.

—Say wait could you help me with an address here?

—What . . . ?

—Got this address supposed to be some God damn corporation offices nothing here but Spics and garbage cans ever hear of a JR Corporation?

—No but, who told you the . . .

—Financial page editor told me supposed to interview a Mister Bast, ever heard of him? Almost looks like some wise guy wrote JR Corp in pencil on this mailbox but . .

—Oh yes that's, that must be it yes I didn't make the connection that must be Julio Rodriguez up on the fifth floor, that must be what he calls his business he . .

—Look friend I'm talking about a two hundred million dol, no never mind . . .

—He makes sandals I think yes in fact if you want to talk to him I think he's right outside with his friends their car just had an accident . . .

—Forget it!

THE ONE WITH THE PORTABLE RADIO . . . and he made the dim reach of the stairs, down the torn linoleum to add case and box to the heap at the door and lift it on its hinges to the splash and fall of waters, down on one knee sweeping footmarked mail from the doormat's monogram in over the sill where it was caught in an abrupt splash of suds.

—Bast? is that you man?

—Yes what in . . .

—I mean look at this, came from the billow rising over the tub where only her face and knees protruded —like I mean real sudsing power . . .

—Look be careful it's getting on the mail what, where did it come from . . .

—Like all these plastic cups Al found them hanging on the doorknobs but with these sample boxes attached so he had to bring them in too look out man . . . ! A head emerged from the billow between her knees, —like it's splashing out . . .

—But you mean you, he just went around and took them off all the other apartment doors?

—Why not I mean we really need cups but like I dump a box in the tub to throw it away and this happens mean real sudsing power like the box says man, like mean do you want to get in?

—Not, not right now . . . he got his box in safe atop 500 Novelty Rolls 1-Ply White, dragged two more packages under the gushing sink and lifted the door closed in past the tub with his case to find the sofa's length occupied by one the shape of a guitar and, on the floor beyond, —what's this pile of mail back here?

—Like Al just got this postman job for like before the holidays man, I mean he just dumped it there when he came up to sleep off this high.

—Well look it can't stay here and, and this big yellow box what . . .

—Like that's your golf practice set man, I mean they just delivered it.

—What golf practice I didn't order any golf prac . .

—Man like how does anybody know who orders what here, I mean these presents you get from these businesses

like this lamp made of this old parking meter and these deluxe barbeque tools man I never know what's coming through the door, like right in the middle of I'm getting stoned with this spade cat that comes in to tap your phone and they come to install this Telecopier and like there's the telephone again, I mean all it does is rings . . .

He got back past 36 Boxes 200 2-Ply, —wait Al I'll get it . . . and he braced a foot, reached up to Round Pkgs. QUICK QUAKER to bring the phone down to his unencumbered ear, —hello . . . ? No this is Mister Bast, who . . . BS who . . . ? Yes well JR himself isn't here right now, who . . .

—Quit splashing man like are you getting in or out.

—Oh BF? Leva? Yes I'm sorry Mister Leva what . . . what? No I'm sorry I don't recognize your name Mister Leva what . . . Erebus Productions? No, what . . .

—Wait hold still man like I never saw this little wart under here before, does that hurt?

—Yes well I don't go to the movies very much so . . .

—Like this little vein looks like it's going to pop man.

—Oh, oh yes well . . . yes I heard you yes selling at one-sixty-eight but he hasn't said anything to me ab . . . that you might be interested in making a deal I'll tell him Mister . . . what? Girl? no where . . .

—Man like how come you never got circumcised?

—Oh you, oh you mean you have a Picturephone too . . . ? No no I, I see you up there now yes well goodbye Mister Leva thank . . .

—Oh wow . . . a splat of suds ran down 24-One Pint Mazola New Improved.

—Probably yes probably a crossed cable somewhere yes goodbye I'll tell him to call you goodbye Mis . . . I don't know if they can trace crossed cables no, good . . . No goodbye Mister Leva I can't hold on another minute no . . .

—Wait like I need that shirt man what are you hanging it on there for, I mean like that won't stop it ringing . . .

—Because the man who just, because other people have Picturephones too and no wait Al look would you mind just not standing on that mail to dry yourself?

—Floor's like real dirty man.

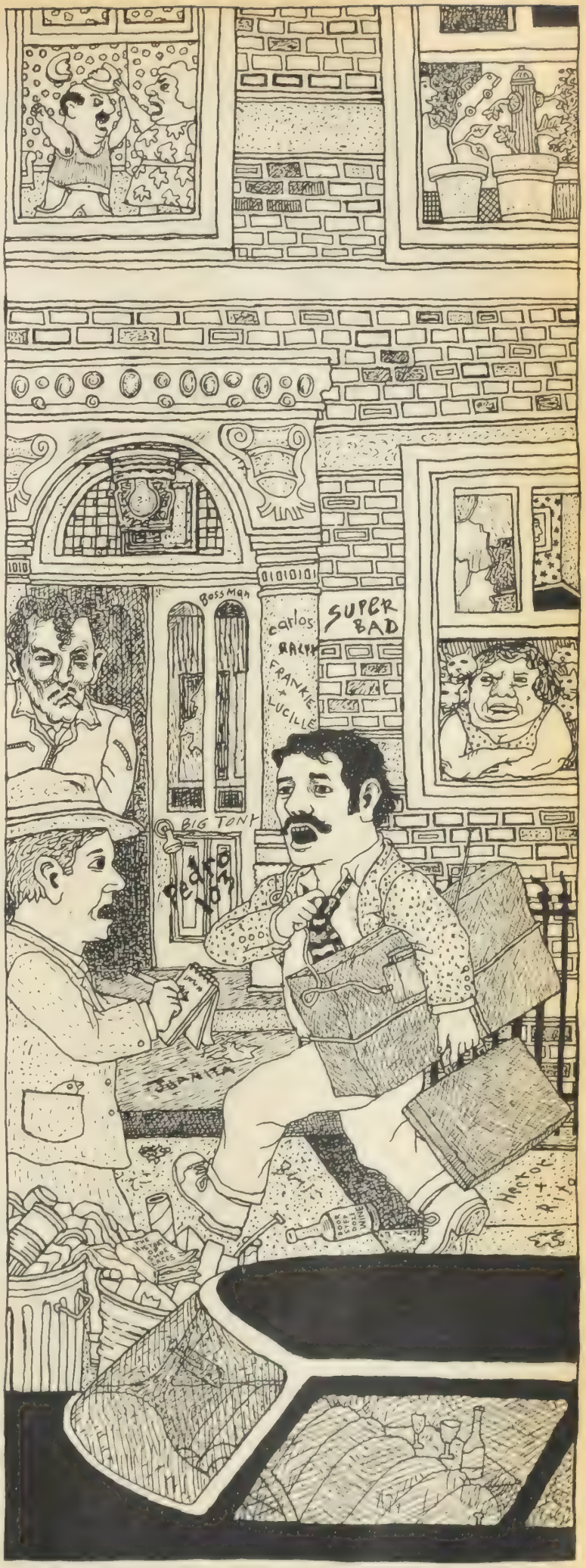
—I know it but, well look spread out a newspaper or, here . . . he got across to lift the door open and drag in the monogrammed doormat, —there . . .

—Like Al brought up his guitar, man.

—Yes I saw it . . . he got past her for the refrigerator, —wait who put this in here what, stuffed breasts of Cornish hens à la Kiev . . .

—Like somebody sent it to you man but like it says oven ready your oven's full of mail so like it says keep refrigerated I mean where do you expect me to put it.

—Yes but right on these stock certificates it's melting all over them and this look this is the only place I can keep this manuscript paper clean . . . He crumpled the top sheet and took some from the stack in to open his case on Hoppin' With Flavor! pausing to take out the list of titles and add scribbled notes from an inside pocket before he spread a fresh manuscript sheet on the top volume of Standard & Poor's Corporation Records, —damn it! crumpling that abruptly —look these are brand new, look there's oil all over it . . .



—Like those little mushrooms man they're packed in all this oil.

—I know it that's what we're using Moody's for that red book now where the, where are all my pencils . . . he came up from the floor with a battered nub—damn it, what . . .

—Like Al was just helping you out trying to sharpen them for you man, came from the doorway where she tugged at a sleeve—I mean that electric coffee grinder somebody sent you like he thought it was this electric pencil sharpener I mean he was just helping you out . . .

YES WELL LISTEN will you tell him to just, I just want to finish this while it's still in my head, just to get this last horn part written out would you hand me that ink? And he turned with it from her reach that gaped the open shirt to find a pen and spread a scribbled sheet of score, settled on Hoppin' With Flavor! licking the pen nib bent over the empty staves where his pen came down pausing, arching, blacking in, pausing as his face drew closer down lips parted, meeting, parting on bleats of sound gone in mere breath and the pen stopped as toes approached the score along the spine of Thomas's Register of Manufacturers and clung with a prehensile twinge at plunk . . . plunka plunk . . . —Look Al I'm sorry but I'm trying to . . .

—Man like don't be sorry I mean go ahead . . .

—Yes but your guit . . .

—No like go ahead I mean I'm for like everybody doing what they want to man, plunka plunka plunk . . .

—Look you don't understand I'm . . .

—Like why not man I mean that's how it ought to be like everybody doing what they want to do man, like I mean I'm for everybody doing what they want to do, plunk plunk plunka . . . —like I mean what's that.

—What.

—Like that arrow you just made.

—What this? It's a diminuendo don't you, you read music don't you?

Plunk—like why do I want to read music man I mean I play music, like that's what music is isn't it man? I mean I play my own music what do I want to like read it for.

—Oh.

—Man like I play what I feel I mean not what some other cat writes for me to feel . . . plunk plunk plunka—like I mean I'm not one of your cats that has to sit down and play what some other cat hears I mean I make my own sound man . . . plunk.

—Yes well, fine but look I'm trying to . . .

—And like Al says he might bring the Gravestone up here to practice like only they can't get a booking because they don't know anybody, I mean like maybe you could help them out man you know? Like I mean anything you want you always can get it because like you know everybody but like anything they get they have to like get it by theirself you know?

—Yes but, no but even if that were true I don't think any connections I might have in music would . . .

—What because their name's the Gravestone? I mean like you ought to change that anyway man like you can just keep going around being this Gravestone that doesn know anybody you know?

—Then like come up with one . . .

—Man like there's four of you I mean you're thi whole cemetery like if you can't come up with one ho can he get you this booking man, like time is money mean what about Chairman Meow like I mean did you g to Jersey?

—Like, what day is it.

—Man like how do I know what day is it I mean i you went to Jersey it's like Thursday right? She stoope back to the tub, came up tossing sandals —I mean lik hurry man, like tell him I mean don't offices close like

—Yes well, what time is it they usually . . .

—It's like five of.

—Five of what.

—Man like how do I know five of what, I mean it like five minutes of something but you hang this big offic wall clock from your business over there with like a those boxes stacked up I mean after three o'clock nobod knows what time it is till like nine I mean come on ma every day this vietrinary keeps him there it's like fou dollars I mean hurry up wait leave me some reds . . They paused past 24-12 Oz Btls Fragile! —man like what' this, coke? I mean wow . . . she came on, shuddering th door back into place on the flap of sandals down th dark, returning slowly past the rush of waters pulling th shirt closed far enough to thrust the envelope into it pocket and let it fall free again pushing the guitar o on the pile of mail and sitting, feet up toes snubbed o H-O —I mean they give Al this real hard time at Jerse and Connecticut man, like they make him go over ther and sign all the time like they won't even mail him hi checks you know? Like here at New York they mail hin it only then he has to like spend all this New York wel fare just to like go get this welfare off Jersey and Con necticut I mean just like you man.

—Like what do you mean me just like me what . . .

—Man like this business job you've got only you'r going around with that radio thing stuck in your ear al the time for this other job listening to these songs lik you think you have to write down every song they pla I mean just make up a list man, like I mean I'll make u a list for you.

—Look I'm just doing it because I'm trying to ge something else done here and why you think Al is, mean if he worked like other people and . . .

COME OFF IT MAN like other people I mean like who like I mean somebody's getting paid to be this weathe forecaster someplace telling you fair and warm whil you're like up to your ass in this blizzard I mean lik who does anything man, I mean somebody gets a job an like the first thing they do they try to figure out how t not do it I mean look at you man, like this business jo with all this mail and calls and these presents like onl you're up all night trying to make this four hundred dol lars writing this music for some band that's getting thi money free to play it like I mean what's the differenc

if you get help off that and Al gets it off this welfare, I mean like you're both in music and like you weren't even very nice to him man.

—Yes but, but look can't you . . .

—I mean he brings his guitar all the way up here to talk about music and you won't even talk to him.

—Yes but look can't you see I just want to get this finished and then I can . . .

—Man like finish it who's stopping you I mean everybody's like trying to help you out, I mean like I'm taking in all these packages and like answering the door to these cops and Indians and every . . .

—But what, wait what Indians who . . .

—Like man either he was this Indian or he had this deviated septum like my brother had one I mean like I tell him to get lost and he says he already is lost and like this Treasury Department cop looking for your friend Grynszpan and these telephone calls, I mean just writing down all these telephone calls man . . . legs gaped and the shirt fell wide with her reach to 12-38 Oz Btls Won't Burn, Smoke or Smell for a torn brown paper bag —I mean here . . .

—Yes well, look thank you but if Al hadn't broken that attachment that took them down on tape you wouldn't even have to ans . . .

—I mean that's what I mean like I mean you say maybe it can be adopted to like tape something off your ear radio so Al tries to help you out and when you're like trying to tape this Bach thing it breaks so you blame him when he's only trying to . . .

—Yes all right it doesn't matter look what's, what does this say General who? He held out her pencil markings on the brown paper, —Ball?

—Ball Boll I mean how do I know like that's what I said General who and they said General some company like, and like there's this other general, like council something.

—General counsel? Of, but of what company what . . .

—No man like council general something.

—But, consul general but of where . . .

—Like he couldn't even talk English man, I mean it sounded French so like I say the only French I know and he hangs right up, then like there was this US chamber of something I mean I didn't even write it down like they said can you come speak at some dinner so I ask like what's on the menu and they don't even know I mean like that must be some dinner.

—Yes well, all right yes what's this one bert, Beaton?

—Like he called twice today man he sounds like this real fag I mean he really wants to talk to you.

—Yes I know yes I'll, I'll call him when I . . .

—And then somebody calls from this office of some Senator someplace I mean they really sound like they think they're hot shit so could they discuss this campaign contribution at your convenience they said they're like counting on twenty so like I say maybe you'll send them twenty bucks sometime so like they say perhaps I misunderstood they mean like thousand so I say they better count again so . . .

—Yes well look maybe, maybe you shouldn't bother to answer the phone anymore if, what does this say Stamper?

—Stamper man like I never heard such a filthy mouth, on anybody, I mean like he's in some fucking barnyard . . .

—Yes but what did he, was it about music for a . . .

—He said it's like he wants to talk to you about some rights of something you could like call him back at his car I mean I told him what to do with his car man I never heard such a filthy mouth, I mean you have some business associates man like somebody else calls that says is your boss keeping his long position on bellies man I mean this must be some business you and him are in. And I mean him. Man he sounds like he's calling from under this blanket someplace.

—Did he call? What, what did he . . .

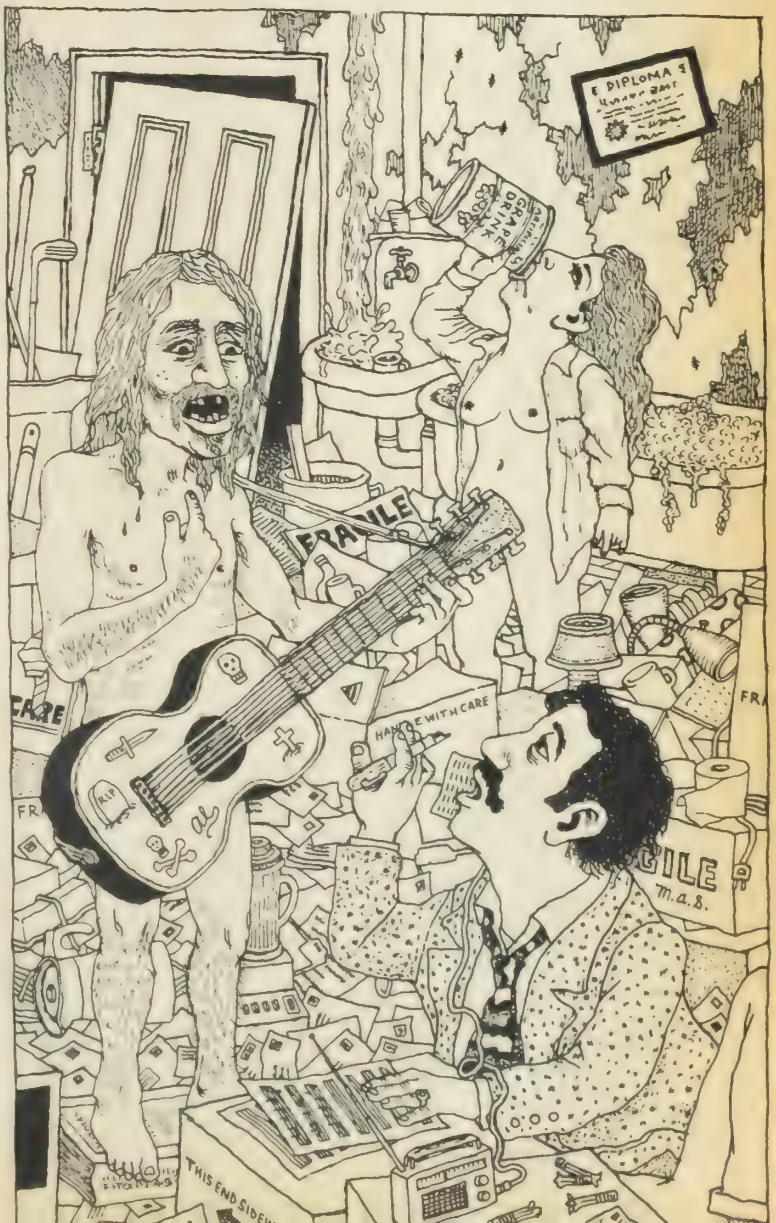
—Man like he can't stop talking I mean he says write all this stuff down so I write this stuff down and, no on the back . . .

—What this? I can't, what's ebus . . .

—Erbus that's Erbus like he said it's some movie company that's losing all this money I mean he sounded real happy, like I wrote it down someplace . . . and her knee fell wide leaning toward the paper gone quivering in his hand, —like down here . . .

—Ebe . . . he cleared his throat, raised his eyes back to the brown paper —Erebus yes that, it must be that man who just called Mis, Mister Leva . . .

—I mean they lost twenty-eight what's that, like million, I mean like he said twenty-eight million dollars making some big movie they're losing like a million dol-



lars a month man I mean like he sounded real happy.

—Yes well there are tax, business tax situations where the . . .

—Man like don't explain it to me but I mean like that must be some movie . . . and the knee fell back, —then under there he said like will you read today's *Times* like about this war someplace you're buying this radium then some other stuff about he's like buying this school will you talk to this lawyer that sent you that dirty mummy joke and then some big bank loan like man let's eat . . . the knees came down —I mean I'm hungry.

—Yes well, go ahead I just want to finish . . .

—Like do you want me to bring in that mail?

—Yes go ahead, I just . . .

—And like shall I open these packages?

YES GO AHEAD . . . and the pen moved again, arching, dipping, paused to add a title to the list and his face was back closer to a fresh sheet of empty staves licked lips parting, meeting, parting on puffs of sound against the ripping of paper over the rush of waters beyond, the trickle at his back from under boxes and the massed Musical Couriers

> —many were from the finest homes in America,
> many were treasured heirlooms . . .

—Like I mean what we really need here, man.

—But what, what is it . . .

—Like it's this electric tie rack I mean can't you see? Like it says you organize them by color on these little wheels and there's this pushbutton selector where they rotate like they must think you're a fucking basket case man, look at this one.

—But what's it for, it looks . . .

—Like it says right on it man Steakwatcher, I mean like it really says solid state computer programmed for broiling steaks and chops to perfection I mean somebody really paid money for these, man.

—Yes well some, there's probably a card from some company in . . .

—I mean like a lot of money man, like they're scared if they gave you something somebody might like really need you'll think it's this fucking insult . . . An armload of mail cascaded to the sofa, —like I mean things are really screwed up.

—I know it but, look I just want to finish this before . . .

—Before what man. Like I mean the whole fucking scene is coming down . . .

> —and any other mouthwash is like the
> difference between a lovely Beethoven sonata
> and an ear splitting blast from . . .

—Oh wow.

—What's, no wait wait don't open . . .

—Man I didn't see this box I mean who sent you this!

—Wait no look if you put it on the whole thing will look it's too long, the feathers are dragging on . . .

—But I mean wow like are these real eagle feathers?

—Yes but I don't know but look if it gets dirty I wait, wait you can't wear it carrying all that what . . .

—These cups for grape drink and here quick get this before it . . .

—Put it on the, here put it on Moody's what is it anyhow.

—It's these enchiladas and like this is remoulade sauce it says on the jar I mean what did you expect.

—I thought maybe this time you look out the grape drink, I thought this time if I gave you that five dollars for food maybe we could eat something that . . .

—Well look man I mean it says ninety-nine cents right on the can and this remoulade sauce it says . . .

—No I mean I thought you could buy something, just go in and buy some regular food we could . . .

—Man like what's the difference I mean you're getting like this five dollars' worth, I mean add up the cans and there's like these capers and these fancy snails out there like I mean how am I supposed to save up to get Chairman Meow out of this vietrinary man . . . She shunted mail aside with a ruffle of feathers, —man I don't see how they go around all the time with all these feathers sticking up their . . .

—Well they don't but they do wear, look if you could just button that shirt a little, it's . . .

—Man like my pants got wet with that tub in there I mean I can't wear them wet . . . but she got a button holed, licked sauce from her fingers and tore open an envelope. —Like they're delivering your thousand gross assorted plastic flowers from Hong Kong man.

—Who is what plastic flowers I . . .

—Like it just says owing to backed up warehousing facilities your recent bid on shipment three five nine seven one . . .

—Yes well just, just put it over there wait be careful that looks like a check.

—It's like your Texas Gulf dividend man, fifteen cents, and like here's another one, Pacific Telephone. Thirty cents.

—Yes well those are, I'm putting those in the ice tray in the . . .

—I mean this is what they're always talking about Wall Street? Like I mean I never saw such a . . .

—No but those are just one share people usually own, wait don't throw that away it's . . .

—What all this crap that was with them?

—Yes it's the, they send out this literature to their stockholders to . . .

—Literature? I mean like you call this literature man?

—No no I don't they do, it's quarterly reports and . . .

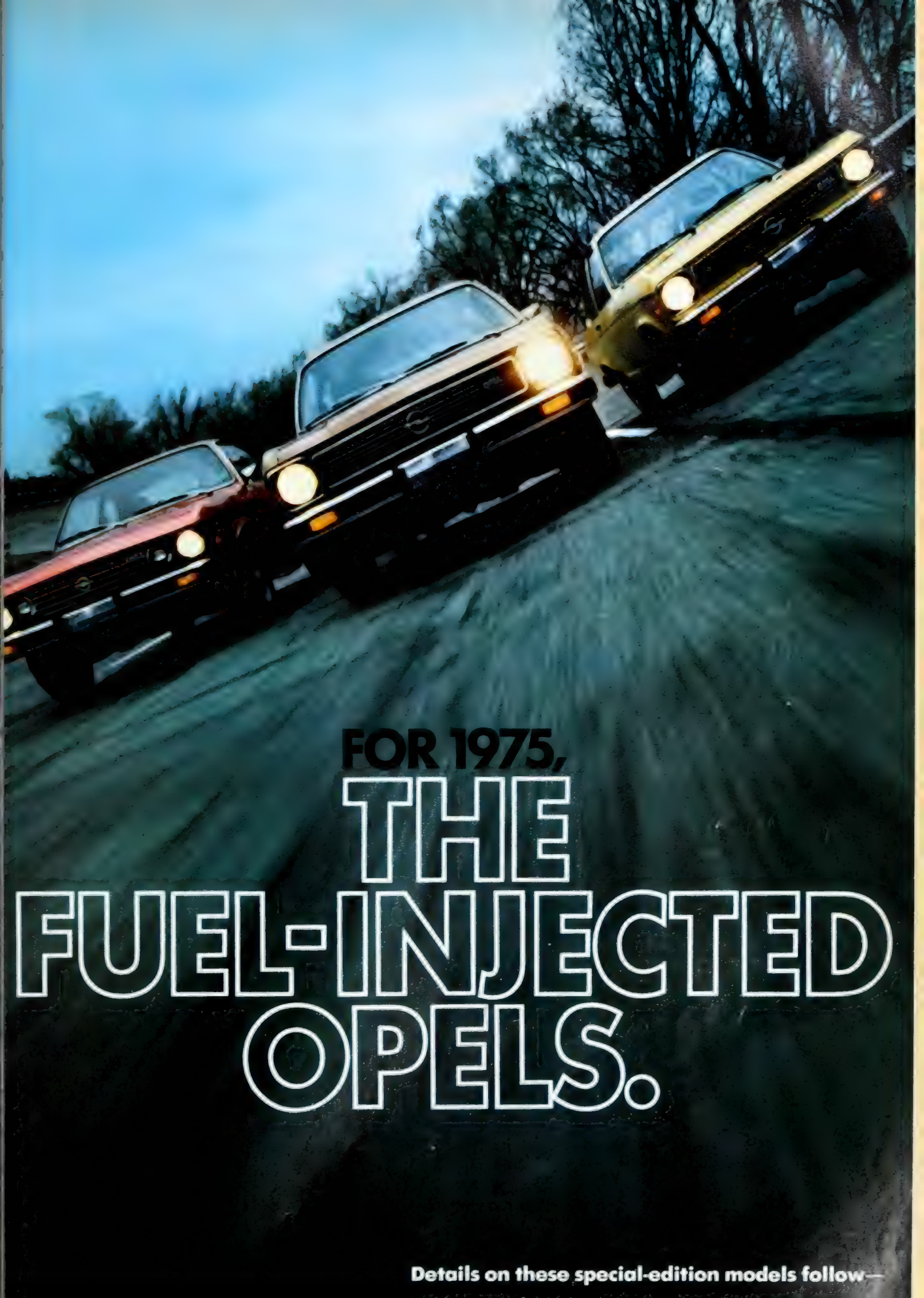
—This reduced fully diluted shares outstanding by sixteen percent which had the effect after imputed interest on like you call that literature man I mean I call it bullshit . . . Paper tore, —wow.

—What . . .

—The telephone bill it's like one thousand eight hundred seventy-six dollars, man you owe them like two thousand dollars and so far today you take in like forty-five cents I mean . . .

—No well the telephone bill is, it isn't mine personally it's . . .

—Like here's one you better answer then, personal and confidential I mean it's this executive placement agency



FOR 1975,

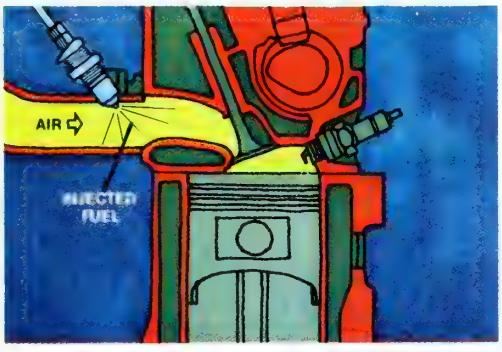
THE FUEL-INJECTED OPELS.

Details on these special-edition models follow—

An already fine road car gets added vigor.

A surface glance at these new, special-edition Opels won't tell you much about what's so special about them. But pop the bonnet on one, and the news is evident.

The conventional air cleaner is gone—replaced by a cavernous cold air box. It filters cooler, outside air and feeds it into the injection system. And the carburetor? Don't look for it—replaced by a highly-sophisticated Bosch electronic fuel injection system. An electronic control unit (actually a miniature, on-board computer) accurately meters out a precise amount of fuel which is delivered directly to the intake valves. (See diagram.)



Opel underway.

First and foremost, an Opel is a road car. So take one there. Take the thick, vinyl-covered steering wheel firmly in hand and run a Manta, Sportwagon or 1900 Sedan through your own, personal test.

To begin, simply turn the key. No need to depress the throttle, as the four computer-controlled injection nozzles will spritz the proper amount of fuel to the cylinders without the help of your right foot.

Once underway, Opel's rack-and-pinion steering will help guide you gracefully through traffic, around curves and obstacles—the way you'd expect of a fine road car.

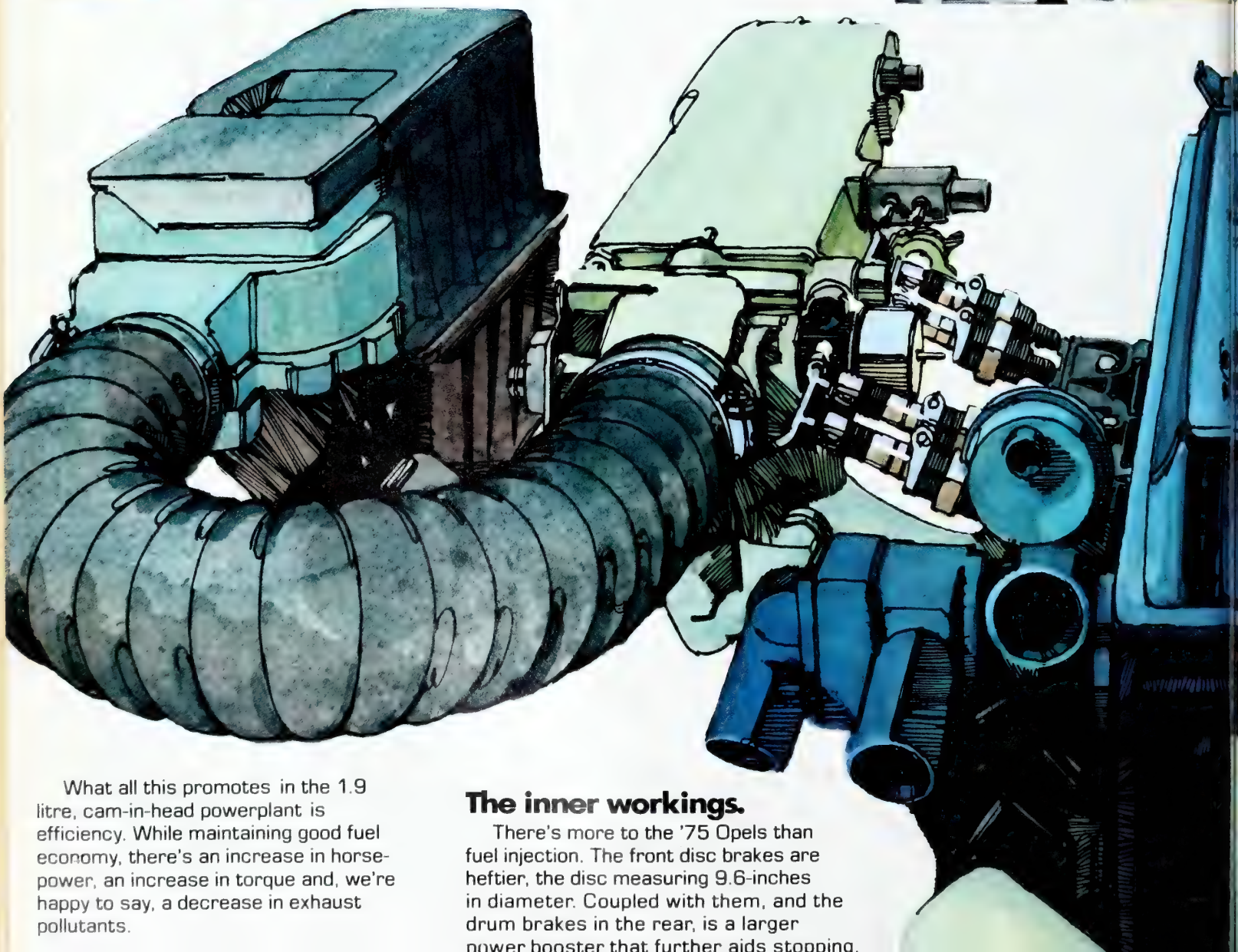
As you proceed, notice the great visibility. Opel's glass area is most generous, the windows tall... Ahh, how pleasant the passing scenery looks.

Upshifting, downshifting, you begin to sense the split personality of this car. It's practical, economical, a commuter's delight. But equally capable once the weekend gymkhana and rally season comes around—as the proud owner on the right will attest.

To complement the bigger brake we've redesigned Opel's road whee so there are eight cooling slots inst of the previous four. And wrapped around these new, wider wheels are 165 SR x 13 steel-belted radial tires, now standard.

Something that also merits mentic is Opel's suspension system. It has n been changed. And if you've driven ar Opel, you know why. The four shock absorbers, the four coil springs, the Panhard® rod, the front and rear





What all this promotes in the 1.9 litre, cam-in-head powerplant is efficiency. While maintaining good fuel economy, there's an increase in horse-power, an increase in torque and, we're happy to say, a decrease in exhaust pollutants.

The inner workings.

There's more to the '75 Opels than fuel injection. The front disc brakes are heftier, the disc measuring 9.6-inches in diameter. Coupled with them, and the drum brakes in the rear, is a larger power booster that further aids stopping.

bilizer bars, have all been tuned to
k together with such efficiency that
suspension experts felt it folly to
nge for the sake of change.



e cockpit.

nside Opel many nice things happen.
rewards of human engineering
und. Take note of the bucket seats.
y're shaped to hug the human
tour. The sides of the seats are built
o help support you through turns. The
ly-designed head restraints adjust
our preference. The total effect is
unlike a winged-back chair. (And,
dentally, the front seat backs recline
rly 90°)
Opel instrumentation is as it should be:
, legible (large white markings on a
k background), and arranged to give
the driver quick information
about vehicle speed, fuel
level, etc.
And, naturally, control
switches are labelled
with international
insignias.





MANTA. Our most rakish-looking Opel.



1900 SEDAN. Functional design; spirited soul.



SPORTWAGON. Essentially the 1900 Sedan

Specifications

Engine Facts

Type: electronic fuel-injected, cam-in-head, in-line 4
Bore and stroke (in.) 3.66 x 2.75
Piston displacement: 1.9 litres
Head and block material: cast alloy iron
Compression ratio: 7.6:1
Installed horsepower at engine rpm: 81 at 5,000 (77 at 5,000 in Calif.)
Installed torque (lb.-ft. at engine rpm): 96 at 2,200 (95 at 2,200 in Calif.)
Recommended fuel: non-leaded

Manual Transmission Facts

Forward speeds: 4 (fully synchronized)
Ratios: 3.43 (1st), 2.16 (2nd), 1.37 (3rd), 1.00 (4th), 3.32 (reverse)
Lubricant capacity (pt.): 2.3
Clutch type: dry disc, single plate
Total spring load (lb.) (Maximum): 1345
Outside/Inside diameter (in.): 8.03/5.16

Automatic Transmission Facts

(available on all Opel models)
Type: 3-speed w/torque converter
Ratios: 2.40 (1st), 1.48 (2nd), 1.00 (3rd), 1.92 (reverse)
Maximum ratio at stall: 2.1
Total oil capacity (pt.): 4.9

Chassis & Body Facts

Body/frame: unit steel
Wheelbase: 95.7-in.
Brake type: 9.6-in. front disc, 9.0 x 2.0-in. rear drum; vacuum-assisted
Swept area, sq. in.: 304.6
Steering type: rack and pinion
Turns, lock-to-lock: 3.75
Turning circle: 34.4-ft. (1900 Sedan & Sportwagon), 34.7-ft. (Manta)
Front suspension: upper A-arms, lower transverse arms, coil springs, tube shocks, stabilizer bar
Rear suspension: live axle, upper and lower trailing arms, coil springs, tube shocks, Panhard® rod, stabilizer bar

Wheel & Tire Facts

Wheels: 4-spoke steel disc, 13 x 5.5
Tires: Steel-belted radial ply, 165 SR x 13

Dimensions. (in inches)

SPORTWAGON
Length: 170.2 Width: 64.3
Height: 55.1 Curb wt.: 2276-lbs*
Cargo floor length: 62.6
Head room: (f) 38.3 (r) 35.8
Leg room: (f) 41.9 (r) 30.7

MANTA
Length: 176.1 Width: 64.3
Height: 53.3 Curb wt.: 2232-lbs*
Trunk capacity: 11.5-cu. ft.
Head room: (f) 37.4 (r) 36.6
Leg room: (f) 41.9 (r) 28.5

1900 SEDAN
Length: 170.0 Width: 64.3
Height: 54.8 Curb wt.: 2203-lbs*
Trunk capacity: 10.8-cu. ft.
Head room: (f) 38.2 (r) 37.3
Leg room: (f) 41.9 (r) 30.5

*Add 19-lbs. for Calif.


A


B


D


C


E

Standard equipment

A Opel instrument cluster (tach not available on Manta & 1900 Sedan)
B Steel-belted radial tires
C Sport wheels
- 1.9 litre cam-in-head engine
- 4-speed manual transmission
- Bosch electronic fuel injection
- Power brakes with self-adjusting front discs
- Foam-padded bucket seats
- Reclining front seat backs
- Adjustable head restraints
- Lane change feature in turn signal
- Clutch adjustment warning light
- Carpeting
- Floor console
- Passenger assist straps (rear)
- Hidden storage compartment & snap-in cargo floor carpeting (Sportwagon only)
- Flow-through ventilation (Manta & 1900 Sedan)
- Dual headlamps (Manta only)

Available equipment

D Sun roof (Manta only)
E 3-speed automatic transmission
- Air conditioning (Dealer-installed)
- Tinted windshield
- Electric rear window defroster
- Black vinyl top (Manta only)
- Transistorized radio (Dealer-installed)

Buick Motor Division, General Motors Corporation, reserves the right to make changes at any time, without notice, in prices, colors, materials, equipment, specifications, and models, and also to discontinue models. Some of the equipment shown or described throughout this piece is available at extra cost.

Opels are sold and serviced by a network of Buick-Opel dealers coast to coast.



BUICK'S OPEL

Dedicated to the Free Spirit in just about everyone

that knows of several attractive possibilities if in the near future you should be interested in considering alternatives at the executive vice president level in a major corporate man you told me you're getting out of this crap so you can write all this music . . .

—Yes well I am as soon as I . . .

—Man it's always like as soon as you something I mean here's one will you chair this management symposium on healing the sick corporation I mean that must be some chair. And like who's E Berst, I mean look here's this same piece of mail about buying these free records addressed to E Bast, B Best I mean there's seven, eight nine there's like eleven of it the same with all these screwed up names like . . .

—Yes well they think, I think they think it's cheaper just to mail them all than check every name on these lists they buy to see if look be careful, you're getting that sauce on the . . .

—Man like E Berst E Gast I mean how do you expect me to open all this mail I mean . . .

—There's that electric opener right under . . .

—What like you want me to chop off all my fingers? And I mean look what's, I mean look did you know this Eigen is getting all his mail forwarded here too? Like he just sent some more newspapers up here and these books and this box of all these broken toys I mean there won't even be anyplace left to . . .

—No well his mail I've just been putting it on the top oven shelf with here if this is the Grynszpan pile, wait keep it away from that pile Al dumped there he can't just leave it here without what's that one, that foreign one . . .

on healing the sick corporation with your heart batting for the poor they'd really be asthonised man like I never saw such sick companies, I mean that must be some fucking chair.

—Yes well look there's nothing I can, I mean damn it will you just let me finish trying to . . .

—No like go ahead man I mean do you want grape drink? And like what country do they eat enchiladas I mean they're disgusting.

—I think it's a Mexican . . .

—Man like no wonder they're stoned down there all the time . . .

> —to join the biggest savings bank family in . . .

—Oh wow. I mean you get some mail.

> —selection of gifts for a deposit of only two hun . . .

—Like do you want to know how to say scrotum in Danish?

—Well, well no I . . .

—Bolcheposen. I mean if you just learn all these you can . . .

—Look I don't want to say scrotum in Danish what is that anyhow, who . . .

—Man like it's this letter does your company do business in these foreign countries so you won't name some product you're selling there some dirty word by mistake. I mean you subscribe for like only three hundred dollars a year and they send you all these dirty words in all

MAN IT'S LIKE ADDRESSED to JR Corp Famili . . . paper tore, —Dear Madame. I take the liberty to write to you from a strange country, you don, know but don,t be asthonised , because I have heard from your good he. Our famili is quite ruined. My husband is very sick, sleath sick, without hope of guerishing. I beg you to send for him some cloth and underwear, pijame, all very very used, or second hand which you would wear and would cast away. Do you imagine this awful winter coming and we are allways cold. May I hope that my prayer could reach and touch heart which is always batting for the poor. I beg my God to give you hundred fold. Yours truly and miserable I mean how can you pronounce Srskić.

—Well I, I don't know but it's . . .

—I mean like why don't you send them those deluxe barbeque tools and this fucking computer for broiling steaks man . . .

—Look, I don't . . .

—I mean her husband's sitting there in no underwear without hope of guerishing man like you could send him that electric heated towel stand that came yesterday to hang his pijame on while his neckties rotate and Mrs Zrk is running around with the deluxe barbeque tools waiting for this solid state computer to boil their steaks and chops to perf . . .

—Look damn it what am I supp . . .

—And I mean then you could like go chair that thing



these different languages so you won't like be going around selling dippedutters and have . . .

—Look we don't go around selling dippe, we don't sell anything in Denmark we . . .

—No but look man if you subscribe to this you can like make out anyplace, I mean you go up to this Danish chick and say you brought your humorkaep would she like to kusse so she says okay if you use a drabefanger, so you get this drabefanger and like go someplace and fa et rap. Like do you know what I said?

—No but I, I can imag . . .

—Like, Bast?

—What?

—I mean like did you ever watch us?

—Watch, watch who what . . .

—Like I mean out that back window me and Schramm, I mean like we saw your friend balling that black-haired chick back there once.

—Well I, I, once I was, once I happened to look out there and . . .

—Happened I mean how could you happen to look out, like I mean you have to climb over all those lampshades and papers up on those books to like even see.

—No well I, I mean once I just wanted to see if his light was on I wanted to talk to him about something and, and . . .

—What you saw us screwing? I mean look I'm not mad like I mean I was as good as that black-haired chick where are you going.

—I just, I got some of that sauce on my fingers I wanted to . . .

—And like why do you keep that picture up there he had.

—What that, the Baldung? Well it's just up there, it . . .

—I mean do you like those little pointy dippeldutters she's got?

—What her, her breasts? I . . .

—No like that mean nipples breast is, wait, brysters look I mean aren't mine better?

—Yes well, well they're larger yes and . . .

—No I mean sit down like she's supposed to be so beautiful to be in this famous painting right? Only she's got these little round brysters and this little round pot and look, no I mean sit here look, under here maybe she's better under here I mean see how heavy this is like? under along here? where she's like skinnier there I mean you are too lift your, all here I mean I got these pants too tight like tomorrow I better go down and get you some bigger ones I mean all up here and, wow like under here in front . . .

YES WELL, WELL RIGHT NOW they're a little . . .

—Then take them off like, I mean if they're so tight like take them off.

—Well I, I . . .

—No well like then don't. I mean like go set up your practice golf game go ahead, like go turn on your electric fucking tie rack and . . .

—No no I just, it's just the door if . . .

—If what I mean if that old crap comes knocking my vife my vife Mister? No like go ahead man bring him in and play golf with him if that's what you'd . . .

—No no wait I . . .

—Like be careful man you're going to knock over the look it's that wire will you like take that thing out of your ear? I mean there's no big hurry now . . .

—No but, look all these . . .

—I mean here's where I wish I was all nice and firm like you are all under, what like did that hurt?

—No but . . .

—I mean like these must be the bolches in like this is the posen, like I mean we could learn everything in all these different languages and . . .

—Yes but look all these feathers can't you, couldn't you take it . . .

—No but like listen, I mean we had this poem once by this big sea water I mean what was her name, like listen to it in there . . .

—Yes Min, Minnehaha in, in Hia . . .

—No here get your, no like this way I mean it's real narrow get your, there. I mean like aren't mine like do you really like her little pointy dippel oh . . .

—Whose Minne . . .

—No like, hers in the, in the . . .

—No I . . .

—Yes right there, like that like that yes . . .

—Like, there and . . . ?

—Yes oh, oh and here, yes like, yes like that yes and, right there yes wait oh . . .

—But, wait let me, let me move my . . .

—Oh like there yes and, oh . . . you're wait get here and, and . . . not so, not so oh . . . ! like you're, you're built pretty big for not so oh . . . ! yes, yes put . . . yes like not so hurts not so oh, oh . . .

—I, I can't . . .

—Wait don't oh! oh oh oh . . . oh

> —highest yield on your savings it's time
> to join the biggest savings bank family in . . .

—Oh wow.

—I, I didn't mean to hurt . . .

—Wait like get something it's going all down my, wait move your . . . she reached the brown paper, —I mean my poor fisse, man . . .

—Well I, I didn't . . .

—And I mean wait let me get my, man like that last page you just did those fucking enchilavies went all over it.

—No that's all right I'm, I'll just do it over again . .

A hand rose to scratch. —Like what do you want to do now.

—Well nothing I, I guess I'd better copy that page over and get back to . . .

—Like I mean you never talk. I mean you're not very interesting you know? I mean like all these other people and like Al I mean they all talk only with us I mean I always have to do all the talking, you know?

—Yes but, I mean when I'm trying to work and no thinking about something to talk about I . . .

—Man like you always think you're trying to work and like you never have something to talk about, I mean like

xcept you're pretty big in the sack there you're like not ery interesting.

—Well why should I be interesting! I mean, I mean I vant my work to be interesting but why do I have to be nteresting! I mean everybody's trying to be interesting et them I'm just, I'm just doing something I have to do o I can try to do what I hope I . . .

—Like then what about Schramm I mean you were lways talking to Schramm, like you just said you . . .

—No I didn't really I, he talked and I . . .

—Man like he hardly talked at all I mean you don't now what it was like with him, like with him you never new what's coming next like this time he couldn't make ; and he jumps off the bed and grabs this pencil and nrows it down and it, I mean like that's why I hate all nese fucking sharp pencils you've got around here you now?

—Yes that was terrible I, I didn't even know you were nere when . . .

—Man I don't want to talk about it! The feathers went ff in a heap, a hand came up, scratching a loin.

—No I, I didn't mean . . .

—Then like don't talk about it . . . and the hand came p to dig in the shirt pocket as she stood, —I mean nere's the telephone again, like I mean all it does is ngs . . .

—Yes, I'll get it . . . He passed her paused sniffing by 6 Boxes 200 2-Ply, mounted to QUICK QUAKER, —hel- . . . ? Oh Mister Brisboy yes, hello . . . Now . . . ? Oh, o I'm sorry no I don't think it would . . . no no I really don't think . . . Yes well thank you but . . . No not here either no I'm, I still have a lot of work to take care of tonight and . . . I know you do yes thank you but . . . until then yes thank you for calling good . . . yes goodbye thank you for . . . auf Wiedersehen then yes . . .

She followed him back. —Like what are you getting dressed again for I mean are you going someplace?

—No I just feel more, just to work . . .

—Like you're going to be up all night again? She pulled the rumpled blanket.

—No if I can just finish this I, I mean are you all right?

—Like why not man I mean I'm really sailing . . .

—Oh . . . he was back on Hoppin' With Flavor! spreading a fresh sheet of empty staves.

—from the finest homes in America, many were

—Just that radio man, I mean the water I'm used to like you live by the ocean but that fucking radio, I mean Al put this gum on that mop handle you can like get it in there only to change the station like if you keep wiggling it I mean will you?

WHEN HE CAME DOWN her gaze was gone elsewhere, he stood looking there blowing at the front of his shirt before he sank back to Hoppin' With Flavor! bent over the empty staves where the pen arched, paused, filled, once twice he looked back to find a whole bar missing, crum-



pled the page staring at the slow rise and fall beyond and pushed the punctured shade aside to bring it into shadow, and licked his lips, parting, meeting, parting on bleats and sudden muted stabs of triumph as he sought fresh pages, drew a hand down his face and stared at the shadowed rise, and fall, and rise, licked his lips, licked the pen nib and dipped it seeking fresh sheets more slowly when the phone rang.

—I can't I can't no! No please I can't . . . !

He was up, caught her head to his trousers bulged against her cheek and held there. —It's all right you, you don't have to . . .

It rang again.

—I can't . . .

—It's all right . . . he held that weight of warmth hard against a tremble of his own, against the next ring, warmth spread suddenly over the back of his hand as he let her down and caught a corner of the blanket up to wipe the blood away, up QUICK QUAKER with the next ring—hello . . . ? No I'm busy I can't, I . . . all right! Yes I'll accept the call operator, hello . . . ? Of course it's me who did you think it . . . who? Al did? No, no Al's just, he's the janitor he's just sort of a janitor who comes in and . . . No I know he shouldn't answer the phone look what are you calling now for what time is it, the candy store can't still be . . . no all right go ahead what is it . . . Well I told you I'd make the trip didn't I? What are you calling about it now for Mister Davidoff gave me everything I . . . yes expense money too a hundred dollars yes, thank you look is this the reason you . . . Fine yes did you call just to tell me Mister Davidoff's this real neat guy? I'm trying to . . . from where? I didn't meet anybody there from Malwi no I've never even heard of . . . Of what war, I haven't read the *Times* no I haven't even . . . what trade deal why did he want to talk to me about a trade deal . . . Well look if you just said they could bring the rhodium out of there through Malwi as the country of origin what's so . . . so who can sell what to China? What bellies, what . . . Look I don't know what you're talking about I don't think you do either why doesn't your neat guy Davidoff talk to this Senator Milliken about trade with China and this export license, why didn't he talk to the man from the Malwi Trade Commission and get the whole thing straightened . . . Well why doesn't he know about it, he seems to know ev . . . No I know he's not an officer of the company like I am look make him one, there's nothing he'd rath . . . well of course you'd have to pay him more what do you . . . Yes I know it but that secondhand General's never met you either neither has poor old Urquhart and that, that terrible Teets so . . . Yes I know I did look you said you just wanted a distinguished looking old man and somebody who looked like he'd run over his own grandmother for . . . Yes all right but for ten dollars each where did you expect me to look, in the Directory of Dir . . . I'm not getting mad, I just have to get back to . . . I did see Mister Hopper yes but he didn't wait is that where these plastic flowers are supposed to be going . . . ? Just a shipping order yes it sounds like millions of them look I just don't want them delivered here, tell somebody to . . . Well you can't have them delivered to Mister Brisboy's hotel no I met him he's a real, really enthusiastic but . . . yes he wanted me to tell you the death rate should rise twenty percent in the next ten years I said I knew you'd be delighted . . .

—Hello Mister . . . ?

—Wait somebody's at the . . . yes she wrote them all down wait somebody's at the door . . . and he was down past 200 2-Ply, reaching under the sullen heave on the couch.

—Hello? Mister . . . ?

GO AWAY! HE GOT BACK UP smoothing the brown paper out on 24-One Pint Mazola under the bulb —it was nobody, nothing, now what . . . Your call yes I just told you she wrote it all down and then this Leva called BF Leva, he said he might want to make a deal I told him you'd . . . yes well fine then tell him that, don't shout at me who does he think he is he might want to make a deal shout at him shout at Piscat . . . Well if you've already told Piscator to figure something out what do you want me to . . . Yes it's right here, the stock's book value is six wait, one sixty-eight and . . . I told you she'd written it all . . . because it's a little smudged that's why look what makes you think that, of course she's dependable she . . . Well what do you mean company loyalty! she's not even . . . No no listen that's very kind of Mr. Davidoff but I don't need Virginia up here no, everything's . . . Yes I know she is but I don't need her here and look what do you want to go over these figures in the middle of the night for anyhow, I'm . . . from the *Times*? when today . . . ? No I haven't just given an interview to anybody no and listen . . . Well listen what did you do that for look Mister Davidoff's your public relations that's what you're paying him for let him call them, he's already upset the way you tape these statements and play them over the phone to every . . . No of course he doesn't know you do it so you can hold the tape back to make your voice sound deeper he doesn't even know you tape them, he just doesn't like being taken by surprise every time you . . . No I didn't see our neat write-up in *U.S. News* & . . . I didn't see that one either no but . . . Yes the new company logo's real neat you're welcome now is this all you . . . Yes she did but you know more about them than I do anyhow, Mister Beaton called and this man Stamper but I thought you said this neat lawyer you got from Triangle this Mister Beamish was supposed to be handling that whole . . . well look he's a lawyer isn't he? And this law firm you got out there Milliken Mudge whatever it is that represents this gas business let him talk to Senator Milliken about gas exploration and all the rest of this Alsaka Devel . . . what? What do you mean who changed it nobody did, you . . . because you spelled it that way in these memos you send out that nobody dares . . . Look I know how to spell Alaska but you spelled it A l s a . . . Because I know you did! Piscator sent me your memo when he registered the . . . Yes you did . . . you did so . . . you look goodbye I'm not going to spend the rest of the . . . what? What one more little thing . . . Listen we just talked about that, I said I was going didn't I? to . . . No now wait wait what do you mean take the bus what . . . The General took it? he just took it . . . ? Yes but who

said he could just take the company plane any time he . . . These neat research contracts at Ray-X yes but does that mean he can just take it to go get some honorary degree from this broken down Tex . . . look I don't want to hear about this neat real estate deal with them no why didn't you just send away and get him one from Alabama like the rest of us, he . . . Yes all right! but that's no reason to take a bus I can get a regular . . . No now wait . . . No no wait wait how many Indians . . . No wait look is this why you really called me tonight? to tell me Charley Yellow Brook and his brother are waiting for me at some bus station and you . . . you said I'd meet them when . . . ? Yes I know I said I'd be out there in time for the funeral but . . . No but you mean twen, twenty-four hours on the bus with the Brook bro . . . What do you mean this neat chance to get acquainted by the time we get there we'll all be . . . No now wait look it's always just this one last time! will I just do this one last . . . Yes I know it but . . . Well why shouldn't Crawley tell you I'd exercised my stock option what did you expect me to . . . no who said I was going to sell it I just . . . All right yes I know it but . . . Yes my work is, it's fine yes I know you do I didn't say I don't appreciate this music grant but that's what I mean, you say just this one last time and now you're talking about two hundred thousand shares of something and meeting Boody somebody when I get back and some golf game look did it ever occur to you I might not want to learn to play golf. . . ? All right yes all right! just don't start to talk to me about company loyalty again and look I can't listen to all the news about school now I can't listen to your plan for a field trip just tell Davidoff to . . . yes and tell him I'm dropping all the music off at the hotel desk he said he'd arrange the whole . . . Well then why don't you just not call here at all till I get back just let him . . . what? I just told you, a hundred dollars . . . No but wait if the round trip is eighty-eight fifty-five that only leaves me with . . . Look I'm, I'm just too damned tired to argue about it if we're taking the bus just because they've already got bus tickets tell me what bus station they're at and . . . at what? Look don't try to explain it just tell me where the police station is and I'll . . . Well I said I would! just don't tell me to have a neat time at a funeral and twenty-four hours on a bus with two . . . Yes well I wish you could too goodbye . . . you're welcome yes goodbye goodbye!

BAST . . . ?

—Yes I'm coming . . . he paused to wet a shirt tail at the sink.

—Man like is that you?

—Yes are you all right? you, you had a nosebleed. . . and he reached the wet cloth down as white spilled full with her sudden turn toward him blotting pinks against his knee there.

—Oh man . . .

—I think you had a bad dream . . . he licked his lips come down a breath away to draw the blanket up, yanked to her in her sharp turn from him leaving white massed now in featureless descents to the dark fissure where first his eyes and then a hand came down to hesitate, draw back abruptly at her voice in the sofa's crevice.

—Like are you coming in?

—No I, I can't . . . he cleared his throat and took both hands to pull the blanket down, turned back to spread fresh staves on Standard & Poor's, scarcely looked up from one page to the next till light came separating the blind askew behind the punctured lampshade, reaching beyond to 36 Boxes 200 2-Ply by the time he capped the ink bottle, preceding him past 24-One Pint Mazola to the torrent at the sink where he'd pulled off his shirt,



propped up the cookie tin top and got a razor from its plastic display when the door sounded with a knock.

—Hello . . . ? It shuddered in with a familiar care for its infirmity, —Bast? Anybody here . . . ?

—No who, oh oh Mister Gibbs . . .

—Little early, I'm not disturbing you?

—Oh no it's, it's all right yes come in . . .

—My God I forgot your waterworks here, like living under Victoria Falls. Is everything all right?

—Yes it's, everything's fine yes it's . . .

—Can't say you look, tell you the truth Bast you look like hell.

—Yes well I'm just, I haven't had much sleep I've been working and I have to go somewhere I . . .

—No go ahead and shave don't let me interrupt you . . . he got the door into place with his back against it. —Came up to find some papers I thought I might do some work up here, won't bother you will I?

—No, no fine but wait before you . . .

—Place seems crowded you've moved things around a little, hardly get past these God damned . . .

—Yes well some more things some boxes and papers of Mister Eigen's came, I just put them . . .

—Probably get some more up here today I spent the night down there helping him pack up his, this isn't his is it? What the hell is it.

—Oh no well that's just a, it's just an electric towel stand and oh and those, yes those are just barbeque tools I . . .

—But where the hell did they, what are all these where did these come from, what is it soap powder?

—Yes well it's detergent yes those are just those are samples they were, they were just left here wait before you . . .

—Blue folder around here someplace have you seen it? Getting a fresh start on a book I was working on Bast, getting a fresh God damned start on everything really going to get down to work again, you might want to hear some of it sometime like to get your, what, what's that is that a telephone?

—Oh that yes well that's a, it's sort of a Picturephone I think they call it yes it's . . .

—But what the hell is it doing up there? and what, this thing under it what . . .

—Yes well that's just something we use for, I mean we don't really use it it's for sending pictures by telephone it's just look Mister Gibbs wait before you go . . .

—Thought you were writing music up here all this time Bast let's see what you've got set up in the good God I beg your pardon . . . !

—Yes well I was just going to tell you she . . .

—Man like what are you staring at . . . knees came up with the welter of blanket —I mean like you never saw one before?

—Why, why yes quite recently in fact Miss . . .

—Yes well Rhoda this is Mister Gibbs you remember Rhoda she . . .

—Never had the pleasure Bast good Lord relax, didn't mean to interrupt you I can come back up later and . . .

—No don't go no I'm, I just have to hurry I . . .

—Pleasure my ass man I mean that night you're over there with like one shoe giving these cops all this grief? And Bast like while you're in there dump one of those little red boxes in the tub? and then I mean like get out of the way . . .

—Rhoda of course, yes go ahead and shave Bast . . . he came down cautiously on Hoppin' With Flavor! —I'll just sit down and chew the fat with Rhoda.

—Man like try that and you'll get a fat lip, and like watch that can by your foot I mean do you want grape drink?

—Good God no I . . .

—Well I mean will you just hand me the can then? and like that red cup off the, man not this can I mean look at it like does that look like grape drink?

—Frankly I didn't want to say, but since you . . .

—It's enchilavies I mean what's the matter with enchilavies, like I mean what do you have to put everything down for man.

—I? Wouldn't have you think that for the world, I've been marveling at the woman's touch everywhere since I came in in fact really cozy, pants hanging on the dishcloth rack in there, dirty cups on the sill and Mister Bast's greasy diploma up here on the wall like an earnest young dentist, milady's lemonfresh bath scenting the air and, yes what's that behind you on the floor . . .

—Man like what are you trying to, I mean what do you mean what is it it's this Indian hat what does it look like.

—Mister Gibbs? Is it all right if I, I've been wearing these shirts you left here once and . . .

—No by all means, neck size makes you look a little cadaverous and those trousers are, where in God's name did you get that outfit anyhow.

—Man like what's the matter with his outfit I mean look at yours, like you're wearing this old summer suit of somebody's man.

—Yes well it's all right Mister Gibbs I can't stop to, you don't know what time it is do you?

—It's like ten after man I mean don't ask me ten after what, and I mean before you go like can you leave me some coin? Like I have to go to this vietrinary before they stuff him.

—But I thought you, when I gave you that five dol . . .

—Five dollars I mean like that new razor I got you was like three ninety-eight and those pants were like eighteen dollars and that jacket man, I mean you've got all these checks in there like just tell your friend to like cash them.

—Yes well if he, if you could Mister Gibbs they're just some dividend checks and, oh and wait this check here I meant to give you this check for the rent sixty-one forty, I think Mister Eigen said . . .

—Didn't expect you to pay it all though Bast after all we . . .

—No no that's all right it's all made out and, I mean it's really not exactly me anyway it's . . .

—But who's, who the hell is JR Shipping Company.

—Yes well it's just a, just I don't have time to explain Mister Gibbs it's all too, if you could move your knee I just have to get that music there . . .

—What this whole pile? Good Lord what's, is this your what was it? your oratorio? No wonder you look, Bast that's great you've finished your oratorio?

—No well the, the oratorio, it's not exactly an oratorio now it's, it's just going to be a suite for small orchestra but it's not exactly finished I, I'm . . .

—Small orchestra good God, must be enough parts here for a Berlioz . . .

—Yes but, but this isn't it this is, this is just something else I've been working on so I could . . .

MAN LIKE DON'T LET HIM get started I mean when he starts explaining like why he can't do this one thing until he does this other thing he's not doing either because there's like something else he has to do as soon as he finishes this other thing I mean can you move your foot . . .

—Yes if can you just hand me that Indian . . .

—Better help your squaw with her blanket in back here too Bast wouldn't want people in the street to . . .

—Look man I'm just going in the tub I mean where do you think I'm going.

—Oh and Mister Gibbs I meant to say if you're going to be here if any calls come they may sound like business I mean they are business and . . .

—You mean that phone in there works?

—Yes oh and that's something else if you can keep something hung over it, I mean it's a Picturephone and if somebody's in the tub or anything I wrote a number down there you can just tell them to call Mister Piscator he's a lawyer, I wrote his number down there if he calls about a movie company called Erebus somebody called Mister Leva if you could just help me with this box here I . . .

—Look Bast I'll do anything I can for you but God damn it can you take two minutes to sit down and tell me what this is all about? This business these dividend checks what's . . .

—They're in the ice tray yes if you could just cash them for her I'll try to explain it all when I get back oh and don't let Al answer the phone anymore he . . .

—Al who wait look how long are you going to be gone where the hell are you going?

—It's just, it's something I said I'd do Mister Gibbs so I, I have to do it if you could hold the door for me . . .

—Yes here but listen Bast there are some other things I wanted to talk to good God no is that a hearing aid?

—Yes no Rhoda can tell you goodbye thank you Mister Gibbs goodbye . . .

—Good, good luck . . . his weight and the door's supported one another till it shuddered back in place, — good . . . God.

—Man like could you hand me one of those red cups by the sink?

—With grape drink? Look will you tell me . . .

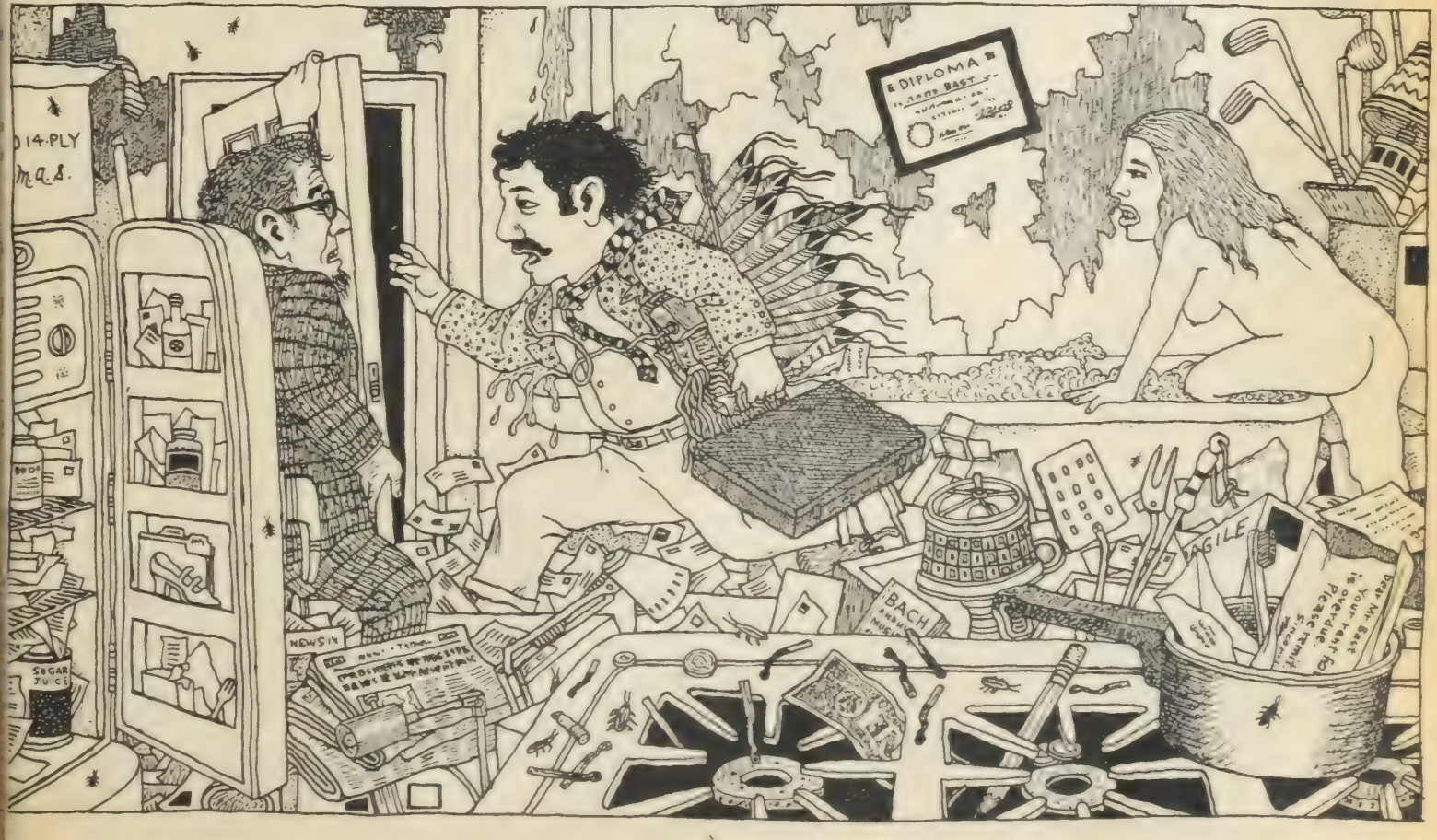
—Like I just want it to dip over me man I mean all this real sudsing power, like do you want to get in?

—In, the tub?

—Well like what do you think I . . .

—No look Rhoda I just came up here to get some work done, I thought Bast was shut up here alone writing music find all this going on and him never seen him looking worse, never saw anybody look worse what the hell was that hearing aid he's wearing.

—Like that's this little ear radio man I mean it's this job he has on the side, like he writes down every record this station plays so these musicians don't get screwed



on like royalties and . . .

—But of what, this job on the side of what you mean he composes with that thing playing in his ear all the time?

—Like that's all this music he's getting this four hundred dollars for so he can write this other music I mean that's why he doesn't even know what it sounds like till he goes to this hotel someplace to like play it on the piano there, I mean like he was trying it here only he couldn't find these octaves on the piano, like I mean he'd just find them and some more stuff would like come and get piled on them and I mean now you can't even find the fucking piano anymore.

—All right but what's all this got to do with his, with this business this JR Shipping Company and all these . . .

—Like that's what it's on the side of on the side of, I mean wait till you see the mail like there must be these fifty sick corporations man, I mean when the telephone rings you never know what it is like can you lend me your hand so I don't slip getting out?

—Yes here but . . . he cleared his throat —be careful, this lawyer he mentioned this Piscator . . .

—He's this lawyer they've got that like could you give me that shirt to dry off? And his boss, I mean when he calls you never heard such a creep like could you throw me those moccasins?

—Yes listen on second thought I'd better just forget the . . .

—I mean like whenever he calls man he's got like this whole list of stuff and you can't hardly . . .

—Never mind listen I shouldn't have asked, came up here to do some work and . . .

—Man like do it then I mean who's stopping you, like I mean what are you climbing up there for . . .

—I'm looking for a God damned looking for a blue folder and some boxes of notes Tootsie Roll boxes, they say Tootsie Roll on them have you . . .

—Like this blue folder's someplace I mean I saw it once but these Tootsie Rolls man, I mean you could dig for look out! Like that whole pile's going . . .

—God damned . . .

—Like before you get buried I mean could you come down and cash these checks like you said?

—Look I didn't say . . .

—Man like it's not this million dollars and I mean by your foot like throw me that raincoat?

—All right just, wait hold those film cans before they, there . . .

—They're like right in the refrigerator I mean that's where he . . .

—Yes but wait what, good God what is this in here . . .

—That's all this literature for these investments man, like . . .

—No this, this Cornish hens à la Kiev, classic dish of the Imperial Court of Old dripping all over these . . .

—It's some present he got like it says keep refrigerated I mean just look in the ice tray.

—But, all these? you expect me to cash all these US Steel what the, forty cents? International Paper forty-three cents what are all these on one share? General Telephone forty cents, Typhon International . . .

—Man like don't ask me I mean why don't you just add them up okay?

—Columbia Gas forty-seven, El Paso Natural Gas really God damned diversified portfolio, Walt Disney . . .

—And there's like this forty-five more cents of them under the couch with the . . .

—Western Union look they're not even endorsed, what do you . . .

—What like signed on the back? I mean endorse them then like just sign a fucking x on the back what do they want for thirty cents, Abraham Lincoln's autograph?

—One eighty, two ten, two thirty look I'll give you five dollars for the lot, here . . .

—Five dollars? Man like I need cab fare I'm going shopping.

—Now? like that?

—Like what, I mean can you see through it?

—No but it's, you'll freeze your pants are hanging right in there on the . . .

—Like what do you want me to do have to leave them at Macy's? And I mean I could get you something man, like that suit you've got it looks like out of some old movie and I mean it's this big sale down there today I could get you a . . .

—Look what difference does a sale make if you're just going down there to . . .

—The crowds man the crowds, I mean they're so cheap like for a hundred people they've got this one spaced-out salesperson that's like trained not to see you, I mean look is that this blue folder you're looking for up there? No like over the refrigerator on that Flakes box . . .

—How'd it get up there yes lost this and I'd really be, what in, what the hell . . .

—Oh wow, I mean like there was this frozen pizza up there . . .

—Frozen what do you mean frozen cheese and tomato all over the whole God damned throw me that shirt God damn it, I mean God damn it if you and Bast are staying here at least you could . . .

—What man at least we could what, I mean he just gave you some rent didn't he? And I mean like you weren't even very nice to him, man I mean this one time I ever saw you before you're up here that night waving this bottle around with like one shoe and I mean now you come on like you're this really different person, man like I mean really uptight you know?

—Yes well listen . . .

—I mean you just come in here all at once from like nowhere and everybody should drop dead while you look for your Tootsie Rolls and this great folder with cheese and tomatoes like it's *War and Peace* I mean what . . .

—Listen it is it's, look . . . he wiped a hand, sank back on 24-12 Oz Btls Fragile! —chance I've been waiting for to work on this book again I've finally got it, worked on it before never any reason for me to finish it anything to make me really want to do it now there is that's why it's, why I've got to really damn it . . . he got to a knee, reached up, —hello . . . ? Wait who is it what do you . . . Monsieur Bast oh, no il n'est pas là . . .

—Man like just say j'ai mon foo and they hang right up . . . the door shuddered, hung, —I mean I'll see you man . . . □

THERE'S MORE TO READING THAN MEETS THE EYE

According to reading experts, when you read your eyes do only a fraction of the work. 5% to be exact. The figure doesn't increase if you read across the page or down the middle . . . whether you take in every word or read each line as if it were a single word. If you happen to read 250 words a minute (which is about average) or 600 wpm (way above average), eye movement still accounts for only 5% of your total reading time.

MORE THAN SPEED Now most speedreading courses today dwell principally on the "eye movement part" of reading. Their aim, of course, is to develop speed. (The faster your eyes move, the faster you'll be able to read, so their thinking goes.) They go to great lengths to try to increase reading speeds. For example, a typical speedreading package features eye exercisers, timing devices and costly gadgets with fancy names.

The trouble with these gimmicks is they're marginally helpful, they promise speeds either impractical or humanly impossible to attain. And they jack-up the price of the course.

MORE THAN READING Speed Learning goes beyond the speed part of reading and concentrates on the other 95%—the thinking or learning part. The heart of the matter. It is the ability to understand what you read—not speed—that separates a speed learner from a speedreader. Put another way, Speed Learning teaches you how to think and learn efficiently from reading. Without using gimmicks and at a price that won't break the bank.

Our approach is simple enough. We help you train your mind so that it thinks better. And faster. Just like a computer. We do this by giving you specific exercises that sharpen your ability to evaluate, judge, imagine, reason, problem solve—in short, to think while you read.



speedlearning
the heart of the matter

Your goal is to finely tune these skills so they become second nature to you. When you reach this point, any amount of reading material is manageable— books, magazines, newspapers, reports, correspondence, whatever.

MORE THAN A LESSON The way our program is set up, you can progress at your own pace, and still not take more than 40-60 hours of your spare time. Speed Learning is laboratory planned to get you started quickly, and to keep you moving. The cassettes guide you every inch of the way, preparing you for the practice exercises that are taken from everyday reading materials. What you learn as you go along will last you forever—how to read with a clear-cut purpose; how to shift gears and read at different speeds for different types of reading materials; how to skim, scan, and study-type read. In short, how to become a more mature, versatile, effective reader.

MORE THAN YOUR MONEY'S WORTH When you think of what Speed Learning can do for you, $79.96 seems a small enough price to pay. But unless you're completely satisfied with our program, we won't be happy either. So we're giving you *10 days to examine it.* See for yourself how easy it is to join the ranks of the more than 40,000 successful speed learners in schools, colleges and corporations across the country. If we can't convince you at the end of that time, simply return the package for a full credit or refund.

But we hope you'll take advantage of this unique learning program, and mail the coupon today. It isn't everyday that a product like Speed Learning comes along. And remember: the way you read says a lot about the way you think. And the way you think, may say a lot about how far you'll go in this world.

©Learn Incorporated, Mt. Laurel N.J., 1975

learn
INCORPORATED
113 Gaither Drive
Mount Laurel, N.J. 08057

Mail coupon today for FREE 10-day examination*

Dept. B-21

☐ Please ship Speed Learning program at $49.95 plus $3.00 for handling and insured delivery

☐ Also ship me deluxe cassette recorder at $39.95 plus $1.50 for handling and insured delivery

New Jersey residents add 5% sales tax.

Check method of payment below:

☐ Check or money order enclosed for items checked above

☐ Charge my credit card no. under their regular terms

☐ American Express ☐ Diners Club

PAY ON BUDGET PLAN with convenient monthly installments using your BankAmericard or Master Charge card, subject to terms and conditions of card issuer

☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Interbank No._____

Card No. _____ Exp. Date _____

If after 10 days free examination I am not delighted, I may return the materials and owe nothing.
Program cost may be tax decuctible

PLEASE PRINT
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____ *Subject to credit approval

OPTIONAL EXTRA



You may order this Deluxe Cassette Player-Recorder shipped with the program. You can listen or record anywhere, on AC current or batteries (included in the package). Comes with carrying case, mike and blank cassette



Dr. Russell G. Stauffer, originator and research director of Speed Learning, is a Professor of Education and recipient of the H. Rodney Sharp chair in the College of Education at the University of Delaware

VERSE

SIX DREAM SONGS

by John Berryman



These Dream Songs were written during the summer of 1967, toward the end of a year in Europe. They were recently discovered and edited, among numerous completed and fragmentary poems, by John Haffenden, who is writing a biography of the poet, to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux. Berryman continued to write Dream Songs for more than a year after he wrote the ones presented here. A collection of these poems is now being planned for publication.

John Berryman (1914-1972) was the author of several books of poetry, among them Homage to Mistress Bradstreet, The Dream Songs, *and* Love and Fame.

Out of this city musical where Henry is obscure
in a grand hotel upon a casual canal,
near Ponte Goldoni,
he'll stream by train to an international festival
to perform his tricks, which he can hardly endure
but then he did agree.

Then on to London, to perform more tricks.
Photographers, reporters once again.
Then the Aegean.
A busy summer for a solitudinem of men,
who wisheth pax. The fellow's in a fix
and he did it all himself.

O long ago he stretched forth a palm
open to the world; he's turned it upside down,
who wisheth pax.
Tired, a little, Henry opted for Athenian calm
but he will be sorry to leave this town,
cat, criminal, fox.



Many bore uncomplaining their lives pained
so long and in such weather. Henry complained.
All a Venetian June
the sun raged down on stone & water. Gondoliers sle
thro' midday on to four. Man was inept
against the sun, and soon

humid Henry took boat up the Grand Canal
where the breeze & the palaces refreshed him, pal,
palaces bold & demure.
Churches in dozens chose his attention; closed
like Rome's some fourteen years ago. He dozed,
dreaming of the stupendous & impure

success of men on these islands, hard on men
but easy now the fabulous city again
with Stellio in command
& vio & Scellio at the bar is being good
to almost prostrate foreigners full of gratitude
for the power here, brain & hand.

,egman assman bustman, abominable Henry
'andered thro' France & Italy agog:
ıy God what visible places.
;verywhere he studied with both his eyes the faces
f those whose fates were his, like a Sligo bog
› be cut & burnt, or be

ourisht amongst great clouds for a long time
h next San Marco choiring, who was cut off
ust ere he finisht his work,
Ienry's destiny? He fought it tooth & rime
ountry to country, hanging on. When he's had enough
e'll mount into the dark

ut not (praise Serenissimo) until
ranquil in Athens to the final touch
e takes his restless labour.
) he is not working as at the mill
or is he working yet for any neighbour
ave two, whom with the future he counts on much.

His inspiration lost, o'ercast, his Grecian café
shut for a holiday, he strove to say
'Hurrah' to his lady cat
upon her all-returning good birthday
when she'll be twenty-eight.
And there is no substitute for that.

27's too soon, too immature,
29 verges horribly on 30:
OW!
Two lengthy years—will still they see her pure?
as such things go, in the world, which is so dirty?
which she will not allow

but holds her standard to the mountain-top
which Henry once deserted but no more
O ho ho ho
we parleyed in a foul-mouth'd dialogue
last night: thunders over the high theatre applaud:
let's knock it off & go back home to the dog.





John Diele

Henry, staggering, elderly, black, nearly fell off the
Acropolis,
t is so damned old high.
Visions of the feet of Pericles
etrieved him, though the Parthenon is empty.
The statues are all in the National Museum
nd London, etc, & melted down.

Athene, grace my age with wisdom, please you.
Let not my cluttered & tragic youth dispel
ny radiant babyhood
vhich I may now resume, like peek-a-boo,
admit the islands now, like Lesbos, spell
ne silence like food,

ike the strange fish we lately ate, my dear.
Flesh strong & good, also with mayonnaise
n Greek.
Your worship's interrupted, Henry's a mere
ıdmirer, who do not kneel down & prays
& who is far to seek.

Gulls chains voices bells: honey we're home.
I dōn't care whether they cremate Henry or not.
His labour of travel is done
He came upon some shore one time like foam
but had to set out again or rot
with his life on him like a ton.

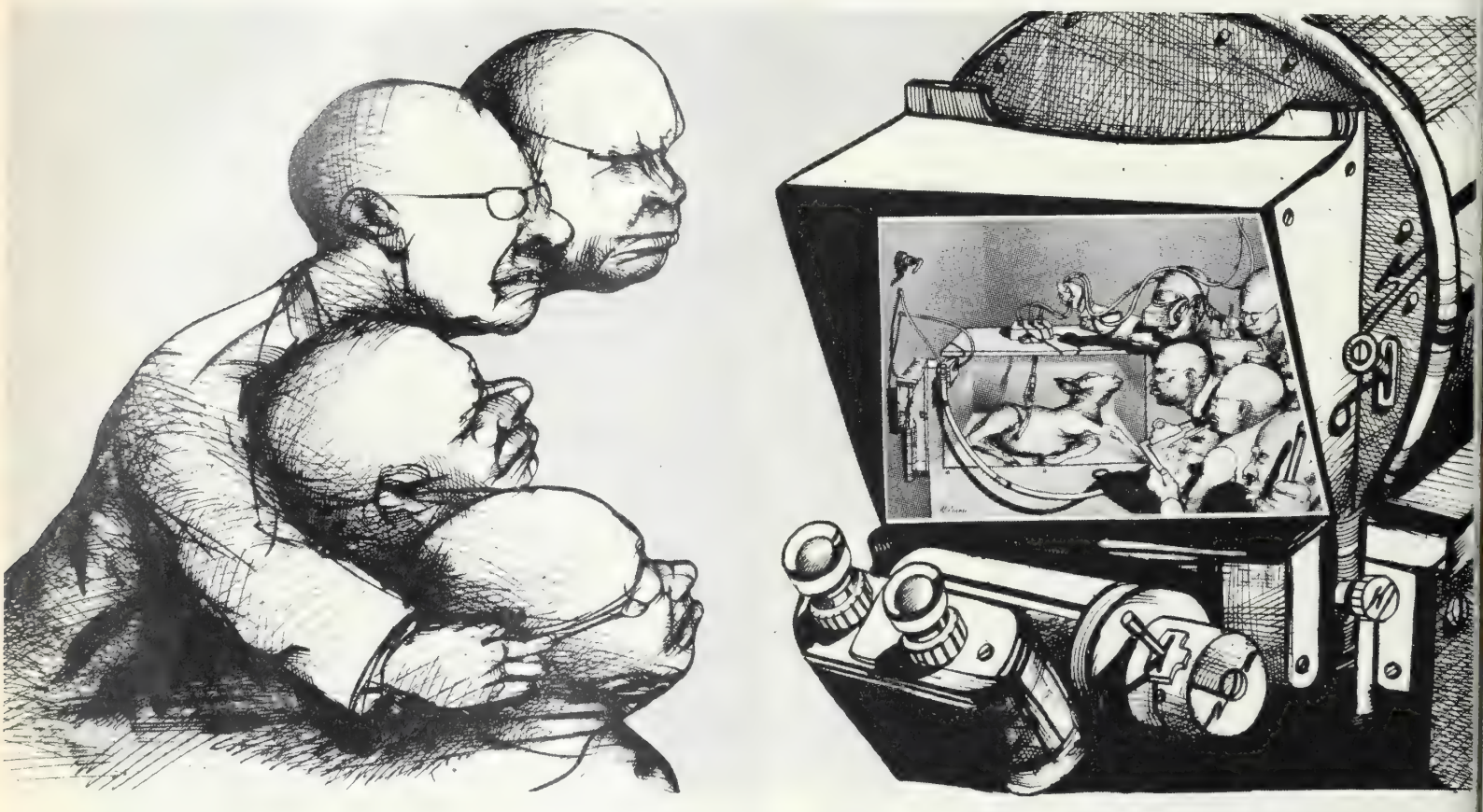
Unlike this feverish voyaging where new facts turned up
hourly, monthly, among stale female voyagers
mostly American
loud rich & rude & petty, whom God also will call to a stop
without the languages, bitches without their curs.
Rats across the Quai Voltaire run, can

frighten you honey at dusk or an Arab Street:
we knew that: Henry had the wit to be afraid
and so my dear love were you.
The ship bangs in. We relax in defeat,
stiffen to the new acquaintances to be made
& the sky over our graves is blue.

Horace Freeland Judson

FEARFUL OF SCIENCE

Who shall watch the scientists?



ON JUNE 17, 1974, eleven leading American molecular biologists published an open letter in which they asked for voluntary, immediate, worldwide suspension of all work in two types of research in the modification of the genetics of bacteria. They also called for great caution in carrying out certain other experiments that might be dangerous to research workers and the public at large. The letter appeared in the American journal *Science* and the English *Nature*, two distinguished scientific weeklies. Most of the signatories had been carrying out in their own laboratories the same work they now warned against. Foremost among them was Paul Berg of Stanford University, because he and his laboratory have been most closely identified with this line of research since it began, five years ago. David Baltimore of MIT and James Watson of Harvard and the Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, Long Island, were also on the committee, along with eight others, well known among biologists, if not to the public. The group proposed an international meeting to discuss the hazards and the possible safeguards. This meeting, the International Conference on Recombinant DNA Molecules, took place from February 23 to 27 this year at Asilomar, California, with Paul Berg as chairman and with 146 participants from the Soviet Union, Japan, Australia, Israel, and ten European countries.

The conference was an unprecedented event in the history of the relations between science and society. The biological discoveries that were the subject of the conference must be examined with the closest attention by thinking laymen if the dangers of the new biology are to be correctly assessed; even more important, the interactions within the scientific community which led to the conference being called, and which continued at the conference itself, must be probed if safeguards and ethical controls are to be strengthened for the present day and for the decades to come.

What, then, are the scientists afraid of? In certain lines of biological research, investigators have become apprehensive that unless stringent and ingenious safeguards are enforced, dangerous biological substances will get loose from the laboratory. Some of these prob

Horace Judson, former European arts and sciences correspondent for Time *magazine, is the author of* Heroin Addiction in Britain *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). He is finishing a book on molecular biology.*

ems are relatively straightforward: viruses that are known to cause tumors in animals might do so in people. For example, at a laboratory in Cambridge, England, a year ago, there was a series of protest meetings among technicians and the younger scientists when they found out that a room in their building was being used by a university group, not part of the lab, for attempts to infect human cells—cultured loose, in glass dishes—with a virus that causes leukemia in cats. The scientists threatened to call a strike unless much more thorough protective apparatus were installed. Some biologists insist these sorts of dangers are no more serious than the new hazards that were the occasion for the February conference in California. Other biologists disagree, passionately. What they fear are man-created combinations of genes that have never been put together before, with characteristics that may prove surprising. The nastiest novelty of all these biological hazards is that they are living creatures, able to multiply.

Biohazard

FIVE YEARS AGO, Paul Berg and his students and associates began trying to put new kinds of genetic information into viruses or into bacteria—two overlapping problems—so that the new genes would merge into the host organism and multiply as the organism multiplies. In the past three or four years, the work in several laboratories has shown that these things can be done easily and cheaply. Dozens of other biologists have rushed into it.

One of the several breakthroughs needed for manipulating cells in these ways was made fairly recently; but the discovery was double-edged, and was the first link in the chain of events that led Berg and the others to call for the suspension of research and for the international meeting. The genetic information in bacteria comes in one long rope of DNA. It turns out, though, that there is some extra DNA in bacteria. This comes in little DNA rope rings, which have been named plasmids, each carrying a few genes. Enzymes have been found—called restriction enzymes—which will snip open the plasmid rings. Frayed ends—called sticky ends—are thus exposed. These can be made to join up with the sticky ends of an alien snippet of DNA, a few genes from another sort of creature altogether. Other enzymes have been found which will close this hybrid back into a plasmid ring—and the plasmid, complete with its alien genes, can be inserted into fresh bacteria. It has been suggested that the resulting compound virus or bacterium might be used in a further step to put new genes into laboratory cultures of animal, or plant, or human cells. All these methods may allow biologists to press far deeper into the genetics and cellular processes of higher organisms than they have ever been able to do before.

For nearly half a century the molecular geneticists' standard research animal, the most widely used and most thoroughly understood creature in all biology, has been the bacterium *Escherichia coli,* whose normal, peaceable habitat is the human gut. Working with plasmids in the past two years, investigators have already inserted a variety of animal DNA into *E. coli*: there are intestinal bacteria around that contain, reproduce, and multiply genes from frogs, genes from silkworms, and many different stretches of genes from the geneticists' other favorite, the fruit fly.

One aspect of this research is that bacteria easily trade plasmids among themselves, even between different species. Furthermore, plasmids happen to be the place where bacteria of many species carry genes that give them resistance to antibiotics. The trouble is that bacteria trade these resistances easily among themselves along with the plasmids—which is why a hospital is a bad place to be sick; your bugs can pick up bad habits from their new friends.

P. B. Medawar once said that science is "the art of the soluble." Some biologists believe that recombinant DNA molecules will be as powerful in making new problems soluble as any new technique ever introduced in biology. Sydney Brenner, of the Medical Research Council Laboratory of Molecular Biology in Cambridge, England, was brought by Paul Berg onto the organizing committee of the international meeting at Asilomar; Brenner said afterward, "I would expect this technique to be comparable in impact to the use of radioactive isotopes as tracers in biology—and that, as you know, is extremely important. It's going to be very widespread. Simply, it's going to allow us to tackle for the first time problems of the molecular genetics of higher organisms—of anything. Elephants. Sea urchins. It'll make a lot of things obsolete, the possible easier, the impossible possible. It is fully as important as radioactive isotopes—no, probably more profound in the questions it can reach. Why? *Because these things self-replicate.* You have a way of enhancing yield. You can detect things. And you can put together combinations—you may say, look, even biological systems since the dawn of time have not had an opportunity to explore the complete range of combinations now suddenly possible. And, in principle, for any new configuration we can make the probability—one. One is a very large number in these things. We can put duck and orange DNA together—with a probability of *one.*"

The benefits of the new technique are firstly to science; the benefits to the general public will come only in the medium and long term

"Some biologists believe that recombinant DNA molecules will be as powerful in making new problems soluble as any new technique ever introduced in biology."

—although, when they come, they should be great. Understanding the molecular genetics and therefore the cellular control mechanisms of higher organisms will open up the mechanisms of cancer. Put to manufacturing use, the new hybrid microorganisms with selected alien genes might be cultured to make the biological end products for which the transferred genes provide the blueprint—a back-to-nature's-way to synthesize large amounts, cheaply, of hormones like insulin, or of individual enzymes, substances now hard to obtain and costly. For another example, new vaccines should be possible, utterly safe and fully effective, made in quantity by setting *E. coli* to work.

Wild viruses

ROBERT POLLACK, at Cold Spring Harbor Laboratory, served as an instructor there four summers ago, teaching advanced students the techniques of culturing mammalian cells. "In the last lecture I chose to talk about the safety and ethics of working with these biological materials," he said recently. "Safety and ethics are interrelated, I think. I talked about how to keep yourself from getting contaminated from doing this work—yes, literally, how to keep from getting sick. From the fear of that, I moved to the other question, whether there's a danger of doing something that might screw things up in a much larger way. I got a lot of argument from some students, one girl in particular, from Paul Berg's laboratory. She said that at Paul's lab—this was nearly four years ago, remember—they were going ahead to join the DNA of a virus called SV40 with part of the DNA from a bacterial virus called phage lambda and then to put the combination into *E. coli.*

"I had a fit. SV40 is a small animal tumor virus; in tissue cultures in the lab, SV40 also transforms individual *human* cells, making them look very like tumor cells. And bacteriophage lambda just naturally lives in *E. coli*, and *E. coli* just naturally lives in people. She seemed to see it as a neat academic exercise. And I said, of all the stupid things, at least put it into a phage, then, that doesn't grow in a bug that grows in your gut! Because what if the combination escapes from the lab: then you have SV40 replicating in step with the *E. coli* and a constant exposure of the cells in your gut to the DNA of SV40. Which is a route in for the virus that never occurs in nature and therefore something you might not be prepared to fend off.

"What do you do? What I did was to call up Berg and say, 'You've got some kind of a zealot for a student.' And he said, 'Yes, we've been thinking about that, though we are not ready to do it yet. Let me think about your objections.' And six months later Berg called me up and said that he thought there ought to be a small meeting on safety and ethics, and if I was so hot about it would I be one of the organizers. Which I was."

In those six months, Berg, by his own account, underwent a conversion. Last summer I asked him about his exchange with Pollack. He said that he has little sympathy with those who say research should be controlled now "from fear that twenty years from now somebody might put a discovery to bad use. On the other hand, in *this* case, when Bob Pollack called me, it was true that we had been heedless. We had not considered the possible hazardous consequences of what we were making. I do not see this as a great moral or ethical issue; I see this more as a problem of public health. At first, when Bob called, I was, frankly, quite upset. He raised issues. I tried to counter them, feeling that most of the dangers he saw were so remote that he couldn't really be serious. And then he would make further counter-arguments. Afterward, though, the more I thought about it, the more I found I was persuading myself. We decided not to carry on that particular phase of my work, putting SV40 into *E. coli.* But at the same time, I thought this was only the beginning of this kind of research, and it was important that we get a fix on just what kinds of hazards tumor viruses themselves pose to man. So we called that first, earlier meeting Pollack told you about."

That first meeting was held in January 1973, in California. Just over a hundred biologists attended; for three days they speculated among themselves about the dangers of (and the necessary preventives against) accidental infection of laboratory workers or of larger populations by such things as wild viruses from experimental monkeys, or exotic, virus-caused dementias, or cancer viruses contaminating the cell cultures in which polio vaccines are made, or virus hybrids created in the laboratory in research like Berg's. Later that year, the conference papers and discussions were published as a book, *Biohazards in Biological Research.* Unnoticed by science journalists or the general public, the book has sold briskly to biologists.

MEANWHILE, RESEARCH with plasmids and hybrid viruses was continuing. At the annual Gordon Conference on Nucleic Acids in June 1973, much of the work then current, and even unpublished, was discussed; the scientists attending held a special meeting and sent a letter to the president of the National Academy of Sciences asking for a study committee. The letter was urgent, low-key, highly technical in phrasing, the grown-ups talking to each other over the heads of the children. The idea was ripe. A Committee on Recombinant Viruses

4 weeks in Spain



$459

per person double occupancy
(Add $100 Supplement for June, July and August)

6 weeks $499





Includes Round Trip Jet Fare.

Departing weekly from Boston, New York, and other cities to the Costa del Sol.

First-Class Hotel.

Twin-bedded apartment in Torremolinos with kitchenette, private balcony, bath, and maid service.

Two Overnight Sightseeing Trips.

See the romantic, exotic cities of Algeciras and Cadiz.

Entertainment.

Parties, dances, Spanish language, gourmet cooking lessons, and more.

Holidair Social Staff.

Always at your service to help you plan side trips and assist you in every way!

No other trip offers so much for so little! Get all the exciting details about Holiday in Spain... and see why it's a vacation value you can't afford to miss!

H675-4

HOLIDAIR LTD.

1505 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts 02135
617-783-5500

Please send free literature about 4-week HOLIDAY IN SPAIN.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

TELEPHONE _____

(Please Print)

was formed, with Berg as chairman, and convened in April 1974 at MIT. "Within one hour we agreed that an international conference in 1975 would be our first recommendation," Berg recalled. But when Berg went to MIT he knew about some of the newest research, that few of the others could be aware of, "because it had been done at Stanford, in fact. And also, nobody else knew of the pressure that was building up from the large number of other people who were calling us daily wanting the biological materials to do similar experiments. I would ask them what they wanted it for. Some of them had horror experiments planned with no appreciation of the consequences. At MIT when I explained what was happening, we began to realize that if we waited for the big meeting in nine months' time, most of the molecules that we were worried about people making would already have been made. So we appealed for an immediate suspension of work." Hence the letter to *Nature* and *Science*.

At the conference this February, the attendance was a third larger than the organizing committee—Berg, Baltimore, and three others—had originally planned. The meeting was wide open but also strongly centrally directed. This difficult combination was symbolized when David Baltimore, in an opening statement, warned that if the meeting failed to find a consensus there was no other group to appeal to; he was asked from the floor how the consensus would be determined—and gave the lapidary answer "The procedures by which the consensus will be determined will be largely determined by the extent of the consensus."

From the outset, it seemed as though several parties, or at least divergent interests, should be discernible. Many biologists there had chafed under the seven-month shutdown of experiments already asked, and were eager to have explicit guidelines settled so that they could get on with their work. The science itself beckons alluringly; and the competitive pressures in biology in the United States have grown steadily greater as the field has become more crowded in the past ten years and as funding has grown much tighter in the past five. To scientific and professional impatience was yoked, in some minds, the belief that further formal restrictions would amount to violation of the scientist's academic freedom to determine the direction of his research, or the belief that the potential benefits for the public at large are so great that the work must not be delayed.

Then one of the working groups presented a report on the use of plasmids which graded the imaginable experiments in six defined categories of increasing risk, with a recommendation of safety equipment and procedures for each category. The report became the fulcrum on which the conference turned. It was attacked from two sides. Joshua Lederberg, from Stanford, a very senior biologist who emerged as a highly vocal critic of the entire conference, objected that the six categories of experiments had been defined with unrealistic, unworkable precision—and he worried that they would be an irresistible invitation to governmental regulation, which could prove still more restrictive and unworkable.

Sydney Brenner, on the other hand, argued that the suggested guidelines were, in several essential aspects, too permissive. He saw that highly detailed guidelines could not sensibly be written to cover experiments and techniques that were changing so fast. Even more important, Brenner said, a set of restrictions could too easily be reinterpreted as a license to go ahead with even the most dangerous experiment that could somehow be fitted into the categories. Brenner said that if the conference became simply a licensing authority, he would resign from the organizing committee.

Brenner's second objection was that in the calculation of risks and benefits there was a serious logical disjunction. The immediate benefits of working with recombinant DNA molecules, he pointed out, are to science; benefits to the general public will come only in the middle or long term. "But now, who are the immediate risks to? They are of course to the scientists, but they are also to the innocent within institutions that practice science. *This* is the difference. I mean technicians, students, sweepers—and then, of course, there are also risks to the world at large if something escapes. How do you manage these risks? Given these circumstances I think we must move to the highest level of protection possible. You've got to make sure that people who don't know they're taking the risk are exposed to no risk or as little as possible. A good level of safeguards is one that in the light of later experience we might revise *downward*. Thus, but only thus, we can turn to society—I mean by society those who determine science policy and funds—and say that if they judge the potential benefits to humanity as being tremendous, then they must be prepared to pay for it." So he argued, publicly and privately, throughout the conference, with great effect. After the meeting, however, Brenner said that he had been shocked and worried by the competitive intensity that has grown up in American biology. "People are being driven very hard there," he told me. "I kept hearing them use the word *business*. You know, as in 'You'll put me out of business with these restrictions.' Many times."

Some participants were convinced that the risks had not been proved and could not be estimated from present knowledge, as was reported in an excellent narrative of the conference by Nicholas Wade that appeared in *Sci*

nce. James Watson, one of the eleven who had igned the original call for a holdup of research, ıow caused great surprise when he rose to ask hat the moratorium simply be ended. Watson aid:

> *I thought we should have six months to see if we could hear anything that would frighten us. As someone in charge of a tumor virus laboratory, I feel we are working with something . . . more dangerous than anything I have heard about here. . . . The dangers involved are probably no greater than working in a hospital. You have to live with the fact that someone may sue you for $1 million if you are careless. That sounds very negative and right-wing, but I don't see any other way of doing it.*

Later, Watson came back to the problem of ack of knowledge. "You can't measure the isk. So they want to put people out of business or something you can't measure." * The most ıungent reply to that came from Robert Sinsıeimer of the California Institute of Techıology:

> *Watson says correctly that there is no way to measure the risk. But it seems to me that in the end we will be regulated; we would be in a better position to face that if we take the position that some of the higher [i.e., riskier] categories of experiment should not be done until more information is available. I can't think of anything that would impede science more than an epidemic around Stanford or Cold Spring Harbor.*

Sinsheimer also said in that exchange, and emphasized to me after the meeting, that at ıresent there exists no way to "monitor" such ırganisms in the population: if they escape rom a laboratory, they could be widely disseminated before any evidence appeared—unike, for example, the case of radiation dangers ıround an atomic plant. "Therefore," he said, 'in addition to trying to do these experiments n a safer way, we ought to face the problem of letecting instances where our safety measures ıave failed."

Directly out of the scientific discussions at he conference arose a new technical possibilty, namely that modified, safer organisms and ıiological systems can be devised—plasmids hat will be less able to cross the line between different species of bacteria, for example, and strains of bacteria with metabolic requirements that will render them unable to survive ıutside highly specialized laboratory environments. A special session of the conference was called to discuss these innovations. When it appeared that it might be possible to develop and distribute the modified experimental organisms within a few months, the idea provided the essential basis for resolving the many-cornered disagreement that had been developing. The last night, the organizing committee was up until 4:00 A.M. preparing, duplicating, and stapling its final statement.

The statement established three levels of risk, with brief, general examples. Low-risk experiments could be started right away, under the sorts of physical precautions required by the National Cancer Institute for handling tumor viruses. For moderate-risk and high-risk experiments, however, the moratorium continues under a new guise: they are to await the development of the new, safer experimental organisms. Even then, high-risk experiments will only be permitted under physical conditions now available at those few laboratories in the world that work with diseases such as smallpox, plague, or Lassa fever. Perhaps equally important, the statement called for training programs in safe working procedures for laboratory personnel, and asked that safety committees be set up in each institution where such work goes on.

Berg presented the statement to the last session as the organizing committee's opinion of the consensus that had been reached. In fact, as some experimenters protested, many of its provisions went considerably beyond anything that had been formally put before the conference. The organizing committee had not planned to proceed to a vote; a vote was forced from the floor. Discussion and voting went section by section—and at every point the organizing committee won overwhelmingly, with never more than five or six hands raised in opposition. Brenner said afterward, "Most of the scientists, from many countries, had said little or nothing, but listened. In the end it was they, the silent majority, who brought it together."

"The way to stop experiments you don't want performed, a Nobel laureate said, is to make an informal rule that no Nobel Prizes will be given for such work."

Prizes and contracts

THE WAY TO STOP EXPERIMENTS you don't want performed, a Nobel laureate said some years ago, is to make an informal rule that no Nobel Prizes will be given for such work. Scientists don't control the Swedish Academy, of course (although they influence it more than is generally realized), and a wide variety of methods will be needed to discern and limit the dangers of science. Yet the remark about Nobel Prizes made a serious point: the built-in obstacles to effective control of science can be overcome only through devices that grow directly from the most powerful motives and institutional structures already active in science.

* Watson said to me later that the chief point he was trying to make was that although, of course, precautions are necessary, Cold Spring Harbor, in point of fact, has specially designed laboratories to give a high level of protection. He can see no way, by the very nature of the problem, that precautions can be codified in detail in advance of the technology.

Horace Freeland Judson

FEARFUL OF SCIENCE

Most discussions of the control of science proceed, I think, from the wrong implicit model, a censorship model, but what's needed is precisely the reverse. The appropriate proverb is not, after all, "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" but "*Set a thief to catch a thief.*" Committees of civil servants or legislators or industrialists or ethicists can't do what's needed, and early enough: only other scientists can. Science is the last of the great medieval guilds, meaning that its natural institutional controls are of a kind that most people in this century have never experienced. Medicine and the law are professions that in theory retain a self-governing, collegiate, guild organization; the patchy ethical performance of lawyers and doctors, and the sluggishness of discipline in these professions make the idea of peer controls and self-government seem dubious. But medicine and law have abandoned, since the turn of the century or before, the essential organizational device of the guild: the apprentice system. Science retains that. The scientific community is the last place where every student must work at the bench in direct, individual relation to his master. It is almost the last place where the apprentice, once he has qualified, must spend an itinerant, journeyman period for several years, doing his work in other men's labs, before setting up for himself. The mark of setting up for himself is that he acquires apprentices of his own. The apprentice system is the fundamental reason why there is something that can sensibly be called the scientific community. I don't want to press the point too far; the system has certainly been strained by the doubling and redoubling in the past twenty years of the number of students who want to be scientists. Yet it is at the bench, from the man who supervises a young scientist's first research, that he takes the attitudes that will inform his ethical approach to doing science.

These are the roots of self-discipline that must be nourished. Peer pressures can be seen at work, informally and belatedly, nudging people out of embryo transfer or premature attempts at gene therapy. It has worked strikingly well in the moratorium on plasmid research. On the international level, *only* peer control can work. In England, within a week of the American scientists' call for the moratorium, the Medical Research Council requested all laboratories to observe the ban. We don't know in detail what happened in the Soviet Union, but their biologists read *Science* and *Nature*; at the end of the voting at the international conference, one of the Russian scientists rose to say that the organizing committee's statement was reasonable and would guide their discussions in the Soviet Union.

One of the most flexible and promising of existing American institutions for control of science by scientists has been under damaging attack recently. This is the long-established system for giving out federal funds to laboratories competitively, in the form of research grants awarded after peer review. By this system, each research project and the laboratory that proposes it must be evaluated by a committee of active research scientists; only the highest ranking applications get any money. There can hardly be a biologist in the United States who has not been affected by the struggle over funds for science that has been going on since the end of Lyndon Johnson's administration and the first year of Nixon's. The cuts have progressed from large to savage. When Congress passed higher appropriations than the administration requested, these were vetoed or impounded. Delays and uncertainties led in some cases to entire laboratories being disbanded unnecessarily. Then the Office of Management and Budget began asking for "targeted research." In principle this was a demand for applied research rather than pure science; in practice it meant that new money went into cancer research and treatment, at the expense of even deeper cuts almost everywhere else in biology. In a parallel shift, the OMB began to dismantle the competitive grant system with peer review, in favor of a contract system. Science was to be procured like submarines, results specified in advance and the contract given to the best bid.

The competitiveness among biological laboratories in the United States has produced a mood almost of despair in many younger scientists. among the institutional forces operating in American science there has been nothing else so ethically corrosive. At present, with funds not easier to obtain, the struggle is still felt to be about money for science, but it is about something more fundamental as well, how science is to be organized and who is to control it. Thus scientists find themselves arguing that the grant system is more efficient than the contract system because grant applications are originated more freely and creatively, in relation to problems scientists perceive are ripe for solution and are then judged more knowledgeably, by scientists rather than by bureaucrats. If we are really concerned that science be used for the social good, then the argument should be that the grant system, with its essential instrument of peer review, is preferable even if sometimes less efficient. If we are concerned, more specifically with the dangers and ethics of biological research, then we must restore, preserve, and strengthen every institution by means of which the scientific community can govern itself, and the scientists can be obliged to be responsible for each other.

This is the second part of a two-part article.

David McClelland

THE CURSE OF COMMERCIAL CURSIVE AND OTHER CALLIGRAPHIC CURIOSITIES

In which it is revealed that *your very own handwriting*
has been determined by giant technohistorical forces beyond your control
and what many people are doing to combat the situation

ONE OF THE CURIOUS BY-PRODUCTS of our automated culture is the value people place on "communication." By this word we generally mean the process of getting information from one place (or person) to another. We now can do this in more different ways using more different kinds of machines than ever before. The written word in particular has been gobbled up by "communication," and most of the written words we see are made by machines. Occasionally one gets a handwritten postcard or letter, but most words come in typewritten or printed forms that are easy to process, reproduce, and file—to serve as units in the process of data transfer.

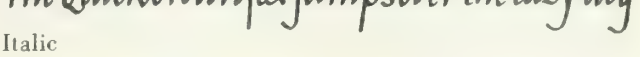
Before Gutenberg began all this by inventing movable type in about 1437, and in countries where this invention did not catch on so quickly, the written word served purposes other than communication. In particular, the act of writing has been used as a form of artistic expression. Writing done for the sake of expression as well as communication is called calligraphy, and in China, Japan, and much of the Middle East it enjoys a status equivalent to that of painting in the West. In an essay called "The Enjoyment of Culture," Lin Yutang, the great Chinese philologist, gives an idea of how much written forms can express:

> *In painting and calligraphy, particularly the latter, we are able to see a whole category of aesthetic qualities of different types of beauty, and no one will be able to separate the beauty of the finished product and the beauty of the artist's own soul. There may be beauty of whimsicality and waywardness, beauty of rugged strength, beauty of massive power, beauty of spiritual freedom, beauty of courage and dash, beauty of romantic charm, beauty of restraint, beauty of soft gracefulness, beauty of austerity, beauty of simplicity and "stupidity," beauty of mere regularity, beauty of swiftness, and sometimes even beauty of affected ugliness. There is only one form of beauty that is impossible because it does not exist, and that is the beauty of strenuousness or of the strenuous life.*

Calligraphy in Europe had a similar range of expressive power until Gutenberg put nearly all the scribes out of business with his wonderful device. Then writing began to degenerate into its present status: a utilitarian skill, still necessary enough that we teach our children how to do it, but mostly used when typing is impractical. If someone were to invent a really efficient voicewriter, which printed words as one spoke into it, we'd probably scratch penmanship off school curriculums altogether.

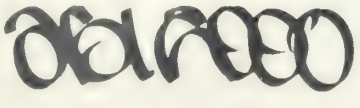
But maybe not. Culture is full of surprises and one of the most recent is the sudden burst of interest in calligraphy. Just as communication seems on the verge of stamping out handwriting once and for all, throngs of people are discovering that they like to write for the sake of writing. It's fun.

THE TWO MOST AGGRESSIVE FORMS of this renaissance stand at opposite ends of the respectability scale. On one hand, there is a massive resurgence of interest in formal calligraphy, notably the kind of writing called italic, which looks like this:



Italic

On the other hand, there is the Magic Marker boom in New York City. This event has been going on for several years, and has resulted in a new style of writing which now decorates public surfaces all over New York, as well as other cities across the country, and which looks like this:



Subway

Most people who practice italic writing would not dignify the graffiti in subways with the name "calligraphy." But if you are not con-

David McClelland is a writer, cartoonist, and calligrapher who lives in New York City.

David McClelland

THE CURSE OF COMMERCIAL CURSIVE

cerned with what's high class, you will notice that the impetus behind the italic revival and the graffiti blight have a lot in common: both come from a discovery of enjoyment in the act of writing, and both have elements of rebellion.

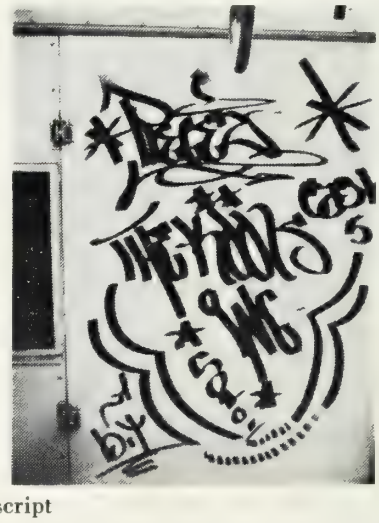
"People are reacting against slickness and mass production," Lou Strick said recently of the interest in italic. Mr. Strick is president of the Pentalic Corporation, the only company that handles calligraphic supplies exclusively. You can order pens, ink, paper, and letter-form books from Pentalic, 132 West Twenty-second Street, New York, N.Y. 10011. Pentalic is doing very well these days. "I've been in this business eleven years now," said Mr. Strick, "and the rate of increase in our sales has doubled and tripled in that time. It's especially shot up in the last couple of years. The new *Whole Earth Epilog* has a whole page devoted to calligraphy, and our orders are increasing all over the country. I would say it is part of the general interest in crafts going on now. If someone is just casting around for a craft, nothing is more practical or rewarding. There is nothing artificial about calligraphy—from the moment you become more sensitive to your own writing you can begin to derive a great deal of pleasure from it. And you can practice whenever you write."

Besides Pentalic's sales figures, there are other symptoms of the growing interest. A major one is the Calligraphy Workshop, which opened about a year ago in Manhattan and is the first school in the country devoted exclusively to the art. It attracts many professional calligraphers, who mainly do such work as lettering for book jackets, as well as lots of ordinary folk who just want to learn for their own enjoyment. Most of its classes teach italic, and are overenrolled within days of their announcement.

People who live outside New York can learn italic very well on their own, using an instruction manual like *Italic Calligraphy and Handwriting*, by Lloyd J. Reynolds. Pentalic first published this volume in 1969, and has since sold over 40,000 copies. The other necessary equipment is paper and a pen with a broad flat nib, which automatically produces the thick and thin lines that make italic look so spiffy. Osmiroid used to be the classic italic pen, but Mr. Strick now recommends a British pen called Platignum.

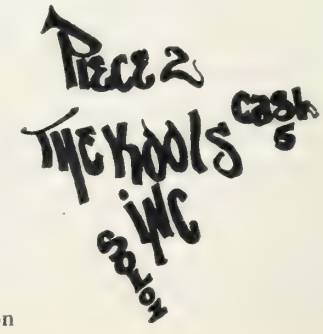
ALTHOUGH YOU CAN LEARN ITALIC fairly easily at any age, the most sensible time to learn would be as a child, before you have to unlearn the "commercial cursive" that is now taught in all American schools. Real calligraphers detest commercial cursive, because it is ugly, and most kids don't like it very much either, but they have no idea that other styles of writing exist. Experiments show that children can write legible italic faster than legible cursive. Lloyd Reynolds, who wrote Pentalic's best-seller, teaches calligraphy at Reed College in Portland, Oregon, and he has recently scored the calligraphic coup of the decade by getting the State of Oregon to adopt italic as an alternative system of writing in its public schools. As teachers begin to learn the new style, and more and more schools make the switch, one can foresee the day when everyone in Oregon writes like a Renaissance scribe.

Children in New York City, no more satisfied with commercial cursive than their West Coast contemporaries, have taken matters into their own hands. As the ubiquitous graffiti artist TAKI 183 discovered several years ago, a felt-tipped marker with a broad flat nib produces satisfying thicks and thins when used for writing. In fact, a felt marker is just as good for writing italic as a Platignum pen, although it requires a larger writing surface—something like the nice smooth enamel interior of a subway car. The italic style was unknown to TAKI and his many disciples, but like all calligraphers they discovered that commercial cursive looks absurd written with a thick-and-thin line and they simply experimented. The result is the relatively consistent script known as Broadway which now festoons the subway cars that run under Broadway and other avenues in New York. It looks like this:



Broadway script

This is a group signature by The Kools Inc and contains the writing of at least three different people: Piece 2, Cash 5, and Solo 1.



Legible version

READ MORE. SPEND LESS.

Bestsellers. Old sellers. Fiction and non. Now get virtually any book at breakthrough discounts!

You're a reader. With an appetite as big as the Library of Congress. Perpetually enmeshed in three volumes simultaneously. And wondering what to do when you run out of attic space (your bookshelf having long since surrendered its last vacancy).

What's more, you wouldn't have it any other way. *(There's always the garage.)*

But there are two very real problems today's reader *does* face: meeting the skyrocketing cost of buying books—without mortgaging the attic, garage, and everything in between. And locating a book dealer who can hand over an obscure author or old title as easily as he can the current bestseller.

Enter THE BOOKSERVICE. Exit problems.

THE BOOKSERVICE, a new division of Harper's Magazine Company, offers its members the unique opportunity to buy, with ease and convenience, any hardcover book in print. *Any.* The new #1 novel. A dusty autobiography. A children's classic. Poetry and painting. Arts and crafts how-to's. Even dictionaries, atlases, and encyclopedias. If it's in print, it's yours.

And two, the lagniappe: *unprecedented savings* on every volume you purchase through THE BOOKSERVICE. At least 25% off the retail price of every bestseller; 25% off all general titles; 15% off university press and reference books; 50%, 60%, and sometimes higher savings on special superbargains!

Some typical examples of BOOKSERVICE discounts:

	List Price	Member's Price
The Lord of the Rings	30.00	22.50
Something Happened	10.00	7.50
Centennial	12.50	9.38
The Palace Guard	8.95	6.72
Magellan's Voyage	100.00	50.00
Strictly Speaking	7.95	5.97

And as you can see, your savings are comparable to any book club. Often better. What's more, THE BOOKSERVICE gives you the original publisher's edition, instead of an economized, separately printed "club edition." And you are never obligated to buy any specified number of books.

Your membership also includes the unique, biweekly Bookletter. Great reading all by itself.

At the heart of THE BOOKSERVICE is the *Bookletter*, a fascinating newsletter you'll receive every other Monday. It's a lively, up-to-the-minute, thoroughly entertaining guide to today's world of books.

You'll read original *reviews*—pro and con—of all the bestsellers, new releases, and significant revivals. As well as capsulized comment from other national media. You'll enjoy exclusive *essays* on publishing events and personalities. Reappraisals of the immortal authors and first impressions of some likely candidates.

There are reflections on *children's books*: which ones are written to nurture young minds, and which solely to snare adult dollars. Evaluation of *crafts and reference works*, from collage design to college dictionaries. *Trend-tacking:* the book subjects that are "hot," the fads and fancies in this mercurial medium.

Plus corridor *chatter* from the publishing palaces: how the authors, agents, editors, and owners who make things work, work; why some great books nose-dive while some disasters become book of the month.

The *Bookletter's* range is A to Z. The delivery, succinct, literate, often irrepressible. The thoughts, always on target. Like George Plimpton's cutting satire of the sports book macho mania. Richard Adams paying his respects to the classics of childhood in "Ingredients of Watership Down," Jose Yglesias on Harriet Beecher Stowe—reversing unjust neglect. Walter Goodman reassessing *The Unheavenly City*—Edward C. Banfield's hardheaded 1970 view of the urban scene. And an intriguing binocular review of Morton Sobell's *On Doing Time*, by representatives of two generations of the political Left.

THE BOOKSERVICE
Charter Membership: 33⅓% savings . . . 0% risk.

THE BOOKSERVICE's regular membership rate is $15 a year, which includes the book discount service and 24 biweekly issues of the *Bookletter.*

However, during the current introductory period, you can become a Charter Member for *just $10,* billed semi-annually. Same benefits, but a ⅓ saving. And, as a Charter Member, you'll automatically receive the lowest rates available every time you renew!

In addition, you risk zero. Should you decide to cancel anytime during your membership, you'll receive a *full refund* for your current six-month period—even if it's your first! Which means you can cancel next week, next year, 1987—whenever and for whatever reason—and get a refund for that current six-month payment. Not prorated. In full!

No need to enclose payment with order now. But please mail the coupon below right away. You'll never have a better opportunity to read more, more enjoyably, for less. And you may never have another chance to save ⅓ with a Charter Membership.

So join THE BOOKSERVICE today. And hearty appetite!

Yes, please enter my Charter Membership to THE BOOKSERVICE at the special rate of *just $10 for one year*—instead of the regular $15. This entitles me to full discount book-buying privileges and a year of the *Bookletter* (issued every other Monday, 24 times a year).

☐ Please send bill for $5 now (and $5 six months from now)

☐ I prefer to enclose $5 (fully refundable)

name_____
(please print)

address_____

city_____

state_____ zip_____

Harper's Magazine
THE BOOKSERVICE
381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302 D940

David McClelland

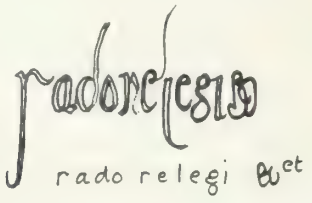
THE CURSE OF COMMERCIAL CURSIVE

While this style of writing may seem almost illegible to the eye that is used to printed letter forms, you have to remember that this is not writing meant to "communicate" but to express the beauty of flamboyance and power—as in this example:



Eighth-century Merovingian script

This one does not come from the subway but from an eighth-century charter of Charles the Great. The signature is that of Rado.



Legible version

Rado wrote in a style called Merovingian, which flourished 1,200 years before the advent of Broadway, but which has a number of similar characteristics. Both use something of a backhand slant, and both favor extreme verticals.

Right:
Eleventh century, charter of Emperor Henry IV

Far right:
Twentieth century, Lexington Avenue subway, New York City



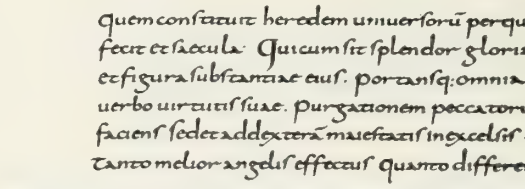
Decoded, they look like this:



Legible version

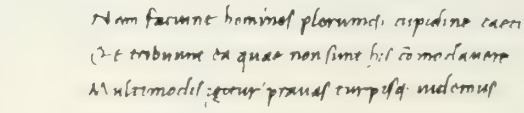
Although a whole millennium separates the signatures of BUD 2 and HEINRICUS (1, presumably), the most obvious difference is not in the letter forms, but in the fact that one costs thousands of dollars to buy and the other costs thousands of dollars to erase. □

TO HELP CONVINCE THE Oregon State Curriculum Committee that italic is a more sensible kind of writing than commercial cursive, Lloyd Reynolds of Reed College prepared a brief history of how our handwriting got to look the way it does. Read it and weep.



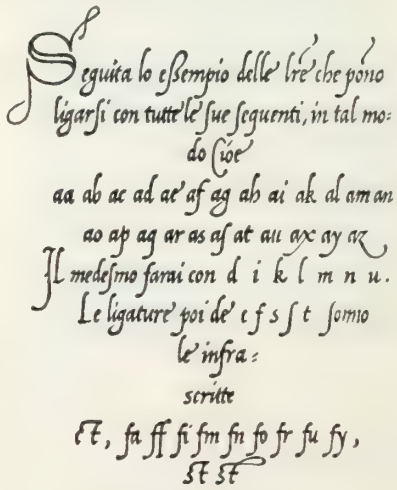
Ninth-century Carolingian script, the grandfather of italic writing

In the fifteenth century in Italy, the Florentine humanists, under the influence of Petrarch, revived ninth- and tenth-century Carolingian script.



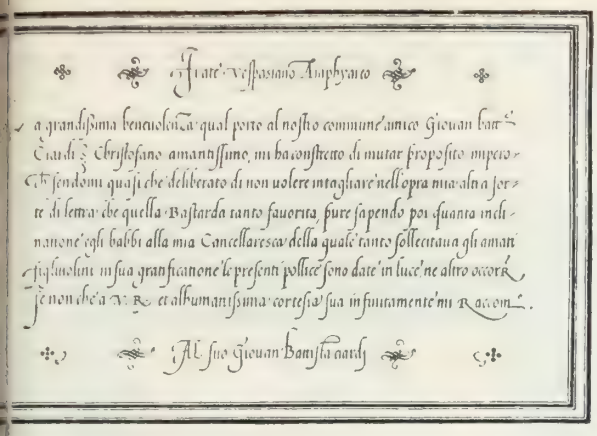
The first italic writing, circa 1420

The humanists were reviving classical literature, they were hungry for books, and, since the movement began in the early fifteenth century, there were no printing presses. Consequently they had to provide copies by writing them out by hand. The reformed Carolingian which they called cursive antique, was legible, plain, and essentially a functional rapid hand. But, being Renaissance humanists, they appreciated the beauty of the script.



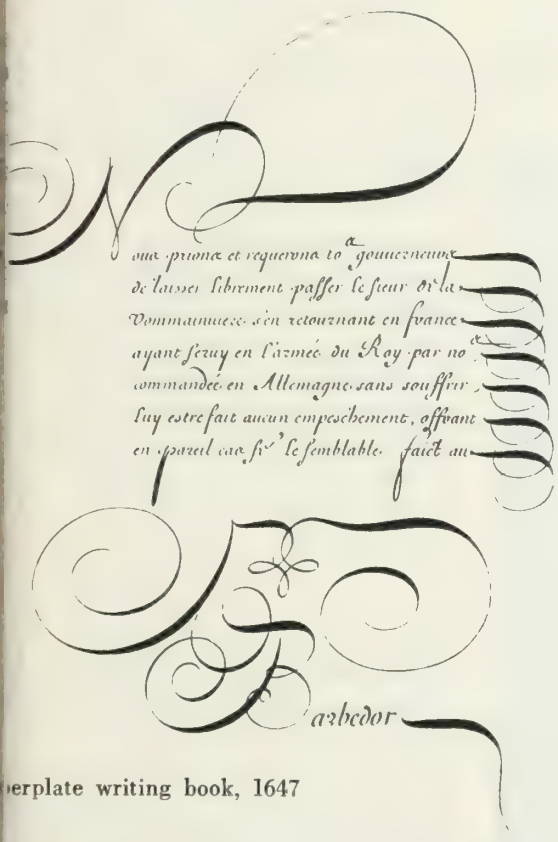
The definitive italic. Arrighi, 1522

As has happened so often in modern times, a technological innovation caused cultural confusion. As printing spread across Europe, the skilled scribes either became printers or were put out of work. The production of handwriting manuals was an alternative, however, and the Italian cursive was given its "final" and authoritative form by Ludovico degli Arrighi in *La Operina*, printed from woodblocks and produced in Rome in 1522.



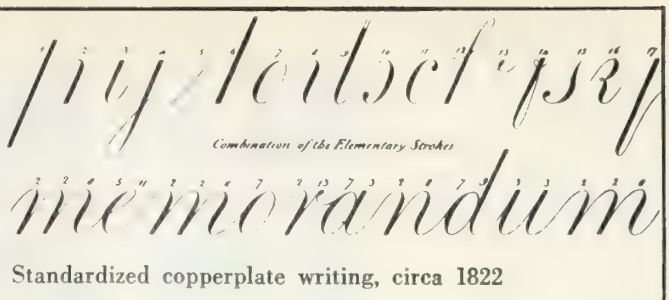
erplate writing book, 1554

n time, some scribes opened "business" ools and taught penmanship, arithmetic, and kkeeping to the many young students who e entering the rapidly growing field of com- ce. Then another highly significant techno- cal change occurred. The copperplate text handwriting replaced the woodblock one. At , the writing, as in the woodblock manuals, ely resembled the pen-written letters.



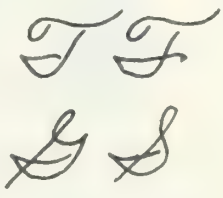
erplate writing book, 1647

s the skill of engravers improved, however, art of engraving on copper influenced letter ns; the penman strove, against all logic, to ate the engraver's art. By turning the cop- plate on the sandbag on which the plate s, the skilled engraver can execute perfect oses, elliptical flourishes and intricate knots ch are impossible for any but the most led professional penman to imitate. In the e competition to get students, the writing ters tried to excel one another in extrava- t effects. This was their first mistake.



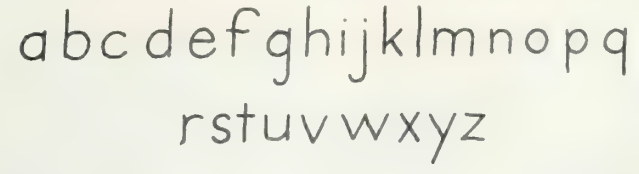
Standardized copperplate writing, circa 1822

The second mistake was standardizing letter parts, to make for more "efficient" production in writing. It was an anticipation of factory assembly-line methods. James Henry Lewis in England reduced writing to seventeen elementary strokes. Other masters later simplified the manufacture of handwriting to six elementary strokes.



Cursive capitals now taught in schools, derived from copperplate

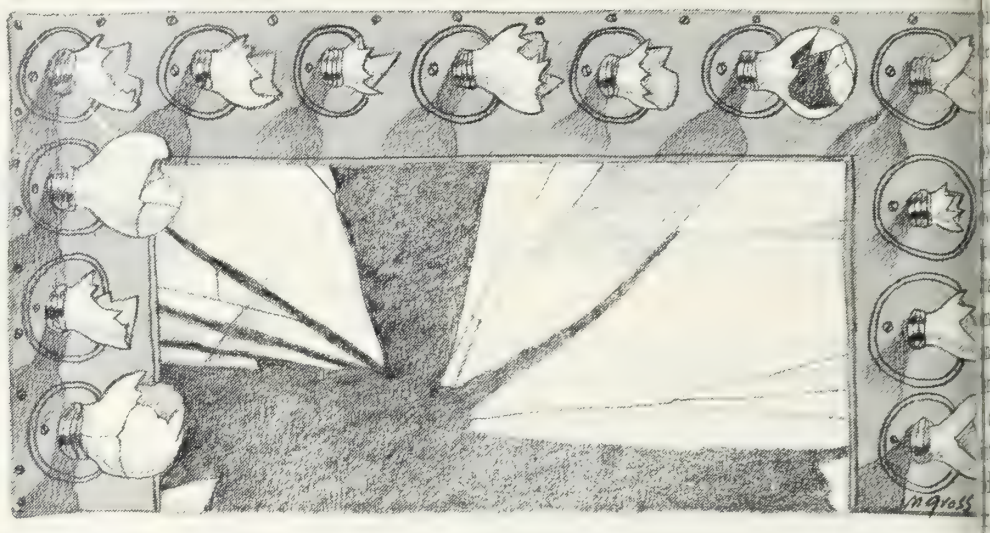
This standardizing of letter parts tended to homogenize letter forms. With speed, these forms prove to be very accident-prone, and this is one of the greatest weaknesses of the commercial cursive system of writing. The letters look too much alike, they slope too much, the loops of ascenders and descenders are distracting and increase illegibility, the body height is disproportionately small, and the joins are virtually as important as the letters. Even to a child, these forms are obviously inferior to his first-grade print script letters.



Print script now taught in schools, derived from engineering lettering

Around 1913 teachers in England adopted the ball-and-stick or print script as the writing for the first years of the child's training. The style is not that of any historical manuscript writing, with its rich cultural associations. Print script is engineering lettering, and after 1926 was apparently influenced by the German sans serif printing types of Paul Renner. Both of these styles are outside any handwriting tradition. They are too wide, too vertical, and the engineering letters have too many pen lifts. All this with the lack of joins, makes it quite impossible to relate these alphabets to handwriting. Their use constitutes a gross misdirection in elementary education.

BOOKS



HOLLYWOOD DEATH TRIP

by John Seelye

Hollywood Babylon, by Kenneth Anger. Straight Arrow, $14.95.
Judy Garland: A Biography, by Anne Edwards. Simon and Schuster, $9.95.
Jayne Mansfield and the American Fifties, by Martha Saxton. Houghton Mifflin, $8.95.

BEFORE TELEVISION took over trash culture, the standard Hollywood movie was the most ephemeral of the popular arts, one that demanded and devoured human sacrifices—ordinary mortals hurled into stardom. No delusion of grandeur was more illusory: Hollywood soon became a synonym for all that was transitory, a backdrop for meteoric passage across a billboard sky, followed by eternal oblivion."Hollywood Babylon," Kenneth Anger calls it in his morbid tribute, a doomsday book that opens with photographs of D. W. Griffith's plaster-of-Paris set for Belshazzar's feast, a tasteless monstrosity needing only the flaming words "*Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin*" across its walls.

It seems fitting that Hollywood, its product and its people, were the creations of "former junk dealers and glove salesmen," East Coast merchants who in effect continued piping garbage into the American vein in increasingly large doses. Meanwhile—behind the screens, as it were—the actors whose silvery images provided icons for the masses were conducting services of their own, smoking, sniffing, and shooting the real thing (and occasionally each other) in their absurd palaces, stucco pleasure domes beyond the opiate dreams of S. T. Coleridge. Where money is so plentiful as to have no meaning, sex becomes common currency, and along that Via Lascivia, Hollywood Boulevard, *starlet* became a newspaper word for *whore.*

But as the mad, bad Twenties broke off clean into the sad, bad Thirties, the dream factory began to make strange noises. For with FDR and the New Deal came the talkies, a bad deal for vamps with Bronx larynxes and bronze Adonises with scrannel pipes, and soon enough it wasn't only along Wall Street that the skies rained people. Anger, like some hagridden bard, leads us into an inferno devoid of a redeeming comedy, a spiral down-winding through shadows of oblivion where writhe victims of lust, pride, and changing public taste, nonentities once made great by projection onto shining nothingness.

If there is a satan at the bottom of Anger's inferno, it must be that star king, Louis B. Mayer, the absolute junkman, from whose bulging pockets fortunes fell whenever he took out a human handkerchief to blow his nose. Mayer played God in a stellar system that was as rigidly sexist and moralistic as any organized religion. Behind the righteous smog of the Hays Office lay the casting couch, where unjovial Mayer visited the daughters of man, promising them immortality. Mayer made st and ruined them, but the Elec among the Pleiades was Saint Ju of the Arc Lights, in whose purga rial Oz Mayer served as wicked w ard, holding her prisoner under money-green thumb. There is a gr some description of Judy Garland Anger's last chapter—his obit Hollywood—dead on her toil "crouched over as if in meditati her face a welter of blood, an Az mask. She was *hundreds* of years o the oldest star ever, if you cou emotional years, the toll they tal dramas galore for a dozen lifetime Judy's ravaged face in a photogra is that of a sixty-year-old hag, wracked and wretched wraith of t Thirties.

JUDY GARLAND is a symbol of wh made Hollywood offal, beginni with a hideously ambitious moth who dragged her daughter into t presence of Louis B. Mayer, w took her from there. Judy's r name, Frances Gumm, like Matth Arnold's Wragg, is a signature drabness, but an American varie that Hollywood can garland wi lights and transform into twinkli radiance. But where many soug that elevation, Judy did not, and w thereby a victim twice over, sold ir Egypt while still a child. Enslav early, she knew nothing else, and mained indentured to Pharaoh f ever, a chattel bought and sold contract along with other proper real and imagined. Those bewitch

John Seelye is the author of The Kid *(Viking) and* The True Adventures of Huckleberry Finn *(Simon and Schuster).*

ts that took her down the golden
d carried her dancing and sing-
to her grave, lips synchronized to
words of "Over the Rainbow," a
dup doll who made us love her
ause she had to.

Garland's story as told by Anne
vards, though featuring a cast of
dits running into the hundreds—
e intimate revelations of those
o knew and loved Judy"—belongs
the *Loved One* school of Holly-
od bio. The subject is seen but
ly, as in a coffin banked with
very prose: "She needed a lot—
mostly a man who could love her
ailingly: a heroic man who at the
ne time could accept without ques-
n and with loving balm the tar-
hed days and nights of her youth:
alter ego who matched her sensi-
ty, who had fears of his own but
l overcome them and would help
, who knew or feared no other al-
iance or threats; but finally, a man
h whom she could have a fulfilled
ual experience." Yet, while bor-
ing Liza's epitaph—"Mama was
t like a beautiful flower that with-
d and died"—Edwards can follow
with an incredible postmortem
mo: "Her liver and kidney were
h diseased. She had the beginning
a colon obstruction which made
estion painful—later she was to
e a rectal obstruction, causing ex-
ciating pain; she was plagued by
mia; and her nervous system was
lly shattered." Of Judy's gro-
que death, however, we hear only
t "She was [found] in a sitting
sition, her head collapsed onto her
ast, like a small brown sparrow
h a broken neck." In the last word
Hollywood by Kenneth Anger—
'ACK-EEEEEE."

Still, this is a book for fans, who
bble up this kind of sacramental
tter, and Edwards's Judy is pa-
tly *their* Judy, all the more saintly
cause obscured, and if it is not all
Judy, it is quite enough. We may
t learn the full facts, but we get
nty of shockers, the stiffest of
ich, according to Edwards, is that
ly Judy and manic Mickey Rooney
re speed freaks from an early age,
pt dancing like pinwheel Pinoc-
ios by pills. Fed an unsteadying
t of depressants and stimulants,
s Edwards, Judy and Mickey
ggered from slumberland to won-
rland and back again so that their
eping and waking hours could be
ordinated with production sched-
ules. Yes, mom and dad, all that wonderful Hardy-ness, that sunny energy, all those sparkling eyes and happy smiles, that 100 percent home-town vim and vigor was dope-induced, an all-American Hollywood High designed to get us through the depression years aboard a mellow yellow zeppelin. The Yippies wanted to drop dope into our drinking water so we would all turn into Aquarians, but Louis B. Mayer mainlined his Christly superfreaks right down Main Street, U.S.A., straight into our loving hearts.

Yet Judy was a victim of something greater and far more powerful (and worse) than Louis B. Mayer, but something he profited from—namely, the terrible hunger that brought Ethel Gumm dragging Baby Frances kicking and screaming for daddy out of Grand Rapids to LA, a Hollywood death trip the ticket to which was that helpless, hapless child, destiny's tot, the sacrificial virgin to her mother's god. In the last, horrible photographs you can see it, the raging addiction to celebrity devouring her until, as friends attested, she resembled a victim of Dachau.

ENTER JAYNE MANSFIELD, the ultimate imitation, whose real name *was* Jayne Mansfield, being all of a piece, a specimen of the stale cheesecake that was Hollywood in its last daze, a just dessert at the end of the studio cafeteria line. Because of its subject (and a dust jacket that shows her smiling out of a pink-and-lavender heart), Martha Saxton's book may not get the attention and readers it deserves, for most of us are as eager to raise the shade of Jayne Mansfield as we are to unwrap the shroud from the Vietnamese war dead.

Where Anger's book is "Ozymandias" in the manner of Petronius, where Edwards's presents a punchinella Judy, Martha Saxton serves up a Hamlette of sexual angst, Mansfield as a memorial to all the girls who were not popular in high school and who compensated for it ever after, climbing to celebrity by way of the mountain of Venus. Jayne, like Judy, was haunted by a dead father; but the resemblance ends there, for she was raised in the security of a typical middle-class (albeit Texas) family, covered like the toilet seats with fluf-



fy pink euphemisms, packaged for some lucky young man to install in a cottage small with a mortgage huge. But somewhere along the way the ties that bind broke, and Jayne, having found her Young Man, discovered that he was not man enough, that what she needed were legions of young men in the shape of an adoring public. With her look-alike, named-alike baby daughter in hand like a Kewpie-doll jester's wand, Jayne followed Ethel and Baby Frances Gumm to Hollywood, where in the Fifties breasts and behinds were big business. Henceforth, all her relations were public.

"Women's history, unlike men's, is also the history of sex," begins Saxton in her introduction, "Period Piece," and thereby hangs her tale. "The women's movement came too late to help" Jayne Mansfield, yet "her story must resonate with every woman who has ever felt used for her sexuality, who has ever been confused by the conflicting pressures of career and family, who has ever been tempted to use her sexuality for love, acceptance or gain, who has ever wanted more than she could have." One wonders if the women's movement could ever have got Jayne in sync, had she ever wanted its help other than in getting one more picture in print—"SEX QUEEN DECAMPS FROM CLOSET." But Saxton is certainly right in demonstrating how Mansfield was an unwitting ally of the movement, her overdone act putting an end to the sexist image by parodying it, her taking it off being increasingly a put-on. Americans know when they've had enough of a dubious thing, especially when they are exposed to ever-increasing amounts of flab and (on talk shows) blab. And Saxton is right, also, in claiming that Mansfield's hypocritical formula of flaunting and flirtation was too steamy for a cool generation, a tail-wagging hype too transparent for the Woodstock Nation, who went naked, not nude, and for fun, not profit.

And if Saxton's argument is loaded on the side of women's liberation, she provides an implicit antithesis in Jayne's silent partner, her long-suffering second husband, Mickey Hargitay, the Hungarian muscleman who thought he had parlayed a beautiful body into the male version of marriage for money: "When I hear people say that America is the land of opportunity, I say, 'Wow.' Where else could a crazy Hungarian get wealthy and Jayne Mansfield too?" But poor Mickey never did get rich, and he found it increasingly hard to hold onto slippery Jayne, ending up rather a sad case, a combination housekeeper, babysitter, and plumber, thoroughly emasculated by his marriage to a sex symbol and a perfect illustration of the *other* side of the myth, Vulcan in the shadow of Venus. Where Judy went through a succession of increasingly parasitic male opportunists, Jayne sought more active types, ungentle lovers who mark a progress of stages toward her violent death. Sam Brody was her last man—though not her last husband—and he left bruises elsewhere than on her heart. It was with Brody that she died.

KENNETH ANGER includes in his last pages a photograph of the car wreck in which Jayne was killed. In the foreground is a blanketed lump from which one unzippered boot sticks out, a déjà vu from *Oz*. Anger also gives us a gruesome close-up of Jayne's dead dog, lying in a litter of whiskey bottles, torn newspaper clippings, and assorted terrible trash, including what seems to be a hank of platinum hair, with ribbon still attached, along with a little hunk of skull and scattered brains. It is a very grim memento mori, that dead bitch, the blond hair, skull, and brains, reminding us that the golden road to celebrity often ends in a dying fall into thin air. If Jayne Mansfield's death symbolized, as Saxton observes, the end of the Fifties, it was the kind of punctuation that terminates a cultural ellipsis, the last in a series of elision marks, a row of bloody punctures that includes the death of the Kennedys, and of Jayne's model in life if not in death, Marilyn Monroe.

The Fifties were a gilded, not a golden, age, a phony Camelot, the Hollywooding of America, and if rumor and myth put Jayne and Marilyn in bed with one or another Kennedy, such unions, like the fun of the famous in dirty comic books, are symbolic even if fraudulent. For if the Kennedy brothers were a Romulus and Remus nursed by the bitch goddess, so Jayne and Marilyn were Gemini, terrible celestial twins. Mansfield, Marilyn's alter ego, became famous playing a burlesq Monroe in *Will Success Spoil Ro Hunter?* and ended as a burlesq queen. She closed her performan playing in seedy nightclubs to dir old men, an overblown caricature the grand original, resembling transvestite mummer in a Mardi Gr parade: "She had," writes Saxto "the style and taste of a drag queen After John Kennedy's assassinatio no one laughed at Vaughn Meade and after Marilyn's suicide Jayne joke was no longer funny either, h parading flesh a ghastly specter, gr tesque stuff for the collectors "distorting and exaggerating erot fantasies," the kind of necrophil of which *Hollywood Babylon*—bo book and place—is made.

Anger's most famous film, *Sc pio Rising*, is a homosexual fanta and hand in hand with the premi of the false Hollywood promise th runs through all three of these boo there dances a deep purple shado Anger mitigates his outrage ov filmland follies in the presence Charles Chaplin, Joan Crawford, a Mae West, the last two sacred to t homosexual occult, and if Judy in h tramp-clown outfit was another Charlie's misbegotten darlings, Jayne was Mae West's peroxide-b tle baby. Both daughters attracted large homosexual following as th aged, a phenomenon that Anne E wards blurs into the "Garland grou without further characterizing it b yond something warm and furry th *cared*. In Anger's Babylon a lave der underworld likewise flourishe the sodomic Glocca Morra at the e of the rainbow, but the gay popul tion in the underbrush of Hollywo is more than a leprechaun gigglin Because all the sad young men w followed Judy and Jayne to th graves, weeping for their wither and wounded nymphs, were cryi also for themselves, for whom t aging, frantically gay lady carries multiplicity of meanings. And as th wept for their own mortality, so th cried for us all, here in Babylon, f whom the ephemeral flesh has b come a sacramental substitute f spirit, and where no game show dar to name the real price of what seek. Hollywood is dead, but it liv on in a million cold campfires, t phosphorescent flames of the vid wasteland, pumping the deathblo of trash into our veins as the dar ness gathers into night.

©1975 New England Mutual Life Insurance Company, Boston. Subsidiary: NEL Equity Services Corporation, mutual funds; Affiliate: Loomis, Sayles & Company, Inc., investment counselors.



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Our crew also offers mutual funds, variable annuities and investment counseling.

THE PRIVATE EDMUND WILSON

by Lewis M. Dabney

The Twenties, by Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $10.

HERE IS A LARGE NEW CHUNK of a unique work, the journal Edmund Wilson began in college and kept for almost sixty years. When he died in 1972 he left more than 2,000 pages of notebooks and diaries, choosing Leon Edel, the biographer of Henry James, to edit them. They are accounts of people, talk, landscape, and cityscape, of life in what his friend the poet John Bishop calls "minute particulars." *The Twenties* documents his New York world in the jazz age, with forays to Europe, New Orleans, and California as well as New England and the Jersey shore. "Nowhere have we had a picture less varnished and so rich in focussed detail," Edel says in his fine commentary on the diaries and the man. Wilson's record from the Twenties complements retrospective memoirs, such as Hemingway's *Moveable Feast*—the testament of a soured romantic—Fitzgerald's *Crack-Up*, Dos Passos's *Best Times*.

This first volume begins in the postwar literary scene, against a background of family and class from which, as readers of *A Prelude* know, the perspective of a private in the hospital corps in France had somewhat distanced him. There are vignettes of *Vanity Fair* and his boss there, Frank Crowninshield—amusing, stingy, a gentleman opportunist—of Dorothy Parker and the Algonquin group, Mencken, Elinor Wylie. He records Fitzgerald's confidence and the beginnings of its erosion by his and Zelda's way of living. He touches on his own passion for Edna Millay and loss of her. Wisely advising us to skip his romantic verse on the subject, he leaves us with an amusing glimpse of Millay in the simultaneous farewell embrace of Wilson and Bishop, who debate which has the better share.

Wilson once told me he did not write well until 1925. In the early entries he listens and observes, slowly gaining continuity of perspective. The outsider, he alternates his friends' wild tales of sex and booze with precise descriptions of gardens, seacoasts, elegant architecture, and the industrial wasteland. His interests owe something to the eighteenth century, the great age of journal-keeping, and his style reflects the Flaubertian ideal of objectivity and the *mot juste*. Nonetheless, at this point he lacks the authority of experience.

Travel was one resource, as his accounts of trips show. He does less with Paris and Italy in 1921 than with a train trip to California in '24, and in 1926 he captures the sensuality and charm of old New Orleans. The easy manners and storytelling culture of the South and West color his portrait of a friend's father, E. E. Paramore, the first of Wilson's wonderfully appreciative memoirs.

Meanwhile his New York life warms up. "The man in the iron necktie," as Wilson says that E. E. Cummings called him, takes off his tie and, indeed, his shirt as well. Sex becomes an avenue of freedom for him. Sometime dreamer of nymphs and seawaves in a Prufrock vein, Wilson finds real girls on real beaches and elsewhere, to pursue on paper and in bed. He tells how his first condom, tested by a salesman, explodes, an omen of the sexual hazards to which naiveté exposes him. His post-Millay marriage to Mary Blair, an actress in O'Neill's plays, dissolves in mid-decade—he is reticent about this—and he seeks the company of models and chorus girls like the vital, appealing Daisy of his novel. Through women he responds to parties and Prohibition liquor, song lyrics, the rhythms of American speech. The whole journal quickens in these middle years; the entries are presented with a sense of pace, written with increasing sensibility and force.

IT IS STRANGE TO SEE the formidable, seemingly detached, often fearsomely intelligent Wilson as *l'homme moyen sensuel*. While the reviewer-critic was making himself master of the cultural scene—to a kidding friend "the great Wilson," to an enemy "a fatuous policeman waving his club"—the private man reports that he "wanted to kiss her inside the thighs, but she said 'Closed for the day.' " The erotic climax of this volume is his hot, doting affair with the dance-hall "Anna" of the *Hecate County* tale "The Princess with the Golden Hair." Edel favorably compares the journal's sexually detailed version with *Lady Chatterley*, written at the same time. The class difference between the lovers has a dual effect. While Wilson can write realistically about intercourse with a working girl, as he cannot with his own wives, he is also drawn into the human life of the poor and is emotionally prepared to take their side prepared for the Thirties' dream of the first truly human culture.

When he marries again, however it is within his class, to his friend Margaret Canby, who also seems to have a felicitous effect on his writing. He has a nervous breakdown in the year of the marriage, which he attributes to indecision and guilt about his other romantic entanglements. Edel sees Wilson exhausted too, by his work, the years of meeting magazine deadlines and the effort of producing *Daisy* and *Axel's Castle*. The times contributed to his tension. He tells of a grimmer New York life in the late Twenties, of more bad parties than good ones, of a good Boston party which ironically coincides with the denial of judicial review to Sacco and Vanzetti, executed a week later. His breakdown also looks back to a childhood overshadowed by his brilliant, neurotic father a model for his studies of crippled artists and his neo-Freudian mythology of the wound and the bow. Wilson first sounds the theme of art and neurosis at the end of the decade, in the Proust chapter of *Axel's Castle*.

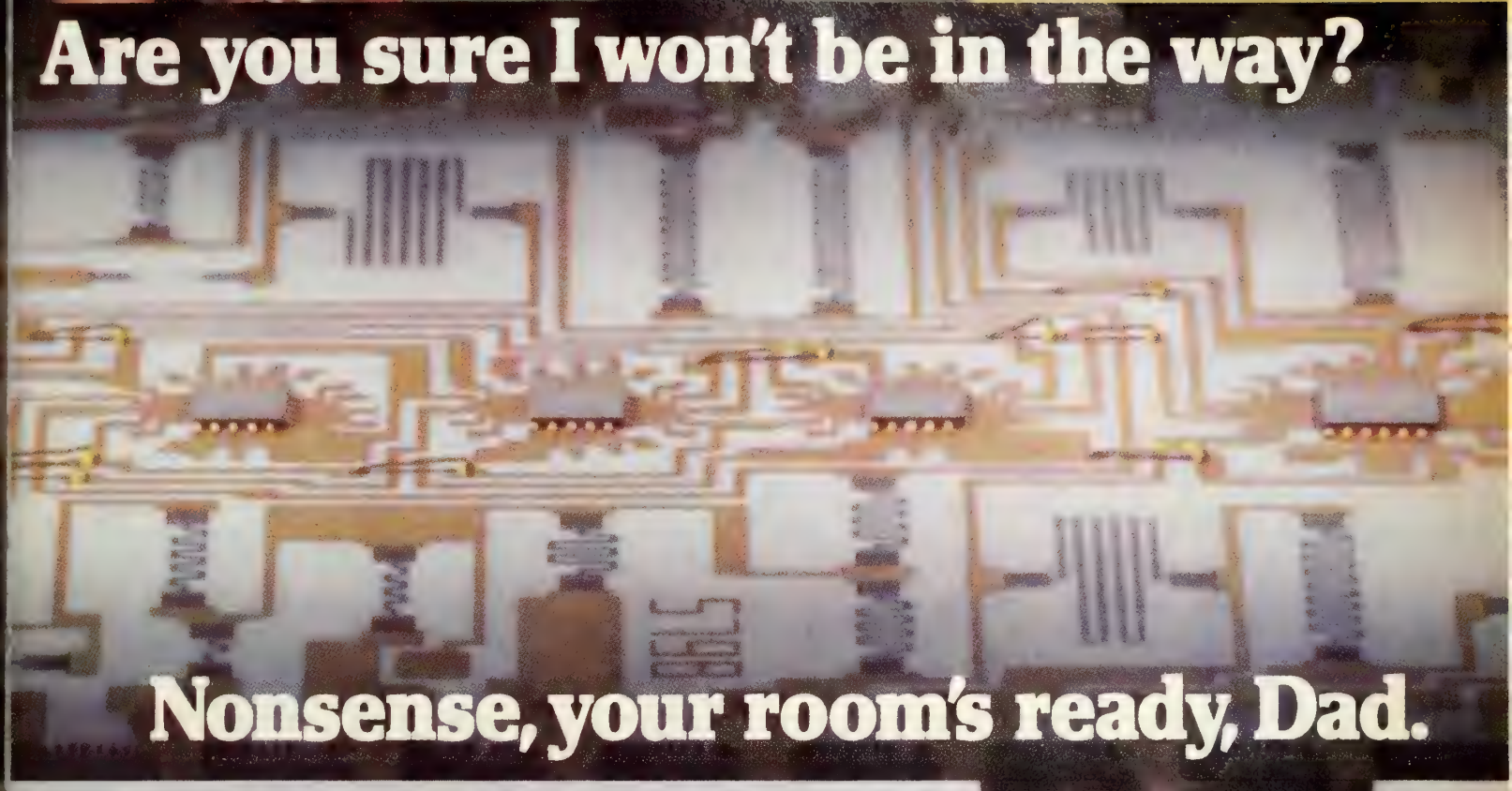
In the journal's later pages there are reflections on literature, not comforting ones. He calls artists falsifiers of life, creators of subjective worlds to shut out chaos and the void. Edel finds Freud's influence in these passages, but their immediate context is the dogmatic "humanism" of Babbitt and More, which activated Wilson's skeptical instincts. His distrust of abstractions and his quest for the reality behind books sometimes lead to reductionistic thinking.

This helps explain the minimum of reflective thought in the journal. It is an affirmation of reality outside the mind, objective life, and of art as a mirror. The perfect contrast is th

Lewis M. Dabney is the author of The Indians of Yoknapatawpha *(Louisiana State University Press).*



Are you sure I won't be in the way?



Nonsense, your room's ready, Dad.



Sometimes, a few simple words can straighten out a difficult problem. But making sure those words don't get distorted is anything but simple.

So we at Western Electric, using a Bell Labs design, make a unique device for Bell Telephone Companies everywhere. A device that lets you be sure that you always sound like you, whether you're calling across the street or across the country.

When someone wants his father to know he's welcome, we want to be sure his message comes through loud and clear.

We make your phone and the things that make it work.

Western Electric

We're part of the Bell System.
We make things that bring people closer.


1.


2.


3.




5.


6.


7.

If you're looking for a great vacation, we've got your number.



1 The Lighthouse Route.
This part of our rugged coast has been home to generations of fishermen and shipbuilders. So make yourself at home for awhile and see what we've been doing all this time. You'll just love it.

2 The Evangeline Trail.
The history of this beautiful region goes back some 300 years. Today, we celebrate that history with monuments, festivals, and folklore. And you're never far from the fresh vegetables and fruit of the famous Annapolis Valley. So bring your camera, and your appetite

3 The Glooscap Trail.
Hundreds of years ago, this area was claimed by the mighty Glooscap, legendary god of the Mic Mac Indians. The land is still virtually untouched, and we've kept the scenery as scenic as ever. He would've wanted it that way.

4 The Sunrise Trail.
Swim in the warmest salt water north of the Carolinas. Tan on some of the sunniest beaches And meet some of our warmest people. They're Scottish. And they really know how to show you a Highland fling

5 The Cabot Trail.
Some say that the peaks, valleys, and coastline along the Cabot Trail make it one of the most spectacular scenic drives anywhere. After you've seen it you'll believe it.

6 The Marine Drive.
Where else can you catch salmon and trout from the roadside? Or visit a restored pioneer village, like Sherbrooke Village, that's so authentic you'll forget it's 1975. Or laze on a beach where the only thing you hear is the lap, lap of the waves?

7 Halifax Dartmouth.
Roam the glorious public gardens. Show the kids the super-tankers down at the harbour. Tour the armaments that used to protect us from uninvited visitors. Have a picnic in the park. Great

We've made taking a great vacation as easy as 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7. All you have to do is come to Nova Scotia, Canada.

What you'll find is six easy-to-follow vacation trails, designed to let you experience our entire province from stem to stern in just a week. Plus, you get all the excitement of our famous port cities Halifax-Dartmouth.

You'll see shipbuilding at Lunenburg. Colorful apple orchards in the lush Annapolis Valley. Even more colorful Gaelic flings that fling all summer long in Cape Breton and in Pictou and Antigonish Counties.

You'll drive along mile after mile of craggy, island-filled coves. Meet fascinating story-filled fishermen. And fill yourself with some of the finest seafood anywhere.

You can sneak off to secluded resort hideways that entice you with 18-hole golf, sailing, scuba-diving through real shipwrecks, and of course, all the fish you can lure.

If it's bright lights you're after, Halifax and Dartmouth are bound to catch your interest.

Here you can dine in 19th Century splendor, shop in 21st Century style, and bugaloo til the wee, wee hours. And it's all within an olive's throw of your luxury hotel suite.

You can even catch a ride on the famous Bluenose II. It sails every day down the harbour.

Want to find out more about friendly, historic Nova Scotia? Send for our colorful complete Nova Scotia vacation kit.

Then all you have to do is count the days til summer.

NOVA SCOTIA

Couldn't you use a little now?

For more information about this beautiful part of Atlantic Canada, write to one of our Nova Scotia Information Offices: 630 Fifth Avenue, Suite 3115, New York, N.Y. 10020 Area Code 212-581-2420/616 Forest Avenue, Portland, Maine 04101, Call 772-6131, (other parts of New England call toll free 800-341-6709)/P.O. Box 130, Halifax, Nova Scotia. B3J 2M7.

journal of Anaïs Nin, with her sustained attention to her own thoughts and emotions. To judge from Wilson's travel diaries of Russia, Israel, and northern New York, his later volumes will include more of his inner life, while remaining committed to the external scene. In the Sixties he said he was doing his best work in the journal form. However that may be, Wilson was always a man of the Twenties, as he nostalgically wrote at sixty-six: "I still expect something: drinks, animated conversation, gaiety, brilliant writing." We are lucky to have this tableau of the scene in which his generation set out, in his words, "to make something of America, to make an American culture." It will survive on its own merits and as a companion-piece to Wilson's brilliant criticism of these years, in which he passes on the best standards of his generation to our own. □

A MAN OF YESTERDAY AND TOMORROW

by Edward Weeks

The Man of Only Yesterday, by Darwin Payne. Harper & Row, $10.

IT WAS MY GOOD LUCK to be befriended by Frederick Lewis Allen when I was working my way through Harvard. He was eight years my senior and was then the secretary of the Harvard Corporation; what impressed me more was that he had already served a short hitch under Ellery Sedgwick, the editor of *The Atlantic Monthly* and a longer one as managing editor of *The Century*. It was Fred's recommendation that got me a job as first reader for *The Atlantic* and, as things turned out, we were to be rivals from 1941 to 1953, he as the editor of *Harper's* and I of *The Atlantic* in a competition that brought us still closer. We were reshaping our magazines to save them from the slow death that had overtaken *The Century*, *Scribner's*, and Mencken's *American Mercury*. We differed in our interests and emphasis, which was mandatory for survival, and we made it a point not to steal each other's contributors (Ross of *The New Yorker* raided us both when he chose). As we struggled into the black we discussed with friendly candor the deterioration of fiction and the economics of publishing. To say this is to explain the affection with which I have read *The Man of Only Yesterday*.

Allen's father was a dedicated clergyman who founded the New England Watch and Ward Society and served for twenty years as president of a Boston settlement for Negroes. He instilled his sense of mission in his only son and sent him, as a matter of course, to Groton. It was a mixed blessing.

"Allen," writes Mr. Payne, "never escaped, forgot, or forgave the powerful forces Groton exerted upon him as an impressionable boy." Along with its disciplined, classical curriculum, modeled on that of the English public school, Groton cultivated a Spartan reverence for athletics and fostered suspicion of a boy who was intellectually different. The suspicion took the form of hazing one boy in his fifth-form year, and Fred Allen suffered the grueling in his class, as Dean Acheson was to do three years later. Acheson never alluded to his years at Groton in any of his reminiscences. For Allen the experience rankled, and, although he graduated with all the prizes for excellence in English, he remarked in maturity "that students who did not distinguish themselves at Groton had to succeed later in life just to prove to the school that they could."

At Harvard, Fred, a slender six-footer, tasted his first success as a writer. With his intimate friends, Robert Benchley and the cartoonist Gluyas Williams, he made the *Lampoon* a good deal funnier than it had been; he wrote a long prizewinning poem and the lyrics for a Hasty Pudding comedy. A year correcting freshman themes gave him time to experiment; then in 1914 with his first short story accepted by *The Atlantic* and humorous sketches in *Vanity Fair* and *Punch*, he jumped at Sedgwick's offer to be an editorial assistant at $20 a week. In the apprenticeship Sedgwick taught him the value of "human interest" as well as America's growing curiosity about world affairs.

ALTHOUGH ALLEN RESISTED the emotionalism of the first world war, he dropped out of publishing to serve as director of publicity for the Council of National Defense in Washington. There he gained a backstairs view of the government, which was to provide him with a foundation for future editorial assignments, and a loathing for censorship. But the experience was nothing like as rewarding as his courtship and marriage to Dorothy Cobb.

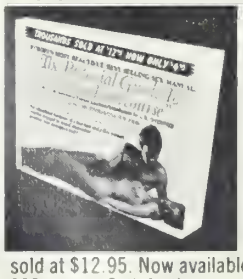
He returned from the capital an admirer of Woodrow Wilson and a Democrat, less giddy, still hankering to be an editor, and, after a sojourn in Cambridge where he gilded the news released about Harvard, Fred was called to New York to join Thomas B. Wells, Henry Hoyns, and Cass Canfield in restoring the sovereignty of Harper & Brothers, which had long been in debt to J. P. Morgan. He came as a literary adviser and the appointment gave him the latitude for which he had been preparing ever since Groton. When I visited the Allens at Scarsdale he beat me at golf, tried to inoculate me as a bird watcher, and inspired me with his eagerness. "Allen had found home at last," says Mr. Payne. The chapters that follow are the heart of the book.

Naturally Fred gravitated to *Harper's Magazine*, first under the editorship of Tom Wells and then under Lee F. Hartman, the pilot during the depression. Hartman was unaudacious, and as the circulation declined Allen grew impatient for change. He wished to retire E. S. Martin, a charming octogenarian whose essays in "The Easy Chair" had lost their teeth. (Bernard DeVoto, Martin's replacement, had the fangs of a tiger.) He sought a more aggressive book reviewer; he wanted more attractive

Edward Weeks was editor of The Atlantic *from 1938 to 1966. His most recent book is* My Green Age *(Atlantic-Little, Brown).*

EUROPE'S BEST SELLING SEX MANUAL!

PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE. A step-by-step specific course through clear, concise full-color photographs of how to engage in the many forms of physical love and sexual intercourse. Turn dull, confused routine "quickie" sex into exciting sexual episodes, which continue to improve each time and provide greater degrees of pleasure than you ever thought possible. Thousands sold at $12.95. Now available in soft cover for just $4.95. 223 pages. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.



Send $4.95 to: Adam & Eve ©
Dept. DHA-13, 105 N. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

ers, and when E. B. White, at his
n in Maine, began a monthly solil-
ıy, entitled "One Man's Meat,"
at *The Atlantic* were frankly envi-
. Allen's reliance on Elmer Davis
l Peter Drucker gave *Harper's*
authority that had been lack-
. I remember his courage in pub-
ing Mary Heaton Vorse's indig-
ıt article on the longshoremen and
ir grip on the Port of New York;
timeliness in releasing Henry L.
mson's historic account of why the
nb was dropped. And Fred's con-
erate handling of the pugnacious
Voto was a model for us all. The
grapher rekindles the excitement
Allen's editing and makes us ap-
ciate those personal qualities that
w to him four such able lieuten-
s as John Fischer, Russell Lynes,
c Larrabee, and John Kouwen-
ven.

Mr. Payne says that Fred was con-
ced that the Crash in October
29 marked the end of an era "with
ad implications for the future";
believed there was a book in this,
ich he outlined at a luncheon with
ılter Lippmann and Charles Merz,
l he wanted Merz to write it. When
rz declined, he decided to do it
ıself, at night, on weekends, and,
ard the close, with one free day
week, for which his salary was
cked. (Editors who write books,
n in their spare time, make the
nagement nervous: they may quit.)
rk Sullivan's *Our Times* was his
del, but it was Fred's vibrant, in-
mal way of depicting people and
nts which made *Only Yesterday* a
dmark. The writing was interrupt-
by the tragic death of his wife, but
book's triumph was therapeutic,
l its sale (now totaling a million
ies) meant that thereafter he
ıld double in brass, producing
merous books, occasionally in col-
oration with Agnes, his second
e, but always on part time. The
earch for his two later successes,
e Great Pierpont Morgan and *The*
Change, meant the careful assim-
ion of finance and economics and,
conjunction with his editing, it
ant a drain on his wiry constitu-
n greater than he realized.

Fred Allen was a believer, not a
ffer. Belief was part of his inher-
nce from three generations of
ırch leaders, and it confirmed his
st in American democracy. "No,
s country never turns back," he
d to me once when I was down-
cast by the attacks on liberals—"the eggheads"—after the McCarthy scourge. In his final appraisal Mr. Payne quotes Fred's statement of what he wanted for *Harper's* in the future:

> *The seminal idea, the objective judgment on the trend of things, the air-clearing outburst of indignation, the long-awaited satirical indictment, the shout of profane laughter, which will suddenly throw everything about us into a new perspective.*

I always remember Fred with his eyes lighting up at the thought of a fresh prospect, and in those words, as in Mr. Payne's interpretation, one feels the spirit and strength of this warm, modest man. □

VITALIE'S DOLL

by Frederick Brown

Arthur Rimbaud: Complete Works, translated by Paul Schmidt. Harper & Row, $12.50.

FEW POETS of the last century have survived it more vividly than Arthur Rimbaud. In successive generations, symbolists, surrealists, and beats rendered homage to him. The threescore poems he wrote before abdicating his literary self at age twenty are, even now, pondered like mysterious ciphers left behind by a Visitor, and constantly rearranged according to one theory or another, as though their proper sequence, once established, would narrate some new dispensation. We put our Great Men in pantheons; for the prodigy, who fulfills our enduring dream of born eloquence, we construct churches.

Seldom do prodigies enjoy a gregarious childhood—or, indeed, a childhood at all. Biographies monotonously suggest that they start life already saved and damned, carrying the burden of a parent's opaque grudges and megalomaniacal expectations, forbidden by virtue to grow acquainted with themselves or with the world outside. Laying siege to himself, Rimbaud would tear himself apart, yet fail to break in.

He was born in 1854 in the town

HERE IS THE EVIDENCE

that early schooling can be more harmful than helpful to your child...

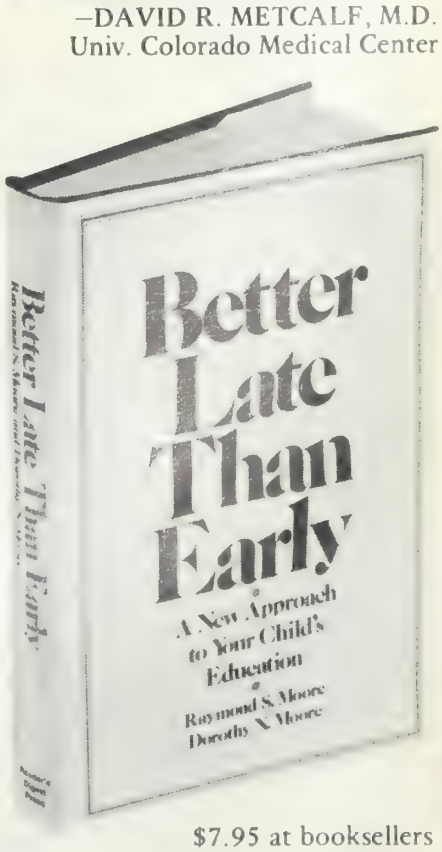
Better Late Than Early is the anxiously awaited book based on material first presented in an article in *Harper's* —an article that brought an unprecedented flow of mail, requesting further information from the Moores on early childhood education.

Better Late Than Early gathers together for the first time evidence from around the world that a normal, healthy child who has not reached his "integrated maturity level" is better off at home than in school. The IML represents a maturation in vision, hearing, speech, motor coordination, conceptual reasoning, and personality – and it is generally not reached until the age of eight.

Better Late Than Early is a practical book that explains in detail what parents can do for their children at home to insure their best development. It is also a book that can save concerned citizens thousands of tax dollars—a book that many educators and parents of young children have been waiting for.

"An important book for parents and for professionals. It warns, it offers alternatives, and it never loses sight of its main focus, the health, happiness and 'fundamental education' of our children."

—DAVID R. METCALF, M.D.
Univ. Colorado Medical Center



$7.95 at booksellers

READER'S DIGEST PRESS

distributed by E.P. Dutton
201 Park Avenue So., N.Y.C. 10003

of Charleville, quite near Belgium. His father, a French army captain who rose from the ranks, had distinguished himself during the war for North Africa, fighting with Marshal Bugeaud against the sultan of Morocco, then administering a province of Algeria. Like other European adventurers of the period—Sir Richard Burton being the most notable—Captain Rimbaud found a romantic identity in Islam; conquered by his subjects, he became a sufficiently fluent Arabist to translate the Koran into French and would, no doubt, have gladly settled in the Maghreb. In 1848, however, the Republican government transferred his regiment to Charleville, where he met Vitalie Cuif, who beheld the world beyond her native Ardennes as a vast pitfall. The marriage did not survive their warring temperaments. Four children were born in swift succession, whereupon Captain Rimbaud decamped, never to be heard from again.

At age six, Arthur therefore found himself in bondage to a virago whose tight regime no one could pry open. Teaching the children that their absent father was the devil, and they tainted at conception, she created an island of virtue in her image, an island where offspring only half hers were made to apologize for their foreign moiety, to hate it, to excommunicate it. If Arthur sought approval, it dawned upon him very early in life that he could not get it definitively, or get it at all, except by offering her, every day, proof of his moral regeneration. Thrift, continence, order, assiduity—values any French petit-bourgeois family would have upheld—became in this one, where little distinction was made between saving and Saving, apocalyptic.

Lest he stray from the path of virtue, Vitalie would collect Arthur at school, even when he was fifteen years old. Fearful that he might elude her in thought, she had him regularly memorize hundreds of lines of Latin verse, stuffing his mind with propriety so to speak, and sending him to bed supperless for a lapse. Outside, beckoning her children to fall, lay their slum; it mirrored what lay inside them—the devil's legacy of sloth, squander, and vagabondage. Forbidden the inside and the outside alike, they could go nowhere without risking perdition.

"The decline and fall of the 20th-century Prince Charming.... Quite simply a superb biography."
—ANTONIA FRASER

"A brilliant psychological study, a kind of English Watergate, in terms of the central figure 'doing itself in'. . . . It lights up a whole passage of modern history."—LEON EDEL

"Soundly researched, well-told and, above all, fair. . . . very good indeed."—WILLIAM MANCHESTER

A Book-of-the-Month Club Alternate, 16 pages of photos $15.00



EDWARD VIII
A Biography of the Duke of Windsor
Frances Donaldson

2nd BIG PRINTING BEFORE PUBLICATION 3rd PRINTING ON ORDER

Lippincott
J. B. Lippincott Company

IN EARLY ADOLESCENCE, Rimbau struggle for selfhood became t struggle for a language of his ow His first poems, written in the st of the Parnassian school whose a epts—Banville, Théophile Gauti Leconte de Lisle, young Mallarmé rallied to the slogan "Art for Ar sake," reflected the beautifully ch eled boy he was . . . and honor t chisel. "I believe! I believe in The Divine Mother," he exclaims "Credo in Unam," a hymn th brings to mind Pygmalion, petrifi by his idealization of love, creati stone Aphrodites. "Flesh, Marb Flower, Venus—in thee I believe." which, in flesh or in marble?

Six months later, he wrote a so net entitled "Vénus Anadyomèn whose last strophe suggests an a swer:

Horribly beautiful! A title: Clara Venus;
Then the huge bulk heaves, and with a grunt
She bends and shows the ulcer on her anus.

He had no sooner wrought an a demic image of beauty than he d figured it, as though his poetic e terprise could not truly begin ur violence had been done to the rhet ical model imprisoning him like a other body, glabrous and sexle Convinced that Evil incarnate h fathered him, he sought manhood a satanic persona, the innumeral Lucifers of Romantic literature, l especially Baudelaire's, glorifying l anguish.

"A Poet," he declared in a let to his friend, Paul Demeny, "mak himself a visionary through a lon boundless, and systematized *dis ganization of all the senses.* All for of love, of suffering, of madness; searches himself, he exhausts witl himself all poisons, and preser their quintessences. Unspeakable t ment, where he will need the great faith, a superhuman strength, wh he becomes among all men the gr invalid, the great criminal, the gr accursed—and the Supreme Sci tist!"

Virtually overnight, the sedul student became a truant cadg beers at local pubs, and the brilli Latinist ostentatiously foulmouth At fifteen, during the havoc of

Frederick Brown is the author of Père-chaise: Elysium as Real Estate *(Viking). teaches French at the State University New York, Stony Brook.*

anco-Prussian War, he fled to ris. Led home, he fled again, then ain and again, driven as much by mother's self-fulfilling prophecy by his own needs, seeking an ab-nce.

Like the boat of his poem "The unken Boat," adrift in a phantas-goric sea and longing to drown, mbaud moved outward, but into eam. For him, tramping and writ-g were reciprocal acts, the vagrant poet by another name. When he it Charleville, it was to exorcise ers, to undo the social armature his existence. Just as he dirtied talie's doll with a vengeance, bug-ring it, pouring absinthe down its oat, making it smoke hashish and ear, keeping it unkempt, dragging from flophouse to flophouse, so, in poetry, he became increasingly iptical, inventing words and violat-g syntactic conventions as if to uck language free of its dictionary eaning, to smuggle it out of dis-urse, and appropriate it. His son-t "Vowels," which evokes a child's imer—verbal pictures illustrating ch letter—announced the New rth, the Word—indeed, the Terror:

Black A, white E, red I, green U,
blue O—vowels,
Some day I will open your silent
pregnancies:
A, black belt, hairy with bursting
flies,
Bumbling and buzzing over stink-
ing cruelties.

Pits of night; E, candor of sand
and pavilions,
High glacial spears, white kings,
trembling Queen Anne's lace;
I, bloody spittle, laughter drib-
bling from a face
In wild denial or in anger,
vermilions;

U, . . . divine movement of virid-
ian seas,
Peace of pastures animal-strewn,
peace of calm lines
Drawn on foreheads worn with
heavy alchemies;

O, supreme Trumpet, harsh with
strange stridencies,
Silences traced in angels and as-
tral designs:
O . . . OMEGA . . . the violet light
of His Eyes!

f the myriad interpretations "Vow-s" has begotten, Enid Starkie's re-ains the most plausible. Starkie otes that alchemists assigned a letter and a color to each of their processes. Azoth, the secret substance by which hermetic philosophers made base metal gold, was itself a monogram derived from the first and last letters of the three classical alphabets—Greek, Hebrew, and Latin. At seventeen, Rimbaud read occult literature as diligently as, a year before, he had read Horace; the scientific optimism of mid-nineteenth-century Europe having built not only a rational church but a mystical crypt.

What Rimbaud sought, he apparently found therein—a key whose purpose was more locking out than opening up, a private cosmology that made him feel hard, impersonal, dissociating him from his fallible self, slaughtering *I*, all *I*s. "For *I* is someone else," he wrote to Demeny. "If brass wakes as a bugle, it is not its fault at all. That is quite clear to me: I am a spectator at the flowering of my thought: I watch it, I listen to it: I draw a bow across a string: a symphony stirs in the depths, or surges onto the stage. If those old idiots hadn't discovered only the false meaning of EGO, we wouldn't have to sweep away the millions of skeletons that have for ages and ages piled up the products of their one-eyed intelligence, and acclaimed themselves their authors."

In another letter, this one to his old mentor, George Izambard, he dismissed the latter's "wishy-washy" verse, upholding the ideal of "objective poetry" (an ideal reminiscent of Flaubert's dictum: "Poetry is a science as precise as geometry"). Never, it seems, would he escape Vitalie Cuif. She was the one person to survive his hecatomb, the impersonal Self from whose point of vantage he beheld Arthur Rimbaud. Even in fashioning, like a lapidary, those brilliant nuggets of verse called "Illuminations," he perfected her Order. Whatever *amour propre* he found as The Supreme Scientist, a science that washes nature, that distills something precious from something valueless—alchemy begins with "cadaver" and ends with gold—can only have been a metaphor of self-purification. Whether wallowing in excrement ("The most delicate, the most precarious adornment to be drunk on the magic of that herb from the glaciers, absumphe! But only to lie down afterward in shit!"—*absumphe* a facetious corruption of *absinthe*) or mak-

It gets better every time around.

133-WC-6



Announcing
our 17th World Cruise
Jan. 20, 1976 from New York. From Miami Jan. 22.
87 days, 24 ports, the s.s. Rotterdam.

All the comfort and luxury of a grand ship built to sail the world, plus a fascinating new itinerary including the Mediterranean. Casablanca, Naples, Athens, Alexandria, Suez, Bombay, Bali, Singapore, Hong Kong, Yokohama, Honolulu, Acapulco and 12 more enchanting ports. Perhaps your most memorable travel experience. From $6,520 to $19,695. See your travel agent or mail the coupon. The s.s. Rotterdam is registered in the Netherlands Antilles.

See your travel agent or call Miss Martin collect at (212) 760-3880, toll-free at (800) 221-6657.

Holland America Cruises, 2 Pennsylvania Plaza, N.Y., N.Y. 10001.
Please send brochure on the s.s. Rotterdam 1976 World Cruise.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____
Travel Agent_____

Rates per person, double occupancy, subject to availability.

Minimum rates may not be available on the above listed sailing.

You may never want to get off.

Holland America Cruises

ing his soul a gilt artifact, he remained Virtue's prisoner.

In the summer of 1873, Rimbaud wrote a kind of testament entitled *A Season in Hell,* disassociating himself once again, but this time from the child who fancied himself an alchemist: "The story of one of my insanities. . . . I invented colors for the vowels! . . . I made rules for the form and movement of every consonant, and I boasted of inventing, with rhythms from within me, a kind of poetry that all the senses, sooner or later, would recognize. And I alone would be its translator." For two years, he and Paul Verlaine had sustained a binge, alternately creative and destructive, that took them from bars to gutters to boardinghouses in Paris, London, and Brussels. It ended with a bang. Verlaine, driven to despair by his elusive lover, shot him. Ironically, the bullet lodged in Rimbaud's hand.

IN 1875 HE BEGAN TO wander again, alone, silently, and in ever-wider circles, as if pursuing a destiny from which he had sought unsuccessfully to reprieve himself. "Someone else" had written his poetry, during a vatic delirium, a parenthetical seizure, a season in hell. "I turned silences and nights into words. What was unutterable, I wrote down. I made a whirling world stand still." He set out for Russia, but got no farther than Vienna, where, fleeced, he ended up begging in the streets. He joined the Dutch foreign legion, but deserted in Java. He became foreman of a construction crew on Cyprus, but contracted typhoid. Each debacle was followed by convalescence in Charleville. The tether that slackened enough to make him feel free would smartly jerk him back, even from the ends of the earth. In 1880 he drifted down the Red Sea and ultimately washed ashore at the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula, in Aden. There he remained for ten years. "If only you knew how indifferent I am to all that now," he wrote to his mother, who kept him abreast of political events in Europe. "All these debates and arguments are now totally incomprehensible to me. Like the Muslims I know what has happened and no more."

The obsessive idea that kept him alive, and cut short his life, was money. He had become a tough, stoic trader, a Conradian outcast depriving himself of physical pleasure, searing his body against the sun and, by every cruel expedient, saving francs. His letters to Vitalie, except for one confidential eruption when he speaks of profound loneliness, mainly calculate the sum that would permit him to return from exile, to marry and settle down. At last opportunity presented itself.

Across the gulf of Aden, a dynastic war broke out between the Emperor of Ethiopia and his vassal, Menelik. Needing firearms, each addressed himself to European traders, promising them a handsome profit. Rimbaud took sides with Menelik. He organized a caravan and led it from Harar inland several hundred miles to Shoa, where Menelik promptly confiscated his merchandise, sending him away much the poorer. Gold would elude him forever.

In 1891 he was immobilized by a painful lump on his knee. Later that year, he returned to his mother for the last time, penuriously and with only one leg, the other, cancerous, having been amputated by doctors in Marseilles. He tried to escape home once again, believing that he would recover his health nowhere but in Africa, in his fatherland. After several months, he set forth, though delirious with the pain of what proved to be generalized carcinoma. Using his sister Isabelle as a crutch, Rimbaud reached Marseilles and died there, at thirty-seven, in the Hospital of the Immaculate Conception. Parisian literati, like Mallarmé, who revered him as a great poet, knew nothing of his death, but would in any event have regarded it as posthumous.

This volume includes his complete poetry, most of his prose writing, and his correspondence as well. The translator, Paul Schmidt, orients the reader biographically with brief, colloquial résumés spaced throughout like stepping stones. Given Rimbaud's ellipses, his puns, his neologisms, his allusions, and everything else that characterizes his esoteric play, the task Mr. Schmidt set himself of making these poems English poems, of capturing Rimbaud in an English idiom, was formidable indeed. On the whole, he has accomplished it remarkably well. One hears a distinct voice. At times, however, and perhaps unavoidably, meaning has been sacrificed to formal imperatives, to cadence and diction. For exampl in his prose poem "Après le Déluge ("After the Flood"), the sea is "*ét gée comme sur les gravures,*" or "la ered as on engravings"—a figu that evokes naive stylizations of th sea in medieval art and in children drawings; a new world has dawne —after the flood. Mr. Schmidt translation

> *In the dirty main street they hung*
> *up signs on their shops,*
> *And dragged off boats to the sea,*
> *up there, fixed as if engraved*

may render the shape of the phras but muffles its inner life.

In *A Season in Hell,* Rimbaud e titles one chapter "L'Alchimie Verbe." *Verbe* is the biblical "Wor —the Word that was in the begi ning. Here it conveys Rimbaud's fa tasy of inventing a transcendent la guage, of bringing himself forth in maculately, of being God. M Schmidt's translation—"The Alch my of Words"—wherein the sacr becomes profane and the absolu relative, seems perverse. It brings mind a remark he makes in one his biographical prefaces: "The o gins of this theory of illuminism, degradation in order to obtain el vation, of objectivity as the rewa of total experience, are perha traceable; what is staggering, thoug is to think that these ideas . . . occ in the mind of a pedantic count schoolboy." Is it a very surprisi place for them to have occurr after all?

The French provinces have alwa provided fertile soil for mystical o shoots of the Faith; and pedantr being the armor by which Rimba protected himself, made him susce tible to closed systems. Mr. Schmi implies that the ideas he embrac were historically traceable outsi him but miraculous or idiopath within, that they were universal a he provincial. The point wou scarcely be worth underscoring if n for an analogous discrepancy o sometimes encounters in his trans tion between container and conte —a tendency to refine the pedant, make the country schoolboy urba as he makes The Word . . . words.

Still, he could not have serv Rimbaud as well as he has with had he not brought to bear his o gift and temperament. Often, keeps faith precisely by the astu liberties he takes.

ichard H. Rovere

THE MAGNIFICENT FUSSBUDGET

ne *New Yorker* institution recalls another

I wrote the following article in 61, not long after reading The ears With Ross, *by James Thurber.* arper's *accepted it and had it ready r the printer when it occurred to e that, as a matter of courtesy, I ould show it to Ross's successor, illiam Shawn. He said he would efer that I not publish it. It is a easure of my respect for him that I thdrew it; there are not many peo- e for whom I would do as much. I d not, then or later, ask his reasons r asking me to withhold it, but I agine the principal one was his uctance to see the anecdote on ce made public. I recall asking illiam Maxwell, one of the maga- ne's fiction editors, if he thought at was it. He said he assumed so. awn, he thought, probably took ything critical of Ross as necessari- critical of himself and of the mag- ine. (Actually, I offered the anec- te as evidence of Ross's fundamen- decency.) At any rate, I asked awn recently if he still had any ob- tions, and he said he did not. I am lined to believe that his and* The w Yorker's *liberal credentials are w well enough established that ch an article as this offers no threat them.*

SEEM TO HAVE MISLAID the sheaf of notes I had from Harold Ross—th the detailed commentaries he ached to the galleys of *New York-* articles and the brief interoffice moranda (he, of course, would ver have called them that) that re now and then put on my desk one of his superannuated messen- rs. These messages—at least the es I got—usually ran to three or four typed lines on cheap yellow paper. They were mostly courtesy notes, and they generally went about like this:



The Granger Collection

Harold Ross

> *Mr. Rovere: I've just read your piece, and I like it fine. Thanks for doing it. I may as well tell you now that Shawn and I have talked over your next assignment, and we're both for it, so that makes it official.*
>
> *H. W. Ross*

My memories of him are not very numerous, and are not based on intimacy. But they are warm, and some of them are still quite vivid. I do not wish to lose them as I have lost the notes.

I worked for *The New Yorker* in the seven years before Ross's death in 1951. Unlike James Thurber and a few others who have written of him, I did not know him as a friend. We were a generation apart. I was twenty-nine when I was hired by William Shawn, his assistant and successor, and Ross was fifty-two. The only Ross I knew was the editor, and I write of him now not only to preserve my recollections but with the hope that these recollections may cast some light that has not been cast before.

I no longer remember my first meeting with him, but I am sure it did not take place until several months after I joined *The New Yorker* in 1944. At that time, I shared with two or three other writers a small, sooty suite on the fifteenth floor at 25 West Forty-third Street—four floors below Ross's. In that period, Ross was a firm believer in decentralization as a means of preventing office politics, office gossip, and office amours. He scattered writers here and there in the building—two, three, or four to a floor—so that they would not have much to do with one another. The only people I knew or recognized were Shawn, Shawn's secretary, and the other writers in my suite. If I had ever seen a photograph of Ross, it hadn't stuck in my mind, and I didn't know what he looked like. I imagine I was first introduced to him in a corridor or elevator by Shawn or Joel Sayre, an-

Richard H. Rovere, Washington columnist for The New Yorker, *is the author of several books, including* The American Establishment *(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) and* Waist-Deep in the Big Muddy *(Atlantic-Little, Brown).*

other fifteenth-floor writer and an old-timer on the magazine. Apart from brief and generally silent encounters in corridors and elevators (it was, and still is, considered bad form at *The New Yorker* to do more than nod or mumble a greeting in these places), I do not suppose that I was with Ross more than a dozen times in all. Our only meeting on what could even remotely be considered a social occasion was at the twenty-fifth anniversary party of *The New Yorker* at the Ritz—the last great party held in that noble hotel before it was demolished. I chatted briefly with him and with his friends Mayor and Mrs. William O'Dwyer, and all that remains with me is a picture of Ross looking balefully over the ballroom, consulting his watch, and saying that it was one hell of an hour for his young daughter to be at the Ritz Hotel.

About half our other meetings took place when William Shawn was out of the office and Ross took over the "editing" of my pieces. This meant that he assembled all the notes on meaning, syntax, punctuation, and so forth of the editors—himself included—and went over them with me, a process that sometimes lasted a couple of hours. There were writers who found such meetings—with Ross or any other editor—an ordeal. I enjoyed them. Before coming to *The New Yorker*, I had done a lot of editing and rewrite work myself, and I had acquired, I guess, a taste for the minutiae of syntax and style. Also, when I worked with Ross, I was entertained by what I learned of his own interests and experiences and of the importance he attached to them. Once, in an article on the New York District Attorney's office, I wrote, rather thoughtlessly, about an express elevator that made its first "scheduled" stop at the seventh floor or some floor above the second. This annoyed Ross very much.

"I'm a specialist on elevators," he said. "You probably weren't born when I first started studying them, and, by God, this is the first time I ever heard of an elevator 'schedule.' It sounds pretty damned ridiculous. What do you mean, Rovere—they've got an elevator timetable down there on Centre Street—you catch the, for God's sake, 8:19 elevator or something like that? I just don't believe it. I'll put one of the checkers on it."

If he had only stopped talking, I would quickly have conceded that I had chosen a misleading word and was glad he had pointed this out. But I couldn't bring myself to interrupt the flow, for I liked it. I liked those times in his office very much and wish there had been more of them. Of the office itself I remember very little, except that its principal decoration was an immense commercial poster—I believe a tea advertisement—of a decorous, recumbent, Chinese nude, life-size or larger, tacked to the wall above his desk.

I FOUND ROSS a great and, in many ways, an inspiring editor. I know he had large faults. He was a fussbudget. His interest in ideas didn't match his interest in small, and often silly, facts. Much of the time he saw neither the forest nor the trees but only a bit of the undergrowth. Still, his passion for accuracy was admirable, and his passion for precision of expression was tonic, especially in a day when our leading literary critics were making light of precision and clarity and arguing that awkward, choked-up writers like Dreiser and Faulkner showed how mistaken it was to put mere correctness high on the scale of literary values. My own instincts may have been petty, but in general I agreed with Ross. I liked his endless and, as I saw it and still see it, gallant fight against the slovenly, the flabby, and the needlessly ambiguous.

I do not mean to say that there was no merit in the view of the critics hostile to Ross's approach or to that of *The New Yorker* today. Many writers incomparably greater than those *The New Yorker* regularly publishes could not have printed in the magazine without extensive and probably emasculating revision. Ross would never have put up with Dickens, Tolstoy, or Balzac. Or at least one assumes that he wouldn't have. Yet he was by no means inflexible, and some of his and *The New Yorker*'s views on writers and editors have been misunderstood. The late Gustave Lobrano once told me of a discussion of the system he had had with Ross when he, Lobrano, had just joined the staff as a fiction editor.

"Let's take an extreme case, Lobrano," Ross had said. "Take a writer who comes in here with a story we like but that has one sentence that is upside down. I mean printed upside down, so that to read it yo have to turn the magazine arou We're against that, and we'd tell l so. We'd tell him there's a f house rule on the subject—absol ly no upside-down sentences. N suppose the writer begins to shou us and say he'll take his piece some fifty-cent magazine publis in Chicago or someplace. We then, Lobrano, in a position in wh we must decide whether we th more of the rule than of the story we want the story very much, may have to humor the writer print the sentence upside do That's the rule, Lobrano."*

The New Yorker has never, so as I know, printed an upside-d sentence, and I do know of case which a refusal to submit to revis has led to rejection. On the o hand, I know of far more case which writers determined that t way was the better one have vailed against the editors.

In *The Years With Ross*, Ja Thurber turns over and over question of whether Ross made *New Yorker* or *The New Yor* made Ross. He never does settle As a latecomer, I am in no posit to bear witness. By the time I k Ross, he was already a creature myth, and everything he did or di do contributed to the myth. His n commonplace decisions were set d as the marks of genius. Everyth he said was regarded as proof of wizardry. For example, a good m people have told me that Ross sho a miraculous editorial instinct w he decided to have a Washi ton correspondent who maintai his home elsewhere. It was t that when I first started the "Le from Washington" he often told p ple that in his judgment Washing could best be covered by some who didn't live there. But this doe make it a sound judgment, an does not even mean that Ross very serious when he said it. It mainly, I think, a judgment suited his convenience and mine,

* Shawn is of the opinion that the act opposite was Ross's attitude. He be right. Edward Newhouse, who written some of the finest short st the magazine has published, was pres and, while he does not recall the incid he finds it in keeping with his men of Ross, of whom he said, "He though writers were idiots and had to be hum in order to keep them producing, part larly when it came to so unimporta matter as typography."

e that he found amusing. In 1948, en I was asked to try the "Letter m Washington," I had recently tled my family in Dutchess Coun- almost 100 miles north of New rk City. At the time of the move xpected that the bulk of my writ- would be nonpolitical. I had been ensely political in my early twen- s, and most of my journalism be- e I went on *The New Yorker* had n political in one sense or an- er. In my first four years on the gazine, I had found it a great plea- e to be writing about other things lawyers, criminals, food faddists, mory experts—and even a bit of ion. I was pleased by Shawn's ggestion (the idea originated, I ieve, with him rather than with ss) that I try a regular letter from shington, but I did not anticipate t it would be the only thing I uld do for the magazine, or even t it would be my major job. Also, wasn't certain it would last. Nor s Ross. "We'll give it a try, Ro- re," he said. "Nobody's yet per- ded me that there's anything for down there. But there may be. ey tell me it's becoming an *inter- tional* city now. That might make difference. Anyway, we'll see."

In time, Ross began telling people t he had laid down the law and d me that if I ever moved to Wash- gton, I'd no longer be the maga- e's Washington correspondent. He n worked up a theory that the *ly* way to cover Washington was staying there a few days at a time d then clearing out; Lippmann, the sops, and the rest were going about entirely the wrong way. The the- y was, I think, an afterthought and essentially playful one—yet peo- have often told me that only a nius like Ross could have con- ved it. It is nonsense.

TWO OR THREE ENCOUNTERS stand out in my mind. One took place er I had been on the magazine out a year and had decided that it sn't the place for me—or, at any te, that I wasn't the writer for it. I d accepted, in the form of ad- nces, a good deal more money than had earned, and I was much op- essed, like so many other writers fore and after that time, by the ought of my debt to the magazine. inking about it gave me severe iter's cramp. I thought I'd better clear out before I ran up a debt I could never hope to repay. I confided my anxieties to William Shawn, the gentlest man ever to be put in charge of other men, and he gravely proposed that we talk the whole matter over at lunch the next day. We went to the Algonquin, and after we had been there for a few minutes Ross came shambling into the dining room. I was sure this had been arranged, but Ross pretended surprise and a certain gruff pleasure at seeing us together there. "Hello, Shawn," he said. "Hello, Rovere. All right if I sit down here?" He began to question me in an offhand way about the article I was supposed to be doing. Whom had I seen? How was the writing going? He acted as if he had heard not a word of my difficulties and was just making talk. I answered his questions and some that Shawn asked—none of which bore on the problem of whether I was to quit the magazine or stay with it. But by the time the lunch was over (I ate heartily while Ross, as I recall, had a soft-boiled egg and Shawn had cornflakes—a strange sustenance which cost, I was scandalized to learn, several dollars) it seemed to be the common assumption of the three of us that there were no problems worth talking about. Possibly I figured that if they could pay Algonquin prices for eggs and cornflakes I need not fret too much about owing them money. Anyway, I stopped fretting and began to produce articles, thereby reducing, and in time discharging, my debt.

The article Ross had questioned me about had led me to have several talks with another magazine editor, whom I shall call Foley. We got along fairly well, and Foley evidently conceived a mild interest in me. I learned of this one day, not long after the Algonquin lunch, when Ross phoned me from his office. Our only phone conversation went about like this:

"Hello, Rovere. Ross. Sorry to bother you, but the damnedest thing just happened. I got a call from that fool Foley. I don't understand it. Once a year, just about this time, he calls me on the telephone. I can depend on it. Hardly need a calendar. I know a year's gone by when I hear from him. He wanted to know about you."

"What about me?"

"Well, he wanted me to tell him about you. I couldn't think of a thing to say. Jesus, how would *I* know what to say about *you*? What'll I tell him?"

"I've no idea," I said. "Do you know what he's got in mind?"

"I figure he must be thinking about offering you a job. Would you like a job over there?"

"I don't think so," I said, perhaps a bit nervously. "I like it here."

"Well, it's none of my business. It's just that I've got to tell Foley something about you. Then, by God, he won't bother me for another year. I don't know why he always calls *me*. What shall I say?"

"I still don't know," I said. Then I had a thought that struck me as being in keeping with the spirit of this conversation. "Why don't you," I said, "tell him I'm a Communist? I think that will put a stop to the whole thing."

"Jesus, a Communist. A Communist! That's it. I'll tell him you read what's his name, Marx, all the time. You're all for the Russians. He won't need to know any more. He may not even *call* me next year. That's just fine. Thanks a lot, Rovere."

ROSS WAS OFTEN SAID to be a Republican. I don't know what he was. His thoughts on politics always seemed to me casual and improvised. He had an interest in the workings of politics that was technical and dispassionate, rather like his interest in the life of eels. His knowledge was quite broad, though, and he frequently raised shrewd points about my articles.

He did not wish me to be committed to any partisan viewpoint in the magazine, and I did not wish to be committed. When, however, Sen. Joe McCarthy came along, a couple of years after I had started the "Letter from Washington," I told him that I thought it would be impossible and quite irresponsible to suspend judgment on this mountebank. McCarthyism, I argued, was not a political issue but a moral one. Though the term made him uneasy, he agreed, and I was free to commit the magazine—to the degree that I could commit it by anything I wrote—against McCarthy. *The New Yorker* lost a few subscribers on this account but not, so far as I know, any advertisers.

In one of the first "Letters from



Made from an original old style sour mash recipe by Bill Samuels, fourth generation Kentucky Distiller.

Maker's Mark Distillery, Loretto, Ky., Ninety Proof–Fully Matured.

Answers to questions

YOU MAY BE ASKING ABOUT

karma and reincarnation

So often discussed today—and often misunderstood—two correlated concepts: Karma, the law of action and reaction basic in Eastern philosophy. Reincarnation, the belief that everyone is given sufficient opportunities to fulfill the law. These two new paperbacks answer clearly the questions most asked today.

KARMA

Virginia Hanson, ed. A new reader on the workings of what some call "fate." 135 pages, paperbound, $2.50.

REINCARNATION

Leoline L. Wright. The theory of man's recuring rebirth, for inquiring readers. 113 pages, paperbound, $2.25.

Quest Books . . . from bookstores

or postpaid, promptly, from Quest Books Dept. HM, 306 West Geneva Rd., Wheaton, IL 60187.

The Theosophical Publishing House
WHEATON, IL LONDON MADRAS

Washington," I wrote at length on a report on racial segregation in the District of Columbia. The report said there was a lot of segregation and that it ought to be ended. My piece was clearly sympathetic to this point of view. I enlisted the magazine on the side of the victims.

At the usual time, Shawn and I met to go over the piece. Shawn had Ross's notes on his desk, but they had been placed where I could not easily see them. When we came to the section that dealt with the report, Shawn grew visibly agitated. He said he thought I ought to know that Mr. Ross, splendid man that he was, had certain blind spots. On the Negro question, for example, he did not share the enlightened view. It was quite strange, he said, that so generous and humane a person should have this failing. But there it was. One had to face it.

I had had intimations of this and was not greatly disturbed. I admired Ross hugely as an editor. I liked him very much. I thought that *The New Yorker* was an ornament of American civilization. It has seldom bothered me to observe that some of our ornaments are tarnished. Shawn had no need to apologize to me for a touch of chauvinism in Ross, and I said so. "Does he object to anything specific?" I asked. Well, no, Shawn said, nothing specific, really, but he does have some pretty harsh comments on the whole piece. I asked if I might see them. Almost trembling, Shawn handed me Ross's notes and pointed to the offending passage. I remember it as vividly as anything Ross ever wrote or said, and I know I am not more than a few words off in this paraphrase.

This section is silly and pernicious. Rovere plainly doesn't know what he's talking about. Believe me, these race questions are complicated. I know—I've lived with them. [He had worked, briefly, as a reporter in Atlanta, but what he meant when he said he had "lived" with the race question was that he had lived for some time in San Francisco and knew all about the Chinese there.] This is damned foolish stuff, and altogether too much of it is getting into the magazine. I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm saying right now that if the Oak Room [of the Algonquin] goes black, I'm clearing out. I suppose we've got to print this, but I hereby file a protest. I don't see why this magazine has to draw every Abraham Lincoln in New York.

What struck me at once, of cour was that Ross had said, "I suppo we've got to print this." I ask Shawn whether he proposed that withdraw the section. He said he p posed no such thing. He asked i myself wished to withdraw it. I sai did not. The piece ran as written.

My admiration for Ross was that moment almost limitless. T man clearly despised what I had w ten for his magazine. He thought was poppycock. To a degree, he garded me as an enemy of his valu Yet the piece was factually accura reasonably well written, and a seric piece of reporting by a man he h asked to cover Washington, and th for Ross, was that. I told Shawn t this seemed to me absolutely spl did. Shawn seemed relieved.

A bit later, I left Shawn's offi and there in the hall was Ross, p ing restlessly and obviously awaiti my emergence. He cornered me. hope you're not angry, Rovere," said. "I guess I blew up. Jesus, I got nothing against Negroes. To t you the truth, the only people w worry me are all the Abraham L colns here. We've got too many one magazine. Sometimes I feel as I'm printing nothing but the goddar Emancipation Proclamation over a over again. I get sick of it. Th Dorothy Parker is the worst. S writes this stuff all the time, and th she keeps coming to me and sayi 'Ross, why don't you have a Neg over to your house for dinner?' told her once that no shine e asked me to *his* house for dinner, a I hadn't noticed too goddamn many of them at her place. I gu your piece was all right, Rovere. J hit me at a bad moment. I hope y don't mind my talking this way."

I said it was quite all right. Ab a week or ten days later, after "Letter" had been published, I r into him again, and he made appr imately the same embarrassed spee I probably said something ab everyone having his own point view. If I had thought of it, I mig have said that I thought he was son thing of an emancipator himself. I didn't think of it. Besides, it was the sort of thing one said to Ross.

LAKING CONNECTION



Before approaching the island of the Sirens, whose sweet songs lured mariners to their destruction on the rocks, Ulysses ordered his men to fill their ears with wax. Wishing to hear the Sirens' songs himself, Ulysses had himself bound to the ship's mast so that he could hear their music in safety.

What's Your SQ?

As the Smartness Quotient test below will demonstrate, being nart is having the ability to see the forest in spite of the trees, tell the dummy from the ventriloquist. To measure your SQ, lect the response you'd be most likely to have to each of the folwing dilemmas, and add up the points accompanying your reonses. Explanation of the scoring appears at the end of the test.

1. You and the musicians in your rock band yearn for stardom, you:
(a) Make an enormous effort to adapt the classics to electronic cacophony, thus creating new dimensions of lyrical and melodic beauty. (25)
(b) Be—or pretend to be—a homosexual or transvestite, wrap snakes around your neck, behead chickens on stage, and shout obscenities at prepubescent girls. (10)
(c) Practice balancing on the inside edge of bohemia. (20)
(d) In front of witnesses, grab a well-known musician by the throat and accuse him of hypocrisy. (15)
(e) Hire a ruthless manager. (30)

2. As a director of research for a large chemical concern, you ıve come under heavy pressure to find a way to detoxify a cerin gasoline additive, so you:
(a) Bring a sleeping bag into the laboratory. (10)
(b) Wage a media blitz to convince the public that your firm is gladly spending millions on this vital research, but in fact, the whole project was the un-American and unnecessary idea of elitist environmentalists. (15)
(c) Bribe somebody in a Tokyo plant to tell you how *he* did it. (20)
(d) Release a preliminary study showing that the Japanese additive seems to cause tumors in rats. (25)
(e) Put all of your money into the competitor's stock, then announce that you've fallen a year behind schedule. (30)

3. The treasurer of the company which you own outright abonded with a large sum of money and was found dead two eeks later, so you:
(a) Rejoice that the SOB got what he had coming. (5)
(b) Inquire whether the money was found. (10)
(c) Wonder how he died. (15)
(d) Realize with dread that you had a perfect motive to kill him. (30)
(e) Agree to hire the police commissioner's son in an executive capacity, perhaps as treasurer. (50)

4. Upon returning from work, you find a strange object on the floor of your apartment, so you:
(a) Carefully consider its size, shape, color, and possible function. (10)
(b) Ask the superintendent who else has a key to your apartment. (15)
(c) Put the object to work, perhaps as a paperweight or *objet d'art*. (20)
(d) Wonder why this object in particular seems strange, when every day you run across things you've never seen before and remain unaffected by them. (30)
(e) Are deeply disturbed by the possibility that it's you who are strange, not the object. (15)

5. You've been having trouble getting a job, so you:
(a) List yourself with another employment agency. (10)
(b) Have the tattoo removed from the back of your hand. (5)
(c) Walk over to the parking lot, scoop some pebbles into your mouth, and practice saying, "Every sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick." (0)
(d) Hire a computer firm to determine what kind of crime has the highest profit/capture ratio, and commit that crime. (15)
(e) Read the February Self-Help **WRAPAROUND.** (3)

6. You wake up in the middle of the night and smell smoke, so you:
(a) Call the fire department and get out of the house. (5)
(b) Wonder if your son is smoking marijuana again. (8)
(c) Consider whether the neighborhood is as integrated as the real estate agent said. (15)
(d) Shudder with fear for having doubled your insurance policy only last week. (45)
(e) Wonder why your man torched the house on Friday, since your vacation doesn't start until Sunday. (20)

Test results

If your SQ is:	You are:
Below 70	Responsible, but dumb
70-100	Sensible
101-130	Reproachable
131-160	Sophisticated, but corrupt
161-190	Machiavellian
191-200	Lucky—you ought to be in jail

—Lawrence S. Burns

Lawrence S. Burns is on the staff of Harper's.

RAPAROUND CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

RAPAROUNDWRAPAR

The Gift that Keeps on Giving

In the early part of this century, John D. Rockefeller was the richest and most hated man in America. The quintessential robber baron, he was the target of muckrakers. His massive monopoly, Standard Oil, was under attack in both state and federal courts. His vast wealth and public image worried Rockefeller's principal adviser, Frederick T. Gates, a Baptist clergyman turned businessman/philanthropist. "I trembled," Gates wrote in his memoirs, "as I witnessed the unreasoning popular resentment at Mr. Rockefeller's riches, to the mass of the people a national menace."

But there was a human side to John D. Rockefeller. Since the age of sixteen he had been as devoted to philanthropy as he had been to expanding his economic power. His dictum was: "A man should make all he can and give away all he can." Still, even though his charitable disbursements had risen in consonance with the growth of his fortune, the public had not been appeased. Gates worried that the fortune—or, rather, popular resentment over how Rockefeller had made it—would crush Rockefeller and his descendants.

Fortunately for Rockefeller, Gates could think as big in philanthropy as Rockefeller could in business. Gates scorned "retail" giving, his term for bequests in the tens of thousands of dollars: he advocated "wholesale" philanthropy in the tens of millions. In his grand philanthropic vision, he saw Rockefeller putting such sums into "permanent corporate philanthropies for the good of mankind."

Gates had "great funds" in mind, such as the institutions Rockefeller endowed between 1890 and 1913: the University of Chicago, the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research (now called Rockefeller University), and the Rockefeller Foundation. Their impact on the Rockefeller image was not immediate, and for years, while Rockefeller's charity was eagerly solicited (he was "hunted like a wild animal," according to Gates), he was not honored for it. In the famous phrase of one Congregationalist minister, Rockefeller's charity was "tainted money."

But gradually the philanthropies accumulated a highly visible record of good works, while John D. wisely sat back and did not participate in their operations, never even attending a board meeting. Professional staff ran the philanthropies. The chief officers were Gates and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the only son, who never had been much involved in Standard Oil.

While the Rockefellers and their philanthropic institutions continued to control it, Standard Oil began to fade in the public mind as the symbol of Rockefeller financial power. Rockefeller Senior had stepped down from day-to-day control before 1900: Rockefeller Junior resigned from his directorship in 1910. In the 1930s a new symbol emerged, as Rockefeller Junior embarked on the construction of his signal enterprise—Rockefeller Center, a commercial development that is now one of the nation's major tourist attractions.

More important, Rockefeller Junior and his wife, the principal founder of the Museum of Modern Art, expanded the scope of Rockefeller philanthropy to embrace the arts and conservation. By 1940 wealth and philanthropy had worked in combination to give the Rockefellers an enviable reputation and more power than wealth alone could have provided. The upshot was that the Rockefeller brothers could become actively involved in the work of their philanthropic institutions and through them could even begin to exert an influence on government policies. In the late 1950s the Rockefeller Brothers Fund could publish a report warning of a missile gap, and advocating huge increases in defense expenditures, a recommendation that would shape the national-security debate for several years.

In short, public regard for the Rockefeller name has undergone a remarkable transformation since John D.'s heyday. Who in 1900 would have thought that two of John D.'s grandsons, Nelson and Winthrop, would be elected to state governorships? that one of them would be Vice-President? that another, John D. III, would one day be a leader of the commission set up to celebrate the Bicentennial? that another, Laurance, would receive numerous awards from natural-resource-conservation organizations? and that the fifth, David, a powerful banker, would be called "an outstanding example of humanism in the twentieth century" by the French Ambassador to the United States?

Such are the fruits of philanthropy. An image was softened, a dynasty born. Now the Rockefellers are so entrenched that the dynasty probably won't fall unless the nation does.

—Myer Kutz

Myer Kutz is the author of Rockefeller Power *(Pinnacle Books).*

Although the folded surfaces of the brain are only .1 inch thick at any given point, together they are 400 square inches in area.

Can't Buy Me Love

You can see for yourselves that felicity—no matter whether men find it in pleasure, or goodness, or both of the two—belongs more to those who have cultivated their character and mind to the uttermost, and kept acquisition of external goods within moderate limits, than it does to those who have managed to acquire more external goods than they can possibly use, and are lacking in the goods of the soul.

—Aristotle (384-322 B.C.)

The IQs of the following people were estimated by psychologist Dr. Catherine Morris Cox, and were published in The Mind (1964):

Sir Francis Drake—130	**Martin Luther—170**
Ulysses S. Grant—130	**Immanuel Kant—175**
George Washington—140	**René Descartes—180**
Napoleon Bonaparte—145	**Leonardo Da Vinci—180**
Abraham Lincoln—150	**Galileo—185**
Rembrandt—155	**Voltaire—190**
Benjamin Franklin—160	**Isaac Newton—190**
Samuel Johnson—165	**Johann Wolfgang von Goethe—210**

SOURCES

Art and literature seek to re
veal the possibilities of the or
dinary. They amaze and pleas
us whenever they bring us
new way of seeing; through
few memorable books, for ex
ample, we grow haphazardly
reshaping our feelings an
thoughts, diving deeper int
rich and complex human activ
ity. I offer a random sele
tion of books that helped m
make the dive.

Albert Camus developed
limitless appetite for life. H
says in the preface to *Lyric
and Critical Essays* (Vintage
that his natural indifference w
corrected by being placed hal
way between poverty and th
sun. "Poverty kept me fro
thinking all was well under th
sun and in history; the su
taught me that history was n
everything. I wanted to chan
lives, yes, but not the wor
which I worshipped as divine
In his essay "Nuptials at Tipas
he describes a blue-and-yello
spring day spent in the desert
Roman town of Tipasa, ne
Algiers. He climbed the hil
crushed absinthe leaves for the
wild scent. He made love, swa
in the sea, dried in the su
When the heat became ove
whelming, he retired to a ca
to drink mint tea and eat fru
His robust union with rock
sun, sea, another human bein
is a celebration. His energy a
submission have only one le
son: that our chance at happ
ness can be easily missed, for
is always undeserved.

I don't think Camus wou
be uncomfortable with Alice
Toklas. In *The Alice B. Tok
Cookbook* (Doubleday/Anch
$1.95), she shows an und
standing of the growing of foo
a love of its look, taste, a
combinations which is close
Camus's kinship with the ear
In the garden and kitchen s
finds theater and humor in
guilty and strenuous murder
a lively carp (later casua
stuffed with chestnuts); and s
sees beauty more poignant th
a post-Impressionist painti
She revels in the sight of a co
autumn sun shining on orar
carrots, green and yellow a
white pumpkins, squash, pur
eggplants, and red tomato
She says, "The first gather
of the garden in May of sala
radishes and herbs made
feel like a mother about l

"When they wished to justify ir actions, they gave reasons ich were so dull that they uld not fail to be true."
—Jean-Paul Sartre
Les Mots, 1964

oy—how could anything so autiful be mine? And this iotion of wonder filled me each vegetable as it was thered every year."
We spend less time eating in we do sleeping and work- but we do it quite often, and ss Toklas reminds us, as she ssips and gives recipes, that should respect this repeti- us but nourishing process.
Camus separates time into o parts—one for living and e for giving expression to . At the time of writing uptials at Tipasa," he could , "Live Tipasa, manifest its y heart's and body's) lessons, d the work of art will come er." In this lay a crucial free- m, which is related in my nd to Eugen Herrigel's search an understanding of the tless art" in the training he dertakes in *Zen in the Art of chery* (Vintage). The con- tion between a Mediterra- an pagan and a German phi- opher is tenuous, but it ap- ars that both accept rigorous nd-training and the giving up oneself to one's skill (what- er it may be) as a prelude to nsitivity to circumstances. The sired outcome would seem to a way of living simply and re- ctfully, without abstractions.
One other book to add to this : *The Selected Poems of derico García Lorca* (New rections, $1.50). With lovely mor García Lorca pries at the lden graces, those details ich compose a whole that is en more interesting than their n. He refines his descriptions, a sense lets the big view dis- pear in order to allow his and r feelings to breathe. This es great care and gentle- ss, and in the best of his ems one is almost physically ached. **—Valerie Brooks**
lerie Brooks is on the staff of rper's.

"The most patriotic thing I n do for my country is to re- ain solvent."
James E. Sinclair, partner of Vilas & Hickey, Wall Street
1975

Alien Invaders, Hell, and Home Is Where The Heart Is

A while back we asked you about your sense of place—what made you feel a place was yours, how big a turf you'd fight to protect (i.e., would you fend off alien invaders to protect Earth?), what sort of place you thought hell was. We received a large number of responses, and we learned some interesting things about you: most of you don't want to fight off invaders from outer space; you want to understand and befriend them. Most of you think of hell as a state of mind (although one reader told us he thought hell was Earth, which has been ruled for some milennia by Draconian invaders from heaven/outer space). Many of you feel that a shelf of books, a vase of flowers, and the presence of loved ones make a place your own.

We have picked out some of your letters for sharing. Come right in, sit down, and enjoy the visit.

There is no longer a moon orbiting this planet, effective June 15, 1974. Several fakes have been put up. It was discovered that the moon was a base for nonhuman, submicroscopic entities. That base no longer exists. Kino in *The Pearl* by John Steinbeck had it easy compared to what I've been through since being informed of the truth.
—Raymond Kratovil
Springfield, Mass.

Where would I land if I were falling to earth? So many special spots. The sloping bank thickly covered with giant horsetails to rustle at my finale, reminiscent of the innumerable taffeta skirts in which I danced through my youth. Perhaps my special rock, now lost. Bracken fern grew thickly around it. It fit my body, was my ship, my house, my launching pad for dreams. The earthy scent of a rotting, wooden deck, the cool dawn encounter with my first cecropia moth, newly emerged. I placed it gently on my childhood sun hat until it gained the strength to fly. I could sink slowly, gratefully to any bit of real earth, wherever I am.
—Margaret Clark
Mequon, Wis.

Do you suppose hell might be Amarillo, Texas?
—Ashby Hardy
Tucson, Ariz.

Hell is where there is no one to talk to except Judy and Willodene. **—Barbara M. Vaughn**
Brunswick, Ga.

My first impulse upon invasion by aliens would be to hotwire one of their spaceships and split to Tralfalmadore. But if I stayed and fought, I would endeavor to save the following places (listed in order of importance):

1. York, Pennsylvania (Muscletown, U.S.A.)—home of the National Weightlifting Team and of the middle-class moral strength of America.
2. The Vatican—spiritual and fiscal storehouse of the world.
3. Burbank, California—cultural, creative center of the U.S. and, by extension, of the world.

—Joe Sissler
Fairfax, Va.

I discovered only gradually what I considered home—the mountains of Appalachia. This was where my people were, people I knew and loved and, usually, understood. Home for me was among those people and in that place where I understood what Edward Sapir calls "the thousands of feelings and ideas that are tacitly assumed and that constantly glimmer in the background."
—Jim W. Miller
Bowling Green, Ky.

Areas I would defend to the death:

1. Place des Vosges, Paris
2. Gramercy Park, New York City
3. Tanglewood Music Complex, The Berkshires, Massachusetts
4. Cold Spring Harbor, New York
5. Glen Cove, New York
6. San Francisco
7. Yellowstone National Park

—Marie Berler
Syosset, N.Y.

I believe a person makes a place his own by cleaning it. Cleaning has not only a practical application but also a ritualistic one. You clean away more than dirt. In some way you chase away old spirits and replace them with your own.

You can see how this works when you visit a place without spirits or with bad spirits. Motel rooms, buses, trains, jets, banks, office buildings, terminals, and waiting rooms are frequently referred to as "sterile" or "cold." What we mean is that there aren't any spirits there. They are cleaned by hired help who go about their task with indifference, speed, or boredom. These men and women are not interested in the place, and consequently do not leave their spirits there. The people who use these places do so temporarily, for a few hours or days, but do not themselves take the responsibility for cleaning. They are therefore visitors, and they've left their spirits someplace else.

You find bad spirits in places that have been cleaned out of aggression or frustration, or aren't cleaned at all. I'm thinking of the back seats of taxicabs, service-station rest rooms, rented cars, subways. Prisons and barracks would be filthy in an instant if the people weren't forced to keep their places clean—beds made, lockers in order. Slums are filthy because people don't want their spirits to inhabit rotten and overcrowded places.

You feel that you belong in a room, a house, a campsite, a car, behind a particular desk when you've arranged, touched, breathed upon it. You can also feel that you belong in a motel or restaurant that is cleaned by the family who owns it and who usually lives there as well. The spirits are strong there. They aren't your own, but you can love the place and want to visit it often because you can sense spirits that would be akin to your own if you cleaned the place for yourself. You can have the same sense of belonging in an old car that has been kept in good condition by an attentive owner; in a neighborhood tavern; in a kid's fort made out of old plywood and branches; in your grandmother's kitchen. Any place touched with care creates a comfortable presence, and that's where you feel you belong.
—Paul J. Ferlazzo
East Lansing, Mich.

TOOLS FOR LIVING

Highest Praise

Far and away the best book on the most important aspect of the sun is *Direct Use of the Sun's Energy*, by Farrington Daniels (Ballantine, $1.95). Daniels, who died only two years ago, was a gifted scientist and a citizen deeply concerned about making science useful to society. That is why his book is so important: it is firmly based on solid science, and the ideas are aimed at the solution of real problems faced by real people. The writing is clear, to the point, and touched by the spirit of the man. (C-8)

QUANTUM LEAP

Bouncing up, down, and sideways, the Leaping Lena is certainly an unusual kind of swing. Its straps are made of strong rubber, three on each side; the seat is flexible rubber belting. By shifting your weight, or by leaning to one side, you can make funny swings and lurches.

The swing comes complete with attaching chains, hooks, and hitching rings. Find a door frame, ceiling beam, or strong tree, and swing away. It's made by Child Life Play Specialties, Inc., and you can order it through us for $16.50. (C-1)



SYBARITE'S SHOWER

It takes a lot to beat a hot soaking bath, but the Water Pik shower massage may eventually win the bathing pleasure contest. The rationale for its invention went like this: your body tends to get accustomed to any new sensation rather quickly, and then you become automatized. How to create a bath experience, then, that is continually new, continuously stimulating? Answer: make a shower head that constantly varies the pressure and the size of the droplets and thereby increases and decreases the level of sensation. The shower massage looks like a regular shower head, and part of it functions that way, but by turning the outer ring slightly you can concentrate a spray that will deliver 9,000 pulsating bursts of water per minute. It will knead and soothe your aching muscles, or wake up your body with a wonderful tingle.

The shower massage can be made into a hand-held model by lifting it out of its hook, and the long chrome cord makes it very handy for washing your hair, your dog, your plants, or even your tub. You can install the shower massage yourself, and it's a permanent fixture. It's available from us for $39.95 (instructions included). (C-3)

STACK AND STORE

Storage is always a problem closets bulge, drawers overflow potatoes sprout roots in the bottom of the bin. Deep in your child's toychest, a lollipop left there months ago attracts a colony of bugs. It's time to organize. Why not take a lesson from the milkman? His milk crates allow him to keep many different products separate but accessible, and the crates are easily cleaned. We have found a company that makes plastic crates that stack just like the real ones. They are sturdy, washable, and have holes on the sides and bottom so that air can circulate. Ideal for keeping vegetables, storing papers, housing the children's toys. The crates measure thirteen-by-thirteen-by-eleven inches, and come in red, blue, white, yellow, green, orange, brown, and black. They can be ordered from us for each. (C-



IDEAS

Is there a tool you particularly like? A gadget, instrument, or small appliance that has served you so well you privately bless it every time you use it? A product of such fine construction and dependability that you'd give it as a Christmas gift to your best friend, your mother, your boss? If so, we'd like to hear about it. Your past suggestions have helped us immeasurably. Tell us what you like, and why. Include the name of the manufacturer and the price. Send your nominees for Tools for Living, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.



YOUR OWN ICE CREAM

Making ice cream at home the old-fashioned way meant a lot of hard work packing salt and ice, and taking turns cranking. But the product was always soft and incredibly creamy, with chunks of fresh peaches, raspberries, or an occasional stray strawberry leaf. The Salton ice-cream machine is a compact, semiautomated version of the old one, and manages to make the ice cream taste just as good; in about two to three hours, it yields one quart.

The machine is placed in the freezer of your refrigerator, where its fan pulls the cold air around the metal container. The dasher inside the can scrapes the frozen mixture off the sides and smoothes it. The machine's electrical cord is flat and metal-covered to allow the freezer door to close with the machine inside. We like the homemade vanilla and tart yogurt flavors best. (Make sure you dissolve the gelatin thoroughly so that little pieces of it don't appear in the ice cream.) Available in pink, brown, or beige at department stores or from us for $22. (C-2)



PLASTIC AND FANTASTIC

Until recently, the purchase a greenhouse was an extrav-ant expenditure and its con-uction a nightmare of broken ass. The Casaplanta Green-use is the answer to the green umbs' prayers. This portable odular starter greenhouse is ven-and-a-half feet high, six et wide, and four feet deep, th two built-in eight-foot-uare fiber glass workbenches r smaller plants and seed flats, neath which larger plants may placed. The rigid, tubular, l-plastic frame snaps together less than an hour without the e of screws, nuts, or bolts. ne clear, heavy-duty, ultra-olet-inhibited, vinyl skin fits ugly over the framework. nce the greenhouse is all shat-rproof plastic, it will never rot rust, even under the most mid orchid-growing condi-ons, and it will never need inting.

The Casaplanta, which weighs ly thirty-five pounds, can be oved in and out of the sun as e seasons change. Victor olm, a professional plant man om Los Angeles, told us that the unit "should be placed in good, filtered sunlight, not in full sun." We were curious about the stability of this unit in a high wind, but were told by Mr. Holm that during a forty-mile-per-hour April windstorm, his Casaplanta, which at that time contained only three orchids and ten four-inch pots of coleus, "stood up very well in the winds and did not move at all." For peace of mind, you might put a heavy pot or a couple of bricks in each corner.

No special floor or foundation is needed. Just level the ground beneath the Casaplanta to keep drafts out and moisture and heat in. In the fall, take the Casaplanta apart and reassemble it inside your home. A "grow light" (available at most greenhouses and department stores) will keep the plants thriving in a sunless area, and a couple of incandescent bulbs placed inside will furnish enough heat to keep the plants healthy in an unheated room or basement. You'll probably want to spread a plastic tarpaulin under it to keep dirt and moisture off the floor. It will be excellent for growing your own herbs and vegetables all winter long. In the spring, use it to get starter plants going for transfer outdoors later.

To help you get acquainted with the art of greenhouse gardening, the **WRAPAROUND** staff has selected several excellent books on the subject, which we will include free with every Casaplanta order. The books are: *Encyclopedia of House Plants,* by Dorothy H. Jenkins; *Indoor Plant Selection and Survival Guide,* by Terrestris; and *Gardening Under Glass,* by Jerome A. Eaton. The Casaplanta is available at nurseries and gardening centers, or from us for $119 plus $5.50 postage. (C-5)

WILD CARDS

Is it poisonous? Or can you eat it? Here are two decks of cards to take on camping trips or study at home. Each deck, one for the eastern half of the United States and one for the West, has fifty-two cards with color pictures of the plants found in each region. On the back of each is a detailed description of the plant, tips on where to find it, notes on its edibility, and recipes for cooking it. Some of the plants have medicinal benefits—curing an upset stomach or soothing irritated skin—while others make strikingly beautiful home decorations. Did you know that you can eat the peeled stem of a thistle? Or that violets make excellent tea? Roasted dandelion roots can be ground and brewed like coffee. Water-lily seeds can be roasted and made into flour for bread, and the unopened flower buds of the day lily can be cooked like green beans. Descriptions of poisonous plants are printed in red for easy differentiation. Wild Cards are available through us for $4.95 per deck. (C-6)

More Sources

Did you ever wonder what your intelligence quotient is? If you didn't find out in school, here's a book that will help you figure your score: *Check Your Own I.Q.,* by H. J. Eysenck (Penguin, $1). With a battery of math, logic, and language problems, the book is actually an IQ test in three parts, and is supposed to be fairly accurate within the range of 100 to 130. It's fun to peruse on a slow afternoon, and will provide challenging entertainment for your children. (C-7)

—Margot Moes-Hunt

Margot Moes-Hunt is Tools for Living consultant to WRAPAROUND.

HOW TO ORDER

Harper's will get you any item (including any book) for which we mention a price. If you would like to order through us, specify the item(s) you want, how many, and what color (if that's relevant). Include the order number that appears at the end of each Tool description. The price listed includes postage and handling, unless otherwise stated. BankAmericard or Master Charge may be used on orders over $15.

Send to: Tools for Living, Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Order Number	Item	Quantity	Price

Total (N.Y. State residents, add appropriate tax) $_____

☐ Check enclosed (Make payable to Harper's Magazine)
Charge to ☐ Master Charge ☐ BankAmericard

Card number _____ Expiration date _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

GAME CLASSIFIE

CLASS CLASH

by Baron Schlegel, Alexandria, Va.

Ethics aside, what irks people about taxes is that only the rich can take advantage of the loopholes. Perhaps the easiest way to remedy this disparity is to allow special deductions for every occupation. Such deductions might include:

Face-lifts for Muhammad Ali challengers

Elbow patches for barflies

Preparation H for rodeo riders

Readers are invited to make up their own nonstandard deductions. Send your entries on a postcard to "Class Clash," Harper's Magazine, Two Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016. Entries must be postmarked by June 7, and become the property of *Harper's*. Winning entries will be published in the August issue. Decision of the editors is final.

First Prize: *The Life of Emily Dickinson*, by Richard B. Sewall (Farrar, Straus & Giroux).

Runners-up: A Thermos space blanket.

Winners of "Verbal Voyage," the April game that asked readers to make word associations ending where they began are:

First Prize

P. H. Emerson: Photographer of Norfolk, by Peter Turner and Richard Wood (David R. Godine):

Dictionary—diction hairy—furry flurry—polar bear—Arctic Circle—midnight sun—solstice—sole stitch—souls who knit—Solzhenitsyn—prison camp—concentration—thoughts—words—dictionary

—Steve Richardson
Portland, Maine

Runners-up

A Miracle folding suitcase:

Honeymoon—Moon River—riverboat—boatswain—swine—sow's ear—silk purse—silkworm—mulberry bush—bush league—baseball—flies—bees—honey—honeymoon

—Karen Speerstra
Prairie du Chien, Wis.

Harper's—ferry—godmother—godfather—Marlon Brando—Hollywood—California—oranges—navel—stomach—food—hot dog—baseball—GAME—*Harper's*

—Bill Clausen
Redwood City, Calif.

Beagle—Snoopy—comic strip—newspaper—trees—petrified wood—prehistoric—dinosaurs—extinction—survival of the fittest—Darwin—voyage—Beagle

—Cynthia Kislow
Athens, Ga.

Kansas—can's ass—bottleneck—traffic jam—congestion jelly—Vicks VapoRub—Trader Vic's—Traitor of Vices—Wizard of Oz—Kansas

—Beth Gurney
Chicago, Ill.

Bus—packed—Pakistan—Tibet—to bet—horses—horseflies—Pegasus—mumblety-peg—play—hit—hit-or-miss—Miss America—kiss—bus

—Mrs. Hans Pusch
Spring Valley, N.Y.

Credit—charge—Charge of the Light Brigade—Tennyson—tennis, anyone?—court—judge—settlement—payment—credit

—Carol Sather
Deephaven, Minn.

Vacation—vacate town—desert—dessert—ice cream—I scream—Fire!—blaze—blazer—suit—clubs—trefoil—leaves—trip—vacation

—D. Day
Dekalb, Ill.

Pyramid—peer amidst—mist—mystical—myth—missed—gone—forgotten—for gods then—for angels—four angles—pyramid

—Rodman Philbrick
Dover, N.H.

Typewriter—ribbon—hair—comb—fowl—foul—baseball—home run—homer—Homer—*Iliad*—Agamemnon—king royal—typewriter

—Jack Vitz
Silver Spring, Md.

FUTURE GAMES: Readers are invited to submit their own suggestions for games. Those who invent games eventually published in the magazine will receive $50.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Rates: $1 per word. (10-word minimum. Deduct 10¢ a word if ad is to run six times; deduct 20¢ a word if ad is to run twelve times.)
All ads must be prepaid at the time you send your insertion. (If you are ordering more than one insertion, please send full amount to qualify for discount.) Telephone numbers count as two words, as do box numbers. ZIP Codes count as one word.
Copy must be received by the 8th of the second month prior to the issue date.

Harper's Magazine
Classified Advertising Department
Two Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016

TRAVEL

Roam the world by freighter. Deluxe accommodations. Cheaper than staying home. Freighters, 163-09 Xa Depot, Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

Travelmates. Like traveling, but not alone? Singles, couples: save gasoline, vacation costs. Share rides; exchange visits. Box 59V, Pleasant Unity, Pa. 15676.

Photography and Yoga in India. Sept.-Oct. 1975. Write Workshops, 651 Fairview St., Oakland, Calif. 94609.

Ontario wilderness canoe trips. Each canoe trip tailormade exclusively for your party, completely outfitted and guided by Jeff Miller. No experience necessary. Dr. Weston, 310 Garyray, Toronto, Ont. (416) 742-5140, (416) 921-2514.

Kind, gentle young man available as traveling companion. Speaks five languages. Ed Lehmann, P.O. Box 11248, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Idaho River trips—Six-day, 110-mile float trips on the Middle Fork Salmon. Information, write Western Outfitters, Box 331, Boise, Idaho 83701.

Australia. Authentic information is freely available *without charge* from the Australian Embassy in Washington, D.C. (202) 797-3000, and the Australian Consulate General in New York (212) 245-4000, San Francisco (415) 362-6160, Los Angeles (213) 380-4610, and Chicago (312) 329-1740.

Worldwide freighter guide—$1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger-carrying freighters. TravLtips, 40-21 XA Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

REAL ESTATE

Government lands . . . from $7.50/acre! Vacationing, farming, investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review," listing lands throughout U.S. Send $2. Surplus Lands, Box 6588-HS, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Canadian government lands—from $5/acre! Vacation paradises, farming, or investment opportunities! "Canadian Land Opportunities" includes complete information. Send $2 (money-back guarantee). Canadian International, Box 6586-HS, Washington, D.C. 20009.

Central Ontario—Choice 640-acre sportsmen's paradises still available—$20 plus $6.50 taxes yearly. Maps, pictures, $2 (refundable). Information Bureau, Norval 64, Ontario, Canada.

RESORTS

Marco Island, Florida. For re
Tradewinds Condominium. Furnis
two bedrooms, two baths, kitc
Available April 1. George H. W
M.D., 3023 DeKalb Blvd., No
town, Pa. 19403. (215) 279-1330.

VACATIONS

Lahaina, Maui, Hawaii. Luxur
oceanfront, 3 B/R beach house. P
tennis, bicycles. Mile from Laha
Joseph Kish, 605 Woodstock
Hillsborough, Calif. 94010.
347-7141.

Home exchanges, rentals,
worldwide. Professionals and ex
tives only. Inquire Box 208H,
tonah, N.Y. 10536.

Learn to sail. Downeast Maine,
leigh Hill—Boothbay, Maine 04

Mt. Desert Island overlooking S
Sound. Cottages open June 1; h
June 21. Preseason rates until
11. Claremont Hotel & Cott
Southwest Harbor, Maine 04679.
244-5036.

Sailing, spend prepaid vacatio
land-hopping, captains, 35' to
yachts provided. $20 monthly.
details and application. Crews C
Club, Box 4205-A, Fort Myers,
33903.

Whitewater float trips, Utah
Wyoming. Slickrock River Co.,
10543, Denver, Colo. 80210.

Enjoy a new vacation experie
where you choose—rent-free.
Viking Home Exchange, Box
St. Paul, Minn. 55165.

$98 weekly for two—at "Straw
Fields," Jamaica's tropical
campsite. Double-bed tents/cott
cooking equipment; reggae musi
formation: Strawberry, 54 We
St., N.Y.C. 10019. (212) 247-450
Eastern Airlines/travel agents.

Parador Martorell, family in
world-famous Luquillo Beach, P
Rico 00673.

European road maps. Plan you
cation carefully, multiply sights
opportunities. $3 each. Specify
try; some maps multinat
Stamped envelope brings catal
Maps, Box 37323, Jacksonville,
32205.

Experience the magnificent
of the Pacific Northwest by da
Wagner by night at the first su
Wagner Festival in the Western
isphere. Presented by Seattle
Two cycles (German/English) of
ard Wagner's *Ring of the Nib*
July 15-27, 1975. For a detailed
chure write: Pacific Northwest
val, P.O. Box 9248, Seattle,
ington 98109.

GOURMETS

Impress your friends! Serve the
licious, authentic, popular Greek
ily recipes. Five of our bes
Nicholas, 220 N. Ashland,
Ridge, Ill. 60068.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

Kits! Build dulcimers, balalaika
tars, kalimbas, banjos, mand
harps. From $2.95. Finished
mers from $23.95. Free cata
8665 West 13th Avenue-HM,
ver, Colo. 80215.

WRAPAROUNDWRAP

arn to play the recorder—Free alogue. Recorders, recorder music beginners' birchwood recorder, inction book, $12.95. Amster Reder Company, 1624 Lavaca, Aus-, Texas 78701.

STAMPS

worldwide stamps—10¢! Approvals. burban, 1254 Robert, West St. Paul, nn. 55118.

RECORDS

ow albums—rare, out-of-print LPs. pg. list, 50¢. Broadway/Hollywood cordings, Georgetown, Conn. 06829.

ovie soundtracks, original-cast alms, free list. Rare Records, Box Wood River, Ill. 62095.

e record album catalogue—Low ces, "many goodies," shows, soundcks, jazz, nostalgia, classical, vaty. Treasury House, Dept. H, P.O x 165, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

MOTION PICTURES

per 8mm, 16mm, 8mm silent and nd film classics. Free catalogue. les, 1141-HP Mishawaka, South nd, Ind. 46615.

ART

citing California artist offers beauil original mounted water color nts, 11" x 14". (a) "Lone Gull" blues); (b) "Visions of Intimacy" stract in blues). $25 each. Judy nes, P.O. Box 1328, Riverside, lif. 92501.

llectors series of airplane, autobile, and railroad prints. Full-color iographs ready to frame. Send $1 illustrated catalogue. Johns-Byrne , 161 W. Harrison, Chicago, Ill. 505.

BIOFEEDBACK

ofeedback training center in Southn California. EEG, EMG, GSR, d temperature training available. 3) 780-1478.

UNUSUAL GIFTS

autiful postcard album—world's est; holds 200 cards—$8.95 postid. Satisfaction guaranteed. WriteII, 276 Transit Bldg., Boston, Mass. 115.

eserve historic images on gravenes, historic markers, plaques. iginal Oldstone rubbing kit makes easy to get perfect impressions ev- time. "How To" booklet, 5 sheets x36 Aqaba paper, 2 cakes wax, e, brush, sturdy carrying case, 50 ppd.

n in the Tub for Two* . . . Bath for Sensualists*. A clever little t. 2 oz., $5 ppd. Kloor/Newman, O. Box 4409-H, New Orleans, La. 178 (*TM).

SCHOOLS

ivate-school placement service. ident's individual requirements mary consideration. 163 High eet, Middletown, Conn. 06457. lephone: (203) 346-5111.

upuncture training, home-study proam and supplies. Hing, Box 219-W, ronto, Canada M6M 4Z2.

udy programs in France. Language, e arts, performing arts. For inforition: Paris American Academy, 9 e des Ursulines, Paris 5.

n-residence degrees! Honorary dees. Nationwide faculty. Catalogue, . UNITED STATES UNIV. OF MERICA, Box 4552-HA, Washingn, D.C. 20017.

Doctoral programs for qualified professionals. Earn Ph.D., Ed.D., and D.B.A. in Psychology, Education, Ocean and Environmental Affairs and Business. "University Without Walls" program; independent study alternates with intensive residence. Compatible with full employment. Call or write: Dean McNichols, Heed University, Box 311, Hollywood, Fla. 33022, (305) 925-1600.

International college on the English-speaking Cayman Islands (B.W.I.). Small, private, higher education, liberal arts. Open year-round. Baccalaureate program. Tuition: $10 per credit hour. *Associated Stateside Program on Graduate Level.* Catalogue: P.O. Box 125H, Hamilton, Ind. 46742.

Parapsychology. Complete study course, certificate. Free information. American Parapsychological Research Foundation, Box 5395-M, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413.

Study—Ski. Accredited private college. Write Colorado Alpine Campus, Steamboat Springs, Colo. 80477.

High Mowing School—co-ed, grades 9-12. College preparatory, Rudolf Steiner/Waldorf approach. Weaving, ceramics, organic gardening, animal care, auto mechanics, eurythmy, painting, drama, music, sculpture, driver ed., carpentry. 200 wooded acres. Call/write Mr. Pratt, Wilton, N. H. 03086. (603) 654-2391.

Earn a British degree in Philosophy, Arts and Sciences. Catalogue $1 airmailed (refundable). Dept. H, Secretary, Sussex College of Technology, Highfield, Dane Hill, Sussex Rh17 7EX England.

Pottery workshops in Colorado. Wonderful opportunity for learning and vacation on Rocky Mountain Ranch. All aspects of clay studied, beginners and advanced. John Dunn, Sunshine Canyon, Boulder, Colo. 80302.

Judson in Arizona . . . Fully accredited. College prep and general courses. Co-ed. Grades 3-12. Remedial reading. Informal Western life. Healthful desert climate. Riding, swimming, all sports. Henry H. Wick, Dir., Judson School, Box 1569, Scottsdale, Ariz. 85252. Tel.: (602) 948-7731.

Alternative futures—studies of global/local, social/environmental issues (B.A. degree). Futures Lab, Box 120 (H) Annex Station, Providence R.I. 02901.

College degree at home. Your choice of subjects. Easy tuition plan. Free information. Elysion College, B.C. Box 909, San Ysidro, Calif. 92173.

Unique college in Mexico. Instituto Allende offers full undergraduate, graduate, and serious non-credit programs in English, specializing in arts, crafts, writing, Spanish, and social studies. U.S. Office of Education and V.A. approval. Perpetual sunshine, inexpensive living. Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. Free illustrated prospectus. Instituto Allende, Box H, San Miguel de Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.

SUMMER STUDIES

Students—Live with a family in France this summer while attending language classes and varied activities. Write Adventure in Brittany, 202 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn Heights, N.Y. 11201.

CATALOGUES

Free! occult-witchcraft catalogue. Books, curios, unusual jewelry, bizarre miscellany. Importers, Box 2010, Toluca Lake, Calif. 91602.

Leaded art stained glass catalogue. Supplies: wholesale/retail. Send $1. Nervo Studios, 7th and Addison Sts., Berkeley, Calif. 94710.

BOOKS

Complete list of books by Rudolph Steiner. **Anthroposophic Press, Inc.,** 258 Hungry Hollow, Spring Valley, N.Y. 10977.

Publishers' overstocks catalogue. Free. Bookseller, 30-6 Chambers, Danbury, Conn. 06810.

30% discount on new books. (Add 35¢ postage.) BOOKQUICK, B-2, Roseland, N.J. 07068.

Publish your book! Join our successful authors: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for free manuscript report and detailed booklet. Carlton Press (Dept. HZQ), 84 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. 10011.

Fiction, mysteries, war, science. Free catalogue. Sunmount Books, Box 145-H, Willowdale, Ont., Canada.

Coming home poems. Love, nostalgia, and fantasy! Send $2 volume. 100 Maple Street, Dept. 21, Garfield, N.J. 07026.

Bookfinder: Van Treuren, 1950 Post-HA, Apt. 108, San Francisco, Calif. 94115. Send Wants.

Buy 40 books for $3!! Not a Club—choose subjects, free details. Dalrik, Box 5893, Shreveport, La. 71105.

Kennedy assassination material, send want list. Search service. Bookdealer, 39 N. Browning Ave., Tenafly, N.J. 07670.

We find books—all subjects International search. Master Charge. Bookpost, Box 2307C, Leucadia, Calif. 92024.

Book discounts to 95%! Choose one of seven 1974/75 titles *free* with order of $20 or more. Free catalogue: Dept. HM, Columbia University Press, 136 S. Broadway, Irvington, N.Y. 10533.

Free illustrated list 100's unique low-cost books. Rena's Treasures, 1252 E. Denwall, Carson, Calif. 90746.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

Name the book—we'll get it! Free search service. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Box 636-H, Chicago Heights, Ill. 60411. Est. 1948.

LITERARY INTERESTS

Writing—Editing—Research. Confidential. Wordsmiths, Box 5882, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

Literary help, any problem. Professional writer. Harper's Box 201.

Phyllis Melby commercial writer, religious inspiration. 1237 Dewey Street, Eau Claire, Wis. 54701.

Poetry wanted. Possible inclusion in cooperative volume. Include return envelope. Editor, Box 4444H, Whittier, Calif. 90607.

Looking for a publisher? Learn how you can have your book published, promoted, distributed. Send for free booklet, HP-2 Vantage Press, 516 W. 34th St., N.Y.C. 10001.

Publish your poems. Our guide tells how/where. $2.50. LYF-Hp, Box 1872, Milwaukee, Wis. 53201.

How to make money writing and publishing informational booklets. No special "talent" necessary. Details free. Specialty-21C2, Box 653, Newberry, S.C. 29108.

PROFESSIONAL SERVICES

Scholarly treatises, writing, editing, typing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team. Research Unlimited, Box 300-H, Dayton, Wash. 99328.

Manuscripts, reports, academic writing, editing. All subjects. Reasonable. Personalized. Confidential. Professional team at work. Research Unlimited. Box 300-H. Dayton, Wash. 99328.

The Berkeley Center—offering an intensive experience in individual primal process. 1925 Walnut St., Berkeley, Calif. 94704. (415) 548-3543.

Educational research from our catalogue now as low as 90¢ per page. Send 40¢ to: Writer's Unlimited, Box #4391, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

Academic writing, research, and editing. Versatile, expert staff, reasonable prices. Berkeley Research, Box 4094-H, Berkeley, Calif. 94904. (415) 848-6710.

Money for you. New *National Source Directory.* Preview outline and bonus, $2. SRA Research, Dept. H-1, Box 50114, Nashville, Tenn. 37205.

PUBLICATIONS

High Times—only magazine dedicated solely to getting high. Dope articles, entertainment, information. Dope price index. A glossy quarterly. $2 for two recent issues. $10/12-issue subscription. High Times, Dept. HP, Box 386, Cooper Sta., N.Y.C. 10003.

Revitalize your classroom! Detailed transcripts of University of California lectures help teachers acquire, organize, and communicate new ideas. Many subjects. $1.40-$5.90 a course. Ask for free sampler (selections from 9 assorted courses) and catalogue: 701 Fybate, 2440 Bancroft, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Ribald jokes. Contemporary. $2. Pussycat Press, Box 1884, Fresno, Calif. 93718.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Import-export opportunity, profitable worldwide, mail-order business from home, without capital or travel abroad. We ship plan for no risk examination. Experience unnecessary. Free report. Mellinger, Dept. A-1026, Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364.

How to start a publishing house in your spare room. Publish books, courses, newsletters inexpensively. Amazing profits. Information free. Specialty-21C1, Box 653, Newberry, S.C. 29108.

Interested in owning a franchise?— business of your own, or full- or part-time money-making opportunities? Find out what's available. Send name for FREE 5-month subscription to Salesman's Opportunity Magazine, Dept. 448, 1460 Hancock Center Chicago, Ill. 60611.

Stuffing envelopes, $25/100. Clip news items, $2 to $10 each. Details—send $1, stamped, addressed envelope. Hazel A. Murphy, 1085 Beacon St., Brookline, Mass.

Turn $10 into $1,000! Guaranteed! Free details. Money Hotline, Box 3155-Q, Springfield, Mo. 65804.

ROUNDOWRAPAROUND

Import, mail-order opportunity. Earn $15,000 annually or owe nothing. Free one-year trial. Details: Northeast Imports, Box 121-H4, Fremont, N.H. 03044.

$100 Daily! In every envelope! Plans and 7 formulas! Dollar bill. Carter Company, 26 Laplaza Acres, Searcy, Ark. 72143.

Make two to three times your cost on hundreds of products. $2 brings wholesale catalogue. Wherry, Box 180, Western Springs, Ill. 60558.

How to make money writing short paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right away. Send for free facts. BARRETT, Dept. C-77-A, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago 60660.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

Men! Women! Jobs on ships. American, foreign. Guide, $3. Seafax, Dept. W-3, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Wash. 98362.

Teachers, administrators—Current school, college openings list in U.S., $5; Abroad, $5. Leading placement sources U.S., $3; foreign, $4. EISR, Box 662, Newton, Mass. 02162.

We have several openings for community organizers to work in a unique type of community organizing among the poor of Virginia and North Carolina. The hours are long and the pay is low but it is never boring. For more information, write P.O. Box 1834, Petersburg, Va. 23803.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT

Overseas opportunities—now available! Free transportation! Complete information . . . plus directory of 200 companies hiring thousands worldwide . . . all occupations. Send $2. International Opportunities, Box 29232-HS, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Overseas Jobs—now hiring, 103 countries, all occupations, high pay. Free transportation, tax benefits. Latest computerized reports—$2. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90302-H, Los Angeles, Calif. 90009.

Exciting overseas jobs. Directory, $1. Research Associates, Box 1750-H, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

Worldwide opportunities . . . Australia, Europe, Asia, South America! All occupations! $700-$4,000 monthly! Employment International, Box 29217-HS, Indianapolis, Ind. 46229.

Australia, New Zealand Want You! 50,000 jobs! Paid Transportation! Latest information and forms, $1. Austco, Box 3623-H, Long Beach, Calif. 90803.

Exciting overseas jobs. Directory, $1. Research Associates, Box 1750-H, Santa Fe, N. Mex. 87501.

Work overseas. Australia, Africa South America, Europe, etc. Construction, sales, engineers, clerical, etc. $8,000 to $50,000+. Expenses paid. For employment information write Overseas Employment, Box 1011H, Boston, Mass. 02103.

MERCHANDISE FOR SALE

Free! Plant stand catalogue. Send name *Now!* Comocraft, Dept. 6HM5, Marceline, Mo. 64658.

Israeli souvenirs: Color slides, pictures, postcards, crafts, jewelry, souvenirs, etc. Free catalogue. G.M.F., P.O. Box 10373-M, Jerusalem, Israel.

Pictures from old children's books as cards and posters. Illustrated catalogue 50¢ (stamps). Green Tiger Press, 3620 Fifth Ave., San Diego, Calif. 92037.

Midnight tokers! Send for free color catalogue of outrageous headgear to: Rare Treasures, Dept. HA, 30-30 Northern Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. 11101.

100-card Bible verse game. Educational! Noncompetitive! $1. Scriptgames, 5837 Stewart, Sylvania, Ohio.

Advertise with T-shirts. Custom orders for clubs, schools, organizations. Free estimates. (212) 461-0997. Sidney, 168-03 43 Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

2' artificial marijuana plant, $2.25. Others. Free catalogue. S-T Mail Order, Box 1885, Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106.

Movie posters, stills, and TV scripts, 50¢ for large catalogue. Flicks, Inc. Sublette, Kans. 67877.

Wallpaper ordered at 30% discount. Ottco, Box 411, Frankfurt, Ky. 40601.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Backpacking, ski touring equipment, canoes, kayaks. Free catalogue. Moor & Mountain, Dept. 53, 63 Park St., Andover, Mass. 01810.

LICENSED MOVERS

Morris Moving Vans. Since 1899. Experienced and careful movers. Local and long distance to Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Canada. 475-7537. #303, 91 East 7th Street, N.Y.C.

WANTED TO BUY

Old toy trains (pre-1940) wanted for private collection. Wide-gauge Ives, Lionel, etc. Box 66, McLean, Va. 22101.

PERSONALS

Amusing European honorary medals and fictitious degrees. For color brochure send $2. International Awards Committee, Dept. H, 2350 Bean Creek Rd., Santa Cruz, Calif. 95060.

Ocean Park Feeling Center. Primal-based process: three-week live-in intensive period. Six-month to year program. Weekly small group and individual sessions. 1307 University Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94702 or call (415) 841-6649 or 339-2284.

Penfriends. For free information, write: Papyrus, 927-H 15th St., Washington, D.C. 20005.

Interesting penfriends! 35¢ handles. HR Club, Box 5546, Ocean Park, Calif.

Financial wealth increased by a proven, step-by-step method. Send $2 for our booklet. P.O. Box 8071, Cranston, R.I. 02920.

Intensive and group therapy—Austin Institute, Inc., 5000 North Lamar Blvd., Austin, Texas 78751. Staff did their therapy at Janov's Primal Institute. $2,000 for three-week intensive; subsequent groups are $10 each.

Moving to Cleveland? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3380 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio. (216) 751-2155.

Instant memory—New way to remember. No memorization. Release "photographic" memory. Stop forgetting! Liberates extraordinary knowledge, talents, ESP. Free information. Institute of Advanced Thinking. Box 606-H, Pacific Palisades, Calif. 90272.

Play chess by mail! Information: CHESSNUTS, 25-HA Mount Vernon, Saugus, Mass. 01906.

Learn professional astrology at home. Write World Astrological Services, Inc., Box 471, Murray, Ky. 42071.

Pocketbook of passionate, beautiful Haiku. $2. Box 11, Guilford, Conn. 06437.

Wealth and happiness for you! Simple step-by-step procedure. Send $2. O'Rourke, 3 Garden Heights, Woburn, Mass. 01801.

Communal living information and utopian newspaper. Free. The Storefront Classroom, P.O. Box 1174, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

Bed-wetting, simple method that helped me. $1 and stamped self-addressed envelope to LRD-A1, Box 2763, Arlington, Va. 22202.

Biorhythms—Fact or Fiction? See for yourself! Chart physical, intellectual, and sensitivity cycles for yourself, family, friends. Packet includes complete instructions. Bio-Curve, 24 graphs. $4.95. PSI Rhythms, Inc., 2382H South Dixie, Dayton, Ohio. 45409.

Make friends worldwide through international correspondence. Illustrated brochure free. Hermes, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, Germany.

Law student with proven record requires financial support to continue school. Contribution receipts available. Paul Neville, Box 205, Arapahoe, Wyo. 82510.

Biorhythms—Our computer forecasts your emotional, physical, intellectual cycles—predicts highs, lows, critical days. Send birthdate, $2. Biorhythm Laboratories, Box 66543, Santa Cruz, Calif. 95066.

Handbook to higher consciousness. Effective growth system has brought increased happiness and fulfillment to many thousands. Free information. Living Love Center, 1730-G LaLoma, Berkeley, Calif. 94709.

Meditate for personal development; complete home-study course, $3. Datrix, Box 424-C, Planetarium Station, N.Y.C. 10024.

Happy anniversary, Rosemary! Thanks for 40 interesting years. Love, Vincil.

French conversation on arts, theater, opera, music. Convenient. (212) 866-2420.

For humorous answers to life's problems send problem and two dollars to Paula Dillon, 62-60 99th St., Rego Park, N.Y. 11374.

Retired woman: Master's, quiet, bookish, small income, some art training, two cats, also reasonably quiet, though not bookish, seeks position as companion to woman of similar tastes. Prefer out of city. N.Y./N.J./Conn. area. Refs. R.D. 5, Box 353, Flemington, N.J. 08822.

Biorhythm—fertility chart. Your personal chart produced by computer gives one year of predictions based on several scientific studies. Rush name; sex; date, year, and place of birth and $15 (female) or $12 (male) for each chart to: Scientific Dimension, P.O. Box 3176, Station D, Willowdale, Ont., Canada.

Israeli Scientist grantee Prime Minister's office seeking funds for research program. P.O. Box 18, Zip 10024.

Ex-religious May qualify for lar tax benefits. Taxes, 314 W. 58th S New York, N.Y. 10019.

Don't die without a will. Prote your family—Send $2.25 for 4 w forms plus instructive booklet. Sat faction guaranteed. The Source, B 306-H5, Buena Park, Calif. 90621.

Psychic people patrol wants Yo Official membership, contact dire tory, psychic assignments. $1, 54 Claremont Avenue, ESP Departme Oakland, Calif. 94618.

Computerized biorhythm charts. Kn your best and worst days in advan Send $3.95/3 mos., $5.95/6 mos., $8.95/yr. with birthdate to Lifecycl Dept. 13, Box 152, Cardiff, Cal 92007.

Consumer, protect yourself. Rece federal, state, county, city directo of consumer protection agenci Send $2.98, David Cianciolo, 71 Jackson, Oshkosh, Wis. 54901. Fa proper action.

Your moods are bio-degradable: B rhythm charts for two years or m indicating daily relationships or yo emotional, intellectual and physi cycles. Critical days annotated, th retical information included. Se 4.95 for two years to Bio-Phase, De 304, 808 Parker, Berkeley, Ca 94710. Include full birthdate.

Relax and laugh by dialing 108,(onomatological combinations fr the 60 unusual real names on Pstev Psilly Pseudonym Psorter. $2.30 po paid. Hustvedt Studios, Cardam Dr., Edgewater, Md. 21037.

College degrees at home! Compl directory accredited universities off ing correspondence courses, $3. I search, Box 48533-H, Los Angel Calif. 90048.

Artist desperate financially! Any c tributions helpful. Patrick, Box 5 Minneapolis, Minn. 55401.

Penfriends! Lonely and sincere, 2 Enterprises, 1626 Walton, Oceansi Calif.

Join Negative Population Grow Inc. 103 Park Ave., New York, N 10017 and help us reduce the po lation by at least 50%. Free b chure.

Contraceptives for Men—by m Thirty top brands—Trojan, Nufo Jade, and many more. Twelve sorted samples: $3. Deluxe samp $6. Free illustrated catalogue w every order. Plain package assu privacy. Fast and reliable serv Satisfaction guaranteed or your m ey refunded in full. POPLAN, 1 2556, Dept. CHA-12a, Chapel H N.C. 27514.

Handwriting analysis in depth. and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 29 St., N.Y.C. 10016.

Reprints Available

Enemies of Abortion
From the March 1974 issu

Fantasies of Famine
From the February 1975 issu

$.25 each, $20 per hundre

Reprint Department
Harper's Magazine
Two Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

REMEMBER THESE BOOKS

WINNERS OF THE 1975 NATIONAL BOOK AWARDS

ARTS AND LETTERS
Roger Shattuck: MARCEL PROUST
(Viking Press)
Lewis Thomas: THE LIVES OF A CELL: Notes of a Biology Watcher
(Viking Press)

BIOGRAPHY
Richard B. Sewall: THE LIFE OF EMILY DICKINSON, 2 Vols.
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux)

CHILDREN'S BOOKS
Virginia Hamilton: M. C. HIGGINS, THE GREAT
(Macmillan)

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS
Theodore Rosengarten's: ALL GOD'S DANGERS: The Life of Nate Shaw
(Alfred A. Knopf)

FICTION
Robert Stone: DOG SOLDIERS
(Houghton Mifflin)
Thomas Williams: THE HAIR OF HAROLD ROUX
(Random House)

HISTORY
Bernard Bailyn: THE ORDEAL OF THOMAS HUTCHINSON
(Belknap/Harvard U. Press)

PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION
Robert Nozick: ANARCHY, STATE AND UTOPIA
(Basic Books)

POETRY
Marilyn Hacker: PRESENTATION PIECE
(Viking Press)

THE SCIENCES
Silvano Arieti: INTERPRETATION OF SCHIZOPHRENIA
(Basic Books)

TRANSLATION
Anthony Kerrigan: THE AGONY OF CHRISTIANITY AND ESSAYS ON FAITH by Miguel D. Unamuno
(Princeton U. Press)

The twenty-sixth annual National Book Awards have been administered under the auspices of the Committee on Awards Policy; Roger L. Stevens, Chairman. The five NBA donor organizations are: American Booksellers Association, Association of American Publishers, Association of American University Presses, Children's Book Council, National Association of College Stores.

"Captivating!"[1]

"Frank, fair and fascinating. . . . A fine biography, from which Thurber emerges as an American humorist surpassed only by Mark Twain. . . . The book is full of marvelous anecdotes, some of them kind, some of them not. . . . I urge you to read this book." Arthur Cooper, *Newsweek*

Illustrated with 32 pages of photographs and scores of Thurber drawings and cartoons; A Book-of-the-Month Club Featured Alternate. $15.00 at bookstores.



DODD MEAD

THURBER
by BURTON BERNSTEIN

Journey Back
Escaping the Drug Trap



Albert J. Kastl
and Lena Kastl

"... a valuable book for those interested in the effects and problems of drug use, and an enlightened guide for those that don't know marijuana from aspirin. . . . Solutions? Some, and that, at least, is a step in the right direction."—*Chicago Sun-Times.* $6.95

AT YOUR BOOKSELLER

nh Nelson-Hall Publishers
325 W. Jackson, Chicago, Ill. 60606

THREE ON THE TOWER
The Lives and Works of
Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot
and
William Carlos Williams
by Louis Simpson

"A book of great sense, full of a poet's brilliantly easy understanding of his own craft, and refreshingly free of the stale partisanship so usual in critical writing about modern poetry."
—ALFRED KAZIN

$12.50

WILLIAM MORROW

THE AUTHENTIC WEBSTER'S 8-POUND, 1,454-PAGE, 158,000-DEFINITION, $39.95 DICTIONARY

NOW ONLY $19.95!

Because of the depressed economy, most book publishers are in financial trouble. The Webster's Dictionary Company is no exception. And just as the major auto companies have taken drastic steps to improve sales, we hereby announce an incredible price slash on our 1,454-page, eight-pound, 158,000-definition, 300-page-encyclopedia-supplemented, full-color-embellished, $39.95 list-price, paragon-of-the-publishing-industry, **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language**: *ONLY $19.95!!*

If you've ever wanted to buy this one-volume reference work—considered by scholars to be *the* standard of English usage—*NOW* is the time to do so. If the national economy should improve soon—as many experts predict—you may never have this chance again. This unprecedented low price—*ONLY $19.95!!*—adds new meaning to the word "bargain."

In case you're unfamiliar with **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language**, let us explain that it is *the* supreme arbiter of English usage. Its compilers are a group of 100 lexicographers, etymologists, philologists, orthographers, researchers, and editors known collectively as The English Language Institute. They trace their origin back to Noah Webster (1758-1843), the father of American lexicography and inspiration for the founding of our company. Millions of literate Americans refer to **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language** every day, and rely on it for authoritative answers to their questions about word definition, spelling, pronunciation, hyphenation, origin and usage. No book anywhere is held in higher esteem.

The work itself is divided into 22 sections. Its heart, of course, is the more than 1,100 pages given over to an A-Z vocabulary—updated to include slang expressions of this very year. The section is supplemented by charts, pronunciation symbols, lists of abbreviations, etc.

Other sections include:

- A 51,000-word Thesaurus of Synonyms and Antonyms, with more than 4,000 cross-references. This section alone constitutes an impressive reference work.
- A Conspectus of Foreign Words and Phrases. The equivalent of a two-way English dictionary into and out of French, Spanish, Italian, and German—with some Latin and Greek.
- Table of Abbreviations. 3,800 contractions commonly used in business, engineering, medicine, geography, etc.
- Musical Signs and Symbols. A primer on notation of the art.
- Compendium of Quotations. Thousands of aphorisms distilling the wit and wisdom of the world. Invaluable for composing letters, preparing speeches, writing term papers. It even makes diverting reading. (How about this gem from Lincoln: "My old father used to say: If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter.")
- Students' and Writers' Guide. A short-course in proper style and usage. It covers punctuation, italics, capitalization, footnotes, bibliographies, *and* provides a directory of basic reference works in biography, business, history, geography, science and other major fields.
- Perpetual Calendar. Enables you to pinpoint the day of week of *any* date in the two centuries from 1901 to 2100.
- Table of Metric Equivalents. Over *a thousand* measurements you'll be using during the next few years as the United States gradually converts to metric system.
- Occupational Guide. Detailed descriptions of 95 vocational fields, including nature of work, required training, compensation, etc. Perhaps most important, it includes names and addresses of national organizations that can furnish *job leads.*
- Dictionary of Mythology. An indispensable tool for complete understanding of literature from Homer's *Iliad* to Tolkien's *The Hobbit.*
- Manual of Office Procedure. Everything from how to mail packages and letters at cheapest postage rates, to creating efficient filing systems, devising effective form letters (with actual illustrations), caring for office equipment, reconciling bank statements, composing persuasive business letters, using proper forms of address, etc. In short, a cram-course at a business school.
- Compound Interest Table. Instant computation of earnings on any amount.
- Flags of the World. Eight pages of pulse-raising banners in glorious full-color.
- Salary Tables. Annual wages converted into weekly, monthly, quarterly, daily and hourly payments, to help you check up on the accuracy of your company's payroll department.
- The Space Age. A 16-page supplement of solar system charts, space exploration terminology, table of planets, space records, and other far-out scientific data.
- Table of World Families of Languages. Fascinating origins of, and current interrelationships among, the world's leading tongues.
- Prefixes and Suffixes. 500 explained.
- Historical Sketch of the English Language. By the renowned philologist Mario Pei, of Columbia University.
- Presidents of the United States. A magnificent 16-page portrait gallery in full-color, including each president's biography and major achievements.
- Cooking Tables. How to prepare 7 different foods—with *calorie* counts.
- Moneys of the World. An absorbi invaluable reference tool for numismati and businessmen.

In short, if you had but one book choose in life, *Webster's Encyclopedic D tionary of the English Language* should it. It is perhaps the most comprehensi utilitarian, *entertaining* single volume e published.

The work is *massive* in size. It measu *three-hundred and twenty-one cu inches and weighs eight pounds.* It is s to you not by mail but by express.

In physical make-up, the dictionary masterpiece of the bookmaker's art. I set in Century Expanded, one of the m legible and beautiful of typefaces. It printed on special high-opacity, vellu finish paper to reduce eyestrain. Its sig tures are Smyth-sewn and reinforced at t and bottom for sturdiness. Binding mat al is leather grain, and page edges a stamping are gilded. In other words, W **ster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the E lish Language** brings to your office home not only knowledge but splendor.

To repeat, **Webster's Encyclope Dictionary of the English Langu** —which lists at $39.95—is now availa for *ONLY $19.95!!* To place your ord simply fill out the coupon below and m it with payment to: The Webster's Dicti ary Co., 1775 Broadway, New York 1001

Act at once. As we said, as soon as economy improves, this offer is likely to withdrawn. Hurry. A word to the wis sufficient.



THE WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY COMPANY, 1775 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019

I enclose $_____ for _____ copies of the renowned, authoritative, 1,454-page, 8-pound, 321-cubic-inch, 158,000-definition, $39.95 list-price **Webster's Encyclopedic Dictionary of the English Language** at the unprecedented low price of *ONLY $19.95!!* (plus $2 per copy for crating and freight).

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Please add applicable sales tax.

©Webster's Mcmlxxv. TM Reg. WDH—

